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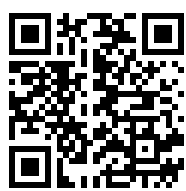

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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"JESUS SAITH TO HER: WOMAN, WHY WEEPEST THOU? WHOM SEEKEST THOU?"—*St. John xx.* 15.

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVII. APRIL, 1893. NO. 337.

## THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

"FOR I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be:

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails;
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew;
From the nation's airy navies, grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

—*Locksley Hall.*

IF our confidence in the ultimate solution of any great problem may fairly rest on the indications of a steady improvement of the means to be employed and a steady diminution of the difficulties to be met, we ought to be quite hopeful of the future of aerial locomotion.

The progress of this science has, within recent years especially, been so decided in all its branches that many a student who at the beginning of this decade wavered in his faith, now believes with all the firmness that springs from an understanding of the relation of the means to the end. The progress has not, perhaps, been an evident one; to the bulk of mankind who measure the march of a science only by its epochal achievements apparently little has been accomplished; but to closer observers the advancement, both in the branch of aviation and of aeronautics, has been as uniform, as continuous, as absolutely positive as that of any branch of engineering or of architecture.

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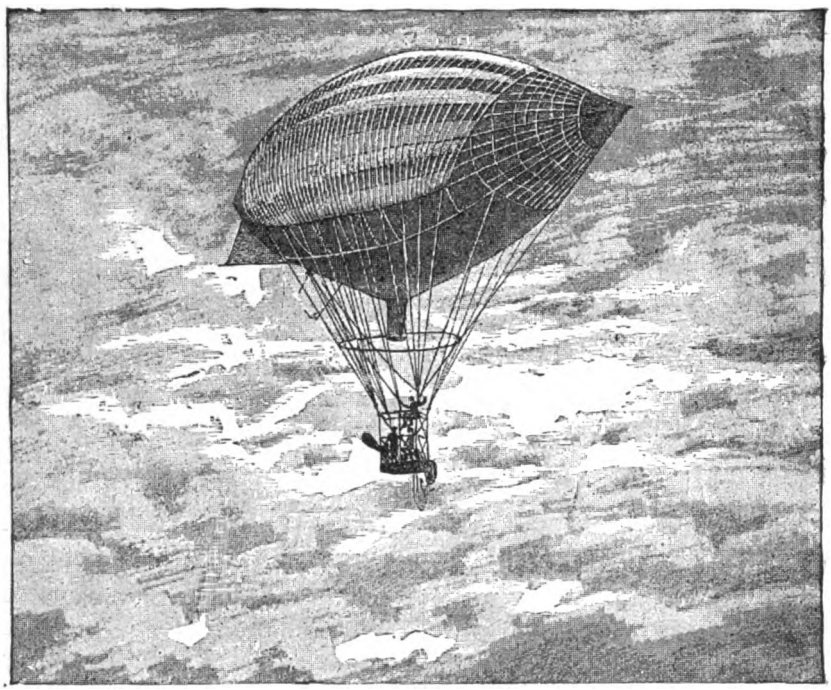
## HISTORY OF AEROBATICS.

Even the casual reader, who may know little and care less for the principles of aerobatics (or aerial locomotion), might, from the chief facts of its history, argue that the period of its usefulness cannot be far distant. In the department of aeronautics he must have observed that the efforts to drive and guide vessels through the air have multiplied with the advance of years, and assumed more seriousness and importance. The



STEAM AIR-SHIP OF GIFFARD.

balloon was invented in 1783. For sixty-nine years it remained a mere buoy, frail and helpless as a cloud. In 1852, through the genius of Giffard, the buoy became a ship provided with rudder and propeller, prow and stern; that is, the great globular float became a pointed vessel for cleaving the element it must penetrate.

The speed of Giffard's balloon, which was propelled by steam power actuating a screw, is reported to have been from four and a half to six and a half miles per hour, or about the same as that of the first steamboat. Ten years later M. Dupuy

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de Lome greatly improved the method of construction and inflation of the balloon, but, unfortunately, employed men instead of a steam motor to operate the driving-screw. Still, he attained a speed of over six miles per hour. Eleven years later the Tissandier brothers, employing a similar balloon driven by electric motive power, obtained a speed of 6.7 miles per hour, and two years after raised this record to 8.9 miles per hour. In the meantime the French government had been preparing a balloon which, for the beauty of its outlines, the strengh of its construction and perfection of its propelling apparatus, should excel everything thus far attempted. When finally launched, August 9, 1884, it immediately rose in the air and began its memorable voyage to Calais at a speed of over twelve miles an hour. It thus appears that the speed of the air-ship advanced as far in a score of years as that of the water-ship in half a century. The casual reader would, therefore, be not far wide of the mark if, reasoning from analogy, he should anticipate the eventual conquest of the air by means of buoyant vessels.

## THE SCIENCE OF UNBUOYANT FLIGHT.

The other branch of aerobatics has a no less promising history. The science of unbuoyant flight, or of aviation as it is commonly named, has steadily prospered from the first crude sketches of Leonardo da Vinci up to the recent marvellous achievements of Mr. Maxim. Despite the multitude of flying fools and visionaries, men have gradually accumulated positive knowledge, either from pure reason, or from experiment, or from the collateral growth of the other sciences. A mathematician, for example, demonstrated the utter impracticability of human flight by the sole energy of the human muscles; an ornithologist studied minutely the evolutions of the great masters of flight, shot the birds, weighed them and measured them; another naturalist gave us the anatomy of the bird in its relation to flight; another harnessed the birds and recorded, by the most ingenious and persistent experimentation, all the movements of the bird during flight; another fertile experimenter constructed artificial birds which flew and hovered in the air, balancing themselves even against the unsteady wind; another studied the resistance of the air; another the capabilities of artificial motors. This is thorough and real scientific work, though unapparent. It has not indeed lifted a man and sustained him aloft, even for one minute; but who shall say that it is not destined to do so? And let us remember that the

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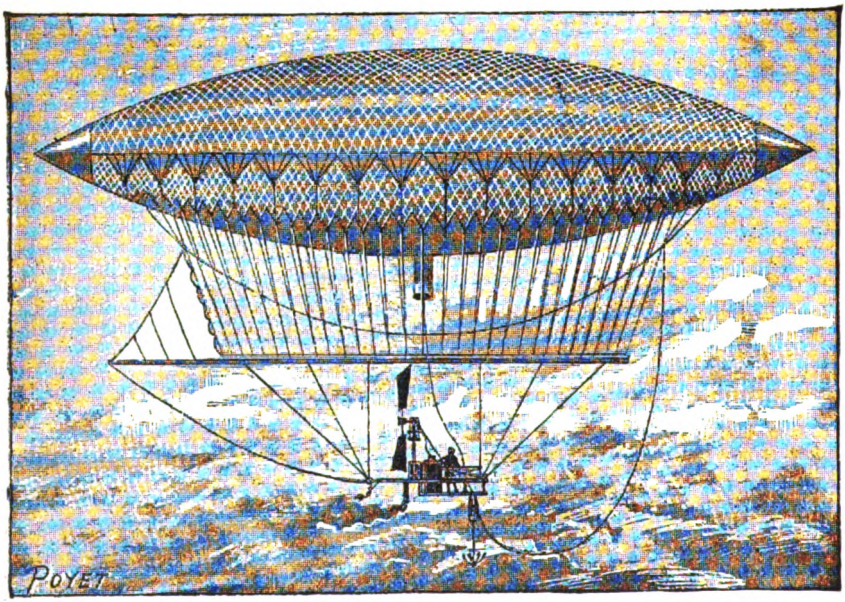
mere sustentation of a heavy body on wings is equivalent to a substantial solution of mechanical flight; for it is well known that to simply hang motionless in the air requires more energy than to fly forward with a velocity of fifty or sixty miles an hour.

To realize more fully the extent of the growth of aviation it will be well to consider the history of two questions: first, the power required for flight; second, the capacity of artificial motors. The summary of the first question has been very briefly presented by Mr. Maxim as follows: "Many years ago a




ELECTRIC AIR-SHIP.

mathematician in France wrote a treatise in which he proved that the common goose in flying exerted a force equal to two hundred horse-power; another proved that it was only fifty horse-power, and he was followed by still another who proved, very much to his own satisfaction, that it was only ten horse-power. Later on others wrote to prove that a goose expends only about one horse-power in flying. At the present time, however, many mathematicians can be found who are ready to prove that only one-tenth part of a horse-power is exerted by a goose." This is evidently an advancement of two hundred thousand per cent. in favor of human flight. It may be added that Mr. Maxim, reasoning from the data of his own carefully-

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conducted experiments, would reduce even this estimate. "The goose would," says he, "exert no more than .083 of a horse-power, which is rather more than a man-power, and is at the rate of 144.5 pounds to the horse-power."

## THE INCREASING EFFICIENCY OF MOTORS.

The efficiency of motors has increased most wonderfully. In the first rude essays at human flight the only available source of power was that of the human muscle, which meant at least a thousand pounds per horse-power, if continued for any considerable time. Giffard's steam-engine and boiler taken together weighed, according to his own report of September, 1852, one hundred and ten pounds per horse-power. Some years later Mr. Stringfellow constructed a small model which is said to have weighed only thirteen pounds per horse-power. This, though never thoroughly tested, was for a long time referred to as a triumph of mechanical skill. While both scientific and unscientific writers were debating the possibility of ever constructing a large motor of like efficiency, Mr. Maxim went resolutely to work and, at one step, reduced the weight to less than ten pounds per horse-power. This achievement certainly astonished the scientific and engineering world.

For generations even the most conservative were willing to admit the possibility of mechanical flight when a motor should be produced equal to the birds in lightness and power. To many this seemed impossible. Indeed one philosopher, but shortly before Mr. Maxim's success, demonstrated in the most eloquent and positive language that such an achievement was absolutely impossible. Nature had tried for centuries to produce a relatively lighter prime mover than the bird, and had failed; it was, therefore, senseless for man to hope ever to do so. But man has done so; and now that he has so completely outstripped Nature, who will ever again look to her as sole mistress? To add to the chagrin of such prophecy Mr. Maxim expresses the belief that a useful working steam-engine and boiler can be constructed to weigh but five pounds per horse-power! "I am of the opinion," he writes, "that with a generator and engine especially constructed for lightness a naphtha motor could be constructed which would develop one hundred actual horse-power and not weigh more than five hundred pounds including the condenser, and still have a factor of safety quite as large as we find in locomotive practice." It may be

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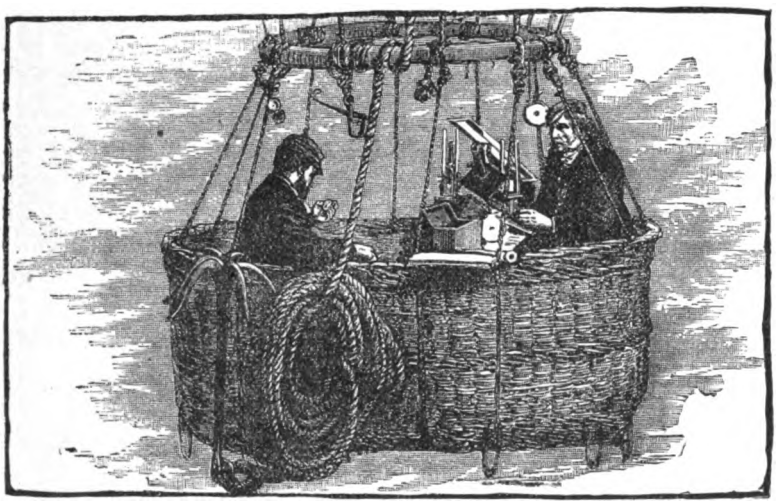
added that the development of the gas-engine and electric motor has been quite as remarkable as that of the steam-engine.

### THE CARRYING POWER OF AEROPLANES.

Now that the iron Pegasus has been haltered, it may be asked what burden he will bear on his back after his wings have been properly plumed. The answer, fortunately, has been to some extent cleared by the systematic experiments of both Mr. Maxim, of England, and Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute. After many thousands of delicate measurements of the carrying capacity of inclined planes gliding on the air, Professor Langley informs us that one horse-power properly



MESSRS. GLAISHER AND COXWELL OVER 29,000 FEET HIGH.

applied to the propulsion of an aeroplane may sustain fully two hundred pounds and upwards. Mr. Maxim, who experimented with much larger planes, concludes that certainly as much as one hundred and thirty-three pounds may be sustained with the expenditure of one horse-power, and, under certain conditions, as much as two hundred and fifty pounds. It would appear from these statements that a well-designed flying-machine of the aeroplane type should be able to carry not only itself, but many times its own weight besides. Nay, even if the supporting plane were omitted altogether, an engine of such extreme lightness as that of Mr. Maxim ought to screw itself through the atmosphere with the velocity of an arrow. It is, indeed, venturesome to assert what such a motor may not do. One naturally

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pictures to himself the whole wide heaven filled with coaches and chariots; the rivers and lakes covered with boats that go skipping over the solid water with more than railroad speed, to say nothing of the sterner possibilities that may ensue.

## CONFIDENCE IN THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM.

To one who yearns for the extraordinary in engineering there is something delicious in the assurance of our modern aerobaticians—they are so utterly without doubt. It is true there have been from the dawn of time enthusiasts who have looked for the immediate accomplishment of human flight, even at their own hands; but they were the dreamers, not the scientists, of their day. We can now name scores of men who have won distinction in both theoretic and applied science who, having examined the conditions of this problem, express an unwavering confidence in its near solution. This is especially true of those who have studied the matter most minutely. Professor Langley, at the conclusion of his admirable researches in aerodynamics, thus writes: "I wish to put on record my belief that the time has come for these questions to engage the serious attention, not only of engineers, but of all interested in the possibly near solution of a problem one of the most important in its consequences of any which has ever presented itself in mechanics; for this solution, it is here shown, cannot longer be considered beyond our capacity to reach." And concluding an article in the *Century*, September, 1891, he expresses himself in this unequivocal sentence: "Progress is rapid now, especially in invention, and it is possible—it seems to me even probable—that before the century closes we shall see this universal road of the all-embracing air, which recognizes none of man's boundaries, travelled in every direction, with an effect on some of the conditions of our existence which will mark this among all the wonders the century has seen." A month later, Mr. Maxim, after discussing the requirements of flight and the means by which it may be compassed, declares: "The motor has been found, its power has been tested, and its weight is known. It would, therefore, appear that we are within measurable distance of a machine for successfully navigating the air; and I believe that it is certain to come whether I succeed or not." Mr. Chanute, who may be very aptly styled the critical historian of aviation, and who as late as 1890 still expressed a lingering uncertainty as to the prospect of aerial travel, has within the past year written an exhaustive account of flying-machines to prepare his coun-

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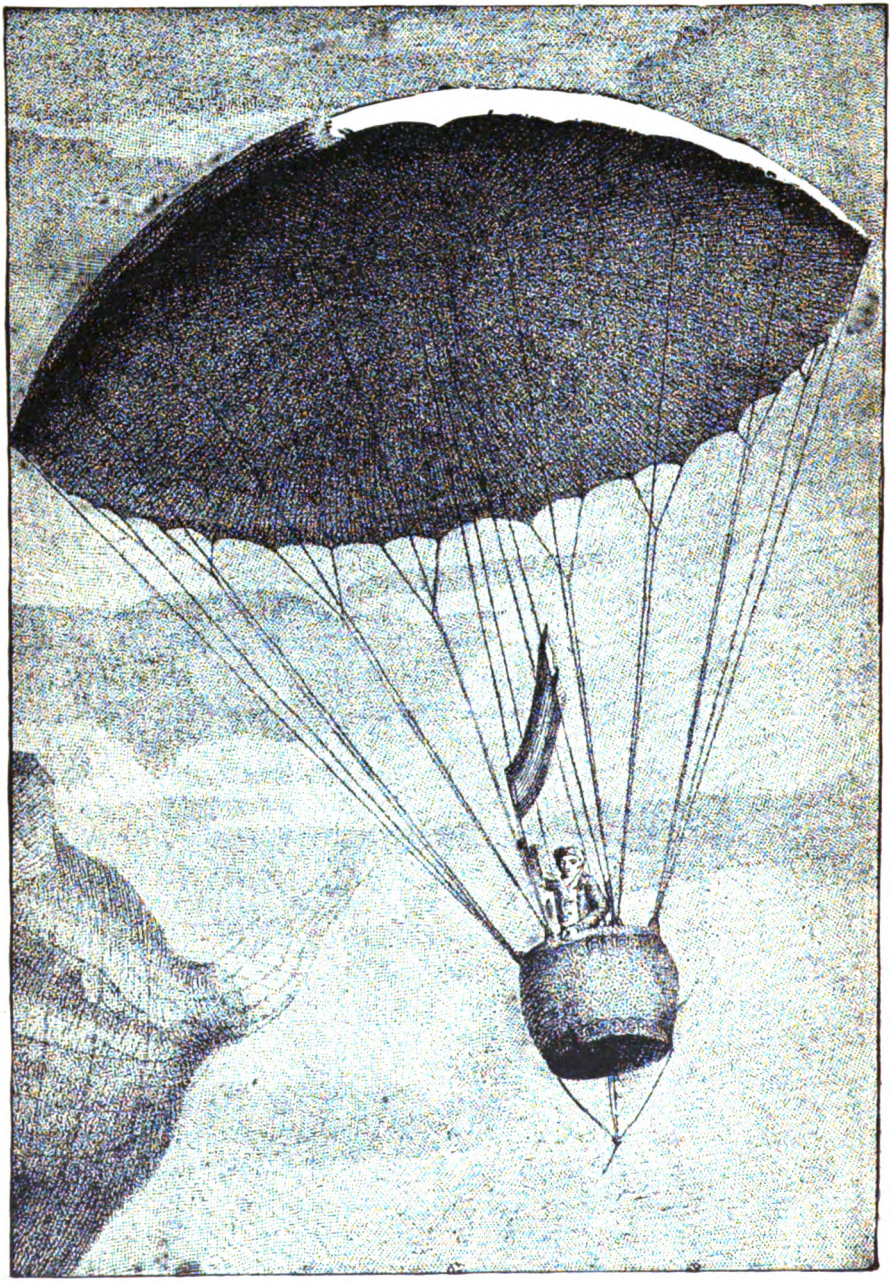

PARACHUTE OF GARNERIN.

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trymen for the "coming events." It will please all who have followed his writings to learn that he has lent his time and wide experience to the promotion of an international congress for the World's Fair for the advancement of aerial locomotion.

The partisans of aeronautics are no less sanguine than the writers above quoted. Since the period of the first trial of a pointed balloon there has always existed a school devoted to the science of the air-ship. Mr. Giffard, after the success of his first experiments, prepared the plans of a mammoth vessel, which was to be propelled at a speed of forty-four miles an hour, even with the engines he could then command. So confident was he, indeed, that he obtained a patent for, and meant to venture the expense of constructing, a balloon nearly two thousand feet long—a work he would undoubtedly have attempted had not blindness overtaken and prevented him. The Tissandier brothers, who for some years labored so arduously in the cause of aeronautics, seem to have become but the more convinced that it is only necessary to increase the size of the balloon to insure its success. Writes the editor of *La Nature:* "Il n'y a plus qu'à faire encore un pas en avant avec des appareils plus puissants, plus légers et des aérostats plus volumineux."

Perhaps the most significant indication of the approaching importance of aerobatics may be observed in the serious attention devoted to it by the European powers, the costly investigations they have instituted, and the profound secrecy maintained. If we are to believe the frequent rumors of foreign newspapers, and the surmises of semi-political writers, both the German and French governments are prepared to body forth at any time the unlovely vision of Tennyson.

But how is the dread prophecy to be realized? Shall the "pilots of the purple twilight" float or fly?—this is the one question over which the sages of the schools have been wrangling for half a century. The aeronauts boast of having at least fairly launched themselves, while the aviators have not been able to quit the earth. The aviators in turn point to the birds which move with such celerity and ease, while the great gas-bags drift helpless in the torrents of the atmosphere. Perhaps it will be discovered ere long that there is room in the sky for both; for certainly each school has plausibly met the objections urged against its propositions.

It is singular that such diversity of opinion should exist

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between the schools, especially among those who investigate seriously; yet it seems that those who excel in one system will concede least to the other. Mr. Maxim, for example, in con-

THE DESCENT OF THE FIRST BALLOON AT GONNES.—(*From an old print.*)

sidering the outlook for aeronautics, declares that "it is quite as impossible to propel a balloon with any considerable degree of velocity through the air as for a jelly-fish to travel through

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the water at a high rate of speed." How different the opinion of Giffard and the Tissandier brothers!

To prepare the dirigeable balloon to run at high velocities it will be necessary to keep it continuously rigid, and to locate the propellers near the centre of resistance. The first of these requirements can be fulfilled by inflating the balloon under pressure; the second, by planting the propellers directly on the covering of the vessel. This means that the balloon should be made of metal, and hence that it should be of titanic proportions. Here, of course, lies the great difficulty; for while it may be simple enough for a mathematician to dictate the most favorable dimensions for an air-ship of great strength and speed, the realization of his figures may present insuperable difficulties to the financier, if not to the mechanician.

It may, however, be of interest to consider merely the physical possibility of such a construction. Selecting "La France" as a model, let us estimate the capacity of an air-ship of ten times her linear dimensions. The data we shall require are as follows: length of La France, 165 feet; greatest diameter, 27.5 feet; surface, 10,000 square feet; buoyancy, 4,400 pounds; speed, 12 miles an hour; resistance, 50 pounds. Remembering that the buoyancy of a balloon increases as the cube of its linear extent, while the surface and resistance increase only as the square, we have for a balloon of ten times the linear measurement of La France and moving twelve miles an hour the following: length, 1,650 feet; greatest diameter, 275 feet; surface, 1,000,000 square feet; buoyancy, 4,400,000 pounds; resistance, 5,000 pounds. The power required to overcome a resistance of 5,000 pounds 12 miles an hour, allowing an efficiency of 50 per cent. for the screw propeller, would be 320 horse-power, which, if supplied by a motor of Mr. Maxim's design, would imply a weight of only 3,200 pounds. Suppose the motor to weigh 400,000 pounds, or 125 times the weight above found necessary, we still have left four million pounds surplus buoyancy. If we allow three million pounds for the covering of the balloon, and construct it of sheet steel, the metal may be .07 of an inch thick, and capable of sustaining an internal pressure of sixty to seventy pounds per square foot, or two hundred times the resistance of the air against the most exposed parts of the vessel's prow. It is evident a balloon of such strength and inflation would require no net, and that both motors and cargo could be attached directly to the covering; hence, if the propellers were properly located, the rudder also could be dispensed with. The one million

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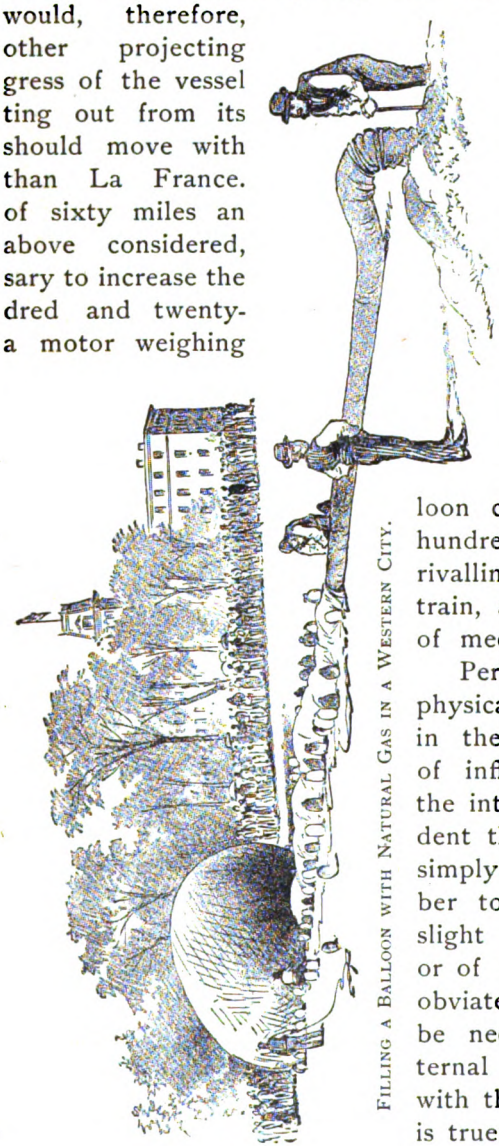
pounds remaining for passengers, cargo, and supplies would occupy relatively such small room that the general exterior of the vessel would appear plump and smooth as a whale. There would, therefore, be no boat, netting, or other projecting parts to oppose the progress of the vessel save the propellers just- ting out from its surface; consequently it should move with a relatively less resistance than La France. Hence to attain a speed of sixty miles an hour, or five times that above considered, it would only be necessary to increase the motive power one hundred and twenty-five times, or to employ a motor weighing four hundred thousand pounds, which has already been provided for. It would appear from these figures that a steel balloon competent to carry many hundreds of passengers, at speeds rivalling those of the railway train, are among the feasibilities of mechanical science.



FILLING A BALLOON WITH NATURAL GAS IN A WESTERN CITY.

Perhaps the most serious physical questions to consider in the above design are those of inflation and the control of the internal pressure. It is evident that if the covering were simply closed like that of a rubber toy it would burst upon a slight variation of temperature or of barometric pressure. To obviate such a disaster it would be necessary to employ an internal balloonette, as practised with the silk balloons; and this is true for vessels of all possible magnitudes, as can be shown by a simple geometrical demonstration. It may, however, be possible to replace the balloonette by some other device—as, for example, by an arrangement for enlarging or diminishing the balloon itself. As to the inflation, it may be more practicable,

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owing to the great volume of such an aerostat, to forego the use of hydrogen and to fill the balloon at the mains of some great natural gas reservoir. It might thus be possible to employ the contents of the balloon to furnish a part of the motive power. The mechanical and financial difficulties to be met in perfecting the air-ship need not be considered here, as we have been merely speculating on physical possibilities.

It is to be hoped that more light will reach us in the days that are to come, and that the great crystal world above us will yield as fairly to man's dominion as the other worlds of land and of sea. It may, perhaps, be a vain aspiration, an unholy wish; but who can look into those azure depths and not long to float there with the lark and the swallow? Oh, yes! it is good for us to be there; soon, let us hope, we may rise and fall and toss on the billows of this aerial ocean, revelling in the land of the rainbow, the caverns of the storm-cloud, the home of the lightning. What plain utilities of life, what comforts or other favors the unbounded deep may bear, I reckon not; but surely it will be something to quit the toils of earth for the untrammeled vast of heaven; something to companion the eagles and neighbor the stars; something to unburden the spirit weighed with mortal care and let it soar, if but for a moment, amid the circling splendors of its native immensity—aye, there shall be rapture in the infinite heavens, and surely a moment of rapture is worth a month of comfort.

ALBERT F. ZAHM,
*Secretary World's Congress on Aerial Navigation.*
*Notre Dame University.*

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# IGNIS ÆTERNUS.

THERE are many Christians who believe that there is an everlasting punishment for sin, and that this is designated in Holy Scripture by the term fire, who wish to consider this term as purely metaphorical. That is, they seek to explain it as denoting only mental and moral suffering, remorse, disappointment, unappeased longing after happiness, the melancholy of a rational being who has failed of attaining the end to which he was destined, the good which he desires by a necessary law of his nature. Catholics defend this opinion on the plea that the church has never condemned it as heretical, which is true.

## IS ETERNAL FIRE MERELY AND ONLY METAPHORICAL?

No doubt, that which is of the most importance, is to teach and to hold the dogma of Catholic faith, that there is an eternal punishment for sin. Nevertheless, it still remains a momentous question, what that *ignis æternus* which the church has not defined, really and truly is. It is not very satisfactory to know that the metaphorical sense is not heretical, unless there are solid reasons for regarding it as the true sense.

No doubt, it may and must be regarded as in many respects metaphorical, if it is taken to represent all elements of suffering in the doom incurred by fallen angels and lost men, for their sins. The privation of heaven, the perishing of the false and temporary objects for which it has been forfeited, the pain of loss and the pains of the interior sense can only be represented by fire, metaphorically.

The real question is, therefore, whether it is merely and only metaphorical. Exile to Siberia stands for many things besides merely having to live in that country, yet it is really a definite locality where certain persons are condemned to live, and the privations they endure are the circumstances which environ their enforced exile. The name Siberia has therefore a literal signification, although it may be used as a term denoting a great many mental and moral sufferings and privations, and as such is metaphorical.

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## IT MAY HAVE A LITERAL SIGNIFICATION.

In like manner, IGNIS ÆTERNUS may have a literal signification, as the name of some objective, physical, material reality, an element or sphere, which is the habitation of those who are sentenced to perpetual exile from heaven, on account of their transgressions of the laws of God.

This is the obvious and natural sense which the term would seem to have in the Scripture and the Athanasian Creed. There is no reason for giving it a merely metaphorical sense, unless one makes an *a priori* judgment that the literal sense is incredible. Moreover it has been understood in this sense by an almost unanimous consent of Catholic expositors of Scripture and theologians. The opposite opinion has been held and vindicated by a few only of respectable authority.

The reason why the metaphorical sense has been resorted to, is: that the idea of unending torment by fire affects the imagination and the feelings with a special horror, and seems to imply an excessive severity in the infliction of penalty for sin, which obscures the fundamental truth of the Divine Goodness. Catholic writers and preachers have gone into descriptions of the torments of hell, and pictorial representations have been devised, in which the extreme limit of human imagination has been sometimes reached. The most remarkable specimen of this effort to conceive and express an idea of a state of the most extreme suffering is the "Inferno" of Dante with Doré's illustrations. Preachers and spiritual writers have had a good intention in making such representations; they have wished, viz.: to terrify sinners in order to bring them to repentance, and to deter the just from sin; an effort which has been extensively successful.

Universalists and rationalists have done their utmost to make the Christian doctrine appear repugnant to reason and the moral sense. For this purpose they naturally represent the doctrine of the church, and of a great number of Protestants also, under the darkest colors, in the most horrifying aspects. Writers of fiction lend their aid to produce a sentiment of horror towards the doctrine as they apprehend it, and to insinuate disbelief in the very dogma of Catholic faith itself.

## THE MIND OF A CATHOLIC ON THE QUESTION.

Very many who hold firmly to the faith, and are resolved to submit to the authority of Scripture, Catholic teaching, and

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the judgment of wise and competent theologians, in all doctrinal questions, are, to some extent, troubled and perplexed by difficulties and objections with which the religious atmosphere is charged. They desire to know what a loyal Catholic ought to hold as pertaining to sound doctrine, and what is only opinion, conjecture, a merely human and private view which no one need adopt, except in so far as it appears to be reasonable and probable. They desire to adjust their reason and moral sense to the truth contained in the divine revelation. It is a very laudable, and indeed a necessary undertaking, to explain, as far as may be, the doctrine of divine revelation in such a way as to satisfy these demands of sincere minds and upright hearts, and to show the harmony which must necessarily exist between reason, the moral sense, and faith. No sacrifice, no compromise, no diminution of revealed truth may be allowed, for the sake of removing difficulties. Such a transaction is not only wrong, but useless. It is only parasitic plants which have grown up and clung around the fruit-bearing tree which we can tear away and cut up by the roots. Some of these parasites are heresies, exaggerating, distorting, and altering the Christian doctrines. The worst of these is the Calvinistic heresy, with which the Lutheran heresy is in several respects identical. This heresy teaches that God by an eternal decree doomed the human race to sin; that this sin is a total depravity of nature; that the mass of mankind are doomed to eternal sin, reprobation and perdition. This incredible and irrational doctrine must be uprooted and cast away, if we would have a correct understanding of the Catholic doctrine concerning original and actual sin, and the eternal penalty of sin.

### SOME THEORIES MORE OR LESS INCREDIBLE.

Other parasitic doctrines are theories and opinions, more or less incredible and unreasonable, or at least lacking in that degree of positive probability which entitles them to claim a weighty authority.

Such, for instance, is the notion that sinners continue for ever increasing their demerits and their punishments.

Also, that the vast majority of mankind have no real opportunity of salvation and are finally lost; and that even the majority of Christians die impenitent, having forfeited their salvation by sins which are never forgiven.

Still further, that human beings who have not any personal actual sins to account for, such as infants, and adults who are

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rationally and morally equivalent to infants, and who die unregenerate, are doomed to a perpetual state of more or less positive suffering and misery, on account of the sin of Adam inherited and inhering.

## THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE SIMPLY STATED.

Putting all these impediments aside, our simple thesis remains: that the demons, and those men who, having wilfully and grievously sinned during the period of a fair probation on the earth, pass into eternity unreconciled to God, will go into the *Ignis Æternus*, in the *Infernus*, where they will suffer a punishment proportioned to their guilt, and where they will continue to exist for ever; and that they only will suffer any positive pain or privation of natural happiness.

As for that region of the *Infernus* which is the abode of human beings enjoying natural felicity, we will say nothing at present, confining our attention to the sphere inhabited by those who have been sentenced by unerring justice, on account of their unforgiven sins.

This sphere of imprisonment is most certainly and unquestionably called in Scripture, and in the ordinary teaching of the church, *Ignis Æternus*. The Athanasian Creed sums it all up in the sentence: "*Qui vero mala in ignem æternum*"—"Those who have done evil into eternal fire."

Leaving the metaphorical sense to whatever right it may possess as an opinion which can be tolerated, I take my stand on the position of Petavius, Perrone, and other theological authorities, that the literal sense is true and certain. Beyond this bare statement; that is, in regard to the definition of the nature and qualities of this fire, and of the pain which it causes, there is no consent among the Fathers and Doctors of the church, and no declaration of doctrine by the church herself. We have only probable and respectable opinions of private doctors as an extrinsic authority to guide us, and these are but inferences and conclusions from premises furnished by revelation or reason. The subject is therefore open to prudent and conscientious discussion, so long as it is left open by the wise authority of the church, always with the intention of submitting to any future decisions of this authority.

## THE MATERIAL NATURE OF FIRE.

It is obvious, at first sight, that the effect of any physical, material entity, which is properly called fire, on the subjects of



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its action, depends not only from the nature of the active agent, but also from the nature and condition of the passive recipient, and their mutual relations. For instance, the melting points of the simple, chemical substances range from a few hundred degrees below zero to several thousands above. We cannot, therefore, by analogy, conclude, from the fire which is kindled by the combustion of fuel, and its painful, destructive action on the bodies of martyrs, criminals, or the victims of accidental conflagration, that the suffering of the subjects of infernal fire is the same. The heat of a furnace or of the sun cannot burn a pure spirit. The demons are pure spirits, but it was for them that the *Ignis Æternus* was primarily intended. They cannot be, like material substances, vaporized in the intense heat of the sun. Moreover, the bodies of men who go into the *Ignis Æternus* have a modified nature and different qualities from our present bodies. They are immortal, incorruptible, not liable to any destructive effect of material forces, and therefore the analogy from the burning alive of mortal human bodies is totally inadequate to represent the effect of fire, whatever its specific nature and activity may be, upon these bodies, much less upon the souls which animate them.

The eternal fire was originally intended and prepared for Lucifer and his host of rebellious spirits. The primary question is, therefore, concerning its nature and action in relation to purely spiritual beings. This question was discussed during the patristic period by the Fathers and Doctors of the church. Petavius has shown, at length and minutely, that they have no common doctrine on the subject, and none has obtained common consent in later times.

One opinion which has been proposed is: that the fire is a different essence from that fire which was supposed to be one of the four primary elements of earthly bodies, an essence specially created for its purpose.

Another opinion is, that it is not a different essence, but has superadded qualities by virtue of which it can act on spiritual substances.

Another opinion supposed a kind of union between condemned spirits and the element of fire, somewhat analogous to that which exists between human souls and bodies, so that the sensation of pain was caused by their combined, quasi-organic action.

Another and more reasonable opinion was, that the punishment of demons through the instrumentality of fire consisted in

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their detention within its sphere, under a compelling force which hindered their natural liberty of movement and activity in the universe, and kept them in confinement.

Since the sinners of the human race are only sharers in a secondary and lesser way with the demons in their punishment, the suffering which they endure from the fire must be a milder degree of the same kind. It must be principally in the soul; and affect the senses only inasmuch as body and soul are substantially and organically one passive and active subject. It is not reasonable, therefore, to suppose, that in addition to the essential suffering, there is another torment of the senses more keen and insupportable than any mental or moral pain, analogous to burning alive in a furnace.

## THE THEOLOGIANS THINK.

Petavius, and the best theologians with him, having plainly stated that there is no authoritative declaration of Catholic doctrine respecting the nature and intensity of this suffering, we may safely put aside the private opinions and conjectures of those who have made exaggerated representations like those of Dante. We may regard the punishment of men as essentially similar to that of angels, and only accidentally different.

Archbishop Kenrick, a very wise and holy prelate, remarks in his *Dogmatic Theology* (Tr. x. c. 3): "No one has satisfactorily explained what punishments are designated by the name of fire in the Scriptures."

There can be no objection, therefore, to an attempt to propose a hypothesis, in which, by showing what the nature of fire is according to science, the part which it plays in the universe, and the probable continuity of its existence and operation through an endless future, we can form a rational idea of what the *Ignis Æternus* of Scripture really may be.

Inspired writers, and much more the uninspired, need not be supposed to have fully understood the intention of the Holy Spirit in revealing the dogma of eternal punishment under the formula of Eternal Fire. But the Holy Spirit, and our Lord Jesus Christ, knew and intended the precise and complete reality. Genuine science interprets the thoughts of God, and may give us a better understanding of the true meaning of many things in Scripture, obscurely veiled under concepts and terms adopted from common and popular usage. Modern science can tell us much concerning the light which the Scripture tells us God

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created by his almighty word. In this way our human concepts approach more nearly to the idea of light in the mind of God. So, also, in respect to fire and heat.

## MOST PROBABLE SCIENTIFIC THEORY.

The ancients supposed that fire was one of four elementary substances—earth, air, fire, and water. Until recent times caloric was regarded as a substance diffused among the molecules of bodies. These notions are obsolete. What we call fire is matter in a state of incandescence, and by combustion giving out heat, in a process which acts on the subject matter so as to produce various changes in its mode of existence. There is no such separate and substantial essence as fire. Heat, according to the generally received scientific opinion of chemists, is a mode of motion. It is evolved and given out by the vibration of the molecules of bodies, and increases in intensity in proportion to the rapidity of this vibration.

According to the most probable scientific theory, matter is constituted by a passive principle receptive of motion, and an active principle giving motion: a force essentially one in all the modes of motion. Heat is one of these modes of motion, which are convertible into each other; which are manifestations of a force, acting in the material subject, and both having a determinate quantity, which is never increased or diminished, by the appearance of any new matter or force, or the disappearance of that which already exists. There are changes and transformations in the corporeal substances, but no creation or destruction of the underlying substratum. This is always the same, under all its modes, in its essential nature of passive and active mobility.

In one sense, we may say that the whole material universe is fire, and that heat is universal. All bodies are fuel, their molecules are always vibrating, and therefore there is at least latent heat; there is that which is capable of becoming incandescent in the very nature of matter.

But besides this, the whole material universe known to us, according to the very probable nebular theory, has its origin in a fire-birth. Our sun, and the multitude of similar bodies in the stellar spaces, are in a state of incandescence. Probably an age-long fire has been burning them, and so far as science can determine, or scientists conjecture, this incandescence can, by the laws of nature, continue yet for millions of years. All life in

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the earth depends on heat, and on a delicate adjustment and balance of the mode of motion called heat, and all other modes of motion by which the whirl of existence is kept up and regulated.

### HOW FIRE MAY BE ETERNAL.

If this present course of nature should continue for ever, then there would be an *Ignis Æternus*. But, although if not interrupted and changed by divine power before it has run through to its natural term, it might go on for a long time, it must finally come to an end, by the extinction of all the suns. After that universal restitution which St. Peter foretells, all things will be made new—there will be a new heaven and a new earth; and, as St. Paul teaches, the creation will be delivered from the bondage of corruption, and share in the liberation of the children of God. There is no reason to believe that God will create new worlds out of new matter; but we know from revelation that he will transform the existing creation. In that new and transformed state, no doubt a changed order and modified laws of nature will make the course of the heavens unchangeable and perpetual, so that it may last for ever. The environment and abode of all rational beings enjoying either supernatural or natural beatitude will correspond perfectly to their nature and their life, in order to contribute to their perfect felicity.

### INFERNUS MUST HAVE A PLACE.

Somewhere in this universe the *Infernus* must have a place, the *Ignis Æternus* must have a sphere. It does not appear to be in anyway incredible that this may be a region where the same process which has been going on so long in the present system may go on in one perpetual, re-entering cycle, or in a series of cycles, succeeding each other without end.

The condemned angels and men may be confined to this region as an abode suited to their character and condition. It is a place of exile, where they are under a servitude to the order and laws which govern it, and which is contrasted with the liberty of the children of God, who are lords and masters over the nature which ministers to their enjoyment. In this land of exile, Archbishop Kenrick says, "it is sufficient to regard the suffering as proceeding from the condition in which sinners are placed as being remote from the kingdom of heaven.

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It is not necessary to conceive of God positively inflicting pain" (*Ubi supra*). Therefore, according to this wise and holy prelate, if we estimate what suffering must ensue from the moral state of the condemned, their exclusion from the kingdom of heaven, and their alienation from God, we are not warranted in making it a part of Catholic doctrine that additional, positive torments are inflicted upon them. Thus *Ignis Æternus*, besides its literal meaning, has a figurative sense, as representing the whole moral state and condition of those who inhabit it, like Siberia in the example given above. They are "remote from the kingdom of heaven." We must take our point of departure from this principle, that the forfeiture of the grace and friendship of God, the loss of the supernatural end in God, the supreme good, by wilfully turning away from it into the way of perdition, is the reason and cause of the suffering. The penalty of loss, and the penalty of sense is the product of the soul's abuse of the free-will which was given to it for its temporal and eternal good.

## PUNISHMENT IS A NATURAL OUTCOME OF THE DISTURBED RELATIONS BETWEEN GOD AND THE SINNER.

God is Love; and from love, from goodness, diffusive and communicative of the good which is the essence of God, the creation proceeded; a part of which is the order of probation for rational beings put in the way of meriting divine beatitude. The loss of this beatitude, and all its consequences, are incurred by resisting and thwarting this love of God. There cannot be any malevolence in God, or anything like the passion for revenging injuries in men. The punishment of sin is a necessary sequel of the disturbed and disordered relation which the sinner has established between himself and God. The primary disorder is the falling down from the supernatural order into that which is merely natural. The disorder in that nature which is left, is the sequel and the consequence of this primary disorder. By sinning against grace, the transgressor has sinned against the natural law, and done violence to his nature and the natural order. Justice requires that when he has failed to move toward his destined term, and has moved away from it, he should be left, after his probation is ended, in the condition which he has chosen for himself. He has deprived himself of beatitude, and therefore he is an exile from heaven. Moreover, his abuse of his nature and of the gifts of God in nature,

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demands a reparation in the same order. A rational creature cannot enjoy natural felicity unless he is in concord with God. If he is in discord with him, alienated in mind and will from him, he is in discord with himself and with other creatures. He is therefore in suffering, from the very nature of the case; and from the privation of all means of inordinate self-gratification by the abuse of the gifts of God.

Father Taparelli, S.J., a most distinguished writer on ethics, has lucidly explained the rational doctrine of the reason and nature of punitive retribution:

"From what has been said it appears that punishment is not a torment of the sensitive man, but a recoil of order against disorder, and that, in the moral as well as the physical world, this conservative reaction is equal and opposite to the destructive action. Vindictive justice, therefore, far from being a blind impetus of passion, is founded on that essential tendency to truth and order which constitutes the very nature of human intelligence. Every disorder being a disposition of things contrary to their true relations, and being consequently a falsity, is essentially repugnant to the mind, wherefore reason demands a violent return to that order which has been disturbed, and this violence is the punishment" (*Saggio del Diritt. Nat.*, vol. i. dis. i. § 134).

The sin of despising his last end recoils on the sinner by the doom of perpetual exile. The sin of abusing the natural gifts of God recoils on him, by his subjection to the irresistible dominion of the laws of nature, in the re-established, imperturbable order. He is compelled to recognize his folly, and to suffer remorse for it. He has no more capacity or opportunity for immoral enjoyment. His nature remains essentially good, the natural order in which he lives is one in which a multitude of human beings find a perfect felicity; the obstacle to his happiness and the cause of his misery is subjective, it is a moral disorder, alienation of the will from God, the interior discord of sin.

## THE BEST WAY TO PREACH ON HELL.

In conclusion, I will venture, as a veteran missionary, to give a word of advice to missionaries and preachers as to the manner of preaching to the people on Hell.

The great practical end of preaching is ethical; it is to bring the hearers to shun vice and practise virtue, from supernatural

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motives. No success can be gained unless a filial fear and a filial love of God are implanted in their souls. They must be taught to detest and avoid and repent of sin, because it offends God and deprives the sinner of his friendship. They must be taught to esteem the grace and friendship of God as the true life and happiness of the soul, to practise virtue as the means of securing this happiness. They must be encouraged and led on to love God as the supreme good, and to aspire after their higher destiny as his children, the beatific union with God in the kingdom of heaven.

Servile fear is an inferior motive and stimulus to living a Christian life, which can only serve a subsidiary purpose. Preaching the terrors of the Lord ought, therefore, to be employed as a means of leading the just to persevere, and more especially sinners to repent, by raising them through servile fear to filial fear and filial love. The preaching of death, judgment, and hell, is only preparatory to those topics which awaken emotions nobler, more elevating, and more powerful than fear. Vivid impressions of terror in the imagination and sensitive feelings are transitory and tend to produce a reaction. It is better to avoid all Dantesque descriptions of hell. Their effect in deterring from sin and exciting to repentance depends on an unquestioning belief in their reality. With a large and increasing number of auditors this belief does not exist, and the effect on their minds of this kind of word-painting is only to awaken opposition, and produce aversion from the truths of religion. This is especially the case with those who are wavering and unsettled in their religious convictions, and are exposed to sceptical temptations.

Justice, charity, and prudence require, therefore, that those doctrines which are to many, even sincere and well-intentioned persons, perplexing and difficult of belief, should be presented in such a way as to appear consonant to reason, the moral sense, and the nobler human sentiments. The advice of M. Emery is, therefore, good, when he says that preachers should "confine themselves ordinarily within the limits of the doctrine which is of faith." I would extend these limits so far as to include certain theological conclusions, which can be deduced by solid reasoning from the simple dogma defined by the church and the clear statements of Scripture. The dogma of divine faith should be the principal theme of the preacher, explained by the doctrine of ecclesiastical faith, and the analogy of other Catholic

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doctrines. It is most important to present the proof that it is really a doctrine of divine revelation, taught in the Scripture and always held in the church, so conclusively as to exclude all doubt.

### THE REAL SOUL-EVIL IS SIN.

In developing the subject, wilful and final sin should be presented as the real evil of the soul, carrying in its bosom the germ of its own punishment, by alienating the soul from its true and supreme good in God. The loss of heaven, the perpetual exile from the society of the blessed, should be represented as vividly as possible. The positive punishments included in the doom of exile must be represented as severe and proportioned by a measure of exact justice to the number and the grievousness of the unforgiven sins which must be expiated by suffering. Here comes in play the caution against exaggeration and particular, minute, detailed descriptions drawn from the imagination.

Finally, the preacher must be solicitous to impress on his hearers true ideas of the goodness and mercy as well as the justice of God, and to convince them that their eternal destiny is in their own hands, and may be made a happy one, no matter how sinful they may be, and how near the door of the next world.

The most respectable advocates of future restoration do not hesitate to admit that those who obstinately persist in their rebellion against God are in a state of hopeless and final perdition. But they argue that many, if not all, who depart this life impenitent and unforgiven, will be sooner or later converted to God and admitted to the blessedness of the just.

Protestants, whether of the so-called orthodox type, or of the rationalistic sort, have no true idea of the supernatural. They cannot understand that no kind or degree of intellectual or moral evolution of rational nature can ever bring it any nearer to the supernatural order. Just as the utmost possible perfection of sensitive cognition could never make it rational, so no degree of natural perfection in a rational subject could enable him to elicit a supernatural act. Those who have been gratuitously called to a supernatural destiny receive grace, by which, during a fixed period of probation, they can merit the attainment of their end. Those who are not under this régime of grace cannot stir one step towards it. The happy denizens of the Limbo of infants can never enter the gate of heaven. If the inhabi-

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tants of the lower hells could be improved and restored in the natural order, they would remain in a perpetual exile from heaven. Notwithstanding the constant and frequent assertion that Origen taught the final restoration of all angels and men to heaven, in a hypothetical way, I think it very doubtful if he ever did propose such a theory. I am convinced that St. Gregory of Nyssa never advocated, and that St. Gregory of Nazianzus never insinuated, even as a philosophical hypothesis, any such opinion. It is certainly heretical, and it is the very essence of the dogma of eternal punishment, that the final sentence to exile from the kingdom of heaven is irreversible.

If there remain in the reason and moral sense of any believing Christian a repugnance to the Catholic doctrine, there is one effectual way of silencing all suggestions against faith. It is by acts of perfect confidence in the absolute goodness and justice of God, who cannot err or do wrong in his judgments. This act is rendered easier by looking to God in Christ, through whose human intellect and will the divine judgment on men is exercised. Jesus Christ has shown his love for men by dying on the cross, and we can therefore trust him absolutely to bring all things in the universe to a consummation which all rational beings must approve as wise, just, and good, in the very highest sense.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

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# UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

AS the world grows older the sentiment of universal brotherhood is showing itself in many ways, but in none more surely than in the movement for University Extension.

Except the universities of the mediæval period, conducted by Catholic teachers and lecturers, and to which inquiring youth flocked by thousands, the universities of the past have been accessible only to the favored few. The doors were open to the rich and to the royal. The son of a nobleman and the son of an alumnus were welcomed among the students, either to gather the golden harvest which the inflexible curriculum afforded, or to drop into oblivion when the requirements of the course were found too exacting or laborious for the ease and comfort of a pampered life.

BROWN UNIVERSITY,
The Pioneer in University Extension in New England.

Great scholars and able professors were the result, but to all except teachers of science or religion the value of a university training was measured by pride or profit. Woman knocked at the door for centuries and was refused entrance. Youth, fired with ambition but without wealth or worldly distinction, also sought admittance, but was turned away. The one of lowly station who could, through the kitchen or by menial labor, snatch the crumbs that fell from the table of those with whom he was not allowed to sit, might gather from the feast of the class-room some bits of food to satisfy his craving for knowledge; but the youth of the middle class, with the pride that forbade humiliation, passed his life a stranger to the inner courts of the temple of knowledge.

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KNOWLEDGE BECOMES MORE WIDE-SPREAD.

Meanwhile the printing-press continued its great mission. It multiplied books, it spread broadcast the knowledge that had been confined to the university towns. The little taste for deeper learning acquired in this way only whetted the appetite of the ambitious youth for deeper draughts at the famed spring. The lecturer, with much oratory and rhetorical flourish, increased still farther this desire. But withal it was unsatiated. When the battle of life began it was found that knowledge acquired in this way was not real education. Oratory, rhetoric, pathos, eloquence, while they pleased the fancy, did not feed the mind.

The real educator was still imprisoned inside the university wall. There the professor conducted his class by easy steps, and developed the opening mind by patient yet progressive methods. The world saw the results as broad-minded men, men of character and parts, emerged from the university and took foremost places in the conduct of affairs. They had absorbed the elixir, but could not give out the secret as to how they had acquired it.

A change has come. The university doors have been opened and the imprisoned instructors have come forth and spoken to the people. The secret by which education is made character-building has been revealed, and its influence has been imparted to that larger public whose opportunities through life never permitted them to enter the university halls.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION AND THE SUMMER-SCHOOL.

The principle of University Extension is now able to compass the whole brotherhood of man. Colleges and universities have received princely endowments and new ones are springing up on every hand. Political science, as well as other sciences, is being taught to the thousands, and has given the common people a deeper insight into the science of government. To this opening of the doors of the universities has been traced more than one political revolution. "Harvard, Andover, and Dartmouth did it," said a trained politician of the defeated party after the recent election. This was University Extension. Vacation time has been re-named the Summer-school, and recreation has been made more charming by reason of the fund of enjoyment gained by a new recreation to the mind through able and apt lecturers.

The hand, the head, and the heart are being together in-

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structed in the kindergarten. Pupils of larger growth gain admission to the Summer-school, and are graduated from the University Extension fully equipped to take a place in the larger life open through its revelations.

University Extension is so closely allied to the Summer-school that the two may almost be considered as one, the latter being the factor that makes possible the best workings of the former. As the mind directs the movements of the body and controls its members, so the Summer-school may become the centre from which will emanate the energy to guide, direct, and control the system of University Extension.

## THE PROGRESS OF THE SYSTEM.

Since it first took root in American soil, the system has grown and spread until it has now become an essential element of the forward educational movement of the nineteenth century. Its rapid growth is doubtless due to the liberal endowments wealthy men are making to the various universities, and to the institutions that are being founded for the higher education of the masses. These endowments make it possible, as it never was before, for colleges to open their doors and extend university privileges to those who have heretofore been debarred any of their advantages.

To trace the very foundations of the system would be to study those splendid universities of Bologna, Naples, and Paris, whose basis of education was so largely dependent upon the lectures given by the distinguished philosophers of that period. Though it was in the days of the Middle Ages that the groundwork of the system was laid, it is its present practical working and progress that are of immediate interest, and how it can best be used in connection with the Catholic Summer-school and the various reading circles of which it was the outgrowth.

The plan of University Extension was first given a trial in England in 1872, and this movement for the extension of university instruction for the people has since developed and spread with amazing rapidity. There the work is divided among four organizations: "The London Society for the Extension of University Teaching," "The University of Cambridge," "The University of Oxford," and "Victoria University." The principal

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business of these various centres is to provide lectures and arrange courses. These central offices are not, however, the *organizers* of the various courses; they are the well-organized bureaus of information to which the local centres apply for help. The movement is generally started by a university man, or patron of education, in the locality where a course of lectures on the University Extension system seems desirable. A meeting is called, a speaker takes the platform and explains the extension plan. If a favorable impression is produced, the outcome of the assembly is the formation of a local centre quite in the line of our various reading circles. A secretary and board of managers are appointed, and after the subject for the course is decided upon application is made to the central office for a lecturer, the local centre guaranteeing to defray all the expenses of the course. The lectures are generally about an hour in length, and are as far as practicable popularized by the use of the magic lantern. With every lecture a number of questions are given for future study, to which the students are expected to send written answers to the lecturer. Classes for discussion are also held, and those who have attended the course receive certificates, the ones passing the best examinations being awarded prizes and honors, as in a regular college course, which gives an additional stimulus and interest to the work.

## THE SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.

In England University Extension has had a powerful influence on the growth of local colleges, a few of which can be traced directly to this movement, while others have prospered and strengthened under its beneficent influence, and the relations between the universities are cemented and made more cordial by means of the summer meetings, which are synonymous with the American Summer-schools. It will, therefore, be readily seen how the various reading circles scattered throughout the United States can co-operate with the good work of the Summer-school, and, on a basis similar to the one suggested, each have a University Extension course, lecturers being supplied from the common centre, the subjects varied or systematic as the taste of the members of the circle may dictate.

The experience of the English universities has been that short courses of lectures are most beneficial; one great impediment to the longer ones is the expense involved. By giving shorter courses, costing less money, more centres were able to avail themselves of the privilege; more organizations were

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formed, and the lecturers were enabled to cover a wider field. One of the first Americans to appreciate the value of English University Extension was Dr. H. M. McCracken, Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, and New York was the first American commonwealth to institute a *State system* of University Extension.

IN NEW YORK STATE.

The plan adopted by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, as defined by its secretary, Melvil S. Dewey, was "to co-operate with communities desiring new facilities for higher education, and willing to pay the necessary expenses of a competent lecturer or instructor who shall inspire and guide them in their work. We believe it unwise, both educationally and economically, to offer such instruction at the expense of the State, but we also believe that the State is bound to help those who are willing to help themselves. Our part will be to stimulate interest by printed matter, local addresses, correspondence, and the maintenance of a Central University Extension Office at the capital from which to answer questions and give advice. We expect to furnish printed matter, to lend carefully-selected small libraries for use during the courses, to furnish lecturers with illustrative material, lantern slides, specimens, books, and in all proper ways to help those who are helping themselves, and to relieve them of such incidental expenses as can be met more cheaply by a central office than by the individual community. We hope to be of service in certifying the most efficient and successful University Extension lecturers, and in recommending to inquirers the best available man for any given place." The New York Legislature

MELVIL S. DEWEY,
Secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of New York.

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passed a bill appropriating the sum of ten thousand dollars, the primary purpose of which was to give an active impetus to University Extension and thereby promote the higher education of the people.

This fund is under the control of the Extension Department of the University of the State of New York. In the autumn of 1892 the committee sent out circulars to the clergy of New York, asking their co-operation in extension work, and calling their special attention to the revised library laws, and what an important bearing the new system of instruction has on the public library, and that neither the library nor the extension can do its best work without the aid of the other.

### THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The pioneer in this important work in America was, however, the University of Pennsylvania, under the direction of its able provost, Dr. William Pepper. Recognizing at the start that nothing satisfactory can be accomplished without a money backing, and that no good work or charity is thoroughly successful that is not conducted on business principles, his first move towards introducing University Extension into the curriculum of the University of Pennsylvania was to raise a fund for that particular purpose. He successfully interested a number of Philadelphia's leading citizens in the movement, and soon had the sum of $7,500 per annum subscribed for five years. This enabled him to at once command the services of the most experienced University Extension lecturers and organizers in England. A local society was first formed, which developed into a national society that has for its aim the spread of University Extension in all parts of the country where it may be desired or appreciated. The lectures given were eminently practical; a course on money for bank clerks, one on mathematics and physics particularly intended for workmen and mechanics, while others on literature, geology, geography, and kindred subjects summed up the very valuable work done by the University of Pennsylvania through its extension course.

The University of Chicago, in its organization and by means of its generous endowments, proposes to make this a special feature

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of its work, and also includes correspondence teaching in its extension course. In 1891 the faculty of the University of Wisconsin first began its work in this direction, which was so highly appreciated by the people that in the course of a few months the professors were unable to fill the demands made upon them for outside lectures. An extension department was added to the university, with a special corps of men affiliated with the faculty to devote themselves entirely to extension work, which also promises to be further developed in connection with the Farmers' Institutes of Wisconsin which are under the control of the University, and have a liberal appropriation from the State. Brown University was the first in New England to take an active interest in extension work, which is rapidly becoming a part of the course in all the larger universities.

### FATHER HALPIN'S WORK IN NEW YORK CITY.

Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., in the year 1891, began a course on ethics at St. Francis Xavier's College, in New York City. The course was on the extension plan and was called in the college curriculum University Extension. His announcement that it was not for young men and graduates exclusively, but for all desirous of hearing the subject scientifically discussed; that no charge was to be made for attendance, and merely a fee of fifteen dollars from those who passed the examination, and wrote three satisfactory dissertations on the subject-matter of the course, and on whom the degree of A.M. would then be conferred, and that this degree could be obtained by any bachelor of arts from any college, Catholic or non-Catholic, brought his special work within the lines of the best University Extension.

The outcome of the first course was the formation of the Xavier Ethical Society in the spring of 1892. Father Halpin's course on ethics at the Catholic Summer-School was altogether on the extension plan. His subjects were eminently practical in both courses and covered a wide range, including Duties and Rights of Man, Moral Science and Religion, Religious Worship, Revelation, Intellectual and Moral Development, Suicide, Charity, Humanity, Benevolence, Veracity, Self-Defence, Duelling, Communism, Socialism, Employer, Employees, Wages, Society,



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Marriage, Education, Public Schools, The Family, Masters and Servants, Civil Society, Government, Universal Suffrage, Penal Laws, Lynch Law, Liberty of the Press, Free Thought, Duties of Nations, Methods of War, etc.

Nineteen men received the degree of master of arts at the conclusion of the course, during the winter of 1891, and the increased attendance at the lectures during 1892–93 is but another evidence of the popularity of the extension system and of the hold it is taking on people of all classes.

Father Halpin has a wonderful combination of the special qualifications that are required to make a thoroughly successful University Extension lecturer. He is a man of ready tact and sympathy, with the power of placing his subject clearly and attractively before his audience, and has the art of conducting his class in a way that induces the students to ask questions freely and submit their difficulties to him.

### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON.

There is a yet wider field that may be opened in this direction through the great Catholic University at Washington, whose advantages are at present available to comparatively few. Not many priests are able to cut a year or two out of their busy lives to go to Washington for a supplementary course of study, whereas if the university established a correspondence extension course for priests and sent its professors forth from time to time to give lectures to those who could not come to them, a new door to higher ecclesiastical knowledge would be opened to the Catholic clergy.

The liberal endowment of the Catholic University at Washington makes possible the adoption of such an extension course on the broadest plan, and with such leaders at the helm as Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Keane it will, doubtless, not be long before our Catholic University takes its place in the forward educational movement.

Notwithstanding the fact that University Extension has had a footing in England for twenty years, no effort has been made or system devised there for the training of lecturers for this particular field. America, therefore, took the initiative, and the University Extension Seminary established in Philadelphia by the national society for the training of lecturers and organizers stands unique, and will supply at the outset of the movement in this country a need that has long been felt in England.

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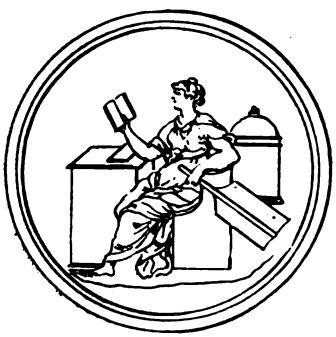
On December 28–30, 1892, the meeting of the National Conference on University Extension was held in Philadelphia. No greater proof of the wide-spread interest in the work could be given than that deduced from the large assembly of educators, men and women, who met together from all parts of the United States to compare the work done and consult as to the best methods of pushing it in the future. The subjects discussed were practical and included the consideration of general organizations, administration of a local centre, the distinctive features of University Extension work as compared with university instruction, the function of the library in the movement, the training of lecturers and other matters that had an important bearing on the work.

University Extension is no longer an experiment. The results, as shown by statistics in England and by observation and interest in America, clearly indicate that the demand for a broader education, in which the restrictions that bar the common people from our universities are entirely removed, is earnest, and these first steps towards the permanent establishment of a great international system of higher education of the masses of which University Extension is the pioneer will sooner or later be realized.

CHARLOTTE MCILVAIN MOORE.

*New York.*



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# THE LAND OF THE SUN.

## THE PEARL OF THE WEST.

AFTER another night in Siloa, at the pretty, bright, clean French hotel, with its excellent restaurant, near the station, the party were ready to set forth the next morning for Guadalajara, where they expected to meet the young engineer who had been the moving cause of their journey—at least as far as the Meynells were concerned. Russell spoke a little of parting with them at Irapuato and continuing his journey direct to the City of Mexico, "since," he said, "you will soon have another guide who knows the country probably as well as I do"; but there was such an outburst of expostulation at this, that he was obliged to confess that no pressing business awaited him in Mexico, and that there was really no good reason why he should not accompany them on their visit to the fair city to which they were bound.

"Unless," said Dorothea, "you are tired of us. I really could not blame you if that were the case. But to talk of Phil taking your place is, if you will excuse me, simple nonsense. If he lived a hundred years in the country he could not do that. No, Mr. Russell, if you forsake us, we shall be lost. It will be worse than if we had never had you at all."

"It is true," said Mrs. Langdon. "Dorothea puts the matter strongly but correctly. We shall miss you so much that it would have been better for us never to have had the benefit and pleasure of your companionship."

"I don't go as far as that," said the general, "since we are indebted to Russell for a great deal of information about the country which we are not, I hope, likely to forget. But I sincerely trust you are not in earnest about leaving us," he went on, addressing that gentleman, "for while we might supply your place with the guide-book, as far as mere information is concerned, we should miss you personally more than we can express."

"Russell, my good fellow," said Travers, "there is nothing for you to do but rise, place your hand on your heart, return thanks for the distinguished consideration in which you are held

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by this party, and promise to unite your fortunes with us from this day forth."

"I should be very insensible to the too flattering consideration with which I am honored," answered Russell, "if I failed to do so. After all, there is no particular reason why I should not go to Guadalajara."

"On the contrary, there are many reasons why you should go—at least I could mention a dozen," said Dorothea. "So I hope the matter is settled, and that you will not give us such a fright again."

"Perhaps Mr. Russell wished to find out exactly how unwilling we should be to let him go," suggested Miss Gresham.

"In that case he must have been sadly disappointed that *you* expressed no unwillingness at all," remarked Travers.

The fair Violet shrugged her shoulders. "Dorothea expressed so much, and spoke as she always does for the party, with such emphasis, that my voice was not necessary," she answered. "Mr. Russell knows, I am sure, how much I value his society, and—"

"And his remarkable fund of historical and statistical information," said Travers as she paused. "I am certain he must be well aware of that. Halloo!" interjected the speaker suddenly —for they were sitting in the restaurant at breakfast—"is not that our train coming in?"

"No. It is the Guanajuato train," Russell answered. "But our train will arrive very soon now, so we had better walk over to the station. The *cargadores* have our luggage."

The run from Siloa to Irapuato, where the branch to Guadalajara connects with the main line of the Mexican Central Railway, is made through a country so beautiful, especially when viewed in the golden light of early morning, that one might well wish it much longer. All memories of desert plains and barren heights are forgotten as the traveller enters upon the most rich and productive region of the great Mexican plateau, a very Arcadia of beauty and fertility. On each side of the railway highly cultivated lands spread for leagues, level as a table, to where mountains draped in softest veils of azure and amethyst bound the horizon. On these vast fields, that seem made to bear the harvests of the world, the laborers are mere moving dots of color, though a hundred or two of them may often be seen together, each man guiding a plough drawn by a pair of oxen. The lithe figures in their bright dress, the slow-moving animals, types of patient strength, the rich brown hue of the freshly-turned earth, contrasting with the vivid green of springing grain on the land

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ploughed yesterday, the pellucid depths of sky, the distant frame of dream-like heights, the shining towns on the plain that seem to have been conjured out of the imagination of a painter—all is like a page from the early days of the world, full of the charm and poetry of pastoral antiquity. And now and then a group of massive buildings, belonging to one of the great haciendas, estates which are absolute principalities in extent, comes into view. Walled around like a mediæval city, these buildings comprise residences, store-houses, granaries, and invariably a church. Through the great open gates there are glimpses of Oriental arches and immense courtyards, horsemen ride out with trappings glittering in the sunlight, great clumsy carts, with nine or ten mules harnessed to them, lumber forth on the highway, or a string of patient burros bearing enormous packs come into sight, followed by figures on foot that seem transported from the most remote East, as their picturesque draperies are outlined against the wide distance of spreading land and sky.

"You have now entered upon a new phase of Mexico and Mexican life," said Russell, addressing General Meynell, whom all these scenes interested exceedingly. "We have left the mining region and mining cities behind, and are in the midst of a country that depends for its wealth on agriculture alone. This great plain, known as the Bajio, is one of the richest and most famous agricultural districts of the plateau."

"I have never seen a more beautiful country, nor one apparently in a higher state of cultivation," said the general. "Where else in the world can such vast bodies of land of such wonderful fertility be found?"

"Their productiveness is simply inexhaustible," said Russell, "and, with slight, natural interruptions, they extend for hundreds of leagues. The State of Jalisco, which we shall enter very soon, is the largest and wealthiest of Mexican States, and its prosperity is drawn almost entirely from agricultural products."

"It is in Jalisco that the hacienda of which Phil has written is situated," said Dorothea. "But see!—what a lovely view of domes and towers yonder!"

"Irapuato. We change cars here for Guadalajara," said Russell, beginning to collect bags and umbrellas.

But to this prosaic information the others at first lent no ear. Their eyes and attention were alike fastened on the beautiful picture which Irapuato presents as it is seen across the plain, its graceful towers and glistening domes rising above the massed

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foliage of the gardens that surround it, and against a background of soft, purple heights.

"What!" cried Dorothea, when she heard that they were to be vouchsafed no nearer sight. "Is it possible that we are to leave a place that promises so much as this unseen? It *must* be interesting, for look at the number of churches it possesses—and such churches! I have not seen more beautiful towers and domes anywhere."

"Probably the towers and domes are the best part of it—they generally are," observed Miss Gresham; "and we can see them quite well from here."

"Come, come," said the general, "we cannot possibly stop everywhere you know, my dear; and Russell says there is not enough of interest here to repay us for a delay of twenty-four hours."

"Be consoled," said Russell in turn. "You are right about the towers and domes. They are peculiarly fine in effect, especially rising out of this lovely plain; but Irapuato itself does not offer sufficient attractions to detain us. The special thing for which it is most famous awaits you without. Come!"

"*Fresas, fresas, señorita!*" "*Quiere las fresas, niña?*" cried a chorus of insinuating voices, as they emerged from the door of the car, while slender brown hands of all sizes and ages lifted up baskets heaped with the beautiful, fragrant strawberries which are as much the characteristic product of Irapuato as opals are of Querétaro or onyx of Puebla.

"Strawberries in December! Surely this is a land of wonders!" said Mrs. Langdon.

"Strawberries every day in the year at Irapuato," said Russell. "Their cultivation is the perennial industry of the place. All the accidents of climate and soil unite to produce them in unfailing abundance, aided by the skill, industry, and untiring irrigation of the inhabitants."

"In other words," said the general, "they have here all the conditions of an unending spring, which should be as favorable for many other products as for strawberries. How much for those?" he demanded of one of the venders. "*Cuanto?*"

"*Dos reales, señor,*" was the prompt response.

"*Real y medio, señor,*" cried another, quickly interposing his basket.

"Better let Russell conduct the negotiations," suggested Travers. "What with the pleading of the eyes and the fragrance of the berries, I, for one, should speedily ruin myself."

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They were not the only people who found the lovely fruit irresistible. Soon every seat in the Guadalajara train contained at least one basket of strawberries, and the car was filled with their fragrance, mingled with that of limes—boughs laden with which were offered importunately by those who had not strawberries to sell, nor yet the pretty vari-colored baskets which are always to be bought here.

It was a bright and picturesque scene which all these venders and their commodities formed, together with the moving throng of passengers for the different trains; and forgetting even to admire the beautiful domes and minarets of Irapuato, the party stood on the platform of their car, full of interest, talking gaily and asking a hundred questions, until, according to the fashion of Mexican railroads, the train, without sound or note of warning, moved off across the wide, sun-bathed plain, in a westwardly direction.

The scene within the car proved then hardly less novel and attractive to their eyes than the scene without had been; for, with few exceptions, their fellow-passengers were all Mexicans, friendly, sociable people, who talked to each other in a constant flow of sweet-sounding Spanish, smoked cigarettes incessantly, and exhibited all the types with which the traveller in the country soon becomes familiar. There was the family group, the stout, middle-aged señora, with her black hair smoothed like silk on her uncovered head, great golden hoops in her ears, and the invariable black shawl on her shoulders, talking volubly to a middle-aged gentleman with erect, iron-gray hair standing up from a square forehead, a darkly olive skin, and spare, sinewy frame. There were her daughters, lovely as pictures, with their lustrous eyes, their dark brows and lashes, their delicate features and clear brunette skins, but whose attire, and especially whose headgear, exhibited a lack of style that merited the mingled scorn and pity with which Miss Gresham regarded it. There were young men in close-fitting trousers, short jackets, and wide sombreros elaborately trimmed with silver, ivory-handled pistols displayed in the belts buckled around their waists, small feet encased in pointed shoes, and slender fingers deeply stained with nicotine. There were elderly *haciendados*, who came in at the way-stations, booted and spurred, and very dusty from long rides on horseback, and padres, with draping cloaks and tonsured crowns, who joined in the friendly general conversation, or, withdrawing to a remote seat, became absorbed in their breviaries.

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THE SCHOOL OF LAW, FORMERLY THE CHURCH OF THE JESUITS.

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And meanwhile the same open expanse of fertile country continued to delight the eye, the same level lands spread to distant hills robed in divinely blue and purple tints, the same dazzling excess of light and color was in the luminous, overarching sky, while the white arches of haciendas, or the slender towers of village churches, gleamed against the folds of the far heights. On the wide, tree-dotted expanse immense herds of cattle and horses grazed, in the great fields the corn was garnered in heaps, and the whole effect of the country seemed more than ever like a vast, pastoral idyl. But presently there was a change. The mountains drew in, hills thickly strewn with volcanic scoriæ and covered with a straggling forest growth shut out the fair valley views, the train mounted heavy grades, wound around and about the hills, and finally, crossing the divide, descended into another beautiful plain through which flows the largest river of Mexico—the Lerma, or Rio Grande de Santiago, for by both names it is known. At the station of La Barca—the town itself lies distant half a dozen miles across the valley, with only one tall and stately tower in evidence—the river is crossed, and thence onward the railway follows its banks for miles, with the broad, shining current in full view. And what a paradise for sportsmen is here! Along the marshy margin of the stream wild ducks abound, together with many other varieties of water-fowl, which seem in these happy regions to increase and multiply without any interference on the part of man. From the other side of the car the glance sweeps over the wide valley to a range of aerial hills—so delicate in their faint blue, so lovely in their outlines, that they hardly seem of earth—which, as Russell told the eager gazers, encircle the shores of Lake Chapala.

"That is something you must see," he said, "that exquisite lake which lies in an enchanted atmosphere fully a mile above the sea. For charm of climate and scenery I have never known any region so near an earthly paradise as this beautiful lake region of Jalisco and Michoacan. Of the lakes that make it famous, Chapala is the largest and, with the possible exception of Patzcuaro, best worth seeing."

"We must certainly see it," said Dorothea with decision. "Only tell us how to reach it."

This had not yet been fully told, or at least had led to many other things, of what Travers called the historical and statistical order, when there was an exclamation from a group of young people at the other end of the car. "Guadalajara!

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*Mire* Guadalajara!" which brought the strangers at once to the windows from whence the city could be seen.

What a picture it is, this first view of the fair Pearl of the West, as she lies on the smiling plain, lifting her ivory towers toward skies of such radiance as scarcely look down upon any other portion even of this land of radiant skies, with distant mountains forming a background of celestial azure behind her mass of shining domes and Moresque minarets!

"And that is Guadalajara!" said the general. "It seems to be a very handsome city."

"Handsome!" repeated Mrs. Langdon. "It looks like a city in a dream, as if it were builded of nothing save marble and mother o' pearl. What was that poetical name you called it, Mr. Russell?"

"'La Perla del Occidente,'" answered Russell. "It is appropriate, is it not? She was the second capital of the country, the queen of all the rich western coast, this fair Guadalajara, before the era of railroads. Now her importance has somewhat diminished; but when the line on which we are travelling is completed to the Pacific, she will lift her beautiful head again."

"I am sure she seems to hold it high enough already," said Dorothea. "She has a most regal air, with those tapering towers pointing heavenward, and looking, as Margaret says, too beautiful for anything but the creation of a dream."

And so they gazed and talked, every moment drawing nearer to the queenly city from whose gates tree-arched avenues lead in all directions to the villages that dot the verdant plain —villages with histories going far beyond the time when the fierce and warlike Nuño de Guzman led his army into western Mexico, and desiring to found a capital for this rich country, which the Spaniards called Nueva Galicia, named it after his birthplace in distant Spain. The present city still bears the name, but is not located upon the spot first selected in 1531, for, finding that site ineligible, the small colony of Spaniards moved a few years later to the present situation on the banks of the San Juan de Dios river, near the friendly Indian town of Mexicalcingo, now a suburb of Guadalajara.

Of these things Russell discoursed to a group who, it is to be feared, did not pay great heed to the ancient deeds of Nuño de Guzman and the other noble founders of Guadalajara. The level plain over which they were moving seemed to grow more luxuriantly green and beautiful as they advanced. On one

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THE STATELY OLD TOWER OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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side was a view across a meadow, knee-deep in grass, of a wide road shaded by noble trees, along which carriages were driving, with wheels flashing in the sunlight and horsemen prancing on richly caparisoned steeds; on the other the eye was led to a rolling ridge somewhat higher than the city, crowned by a white-walled, tower-and-dome-capped town, which Russell pointed out as San Pedro, formed chiefly of the summer homes of the wealthier class of Guadalajara.

Then, as the train passed through a gap in the walls and made its way between closely surrounding houses and courts, with glimpses of feathery palms rising against the sky, the general began to wonder if Phil would be on hand to meet them.

That question was answered a moment later when, as the train pulled into the station, and before its movement had ceased, a handsome bronzed young man, wearing a Mexican sombrero, entered the car, his bright eyes glancing around in eager expectation. "Phil, my dear boy!" cried the general, and the next moment father and son were exchanging hardly intelligible greetings. Dorothea cast herself recklessly forward, and Mrs. Langdon followed with an equal light of gladness on her face. All was confusion for a few minutes, and then Philip Meynell became conscious of a pair of violet eyes looking up in his, a small, perfectly-gloved hand extended, and a sweet voice saying,

"You did not expect to see *me!*"

"Oh, yes, I did!" he answered cheerily. "The last letter I had from home told me that you had joined the expedition. I was greatly surprised, but of course greatly pleased, too. It is delightful to see so many familiar faces all at once. Ah, Léon, and you have positively been induced to come too! Mr. Russell must be an absolute sorcerer. Now, here we are!"—as the train finally came to a full stop. "Never mind the crowd; just follow me. I have a carriage waiting. But some of you will probably like to walk to the hotel—the distance is short."

"I should much prefer to walk," said Dorothea promptly.

And so between her father and brother, for the general would not relinquish his boy's arm, she stepped off lightly, leaving Mrs. Langdon and Miss Gresham, attended by Russell and Travers, to occupy the waiting carriage. Despite her pleasure at being again with the young fellow whose laughing brown eyes were so like her own, and her many inquiries regarding his life in Mexico, her glances lost no single detail of the scenes around her. Soon after they left the station their

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way led by the walls of a church of such vast extent and massive solidity that she eagerly questioned her brother concerning it. But the fact that he was not fitted to fill Russell's place was at once abundantly demonstrated.

"It is the church of San Francisco, or rather, I believe, there are two or three churches in one," he replied. "How old is it? Good heavens! how should I know? I think I've heard, however, that it is tremendously old—only less so than that venerable relic of the past over yonder."

And he nodded carelessly across a wide space to what was in fact the first Franciscan foundation, an ancient and strikingly picturesque building, with open, Carmelite belfries and quaintly carved doorway, its fortress-like walls of brown stone, and high, small windows presenting a perfect example of an early Spanish mission church. Only less ancient in appearance, as Philip had remarked, but far more magnificent in size and detail, is the noble sanctuary which fascinated Dorothea's attention. Part of what was once a great Franciscan monastery—in the cloisters of which cavalry now stable their horses!—the beautiful old church remains one of the most beautiful and interesting in this city of splendid sanctuaries. When they gained the plaza before it, and paused for a comprehensive view of the whole stately pile, Dorothea's enthusiastic admiration was well justified. The elaborately sculptured front is carved in pink porphyry, which has taken with time the most wonderful and exquisite tints; the superb tower is a marvel of picturesqueness, and the whole mass, crowned by its graceful domes, is a study for an artist which not a touch could improve. At this moment a rich sunset glow was falling over the façade, bringing out all the varied coloring of the stone and the quaint device of the sculpture, while the massive masonry of the great tower, upthrust against the blue intensity of the sky, was bathed in golden light.

"What a scene!" said Dorothea half under her breath. She looked from the rich front of the church to the plaza, where in the alleys of the garden—lovely vistas formed of orange-trees that meet in green arch overhead—people were sitting and walking, while the band of the regiment then in quarters, in the old monastic building adjoining the church, was playing as only a Mexican military band can play. The air was laden with perfume, and palpitating, as it were, with radiance and melody. "What a scene!" she repeated. "Let us sit down and enjoy it."

But at this point the general protested. "Let us first go and settle ourselves in our quarters," he said, "and let me re-

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lieve myself of some of the confounded dust of this country. Then I am at your service for any length of time."

It was impossible to refuse such a moderate request, so with a laugh Dorothea yielded, and passing through the plaza they took their way along a street which Philip told them was the Calle San Francisco—the principal thoroughfare of the city, handsome, straight, clean, and attractive, as all Guadalajara streets are. The narrow sidewalks were filled with a throng of prosperous-looking people, the shop-windows were brilliant with the products of France, and now and again the stately arched entrance of some *casa grande* afforded a view of the spacious, paved court within, the family coach in the background, and the carved stone pillars supporting the graceful galleries of the upper story, on which the apartments of the dwelling opened. Altogether, the way had seemed very short when Philip made a motion to turn into another street, saying, "Here is our hotel."

But Dorothea paused, as if held by a spell. "Phil," she said, "I perceive yonder the wonderful ivory towers that seemed beckoning us from afar to Guadalajara, and I must see them nearer. Also there is a plaza. Let us go to the next corner—just to the next corner, papa! I will not keep you long."

"Those are the cathedral towers, which are not at all likely to run away," replied her brother a little irritably. "And of course there is a plaza. But you had better wait and go later, when there will be music."

"We will go later also," returned wilful Dorothea. "But I must have a glimpse *now*."

She drew her somewhat reluctant companions along with her, and paused, as she had promised, at the next corner, under the shade of the wide and handsome *portales* which adorn the blocks of business houses that on two sides enclose the great quadrangle of the Plaza de Armas—that heart of the city, so often filled with war and tumult in those tumultuous days of a past which Mexico fondly hopes to have left for ever behind her.

Perhaps it is to mark this hope that all over the country the old, open Spanish plazas are being laid out in gardens, which, however beautiful in themselves, are, nevertheless, often a drawback to the architectural effect of the noble edifices looking upon them. Well did the great builders of mediæval Europe know what was essential for the effect of their mighty masterpieces, when in every instance they planned for the open space—be it called by whatever name—before them. Such space is

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necessary as a setting for such monuments of human genius, and Mexicans have not been wise when they have, in too many cases, diminished the effect of their grand cathedrals and churches

UNDER THE SHADE OF WIDE AND HANDSOME PORTALES.

by undue devotion to the tropical loveliness of flowering trees and shrubs. In the Plaza de Armas of Guadalajara this result is not so apparent as in many others, for although the garden

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is there, filling with odorous beds of violets, with roses and orange-trees, the central space of the great hollow square—and a charming pleasance, surely, when from the brilliantly-lighted Moorish pavilion in the centre strains of music pour forth on the fragrance-laden air, and streams of promenaders pass around the broad, admirably-paved outer walk, lined with trees and seats!—the cathedral does not suffer in effect as much as might be anticipated, for the reason that it only presents a side view of its vast mass to this plaza. According to the design of its builders, the immense and imposing pile, which includes, as is usual in Mexico, the Sagrario, or first parish church, stood in superb isolation between two large plazas, its atrium giving upon a smaller, which is as yet untouched by the decorator. Hence the view from the Plaza de Armas offers a picture so satisfactory to the eye in the long, continued lines of the richly balustraded cornices, the symmetrical towers and beautiful, lantern-crowned domes, with the arcaded loggia at the farther end of the Sagrario, that possible criticism is lost in admiration.

Certainly Dorothea found no fault with this picture when her eye rested on it for the first time, as the same lovely light that had lent an added charm to the old church and plaza of San Francisco was falling over the soaring pinnacles and gleaming domes. Rose-red masses of feathery clouds were tossed upon a sea of pearly blue, while in the great, open arches of the towers dark forms of men and boys were silhouetted against the glowing sky, waiting the moment to wake all the echoes of the air with the deep-mouthed clangor of the bells hung there. Below, all the animated life of a great city was surging in full tide, carriages driving, horsemen riding, tramcars coming and going, the plaza and streets filled with people. Everything was steeped in light and color—the verdure and bloom of the garden, the long, handsome façade of the Governor's Palace, and the arcade, under which they stood, with its picturesque groups of dealers and purchasers around the stalls placed against the great pillars.

There are no more tempting places for loitering than these *portales*, whether it be for observation or for purchasing, and Dorothea looked wistfully down the crowded vista. But she was a person of her word, and turning, with a slight sigh, she signified her readiness to return to the spot from whence they had diverged. "To-morrow!" she said to herself, however, in the tone of a promise. And then she added aloud: "What hackneyed remark is it that every traveller in Mexico makes about



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this being the Land of Manaña? Ah, if it were only so!—if it were really the Land of To-morrow, a land where one might find time to fulfil all those hopes, dreams, and plans one has deferred to so many morrows that have never come! If one might only find them here, in this lovely land, waiting for one! Would not that be worth coming to Mexico for, papa?"

"My dear," replied the general, "I have found much worth coming for—but To-morrow, like Yesterday, we must be content to leave in the hands of God."

"Hark!" said the girl. She held up her hand and stood for a minute breathless, listening with parted lips. The great cathedral bell, deep, mellow, resonant, had just boomed out upon the air with a sound that seemed to thrill heart and ear alike. And as its first stroke was borne over the city, few men in all the crowded streets did not uncover their heads. Old and young alike, they walked gravely hat in hand, while the roseate air seemed to tremble with the full-toned melody of the reverberating notes. And then—was it joy gone mad, the wild, clashing uproar that rose from a hundred brazen tongues in every quarter, the lesser cathedral bells leading the mighty diapason of sound, as they turned over and over upon their frames, like creatures frenzied with delight? It was such a jubilation, such a rejoicing, as words are totally inadequate to express, and as no other sounds on all God's earth *can* express save bells rung like these Mexican peals, and the deep-mouthed roar of cannon.

"I feel as if I could shout, in unison with the bells—I am trembling with excitement—and I don't know in the least what it is all about!" said Dorothea, when speech finally became possible. "Oh! had you any idea before that metal could express such a passion of joy? What is it about, Phil?"

"It is because to-morrow is the feast of Guadalupe—the great, patronal feast of Mexico," her brother answered. "But come now—they will all wonder what has become of us!"

They found, however, that the other members of the party had not troubled themselves with many conjectures regarding their fate. "We knew that Dorothea had insisted on stopping somewhere," calmly observed Mrs. Langdon, who was by this time thoroughly established, and looking as much at home as if she had grown up in it, in one of the rooms Philip had secured, which proved to be the best the house afforded—immense apartments with lofty, frescoed ceilings, floors of the highly glazed tiles for which Guadalajara is famous, and great win-

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dows opening on balconies that overlooked the handsome, busy street.

It was while they were at supper on the plant-adorned corridor which encircled the inner court of the hotel, a starry sky looking down upon them through wide arches, balmy airs fanning them, brilliant lamplight shining on a well-appointed table, and attentive, dark-eyed servants skimming lightly and noiselessly to and fro over the shining floor, that Dorothea expressed herself as greatly pleased with Guadalajara. A suggestion that she had not seen much of it was treated with the scorn it merited.

"A place always makes an instantaneous impression on me," she declared, "and I seldom change that impression. This place is charming—not with the mediæval picturesqueness of Guanajuato, but with a brilliancy, a lightness, a grace peculiarly its own."

"For myself," observed Philip deliberately, "I thought Guanajuato a beastly kind of place—hardly a square foot of level ground in it, precipitous, winding streets about a yard wide, dreadful smells, and so cold when I was there that not even the sun had power to warm one."

"O Phil!" remonstrated his elder sister. "Do not so recklessly expose your total lack of artistic appreciation."

"Do you know," said Travers, "that we have all been kept at such a high pitch of admiration by the united efforts of Russell and Miss Dorothea, that I find such an honest expression of Philistine sentiment very refreshing. Now that I come to think of it, I remember that I perceived some odors which were not those of Araby the Blest, in that picturesque city, and no one can deny that it was cold."

"I liked the Presa," said Miss Gresham, with an air of making a concession.

"Yes, the Presa was not bad," said Philip tolerantly, "especially when a band was playing there, and lots of people about. But I like cheerful things—and Guadalajara is cheerful."

"I wonder Mr. Russell likes it then," said Miss Gresham, finding an opportunity to take a small revenge for much past boredom. "He seems to think things worth looking at only when they are very old and gloomy."

Russell, with a smile, remarked that while he sometimes admired old and gloomy things, he was not thereby debarred from appreciating at their just value new and cheerful ones. "And Guadalajara is very cheerful," he added, "though happily not new."

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"I think it quite the most attractive place we have seen," said Miss Gresham with decision.

Perhaps it was the perception of the glance which accompanied this remark, as well as several other glances which the violet eyes had sent in the same direction, that made Dorothea suddenly observe: "Oh! by the way, Phil, what has become of the Mexican friends of whom you wrote so enthusiastically? What was their name?"

"De Vargas," responded the young man promptly. "Well, they have become my friends in earnest—which I could hardly have said when I first wrote of them—and, to prove it, they have kindly sent an invitation for the whole of you to go out to their hacienda and spend as long a time as you like."

"An invitation for the whole of us!" said Mrs. Langdon. "They can hardly know how many we are."

"Yes they do! I told them that, as far as I could make out, about a dozen people were coming—"

"How good of you," said Dorothea, "to double our number and give the impression that we were a Cook's party of tourists!"

"But old Don Rafael simply waved his hand and said the more the better. He would like to make the acquaintance of so many good *Americanos*—and he knew they must be good since they were friends of mine."

"Very kind of Don Rafael, I am sure," said the general. "If you think he was in earnest and not talking in the Oriental style that I am told these people affect, we might consider the matter. I should like to see something of life on one of these great estates, and compare it with what life is, or rather was, on our Southern plantations."

"I am perfectly certain that Don Rafael was in earnest," said Philip, "and in point of fact, I have accepted in your name, and made all the arrangements—for I knew you would like to go. Carriages are to be sent from the hacienda for us on any day we may appoint. We'll settle that to-morrow, and I will then write a line making the appointment. Now, what do you all say to a turn in the plaza? There is music to-night. And there is a great religious *fiesta* going on, which will interest you. Perhaps you would like to drop in at the cathedral."

"To-night?" asked Mrs. Langdon.

"Yes, to-night," answered Russell, "for Phil is right—we are on the eve of the great national feast of Guadalupe, and you

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could not see it celebrated better anywhere than in this most Catholic city of Guadalajara. I chanced to be here at the same date two years ago, and I remember well the striking effect of the whole celebration, especially the illumination of the cathedral."

"Do you suppose it will be illuminated to-night?" asked Dorothea, springing eagerly to her feet. "Then let us go at once."

There was no dissenting voice, and ten minutes later the party issued from the hotel. A few steps along the street on which it opened, and then, as they turned into the Calle San Francisco, a vision burst upon their sight so dazzling and so unexpected that there was a simultaneous exclamation of wonder and admiration from every lip.

Before them rose the majestic mass of the cathedral, outlined in fire, a marvellous and enchanting sight! Along the level lines of its balustraded roofs, along the rich cornices and Greek porticoes, around the great towers where swung the bells of mighty music, and about the soaring domes and graceful lanterns which crowned them, the flashing lines of flame ran, so that the splendid edifice was literally ablaze with light, and every detail of its elaborate architecture was traced in a radiance that baffles description against the dark-blue sky.

"How wonderful!—how magical!" cried Dorothea, as usual the first to rush into expression. "Never have I seen anything so beautiful—never!"

"And you never will, unless you see the illumination of St. Peter's at Rome, as in the Papal days," answered Mr. Russell. "It is the only effect of the kind I have ever seen which surpasses this."

"It is difficult to believe that anything could surpass it," said Margaret Langdon.

They had none of them eyes for anything else, as they passed across the plaza, where music was pealing from the pavilion, throngs of people were walking on the broad, electric-lighted pavement, and other throngs were seated under the trees. But not even Violet Gresham thought of pausing or regarding anything else, until they had seen and admired the wonderful spectacle before them from every point of view. And when they came to the front of the cathedral they found that the splendor of the illumination culminated in the lines of dazzling flame that flickered and wavered along every line of the superb façade, and concentrated its greatest bril-

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liance on the sculptured "Assumption" above the vast central portal.

"It is magnificent!" said Travers. "Like yourself, Russell, I cannot imagine anything surpassing it, except the famous illumination of St. Peter's. What a genius for the beautiful, what a true, artistic perception, these people possess!"

"If this were all, it would be well worth coming to Guadalajara to see it," replied Russell. "But look yonder!"

He pointed as he spoke down the vista formed by the Calle San Francisco, and as the others followed the motion with their eyes, they perceived, thrown out proudly against the sky, the stately old tower of San Francisco, wearing a triple diadem of fire, and blazing like a glorious beacon on the night.

"Heaven, how it thrills one!—like noble, exulting music!" exclaimed Dorothea.

"And there is the music itself," said her sister. "Listen!—pealing through the cathedral doors. Let us go in."

Crossing the wide, paved *atrium* which divides the front of the church from the street, they entered through one of the three lofty portals into an interior more beautiful and more splendid than even the wonderful sight without had led them to anticipate. They had by this time seen many great Mexican churches, and were familiar with some features of space and decoration common to them all; but never yet had they entered one so noble in proportion and so striking in detail as the Cathedral of Guadalajara. Seen at any time and under any circumstances this would have been the impression produced, but as they saw it to-night such an impression was tenfold heightened by the fact that the whole of the vast edifice was filled with a light so soft, so brilliant, so perfectly diffused, that every line of its architecture and trait of its decoration was revealed with a clearness surpassing that of noonday. Who does not know the effect which wax candles in sufficient number can produce? And here were hundreds, nay, thousands, burning in prodigal profusion, and flooding the great cathedral with their lustre. Chandeliers filled with clusters of tapers were suspended at intervals from the vaulted roof down the whole length of the nave and aisles, and other clusters filled branching candelabra attached to the columns on each side of the altars that lined the walls of these aisles. The stately high altar of rarest marble—before the revolution it was of solid silver—was brilliant with countless lights, and the altar of Our Lady of Guadalupe was simply a blaze of unimaginable splendor, while

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ranged on the floor before it were heavy golden candlesticks, tall as a man, bearing such immense candles of purest wax as one sees only in Mexico. In the pervading radiance of this illumination the eye followed with delight the fine lines and space of the great church—the superb expanse of the spreading nave and aisles, the massive pillars supporting the lofty roof, the rich chapels behind their gates of gilded metal, the multitude of handsome altars, the exquisitely frescoed dome soaring above the choir, with its magnificent stalls of carved mahogany. And about the high altar throned on the elevated platform, which is raised at least six feet above the level of the nave, and approached from the aisles that extend on each side by flights of marble steps, was to be seen as in a vision, through clouds of fragrant incense-smoke, a train of priests, deacons, and acolytes, in vestments of shining splendor—for the treasures of the cathedral in this respect alone pass description. And meanwhile, although there was no crowd, the great nave was filled with a throng which, changing constantly, never lessened. In and out, from the streets beyond, poured the people, coming and going without noise or bustle, all classes and conditions offering a constant tribute of devotion, kneeling without distinction of place on the wide, polished pavement—a silken-clad, lace-draped lady side by side with a blanketed Indian, whose right in this splendid temple was equal to hers, and who owed no man deference of place in his Father's house.

And while the eye strove to satisfy itself with seeing, what strains of heavenly music enchanted the ear! The choir was singing, with full orchestral accompaniment, the matins and lauds of the feast, and waves of noble harmony rolled through the vast space of roof and nave and aisles. Now and again lovely boyish voices sang to divine violin accompaniments, there were mellow tenor solos, and quartets that ravished the listening ear. It was a long, an elaborate, and a marvellously well-rendered musical programme, such as astonished the listeners more than anything else they had so far encountered in the country. And when it was all over, when amid bursts of music, the delicate notes of wind-instruments aiding the organ's roll of thunder, Solemn Benediction had been given, when the jubilant clashing of bells in the great towers had told the city that the splendid *función* was ended, and they found themselves again in the open air, Russell smiled at their expressions of surprise.

"You do not know," he said, "that Mexicans have as great

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a genius for music as for other forms of art, and Guadalajara is the musical centre of the country. There is an excellent school of music here, in which the most famous musicians of the country are trained. But now having seen the religious celebration of this great festival, come and see the popular side of it."

"Where are you going?" Philip asked. "To the Santuario?"

"Of course. That is where the *fiesta* of the people is to be seen."

"And that is what we would not on any account miss seeing," said Dorothea. "So, forward!"

She led the way with Russell, and passing from the front of the cathedral across the plaza, on its farther side, also adorned with flowers and shrubs, they found themselves at the entrance of a long, straight street, which formed a brilliant vista to the gaze, since nearly every house along its length was decorated with the effective lights—small vessels of burning lard—which are used in illuminating the exterior of buildings, and also with a profusion of paper lanterns of many colors, together with rich draperies, green boughs, and pictures of Our Lady of Guadalupe, "Mother of the Mexicans," as a hundred banners proclaimed her. Radiating on each side as they proceeded were other illuminated streets, the long lines of their lights shining like stars in the far distance; but the one on which they were seemed to surpass all others in the number and brightness of its decorations, while the sidewalks were filled with a moving throng of men and women, their faces all set in the same direction—toward an arch of fire that spanned the street in the distance. While not so fashionable a throng as that in the Plaza de Armas, they were respectable, well-behaved (when is a crowd in Mexico not well-behaved?), and evidently composed of all classes. The arch of fire proved to consist of gaily-colored paper lanterns strung on wires across the street. But at this point there came into view something which drew attention from any other object—a grand old church, standing superbly on commanding ground, with a pair of the most picturesque open belfries possible to conceive, its entire mass brilliantly illuminated and outlined, like an enchanted structure, against the violet sky.

"What an effect!" exclaimed Margaret Langdon, as they all paused to admire the marvellous picture. "Every line of the building is brought out, and there is not a light too much. It is simply perfect!"

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"Look at the plaza!" said the general. "By Jove! there's a crowd for you!"

The plaza in front of the great church—in the midst of which is a very lovely garden, elevated several feet above the surrounding road-way, and encircled by a low stone wall—was indeed filled with a solid mass of humanity, while surrounding it like a fringe on all sides were the venders of *tortillas*, sugar-cane, and strange fruits and vegetables, with stranger Indian names, established on squares of matting, and selling their commodities by the light of flaring torches that lent a barbaric aspect to the scene. Wildly picturesque it all seemed to the strangers, who stood looking on with fascinated interest. The magnificent old sanctuary lifting its sculptured mass, solid as a mediæval fortress, the beautiful garden breathing fragrant odors, the long lines of illuminated streets, and the immense throng of people, with the glare of the torches thrown on their Aztec faces and brilliant draperies, made a whole so wonderful in contrast and suggestion that they were scarcely able to put its striking impression into words.

"The setting is of Europe—for that old church looks as if it were transported bodily from some city of Spain, and Paris might envy the beauty of these gardens and streets—while the people, in outward aspect at least, are exactly as Cortés and De Guzman found them," said Travers. "Where else in the world can such a combination be seen?"

"Come, and I will show you one particular in which they are not as Cortés and De Guzman found them," said Russell.

He led the way and they all followed him, passing with difficulty through the dense mass of people, until they came to the great open portals of the church, where the crush resolved itself into a steady stream of humanity flowing in and out of the sanctuary. The pressure just at the door was tremendous, but once within, they found a scene common in Mexico, but to their unaccustomed eyes most wonderful and moving. For this was different from the stately *función* of the cathedral, impressive as that had been. There the people had indeed come and gone in numbers, and with a decorum fitted to the splendid solemnity of the worship at which they assisted. But here they were in multitudes, on their own ground as it were, paying their own spontaneous tribute of adoration to that gentle Queen of Heaven who had deigned to show herself so marvellously to the humblest of their race. This was truly the *fiesta* of the people,

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and they filled the vast nave with their kneeling forms, each one absorbed in his or her own devotion, while at the farther end, in the spacious apse of the Latin cross in which the church is built, was a vision of dazzling splendor—the Sacred Host throned high on the altar of white-and-gold, in the midst of countless tapers, forming glittering festoons of light, with rich crimson velvet draperies surrounding a copy of the picture of Guadalupe, and the entire sanctuary a blaze of decoration, of light, color, and beauty, that might well convey some faint idea of the new Jerusalem to the eyes gazing upon it with such adoring faith and love. The dense crowd which filled the church from wall to wall never seemed to grow less, although it often changed; for hardly did one figure rise and pass out before another dropped into its place on the pavement. And from the mass rose at intervals outstretched arms and small, brown, toil-worn hands, lifted up in an appeal more touching than any words can express toward Him who on earth was Himself a son of poverty and toil. Suddenly there was a roll of organ music from a gallery above, and a choir began singing a hymn, in which the people joined with a melody deep and many-toned as the voice of the sea. It was a scene from the Ages of Faith, from simpler times of deeper faith than ours—the great, open, splendidly decorated church, in and out of which the people went as freely and with as little ceremony as in their own homes, passing from pleasure to devotion, and from devotion back to pleasure again, not divorcing the two but making them one, with the love and confidence of children, while outside the brilliantly illuminated front of the sanctuary looked down benignantly, as it were, on the mirth of the plaza, where there was no sign or token of unseemly revelry.

CHRISTIAN REID.

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## CREDO.

THROUGH dim cathedral shadows
A flood of music swells,
Now loud as thunder pealing,
Now sweet as silver bells;
Above each crimson casement,
Through fretted arch and shrine,
The mighty sound is rolling
In harmony divine.

"Credo in unum Deum!"
A single voice we hear
That rises through the chorus
Sustained and pure and clear;
Up through the purple twilight,
Above the organ's tone,
It floats upon the music
As though it sang alone.

The world sweeps on for ever
To Life's great organ tones,
Earth's myriad voices blending
Peal from its rolling zones;
Songs of exulting Science,
Pæans of progress won,
The low and muttering thunder
Of Labor's march begun:

Sighs of the heavy burdened,
Their cross by Faith unblessed,
And mad, despairing laughter
Wrung from the atheist's breast;
Babble of giddy Pleasure
That dances on the tomb,
And warning tones unheeded
That preach the hour of doom:

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All sounds of woe and sorrow,
  Rejoicings, clash of wars,
Meet in the mighty chorus
  That rises to the stars.
Yet purer, sweeter, clearer,
  One strain is borne above
The warrior's shout of Freedom,
  The Poet's song of Love:

"Credo in unum Deum!"
  It rises night and day
From countless holy altars,
  From countless souls that pray.
Man's spirit, earth disdaining,
  In glorious vision soars
Where senses, sight, forgetting,
  He knows, and he adores!

O voice of Faith triumphant!
  Still raise that great refrain,
Though Heaven seems far and empty
  Through clouds of doubt and pain;
O hearts that Death's cold sceptre
  Is touching one by one,
Sing on of life immortal
  And joy beyond the sun!

When hushed Earth's mighty music,
  And mute her songs of pride,
When Wealth and Fame have vanished
  With gods they glorified,—
"Credo in unum Deum!"
  Shall sound when Darkness hurls
His bolt, eternal Silence,
  Upon the wreck of worlds!

L. A. LEFEVRE.

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# PARIS IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

OUR home was in Paris from the time of the Exhibition till the approach of the Prussians drove us away. And very sorry we were to go. We had a pretty house in what was then called the Avenue de l'Impératrice, now the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne—a name with more chance of enduring. Every afternoon a stream of carriages, pedestrians, and riders flowed past our windows on their way to the Bois. We children watched the show with interest, especially when it included the emperor and empress, whom we knew quite well by sight. The empress was very fond of children, and when we passed, a carriage full of English boys and girls, she used to kiss and wave her hand to us as we went by. I remember thinking, even then, child as I was, what an unhappy face the emperor had. He looked to me like a man with a terrible secret. No doubt there was more than one in his life. One day the empress stopped a little boy, struck with his beauty, and asked him to kiss her. He readily complied. "And now will you kiss the emperor?" she said. The child drew back: "Is that the emperor? No, I won't kiss him. My papa says he is a very wicked man."

That was the winter before the war—a long, cold winter in which men were thrown out of work in spite of Haussmann's endeavors to create employment. Discontent was rife in the city; the faubourgs rose and the people marched down the Rue Royale, breaking all the windows as they went by. It was then we first heard of the *pétroleuses*. We had relations living in the street, old Legitimists, one of whom remembered Robespierre, and had been taken when a child by an old servant to see the executions under the Reign of Terror. Old memories must have stirred in his mind as the crowd rushed by, wild men and frenzied women shouting the Marseillaise. One day my mother—she was a young and pretty woman then, and used to drive herself in a smart, low phaeton with a fat English coachman sitting behind—was driving home rather late up the Champs Elysées when she suddenly found herself surrounded

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by a gang of men in blouses crying out: "*À bas les aristocrates! À bas les Anglais!*" The coachman turned green with fright and implored my mother to turn back. But her English blood was up and, whipping up the horses, she drove straight through them. Mercifully, they gave way. It was a sign of the times. When the emperor heard of the riots he exclaimed: "If they growl I'll show my teeth." He spoke more confidently than he felt. His crown was tottering and he knew it.

If the people were discontented, so were the upper classes, alienated by the extravagance of the court. Men complained that their wives thought of nothing but dress. It was a rule of the empress that no lady should appear twice before her in the same costume. To be asked to a shooting-party at Compiègne was a costly honor. It necessitated three dresses each day for a week. A young naval officer who had greatly distinguished himself was invited there with his wife by the emperor. When the bills came in for her dresses he found himself unable to meet them, and blew his brains out in despair. The empress herself was passionately addicted to clothes. On one occasion, on the opening of the Sénat, she kept every one waiting. An hour and a half passed, while people wondered and whispered, and the great ladies, shivering in their low dresses, made indignant comments, when at last the doors were thrown open and the emperor and empress came in. She was in a morning dress, with a bonnet on her head, though diamonds sparkled in her hair. What had happened was this: She had ordered a new dress for the occasion, which failed to appear. She waited and waited, while the emperor walked up and down with his speech in his hand. At last he insisted on her putting on another dress. She refused to wear one in which she had been seen already, and appeared, therefore, in walking costume—an unheard-of proceeding which gave great offence. Curiously enough, it was the last opening of the Sénat at which she ever assisted.

Those were brilliant days all the same, those last days of the empire. Society might be rotten at the core, but the outward show was fair and glittering. Numbers of pretty Americans flocked to a court of which they were one of the chief attractions. The emperor delighted in them, their charm, their freshness, their unconventionality. One fair damsel addressed him as "Monsieur l'Empereur," and asked him to push her chair on the ice—a request to which he promptly acceded. The em-

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press gave three big receptions during the season, at which presentations took place, after which dancing began—a far more sensible plan than that of the London drawing-rooms, where ladies appear in full dress in broad daylight—a custom trying to the youngest and fairest *débutante*. Besides these formal parties, open to every one, she was at home every Monday after Christmas to a select and chosen circle. Invitations to these "*petits Lundis*," as they were called, were eagerly sought after, and were looked upon as a *cachet* of distinction. Here might be seen the Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador, "*le singe à la mode*," as she called herself, but so agreeable, so witty and amusing, that one forgot her plainness directly she opened her lips. Another conspicuous figure was that of Haussmann, prefect of the Seine, to whom Paris owes her broad streets and handsome houses—her very existence, almost, as a modern city. The emperor was determined that there should be no more barricades. Haussmann was on intimate terms with my parents, and lent them his box at the Grand Opera (a magnificent apartment, second only to the emperor's, in which one could dine if one felt inclined) once a week throughout the season. He was a great big man, very German-looking, with a face full of power, but somewhat wanting in refinement. He had two daughters: one fair, who married Monsieur Dolffus, a rich Alsatian; the other, a beautiful brunette, the Vicomte de Perenty, the emperor's equerry, whose duty it was to ride by the imperial carriage. His mother lived in daily dread of seeing him shot in one of the attempts on the emperor's life. Indeed, there was a general sense of insecurity, and most people felt that they were dancing on a volcano which might break out at any moment. Haussmann was supposed to have done well for himself during his term of office. He gave his daughters handsome portions. But when the crash came and he was dismissed, he was found to be a poor man.

But the most splendid of all the entertainments were those given at the Hôtel de Ville. One in particular, a ball in honor of the Emperor of Russia, was on a scale of unexampled magnificence. Over two thousand persons were present. The emperor gave his arm to the Princess Alice (of England), who was very quietly dressed and looked almost homely amidst the brilliantly attired ladies of the court. Every one's attention was centred on Bismarck, to whom the empress was assiduously polite and *empressée*. A few days afterwards every lady of any pre-

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tension to fashion had a dress of the color called after his name —a sort of golden brown.

Who among the guests that thronged the noble building and gazed entranced at the fairy-like scene would have believed that a year or two later it would be a heap of ruins? While outwardly all went merrily as a marriage bell the empire was rapidly marching to its fall. The imperial sun had reached its zenith in the Exhibition year; from that date it steadily declined. A popular war seemed the only way to save the dynasty. A pretext was ready to hand, yet still the emperor hesitated. Lord Lyons by his personal influence kept the declaration back four-and-twenty hours. It was all he could do. The next day war was declared. People went mad with excitement. There was not a doubt in any one's mind that the French would win, and my mother, who ventured to express a doubt on the subject, was given a hint to hold her tongue. It was scarcely safe at that moment to declare a contrary opinion to the one current in society. The English, too, were in very bad odor at the time. We were disliked even more than the Germans—for what reason I cannot tell. I was at school, and the prevailing ill-feeling against us had penetrated even there—as a nation, of course, not individually. The old cry of "*Perfide Albion!*" was raised, much to my indignation. I endeavored to point out to my school-fellows how illogical their attitude was. "It is not us you are going to fight." They seemed to wish it were.

Soon after this we left Paris for Switzerland, where we intended to pass the summer. When we drove up to the station we found it crowded with troops. The emperor was leaving on the same day, and the confusion was indescribable. The soldiers were completely disorganized and more or less drunk. As we entered the station something in our coachman's manner or appearance—he was a typical John Bull—irritated them and they surrounded the carriage vociferating: "*Sacré rosbif! À bas les Anglais!*" looking ready to tear us in pieces. It was a critical moment. My father took off his hat and cried "*Vive la France!*" and told us children to do the same. Then the tide turned and they cheered us.

It was the same story all along the line of rail, the same signs of a deplorable want of discipline. At every station we came upon trains full of soldiers in a similar condition, shouting and singing. My father had all along been an ardent believer in the superiority of the French army, but even he was a little

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shaken by what he saw. "Do you think these men can beat the Germans?" my mother asked him. "They will be different," he replied, "when they come face to face with the enemy."

I remember one solitary exception. We stopped towards evening at a little wayside station, and standing apart, at a short distance from his noisy comrades, we saw a man taking leave of his wife and child. The light of the setting sun fell on the little group, the grave, sad face of the man, the grief-stricken woman, the laughing, unconscious babe. It was a picture I never forgot.

Then came the news of the first French victory, and my father triumphed. But my mother said, "It is only a flash in the pan." She was right. The next thing we heard was that the French had been defeated at Wissembourg after five hours' fighting. My mother, on hearing this, insisted on returning to Paris before it was too late. "If we stay here much longer," she said, "we shall be cut off." This indeed was what happened to numbers of French people, who were kept in Switzerland all through the winter. My father laughed at her, but ended by yielding.

When we reached Paris we found them hard at work at the fortifications. Earthworks were being thrown up, and the trees at the beginning of the Bois under which we had played so often were all cut down—a grievous sight. In spite of these preparations people were very ignorant of the real state of affairs. News of the most contradictory description reached the capital. A brilliant victory would be reported and commented on by all the papers, and then the truth would gradually leak out—that it was a defeat.

We stayed in Paris three days before leaving for England, and during that time my mother was very busy. She had the furniture packed up in crates, the cellar walled up, and some cheap wine put in the outer cellar. The bedrooms upstairs she arranged as a sort of hospital. "For," she said, "the Prussians will advance on Paris and the poor people outside will be driven in. The wine, too, will be requisitioned." Every one laughed at her, my father more than any one else. "One would think," he said, "that the Prussians were already at your heels." "So they are," she answered. But Lord Lyons told her she was quite right, and strongly advised her to go. "This will soon be no place for women and children."

Everything was ready, and we were just about to start, when



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the coachman informed my mother that his wife was expecting her confinement, and could not possibly go. We were forced, therefore, to leave them behind. They left a fortnight later by the very last train that quitted Paris before the siege began. Our horses were stopped at Calais by the authorities, who were taking all they could lay their hands on for the use of the army. However, thanks to the intervention of a friendly queen's messenger, they were got through and arrived safely at Folkestone, where we had taken a house. The place was crowded with refugees; amongst them, of course, many friends and acquaintances, several of whom had husbands and brothers locked up in Paris. Everything happened as my mother had foreseen. Our English man-servant, Walter, had offered to remain behind and take care of the house. Mr. Labouchere (the "Besieged Resident"), an old friend of my father's, promised to look him up—a promise which he faithfully observed. Great was our excitement when we came upon a mention of him in one of those inimitable "letters" which we, in common with so many others, devoured as they appeared, and which, arriving sometimes in a balloon which had escaped the vigilance of the enemy, sometimes tied to a pigeon's wing, were the chief sources of information for those outside of what was going on within.

EDITH STANFORTH.

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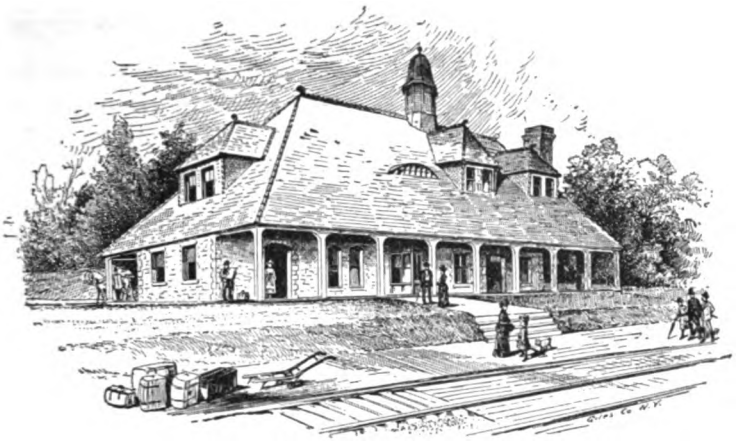

THE SUMMER-SCHOOL STATION ON D. & H. RR.

## THE NEW HOME OF THE SUMMER-SCHOOL AT PLATTSBURGH.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

WHAT an idyllic thing to mingle learning with recreation—to drink at the Pierian spring and at the same time to sip breath from the summer air and feel the exhilarating inspiration of the mountain breezes and the gentler zephyrs which play over lake and meadow. Talk of the calm delights of the Academic shades!—why, the airs which stirred the languor of the Athenian olive-groves were as furnace-breaths compared with the invigorating currents which sweep over the bosom of Lake Champlain, when they break loose from the broad shoulders of the Adirondacks and the smiling slopes of the Green Mountains. And this is the locality whereon the Catholic Summer-School is to pitch its tent, figuratively speaking, during the ensuing æstival holidays.

There is no lovelier spot, probably, in all this vast continent, beautiful as so many of its landscapes are, than the Lake Champlain littoral. Every variety of scenic charm is to be found there—towering peaks, frowning cliffs, pine-crowned ridges, bosky woods, luxuriant meadows—every form of beauty, in short,

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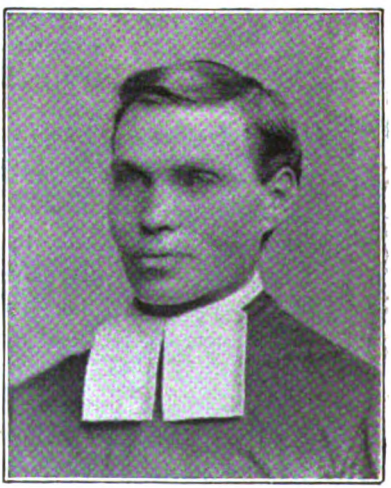
that could delight the eye is caught as the train speeds by the borders of the lake or plunges into the sombre gorges of the circling hills. It is indeed a lovely spot in which to set up a fane to Learning and pass the holiday noontide, when the hot, relaxing breath of summer is upon us. And this is the place whither devoted students and teachers will repair within the next few months, to worship at the conjoint shrines of Minerva and Hygeia.

REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

"This is a land worth fighting for!" exclaimed Cromwell, when his cold, cruel eyes first rested on the beautiful valleys of Wicklow. The same thought crossed the mind of many an Indian chief in the days of old when Algonquin and Iroquois and Huron dug up the hatchet of war and danced their ghost-carnivals on the shores of the smiling lake. It is the land of Uncas and Chingachgook—the region from whence Fenimore Cooper drew his inspiration when he charmed the world with his delightful romances of red man and pioneer. Three storied rivers flow through it—the Saranac, the Salmon, and the Au Sable—and every bank has its legend of wild war and deeds of derring-do. And not only is it rich in memory of Indian struggles, but in records of international strife between mightier races; for it was here upon this ground that the contest between the Frank and the Anglo-Saxon for the mastery of the red man's land was decided; and it was here, too, that, later on, the blood of patriots was shed what



BROTHER AZARIAS.

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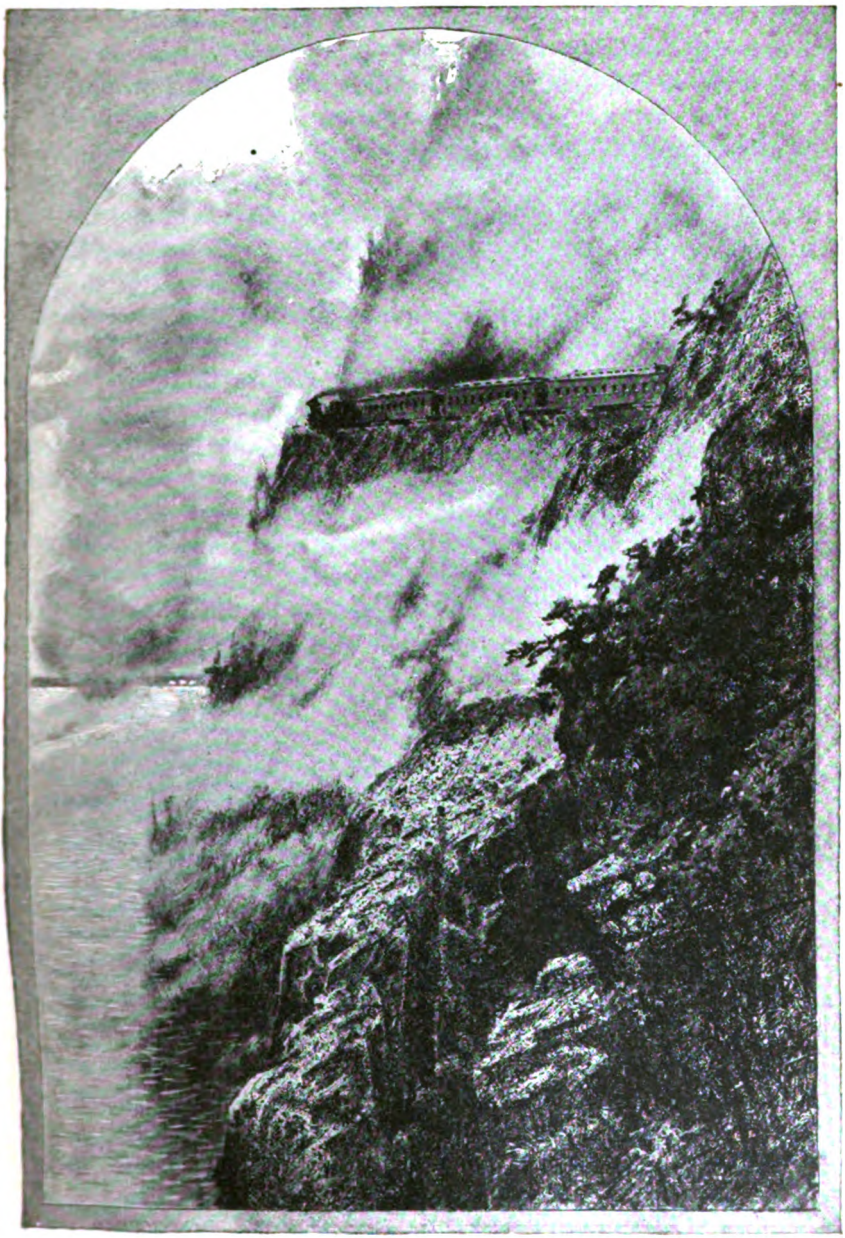

ROUNDING THE BLUFFS, D. & H. RR.

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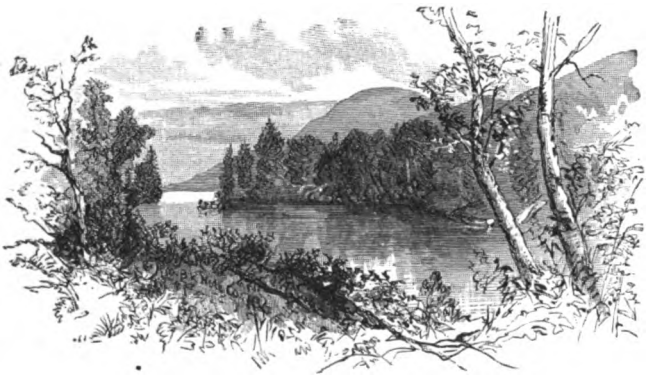
time the Cross of St. George was torn down on this continent and supplanted by our beloved Stars and Stripes. Away on the bosom of those smiling waters many a deed of heroic bravery was enacted in the not very remote past, and our hardy boys in blue showed the skilled sailors from whom they learned the art of maritime war that they were no inept or unworthy pupils. On the self-same day when, upon the deck of a foreign warship, Francis S. Key wrote "The Star-spangled Banner," the battle of Plattsburgh was fought. The bed of that calm lake is strewn with the hulks of the British fleet which the gunboats of Commodore Macdonough settled accounts with in 1814. The surrounding country was the theatre of land struggles no less exciting during the War of Independence and the final struggle with Great Britain in 1814.

Away there inland, near Lake Placid, John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry, sleeps his last long sleep—as lovely a resting place as ever gallant soldier could desire. Do you want to conjure up in your mind's eye the rout of Saratoga and the surrender of Burgoyne's army? Look there along the west side of the railway, and you see the massive form of Mount Defiance, where Burgoyne planted his heavy guns to batter down the walls of Fort Ticonderoga. See that sally-port in the old ruin; mark



PARADISE BAY, LAKE GEORGE.

it well—for it was there that the brave lads who made themselves famous ever afterwards as the Green Mountain Boys, led by their captain, Ethan Allen, dashed into the fortress to drive the Britishers out. And out they did drive them—and other boys, mere lads, helped to make them skedaddle. These lads were too young to be allowed to enter the army, but they were not too young to show they sprung from a fighting race; and, youthful as they were, they left their mark wherever they delivered a

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blow. There is not a knoll or an eminence along the line of way, indeed, that is not enriched and sanctified by patriot blood.

But our lines, thank Heaven! are cast in pleasanter places. We have fallen on more peaceful days, and our theme is the triumphs of peace, not those of war. Those of us who can sketch and paint had better bring our portable easels and our pastels—our pastels especially if we want to seize instantly upon the Protean beauties of the ever-changeful sky and the sympathetically beautiful sheen of the water. There is not one single region in all this wide continent—no, not even in the Yosemite Valley itself—where such manifold panoramic wonders start up on every hand.

REV. THOMAS MCMILLAN, C.S.P.,
Chairman of Board of Studies.

And now, ye men and women of the brush and mahlstick—yea, ye of the kodak too, for ye are certain to be present there—get ready for a rich banquet! The hall is vast, the tables immense, the viands tempting. Nearly a thousand square miles of matchless scenery expand before your eyes, and there is not a single point of it at which some splendid effect may not be caught—"arrangements" and "symphonies" and "nocturnes" of all kinds, quite enough to set Mr. Whistler into transports of good humor with himself and all his critics.

Let us begin at the beginning. Suppose we leave the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Railway at Westport, and start off towards the Adirondacks. The general route is by Elizabethtown and Keene Valley. The latter is one of the most charmingly sylvan dells, and the disciples of Izaak Walton will find an especial beauty in the place because of the many opportunities it affords for the indulgence of his philosophic pastime. The whole country is an alternation of lake and stream and wood; and the varieties of the finny tribe in which its waters abound are matched only by the number and diversity of the *feræ naturæ* which lie waiting for the gun of the sportsman in the wide-extending virgin forests. Two stupendous

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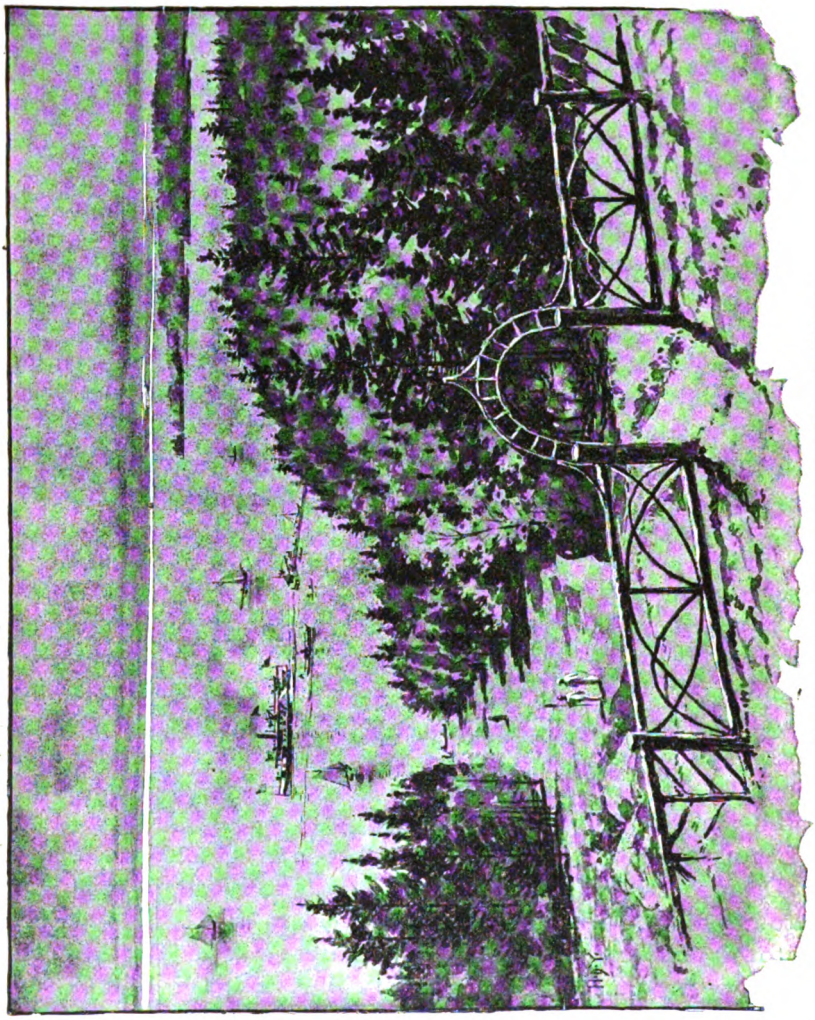
mountains in the vicinity tempt the bearers of the alpenstocks —Mount Hurricane and White Face. A drive through another delightful glade, called the Pleasant Valley, brings the traveller to the Bouquet River and the picturesque Split-rock Falls, where the water rushes down a wide gorge in a series of



VIEW OVER THE LAKE FROM THE SUMMER-SCHOOL.

foaming cascades. The ascent of Mount Hurricane is easily made from the Elizabethtown side, and whatever toil it imposes will be well repaid when the summit is reached, for the land, spread out like a map as far as the eye can follow, shows one vast succession of magnificent pictures.

And still more beautiful to many is the Au Sable Valley,

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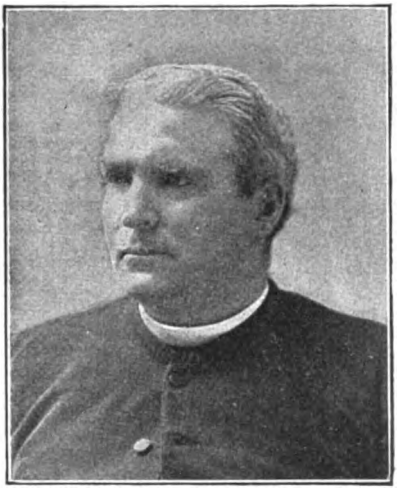
and majestic indeed the mighty cliffs which rise sheer out of the lake until their summits reach into the heavens from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet. This lake, the Upper Au Sable as it is called, has a surface two thousand feet above the sea-level, and its waters are deliciously cold and pure. Lower down the waters of the river tumble over a precipice of four hundred feet, the cascade being known as Roaring Brook Falls.

What grotesquely fanciful names have been bestowed upon many of the great landmarks in the Adirondack region! There is a Devil's Pulpit, in the shape of a rock which rises some eight hundred feet above Lake Au Sable; a grand mountain mass which reaches into the clouds to an altitude of five thousand feet is doomed to bear the very prosaic title of the Haystack. Then there are the Skylight, Cobble Hill, Pitch-off Pass, Spit-fire Pond, Slide Mountain, Nipple Top, Saddle Back —all these titles reveal an aptitude, if not a beauty, in nomenclature and a practical mind, on the part of the godfathers, which were nicely balanced, one may fancy, on the part of the godmothers (as we may presume them to be) who bestowed such suggestive titles as the Bridal Veil Falls, the Tear of the Clouds, the Mystic Gorge, and kindred tokens of fanciful assimilation on other features of the region. The Gothics is a good name enough, if we admit the convertibility of adjective and substantive; but the idea the term conveys was much better hit off by the unremembered sponsor who bestowed on the titanic precipices at Achill the title of "the Cathedral Cliffs." The noble savage was a child of fancy too, for long before the advent of the pale-faces he had given to every peak and torrent in the Adirondacks its appropriate style and title. Mount Marcy, which, in its present name, signifies nothing more than the commemoration of an individual's patronymic, signified to the child of the forest something worthy of Prometheus. In his simple language the name Tahawus, by which he knew it, means the Cloud-Piercer. This



REV. JOHN F. MULLANEY.

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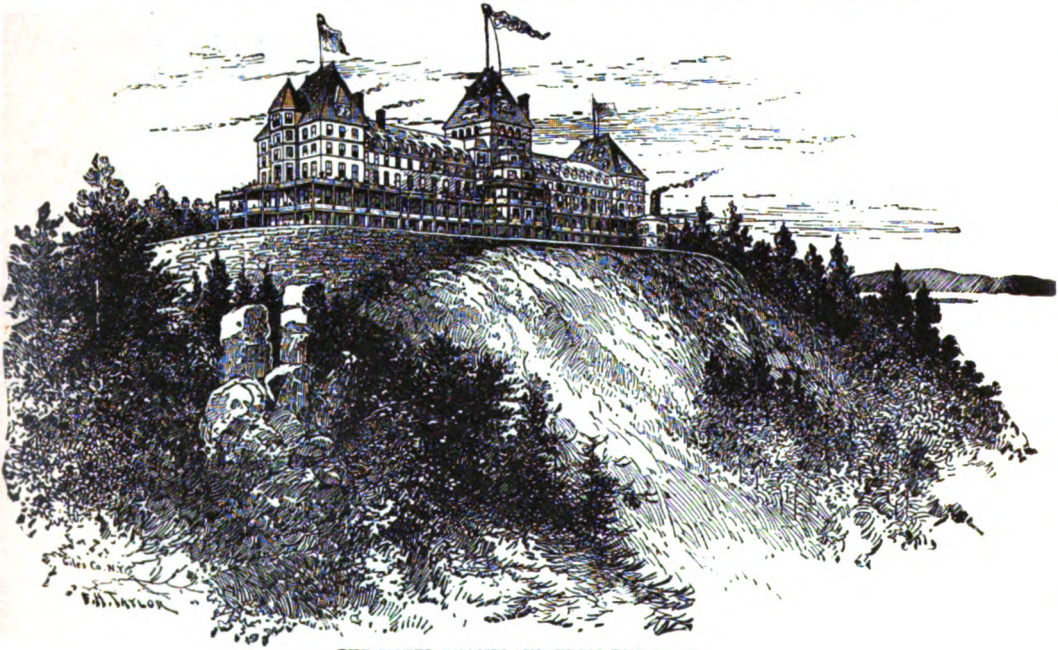
was something better than the prosaic Mount Marcy; just as the two beautiful volcanic peaks in Wicklow were to the Irish septs the Hills of the Golden Spears, while to the matter-of-fact Sassenagh invaders they were merely "the Sugar-Loaf Mountains."

Geologists—or at least some geologists—theorize that the Adirondack region is patriarchal of the race of mountains. They affirm that it was old ere yet the Alps had risen, like so many snowy, chaste Aphrodites, from the bed of Ocean. And since this crust of earth is ever mutable, who could think without a pang of regret that in the long course of nature the process



THE HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, FROM THE EAST.
ADJOINING THE SUMMER-SCHOOL.

might yet be reversed, and over all this land of loveliness the solemn sea may at some distant day sweep in melancholy surge?

> . . . "Shall yon exulting peak,
> Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
> Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep,
> No more to have the morning sun break forth
> And scatter back the mists in floating folds
> From its tremendous brow?—no more to have
> Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
> Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
> No more to be the beacon of the world
> For angels to alight on, as the spot
> Nearest the stars?"

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If ever such a cataclysm should come, we can only hope that its advent may coincide with the accomplishment of the great mysterious mission of which the beauty of the mountains is only the exterior sign and token, and the birth of a still more glorious epoch in the development of God's grand processes.

The fact that it has shifted its ground must not lead any one to think that the Summer-School is a nomadic arrangement. New London was only its temporary *habitat* last year; this year it has "a local habitation and a name." Plattsburgh is to be its fixed abode, and in Plattsburgh it will soon have its own building, with its own distinctive appellation; but for the present its proceedings will be conducted in the school buildings of the town. The High School and the Normal School are particularly fine edifices, admirably fitted up, and suitable in every respect for the intended purpose. It is to be borne in mind that the charter under which the Summer-School is organized gives it the highest legal *status* as a regular teaching institution. The laws of the State of New York are exceptionally favorable to higher education, and in order that the *alumni* of the Summer-School may reap the fullest advantage in the university examinations it was decided to locate the institution within the boundaries of that State; and no better site than Plattsburgh could possibly be selected. A letter written by Mr. Melvil Dewey, the Secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of New York State, upon this subject, to Rev. J. F. Mullaney, contained some statements of fact upon this point whose cogency cannot be minimized. It points out in effect that in order to secure the best form of charter a permanent location should be procured, and in the selection of this site due consideration should be given to convenience of access, natural advantages, healthful situation, beauty of scenery, and adequate accommodation for visitors. The advantages of New York State over all others are dwelt upon. In

WARREN E. MOSHER,
Editor of *Catholic Reading Circle Review.*

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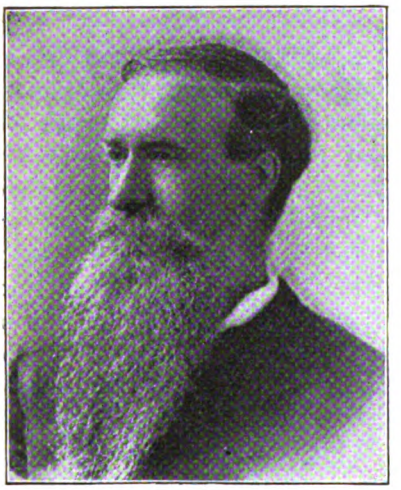
the great State Library and State Museum at Albany a wealth of literary resource is presented which could not be equalled. New York State also enjoys the privileges of the Chautauqua system, whose influence is not only national but international; and the desirability of having a Catholic institution like the Summer-School brought within the scope of these combined educational benefits is a thing so obvious as to need but little showing or recommendation.



JOHN P. BROPHY, LL.D.

A good many sites were discussed, but in the minds of the promoters of the movement the claims of Plattsburgh were proved to be paramount.

The site selected consists of about four hundred and fifty acres of land situated on the west side of Lake Champlain nearly opposite Burlington, Vt., and about two and a half miles south of Plattsburgh, N. Y., and known as "Cliff Haven." The land has a frontage of half a mile on the lake, where there is a smooth, sandy beach for part of the distance and a rocky bluff the remainder. This rocky eminence is Bluff Point, which forms a natural harbor and protects Plattsburgh from the south wind, which is the prevalent wind there. The land rises gradually from the lake towards the west, and the highest part is about ninety-four feet above the surface of the lake, and Lake Champlain is one hundred feet above tide-water. The soil is clayey and loamy on the eastern part, and sandy on the western part. The tract includes part of Bluff Point, on which is the large Hotel Champlain, which will now accommodate three hundred guests, and to which an addition is being made, to be completed in May, capable of accommodating two hundred more.

The views from Bluff Point are unsurpassed in beauty and variety. On the east side of the lake are the Green Mountains of Vermont. The two highest peaks of these mountains are Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump, both of which are plainly visible at all times, and on a clear day, with the aid of a telescope, even houses can be seen at their foot. In the nearer view are the large islands of North and South Hero, forming

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Grand Island County in Vermont, and the smaller islands of Valcour, Providence Island, Crab Island, Schuyler Island, and the Four Sisters, besides numerous smaller rocky islands. To the south stretches Lake Champlain with its numerous rocky points and indented shores.

The climate is unsurpassed for healthfulness, as the medical statistics kept at the Plattsburgh Military Post clearly demonstrate. These statistics have been kept through a series of years, and show that there is only one other post in the United States that equals this for healthfulness.

The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad, from Albany to Montreal, runs through the whole width of the tract, from north to south; and the fine and commodious stone depot at Bluff Point Station is on the land immediately adjoining this property. There is also a branch of that railroad to Au Sable Forks, which runs across the west end of this property. There is also a good wharf on the lake at Bluff Point, where all the steamboats stop. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad is one of the best equipped in the country, and the trip from New York is made in about nine hours, or in five hours from Albany. In summer there are five daily trains each way, so that access is easy and convenient from all directions, either by land or water. The fare from New York to Plattsburgh by railroad is $8.15 and from Albany $5; or if mileage tickets are purchased, from New York $6.53 and from Albany $3.38. The fare by steamboat on the Hudson River and by steamboat on Lake Champlain is a little less. Communication can also be made at Burlington, Vt., with all parts of New England.

REV. F. P. SIEGFRIED.

The drives in the neighborhood are, north by the shores of the lake around Cumberland Head about eight miles, or south partly along the lake shore about twelve miles to Au Sable Chasm, with its wild gorges and beautiful water-falls.

Excursions can be made daily around the different points and islands of Lake Champlain or to Montreal and the rapids of the St. Lawrence River, or by the Chateaugay Railroad from Plattsburgh, twice each day to the Adirondacks. There is also

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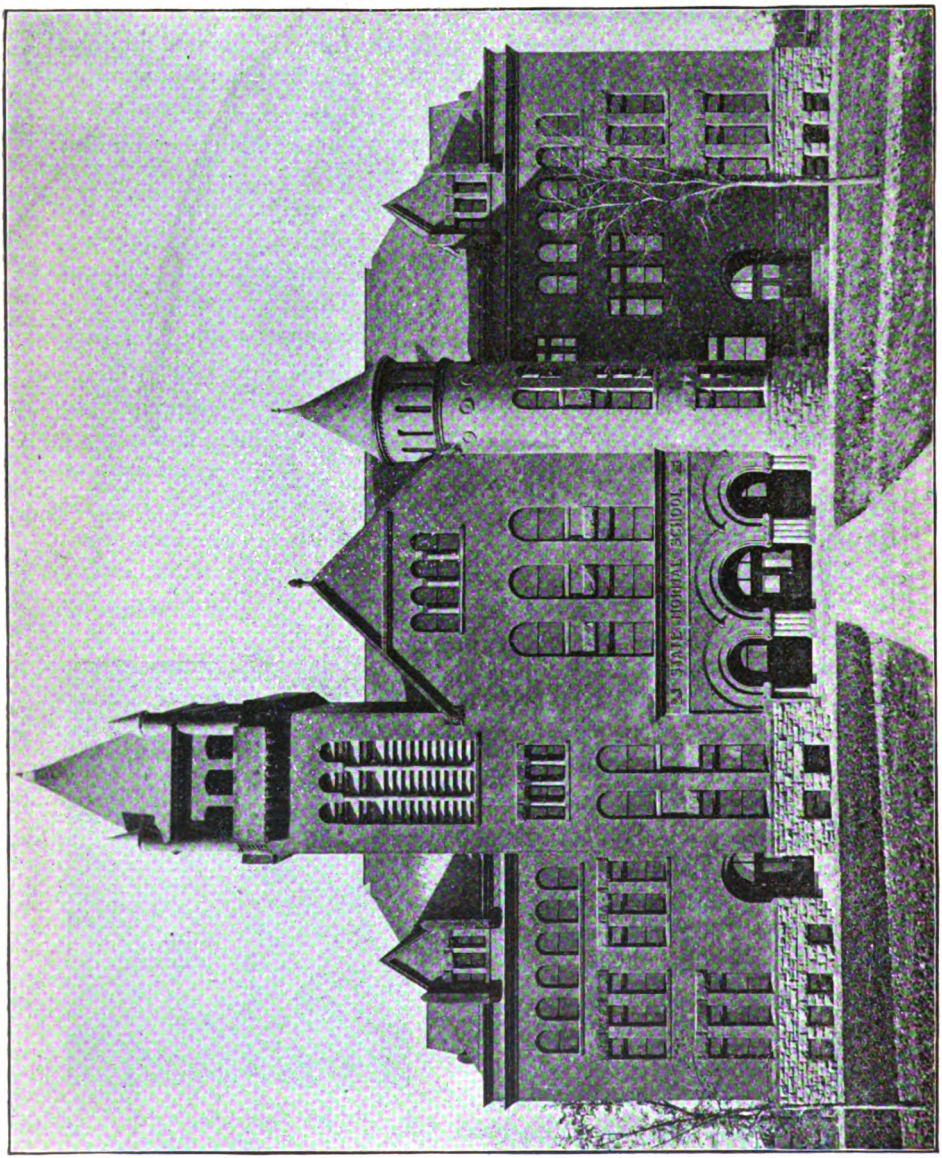
daily communication with Ottawa, the capital of Canada; trains leaving every morning and returning at night.

The fishing in Lake Champlain for perch, pike, pickerel, and




black bass has long been well known to sportsmen, while trout are found in the lakes and ponds in the Adirondacks and the small streams running into them.

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Plattsburgh has three first-class hotels. The "Fouquet House," when the present addition to it is completed, will accommodate three hundred and fifty guests. The "Cumberland

ON THE BEACH.

House" will accommodate seventy-five, and the "Witherill House" about the same number. The rate at these houses is from $2 to $3 per day. They are all first class and well managed. Besides these there is a large number of smaller hotels and private boarding-houses.

GEORGE E. HARDY.

The water in Lake Champlain is pure and perfectly suitable for drinking or domestic uses. The city of Burlington uses it as well as Hotel Champlain. Its purity is evident from the fact that on clear days the bottom of the lake can plainly be seen at a depth of fourteen or fifteen feet.

The surrounding country is full of historic associations. Valcour Island, a little southeast of the site of the "Catholic Summer-School of America," was the scene of a fierce naval

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J. H. HAAREN.

der Commodore Downie. This victory for the Americans. Commodore Downie was killed, and his remains are buried in Riverview Cemetery, in Plattsburgh.

The house which was formerly the home of the gifted Davidson sisters still stands on the bank of the Saranac River, near its mouth, in the village of Plattsburgh. The house has been very much changed, but some parts of the original building still remain.

The Plattsburgh Opera House, which is now almost completed, and where the sessions of the school will be held in the summer of 1893, is a fine, commodious building holding twelve hundred people. This, together with the engagement on the 11th of October, 1776, between the colonists, under Benedict Arnold, and the British, under Captain Thomas Pringle. One of Arnold's vessels, the *Royal Savage*, was burned and sunk off the south end of this island, and the remains of the old hull can still be seen at low water.

Cumberland Bay was the spot where was fought the naval engagement, September 11, 1814, between the Americans, under Commodore Macdonough, and the British, unbattle resulted in a decisive

REV. THOMAS CONATY, D.D.,
Treasurer of Summer-School.

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with the State Normal School Building and the Plattsburgh High School Building, which will also be used, will furnish ample accommodation for the different meetings for special studies.

So much for the practical comforts of this land of suggestive fancies. It is not alone to wander up hill and down dale that pilgrims will flock to the vicinity of our Summer-School. The exchange from the fumes of the midnight oil to the perfumes of the pines and sycamores was made in order to afford a change of scene for the pursuit of learning, and we must realize to the full the benefits of the useful combined with the beautiful. The Pilgrims of the Mind come marching on with staff and scrip, and their shrine is Plattsburgh. By the shores of Lake Champlain the temple is reared, and once the dust of the road has been shaken off the sandals and the weary frames of the pilgrims refreshed, the reign of system and order in the alternation of lesson and recreation begins. The courses will include Educational Epochs, Philosophy of History, Science and Religion, Ethical Problems, Evidences of Religion, and Mental Philosophy. The final arrangements for the lectures are not yet

LOON LAKE, IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

complete, but they are very far advanced, thanks to the energy and forethought of the Board of Studies.

The Women's Committee appointed to help the Board of Studies have been devoting their attention to that portion of the programme which possesses a special interest for teachers of their sex, and in whatever success attends the common effort they will deserve a proportionate share of the story. The interest displayed in the Summer-School idea by the women teachers was shown in the very large attendance of representatives at the initial gathering last year at New London. They have taken up the sug-



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gestion of Reading Circles with remarkable enthusiasm in many States, and from the beginning already made there is every reason to believe that the attendance of the gentler sex at Plattsburgh this year will evince a determination on the part of the female teachers to make a good run for the golden apples. The share which women intend to take in the intellectual movement of the future will be commensurate with their dignity as co-ordinate factors in the social progress of the human family. Genius, it is now fully recognized, is the common heritage of both branches of that great family. To the Catholic Church woman owes her emancipation from the ancient trammels of inferiority and servitude, and in the new movement of Catholic thought in this age of ours woman is proving how worthy she is of sharing in the triumphs of learning and scientific inquiry; for this is the age of which the poet dreamed not so very long ago:

THE PLATTSBURGH OPERA HOUSE.

"And therefore to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling;
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted;
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
Are bringing to pass as they may
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

"But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing—
O men, it must ever be!—
That we dwell in our dreaming and singing
A little apart from ye."

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Yes, a little apart, but fulfilling their own high mission with fixed, unalterable, patient purpose in their own way; climbing Parnassian steps and garnering up the grain of knowledge that will satisfy the hunger of the future, with hands as assiduous as those that bestowed on their sisters at last the crown of co-equal right in the race for intellectual fame.

Delightful in anticipation is, therefore, the pilgrimage to Plattsburgh; more delightful still the days of summer recreation, the *noctes ambrosianæ* which await the pilgrims there. The limpid waters of Lake Champlain wash the strand beneath the temple; the purple mountains mirrored in their depths will symbolize the yearning for higher things which leads the pilgrims thither. The woods around will be dressed in all their summer glory, and voiceful with that music which laughs to scorn the logic of the fool who in his heart says "There is no God." Nature, Religion, Science, the three weird sisters who sway this world of ours, will there walk hand in hand and show the schools that between them there is no antagonism, but a binding, indissoluble link of sisterhood and love. Remote from the clamor and the rush of the towns, the mind, invigorated by the perfumed

BLOODY POND, LAKE GEORGE.

breath of the pine-woods and the thousand irresistible influences of beautiful Nature in her solitudes, will grow clear and quick in its perceptions, ripe for the seeds of truth which will then be sown, and generous for the harvest which another day will reap. The days will glide by like idyls; sage-browed Philosophy will open his wizard books at appointed intervals, and the listeners, when his words of wisdom shall have been drunk in, will seek the greenwood shade or the boat on the cool, sparkling lake for intercommunion and profitable reflection. The memories of the place will stir up the spirit of patriotism;

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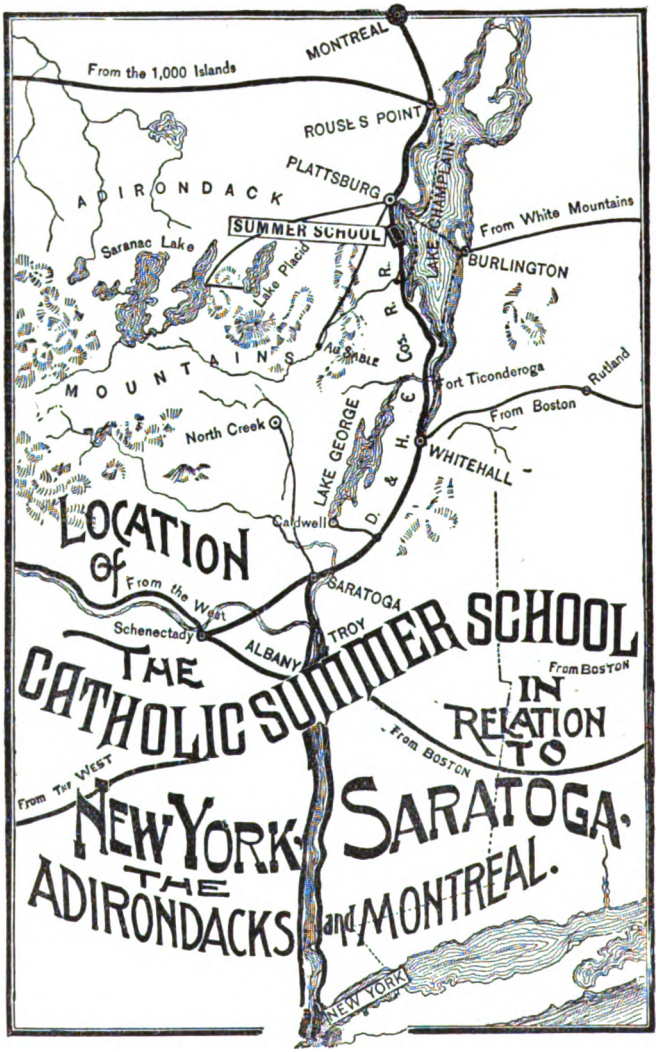
the lesson that what has been learned is worth the keeping and the defending will be emphasized and confirmed by gazing on the scenes where in another age the problem was presented in a ruder form and solved by American courage as it will ever




be solved when the peaceful march of civilization is sought to be checked by the ruffian note of war. And so we may anticipate, in the delights of this summer pilgrimage, a full compensation for the rigor and confinement of the fierce protracted winter which has made memorable the year of the World's Fair.

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## HE IS ONLY A PAGAN.

"AND you do really think those flowers beautiful, Mr. Lamont?" queried Ella Bryce, as, pausing in her task of painting from a model cluster of natural flowers and fruit arranged on a crystal plate, she looked up at her critic.

"So beautiful that they seem to excel the originals, Miss Bryce—at least in my uncultivated eyes," replied Drury Lamont, gazing at both flowers and painting and artist alternately with eyes which spoke the sincerity of his praise.

"You are not fit to be a critic, then, I am afraid," she laughed; "for you ought to know, as a rudimentary essential, that the most perfect art is but a very crude copy indeed of Nature's unapproachable handiwork. Take a magnifying-glass and examine the texture of these real flowers. See how delicately Nature's cunning hand has woven in the web, with what marvellous grace she has blended in each tint! Here is a powerful glass—look for yourself."

"Yes, it is marvellous indeed, as you say. The fibres of each leaf are as fine as fairy handicraft."

"And now apply the glass to my painting. See how coarse the tracery of the brush—you can follow each line as easily as a railway track—and how rough the apparent smoothness of the blending of the colors. You see those gleams of light which sparkle in the cuttings of that plate? They are but the reflections of real light—the wide encircling light of God's great universe. Now look at the dismal simulacrum of it which the best of us artists can only make—a daub of opaque white! Now, what is the value of your criticism?"

"You have nonplussed me, I confess—shattered one of my idols," he replied, removing the glass. "But you will at least admit this—that art can sometimes improve upon Nature in the arrangement of those beauties which she bestows in many cases with apparent negligence. No flowers in their natural state are ever grouped with such perfect harmony in form and color as the cluster which your own fair hands have arranged here."

"You are wrong again; I only try to copy Nature's own arrangement on a very miniature scale indeed. Get out into some tropical or semi-tropical forest in the summer-time, and see the

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wonderful harmony in rich coloring there. Take a forest bird—what magician could conjure up such a combination of beautiful tints as his feathers present? Or look, at evening, at the sunset—and then look at the attempts of a Claude Lorraine or a Turner to depict one. No, Mr. Lamont, you must modify your ideas and your phraseology, if you aspire to be a critic."

"Well, come; suppose we try it another way. Take sculpture. Will you not admit that man's hand and brain *can* improve a little upon Nature there?"

"Certainly not. He can but transfix the living thought into the mute unchangeable act—the instantaneous act—one out of millions of such acts and kindred ones, into one single thought of his own. And let him do his best, he has to fly to Nature for a model. Your new example is a most unhappy one."

Drury Lamont looked a little bit puzzled. He was annoyed that he should be thus beaten in argument, although he did not wish to seem so. Hence he fell back upon a time-honored resource of those similarly distressed.

"I give it up, Miss Bryce," he said, with a laugh which appeared a little forced. "There is no use in any one unprotected male entering the lists of argument with such nimble opponents of brain and tongue as lovely woman can furnish on all occasions. Suppose we turn to something more practical. What say you to a sail on the lake?"

"There is no wind, Mr. Lamont; and as we are not in the immediate vicinity of Lapland, we cannot go to a witch to buy one."

"Well, a row, then. You are a capital hand at the oar, Miss Bryce; and the day is not altogether too hot for a little healthy exercise."

"I decline to issue sailing orders until after luncheon, which is nearly ready, Mr. Lamont," said a third voice.

Mrs. Bryce, Ella's mother, was the objector. A tall and handsome matron of fifty, with a smiling, benevolent face crowned with a chevelure of shell-like plaits of silvery curls, and a bearing full of grace and dignity, she formed a striking contrast to the pair of youthful disputants.

The scene of the wordy encounter was Ella's tent—a capacious structure of dove-gray canvas which the fair artist had set up for her summer studio near the shore of Lake George. The tent was cooler than the neat villa which they had taken for the season, and Ella preferred it, besides, for the opportunities it gave her of studying everything she wanted to study—the

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tones of the morning skies, the ever-varying effects of sunlight and mist upon the broad stretches of lowland and lake, the thousand beauties of garden-land and atmosphere and mirroring water.

Mrs. Bryce's footsteps on the emerald carpet outside the tent had made no rustle.

"Mother, dear," she cried, with a little gasp, "you did startle me so. My nerves are not all they might be yet, and you might have announced your coming somehow."

Ella had been an invalid for some months before—a victim to insomnia, the result of over-study for a degree in arts, and her physician had ordered her off for a change of air and scene and a cessation of work.

"It was thoughtless of me, dear," confessed Mrs. Bryce, with an anxious face, "but I shall be more careful. You must have been very much absorbed in your painting, else you would have seen me coming."

"Oh, yes! Mr. Lamont and I have had quite a dispute. He is, poor fellow, one of that unhappy crowd who are politely termed Agnostics by some, Materialists by others; but in plainer-spoken olden times they were known by a simpler but more expressive term, which, out of respect for Mr. Lamont's feelings, I forbear to apply."

"Do not spare me, Miss Bryce; I like plain speaking," rejoined Drury Lamont. "I am honest, and if the term fits, I will confess it."

"Well, then, 'Pagans' is the word, since you will have it. But 'there be land rats and water rats'—good Pagans and bad Pagans—and I suppose we may be charitable enough to place Mr. Lamont under the former classification."

"You are hardly complimentary, Ella, I must say. Mr. Lamont, I am sure you will admit, is an educated gentleman."

"No doubt; but that does not prevent him from being a good Pagan. He is, in fact, a Philistine—nothing less. He is one of those who sees in a beautiful morning or evening sky nothing but a chemical effect—very magnificent, to be sure, but still only chemistry. The flowers which charm our senses are to him simply masses of color and perfume. As Wordsworth says:

"'A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him';

and so on all through this universe of light and wonder. This

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was exactly how the Pagans of old—good, bad, and indifferent—felt. Now, what is the difference?"

"The Pagans of old had another peculiarity, Miss Bryce. Every grove had its deity for them; every fountain and lake its tutelary nymph. I feel like that ever since I came here. And now I move that as your good mother has invited us in to interview her Lares and Penates for awhile, we accept her hospitable intervention."

Drury Lamont had a good deal of the spoiled child about him. He was the only son of a rich tobacco-planter away down in Virginia, and up to this had had things pretty much as he liked. He had not been allowed to grow up in idleness or ignorance, however. His mental, as well as his physical, culture had been well attended to. He himself was ambitious to excel; and this desire, stimulated by a keen and restless intellect, carried him through a brilliant college career. His temperament inclined him to mathematical studies, and he shone in this department of science, carrying off the gold medal by many marks ahead of half a dozen doughty competitors. But the godless system had left its impress deep upon his mind. Poetry and mathematics are not often found associated in the same intellectual temperament, but in his case the conjuncture occurred. Drury Lamont had a strong *penchant* for lyrical literature, and sometimes he wrote tolerable verses himself. He was, however, usually too indolent to rouse himself to any sustained effort in this direction, but since his arrival at Lake George he found his poetical faculty quickened a good deal under the influence of beautiful scenery and beautiful association. Ella Bryce was, indeed, the sort of woman whom a Petrarch or a Tasso would never tire writing sonnets about—the highest type of the intellectual as well as the physical expression of beauty. But the atmosphere of "philosophic doubt" amidst which his college days were spent told upon a mental organism unfortified by any careful system of progressive nurture. He had lost his mother, who was a good Catholic of the old Southern stock, while he was yet but an infant; and this calamity proved well-nigh irreparable, for his father was one of those worldly practical men who leave religion, as they boast, to the priests and parsons, and mind what they call "their own business." The spirit of Agnosticism had pervaded the college and the university, and it had eaten its way deeply into the mind of the young scientist.

Like most young men who can afford the luxury, Drury Lamont had been seized with a desire to travel when he had

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finished his course of education by letters, and his father had no objection to offer. With a friend of his, a college chum, named Luke Heywood, young Lamont had set out for a year's wandering *per mare et terram*, and they had arrived at Lake George, *en route* to Niagara, when his friend fell sick, was seized with a fever, and had to take to his bed there. At the hotel he had met with the Bryces. The meeting was quite accidental. He had often heard his father speak of them, for James Bryce, Ella's father, who had gone over to the majority a few years before this period, had been a partner of his for some years, and Mrs. Bryce herself, curiously enough, happened to stand to Drury in the relation of godmother. Hence the deep interest which she took in the young man; but not hence perhaps, altogether, the interest which he took in her. No doubt Mrs. Bryce was in every respect a charming lady, but then she was his godmother—and she possessed a still more charming daughter, who did not happen to stand to him in that responsible position. Ella's sparkling intellect exercised a wonderful spell over him. But the diamond, while it glitters, can also cut; and many a time he had felt the keen edge of this rare jewel when the talk tended in any way in the direction to which his "philosophic doubt" pointed.

"You men of science," she once said, "are, no doubt, exceedingly clever and wise. But you mistake analysis for truth. Because you know that a plant is a thing that will grow if you only supply it with enough of oxygen and hydrogen and carbonic acid, you think you know all about that plant. Make yourselves as near an imitation as you can of the plant's fibre, and give it water and acid, and see if it will grow. Why don't you philosophers again begin the quest for the elixir of life or the philosopher's stone?"

Many a time Drury Lamont felt half-vexed with himself when emerging from these dialectic bouts, and he gradually sought to avoid them. He sought to keep away from the Bryces, too, because of them; but this he found impossible. The spell was upon him too strongly. There was a subtle sweetness in his bondage which made freedom from it, even for a little while, a sort of aching slavery.

He often wondered to himself how this would end. Would Ella ever become his wife? he sometimes asked his *alter ego;* and that entity invariably answered, "No; she is too truthful for you, and you are too sensitive about your weak points. She will never marry a Pagan."

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Still these two were the best of friends. He delighted much in the same sort of pursuits and studies that Ella did, and she often consulted him about some particularly knotty point in mathematics, at which she was not so great an adept as he was. Hence the summer days passed very agreeably, while his friend Luke Heywood was progressing towards convalescence.

They went for their row upon the lake after luncheon was over, and Mrs. Bryce accompanied them to the boat's gunwale. She was very fond of Drury, and took a great pride in him because of the relationship in which they stood.

She scarcely dared to hope that he ever would be something nearer and dearer still, so fixed were Ella's principles. She knew that her daughter liked Drury, but she also knew the profundity of her religious belief. She knew that if Ella were ever to marry, it must be to some one who had at least the gift of faith. No matter how admirable a man might be in every other respect, the lack of this attribute, she was well aware, could never be compensated for, in Ella's mind and heart.

Ella herself had some scruples about allowing Drury to be so much in her company; yet the belief that he must be going away very soon, coupled with the fact that she liked to have a pleasant companion to talk to, and that he felt an interest in her conversation, made her loath to take the step which she ought to have taken, in shunning his company whenever she decently could. "His friend will be better in a few days," she would think to herself, "and then he will be off. I wish it were to-morrow." And yet in her inmost soul she did not.

"Poor Drury!" murmured Mrs. Bryce, as she stood on the little beach watching their boat glide away over the shining wavelets, "what a pity that he does not think as Ella thinks! I will pray to the Virgin Mother for him."

Mrs. Bryce re-entered the house, and, going into the drawing-room, her eye was caught by an object lying on a little gypsy table at the window, which was Ella's favorite spot, as it commanded a magnificent view of the lake shore with the intervening strip of rich and varied country. She had noticed Drury Lamont slipping furtively out of the apartment just previous to his leaving the house, and instinctively she felt that this fact had something to do with the object which attracted her attention. She was right. She found it was a beautiful little jewel-box, resting on a slip of paper. Then she remembered that to-morrow was to be Ella's birthday, and this accounted for the

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presence of the box. It was a birthday gift to Ella—from Drury. She opened the tiny case, and, to her delight, she found it contained a ring of the most dazzling brilliancy, set with emeralds. No gem she had ever seen seemed to glitter like this one. On the slip of paper upon which the present rested these lines were written in Drury's caligraphy:

TO ELLA.

Not the mere beauty of the gem we love,
  Nor yet the splendor of its setting;
There is a charm far, far above
  The em'rald's flash, the goldsmith's fretting:

That grace the gem adorns, the soul
  Which lights those eyes we ever live in,
The heart which feels all others' dole,
  To richest gem's the worth that's given.

That chaliced flower, whose form and scent
  Defy all art to match its beauty,
Might bloom alone in sweet content,
  Nor yet fulfil its noblest duty.

Fair unto fair must speak, must fit
  Ere beauty's measure be sufficient;
So those poor flowers of love are writ
  To find in thee the grace deficient.

Mrs. Bryce went to the window, her heart filled with a tumult of mingled pride and sadness. She saw the two who were uppermost in her thoughts already some distance from the shore.

The boat sped merrily along over the laughing water, but after a half an hour's rowing Ella's strength began to give way. Then Drury took both oars and pulled manfully until the other bank was reached. He shot her in under the grateful shade of a little grove of chestnut-trees, whose gaily-decorated boughs almost kissed the surface of the water. Then the voyagers lay to and rested.

It was an idyllic half hour which passed here—Drury smoking and Ella embroidering a handkerchief for her mother, all the time her thoughts and her tongue kept pace with her nimble fingers, enriching every subject she touched with the felicity

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of her words and the aptitude of her similes. Suddenly she looked up. "I think we ought to return, Mr. Lamont," she said. "The sky is growing heavy, and we may be near a change in the weather. I am well rested now, and can row again for a little while."

Drury assented, for the sky did look threatening. Nevertheless, he was very loath to go, so delicious did he feel the time spent under the shade of the chestnuts, with the music of Ella's voice harmonizing with the susurrus of the water and the gentle summer breezes.

A change—a sudden and awful change—soon came over the scene. One of those swift and furious local thunder-storms burst over the lake and the environing district. A fierce gale sprang up simultaneously, and lashed the leaden-colored water into a yeasty cauldron. "Give me that oar again, Miss Bryce," cried Lamont, his face becoming a little pale; "I must make a dash for the shore at once."

"There is no fear," said Ella, handing him the oar; "at the worst we can only get a little drenching." She was a good swimmer, and even if the boat upset she knew they could both make the shore, rough as the water was.

But Drury Lamont took a different view of the matter. He had no desire to see his goddess become a naiad nor had he such confidence in her powers in the water as she herself had. Hence he bowed to the oars now with an energy he had not shown since the days when he was training for the college eight. Ella took the tiller, and headed the boat for a little creek near a house whose outlines they could see dimly revealed against the gray-black sky.

Ten anxious minutes passed, not a word being spoken by either until the keel of the boat grated on the gravel. "Thank God!" cried Ella, "we are out of that danger now. You pulled splendidly, Mr. Lamont—but, gracious heavens! what is that?"

A loud cry for help, and a chorus of fainter screams from children's voices, smote their ears from the other side of the creek, which was hidden from their view at first by a jutting neck of land covered with a fringe of giant rushes. Drury sprang out of the boat, helped Ella out, and dragged the bark up on the shore, in less time than it takes to tell it. Then he started off like a deer around to the other side, and when Ella was able to get around Drury was swimming out a good many yards from the shore.

An upturned canoe, with three figures struggling in the waves,

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told the tale at a glance. A boy and girl—mere children—and a man. All three were Indians evidently, for their faces were those of the red race. The figures rose and sank, and still continued to shout and scream as Drury neared them.

The boy was nearest, and Drury caught him. "Hold me tight around the waist," he cried. Although the child did not understand fully the words, he seemed to grasp their meaning, as he immediately proceeded to carry out the direction. The girl was a few yards further on, but three or four powerful strokes from his sinewy arms soon brought him up to her. He caught her by the hair, then turned around and swam with his free arm back to the shore. He was faint and breathless when he stood on the strand and consigned the rescued children to Ella's care.

A despairing cry caught their ears as they leant over the semi-inanimate children. It was from the man. He was sinking.

Drury turned once more to the water. "Do not try it, Mr. Lamont," implored Ella. "You are faint—you will lose your life—you cannot save him; he is too far away."

"I will try," answered Drury.

"Do not, I beg of you, Mr. Lamont. Drury"—it was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name—"see, he is beyond help. And he is, moreover, only an Indian—a heathen probably. You will certainly lose your life if you persist, and fail to save his."

"It makes no difference what he is," said Drury, plunging in. "He is a fellow-mortal, and I cannot see him drown. And you know I am only a Pagan, too."

He swam out manfully, considering his enfeebled strength, and at last came up with the sinking form. Then he slowly paddled back to the land, the Indian, grasped by his long hair, in tow. In the effort to regain the shore he stumbled and fell heavily against a stone, cutting his left temple badly. He had rescued all three, but when help came he had to be borne off on a litter. A chill and a fever, complicated with erysipelas, soon ensued. For three weeks he lay hovering between life and death. Then the crisis came, and to the anxious inquiries of Ella and Mrs. Bryce the doctor could only shake his head and say: "He is in the hands of God."

The watchers could not speak. Their grief was too deep for words. "Let us pray, my child," said Mrs. Bryce—"pray to the Virgin Mother of sorrows to beg this noble life."

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They did pray, and with a fervency never imparted to their prayers before.

The crisis passed—and the danger. Drury Lamont opened his eyes, to see Ella's face bending over him.

"From one beautiful face to another," he murmured faintly. "I am safe, Ella. I know what has passed, and I know I am out of danger, body and soul. Christ's mother came a little while ago, and drew my curtains and touched me on the temple. I saw her as plainly as I see you now. She did not speak; she only smiled and touched me. It seemed no dream; and the proof is I am sound again. See, I can sit up now. Thank God for this merciful trial!"

Drury Lamont's conversion was real and sincere. His eyes had all at once become opened to the barrenness and the indefiniteness of the life he had been leading, and that want which it had long felt, but never before could specify in word or thought—the want of a spiritual aim and purpose—filled in as by an afflatus from above. What share the contact with such a mind as Ella's had in bringing about the breaking down of the Paganism or Materialism, or by whatever term his hitherto chaotic state of scepticism might be described, must remain an unknown quantity.

They are sailing once again, but it is now on the bright Lake of Life, united, not only in tastes and sympathies, but in perfect love and faith.

[This little tale is founded upon a real incident which took place some years ago, and the actual facts of which were far more surprising as a psychic metamorphosis in a condition of mental suspense than those feebly portrayed in the recital. They can be vouched for by living witnesses.]

J. J. O'SHEA.

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## THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

EDUCATION, with its subdivisions of physical, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, religious, domestic, or public education, may be briefly defined as the complete harmonious development of the human being.

Nowhere can that complete development be secured so thoroughly as in an university, "where," as John Stuart Mill says, "is taught the mutual relations and interdependence of various branches of study which had been previously pursued separately."

The establishment of universities in which every department of science was developed to its highest perfection was the greatest among the educational achievements of the Christian world during the middle ages. The popes were not only the great patrons of these universities after they had been founded, but in many cases they gave the initial impetus which created them. The one universal church with its visible Head, the controlling mental and moral force in Christendom, with the Latin tongue a common language among scholars, encouraged the growth of these historical centres of learning. It may be named as one of the glories of the church that not only had she kept alight the torch of learning when the barbarians threatened to extinguish it, but she fed its flame with the oil of science until the darkness of ignorance had been dissipated.

And in this latter age, here on the shores of a new world, on the threshold of a century ushering in a new era, the same great power lays her hand in benediction on the beginnings of another university which no doubt in time will become a great factor in the upbuilding of the nation.

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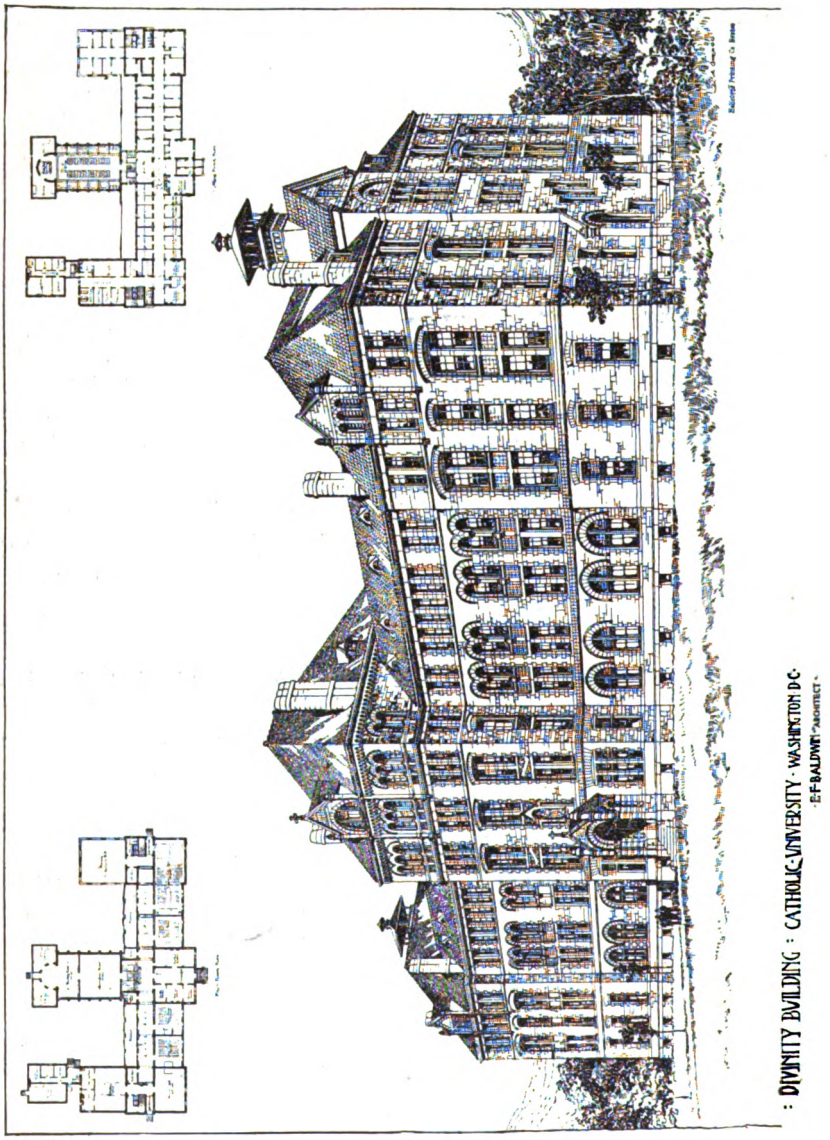
We American Catholics have much to be grateful for in the high regard in which we are held by our present Pontiff. "The Pope's attitude toward the doings of his children in other coun-




tries has always been that of a father full of anxious care, but when he turns to America he is like a prophet glorying in the vision of better things to come."

To Catholic hearts this is the Leonine age. As in the days

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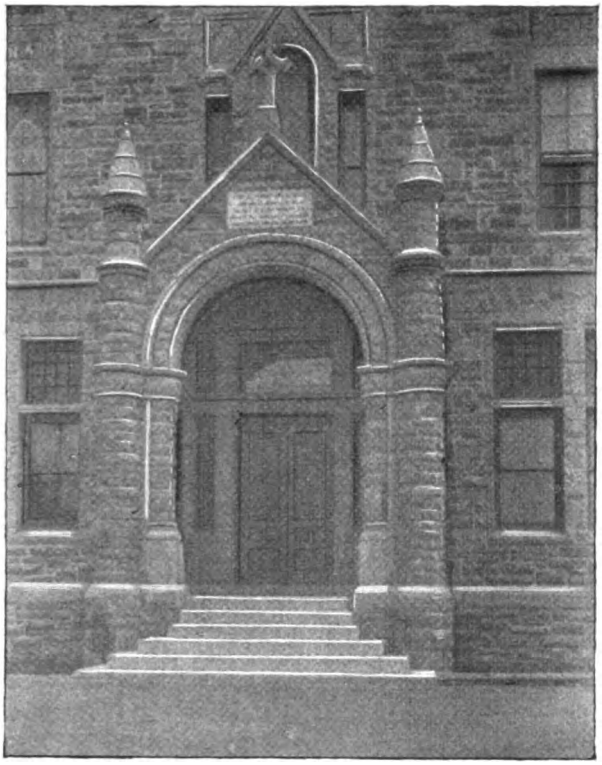
of old, during the reign of the emperors who were devoted to the pursuit of learning, the time was called the Augustan age, so too to-day we have among us one equally devoted to the advancement of knowledge, and who, though having no earthly kingdom, holds sway over an empire which extends from sun to sun, and reigns in every loyal Catholic heart that beats beneath the sky; one who, with his wonderful grasp of the vital questions of the day, has been aptly termed the "providential man of the times"—Leo XIII.



All the world looks toward America for the solution of the great political problem of self-government; so, too, all nations will yet look toward the New World for the successful solving of that question of greater import—education.

But education minus Christianity is as unstable as a house built on shifting sands. Religion is the chief element in civilization. We advance further and more rapidly by our mental growth than by our material accumulations. "The true test of civilization," says Emerson, "is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of man the country turns out." The more complete the man, the more fit is he to work with, for, and by God. Education in its truest sense is purely moral, and its elements derive their being from underlying ethical qualities that are God-given to every son of Adam. All the vaunted "educational systems" fail when they leave Christ out,



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when they lead the impressionable mind away from Nature's God to Nature, when they so teach that at the end the wearied mind and heart ask the listless question, *Cui bono?*

FROM THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

The tendency of the Catholic system is directly the reverse. It leads "from Nature up to Nature's God"; it stamps its great truths so indelibly upon the mind and heart that, as the leaves of life slowly unfold before the Christian soul, God and his om-

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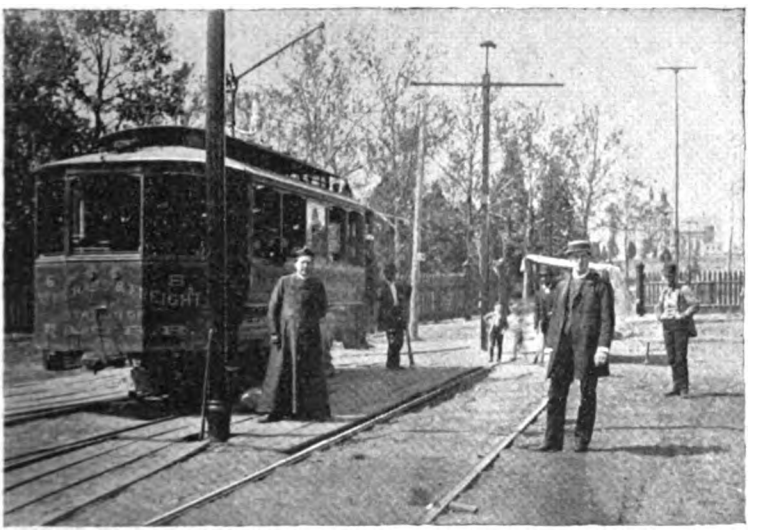
nipotence are all the more powerfully revealed. If to the sweet singer outside our gates "simple faith is more than Norman blood," to the ruling spirits guiding the young nation to take her place among the great ones of the earth, that faith is all the more imperative.

The church inspires and directs intellectual action everywhere, that the whole world may glow with the light and fire of which she is the focus. True to her instinct of discerning the drift of the times, she has established at Washington a University that shall so train, so cultivate, so mould the characters



TO THE LEFT OF THE ENTRANCE IS THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

of young priests and laymen, that they will stamp their individuality upon the history of the future.

We are attracting the attention of the whole world by our marvellous progress. We present to-day, in the wonderful history of a nation first in industrial energy, in inventive genius, in love of learning, an array of statistics showing an advancement in church affairs nowhere else equalled; and the establishment of an institution of learning aiming at the perfect union of religion and science is a significant summing up of all the history of the past, and a splendid augury for the future, when the mingled light of divine and human truth will safely guide our country into higher and nobler paths.

To the superficial observer the beginning of the Catholic University was in March, 1888, when, in the midst of a most

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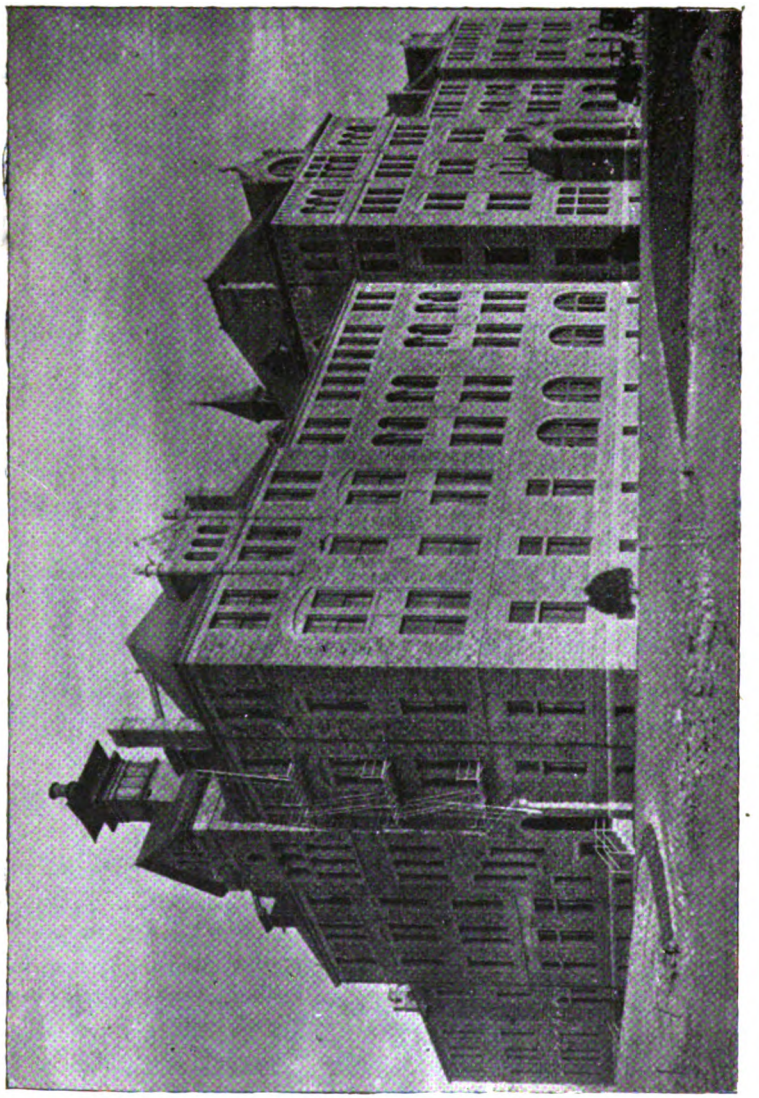
dreary rainstorm, the corner-stone was laid at Brookland, D. C., in the presence of a vast crowd of interested spectators, clergy and laity.

But, as in all other great enterprises, the real beginning



THE DIVINITY BUILDING FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

was more remote, was silent. The hope was conceived long before its fruition. Years ago a girl of fourteen, heiress to great wealth, expressed her determination, when she came into her fortune, to found a Catholic University as a me-

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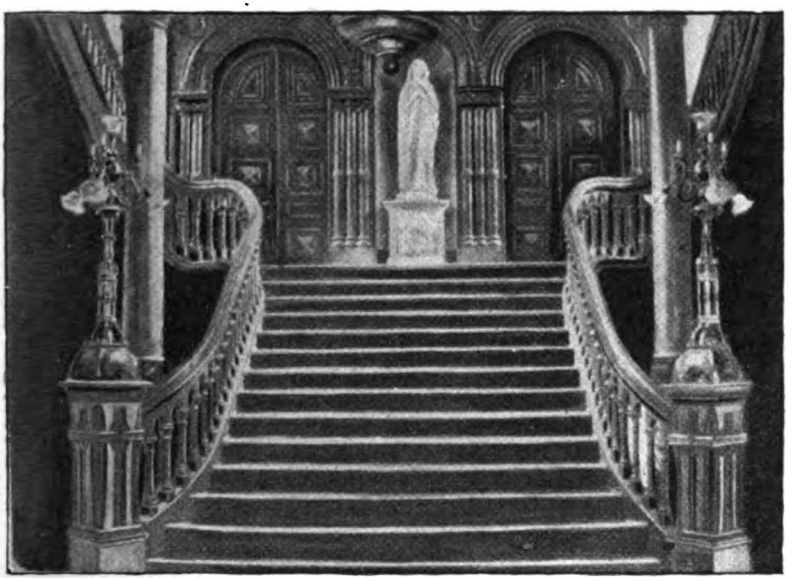
morial to her parents' memory, and a thank-offering for the inestimable blessings of Catholicity bestowed upon them through conversion. To many that resolution was but a girlish whim, to evaporate when the large fortune came into her hands. That



A SHORT FLIGHT OF STEPS LEADS UP TO THE CHAPEL.

"whim" has materialized into the Catholic University of America, already firmly established and in running order, and in the far future generations yet to be will bless the generosity and superb munificence of Mary Gwendoline Caldwell.

At the Second Plenary Council at Baltimore, in 1866, the Hierarchy of the Union deplored that the then existing state of Catholic affairs in this country precluded the idea of a Catholic university, however ardently desired. Eighteen years later, at the Third Plenary Council in 1884, the hope became a reality through Miss Caldwell's gift. Such rapid strides had Catholicity made in the United States that the offer of three hundred thousand dollars made the project not only a possibility, but in a very short time a positive fact. Our grandfathers watched with bated breath the feeble little flame of Catholicity in America, flashing and fading but never quite dying out. We behold its great white light placed on a mountain top, its glorious rays reflected from every little town and hamlet, great city and small, in every corner of this wide land. The progress

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of America has not been purely material, and we Catholics have largely colored its ideal life.

Soon after the acceptance of Miss Caldwell's gift a committee of prelates was formed for completing the work. Bishops Ireland and Keane went at once to Rome to confer with the Holy Father. In April, 1887, they returned with the warmest expressions of cordial good will and encouragement from His Holiness, who, deeply interested in the diffusion of knowledge everywhere, was pleased to give a strong impetus to the work here. The Committee of Arrangements worked so indefatigably, and so generous was the response to their appeal, that very soon five hundred thousand dollars were added to the first donation, and the foundation was assured.

In the year that George Washington was made first president of the United States, John Carroll was made our first Catholic

WE ENTER THE CHAPEL.

bishop. The two events, both seemingly providential, were celebrated by centennial observances in 1889. The first centenary of the Hierarchy was fittingly crowned by the inauguration of the Catholic University. The happy coincidence was

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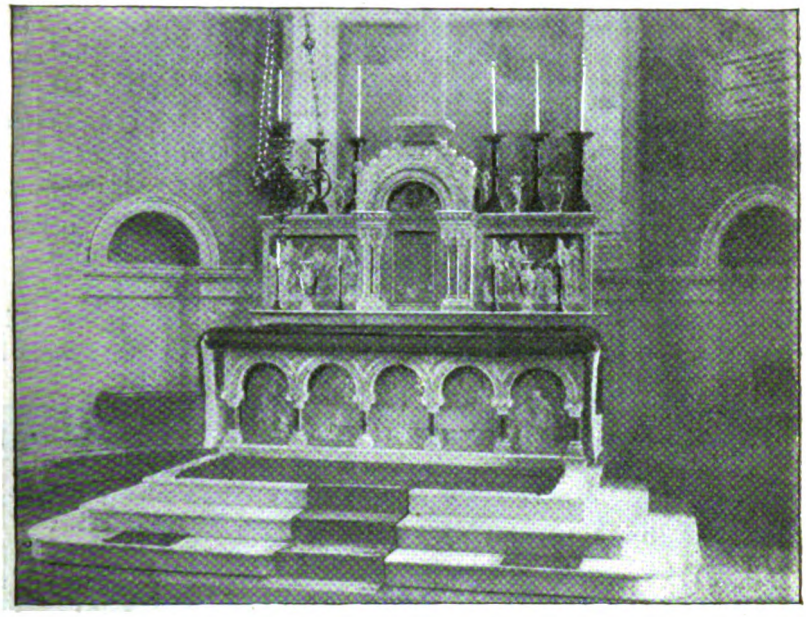
a spur toward the prompt completion of the work at Brookland. On November 13, 1889, the College of Divinity was dedicated and formally opened. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Chancellor of the University, solemnly blessed and dedicated the Divinity Chapel under the patronage and title of St. Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles, who had been chosen with the approba-



THE MAIN ALTAR OF THE CHAPEL.

tion of the Holy See as the patron. The Pontifical Mass was sung by Monsignor Satolli, who had been sent by the Holy Father as an evidence of his deep and affectionate interest in the two memorable events, the centenary and the inauguration of the University. To-day we have that distinguished visitor a resident at the University he helped to dedicate.

About forty minutes' ride from Washington on "the trolley," through the pretty little suburb of Brookland, brings one to the University grounds. On the day we visited the spot the rare "American atmosphere" was exquisitely clear, adding no little beauty to a scene already attractive. The day was still and cold. Not a sound disturbed the perfect silence but the musical clink of steel on stone where the workmen were busy building the Hall of Philosophy. To the left of the entrance is the Soldiers' Home, surrounded by its magnificent park. These wooded acres add much to the beauty of the situation, and be-

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ing government property are open to the students as recreation grounds. To the right is an avenue of cedars leading to the College of St. Thomas, the Paulist house where, under the direction of Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D., C.S.P., fifteen students are pursuing their ecclesiastical studies and at the same time are permitted to attend the lectures at Divinity Hall. The College of Divinity, the only portion of the extensive group of buildings completed, is magnificent and massive. The architect of the exterior is E. Francis Baldwin, of the firm of Baldwin & Pennington, of Baltimore; the interior was entirely planned by the Right Rev. Rector, to whose perfect taste and judgment it will ever be a lasting monument.

The heavy oaken door opens into a long central hall. To the right is the reception room, hung with pictures; directly opposite the door is a superb painting of our Holy Father, by Ugolini, his keen but tender eyes smiling out of the canvas, one delicate hand upraised in blessing on the work he so cordially approves. This portrait was presented to the University by His

THE SEVERE SIMPLICITY OF THE ROOMS.

Holiness, and was the one that presided over his own jubilee in 1886. On either side of his, hang portraits of Bishop Carroll and George Washington, each bearing the memorable dates, 1789-1889. Larger than these, and in a way more striking, is

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the portrait of Miss Caldwell painted by Paczka in Rome. On its frame are the words, "Universitatis Fundatrix, Maria Guendolina Caldwell."

On the walls are the portraits of the chief patrons—Hon. Myles P. O'Connor, of California, who endowed the O'Connor chair of Canon Law; Dr. Thomas F. Andrews, of Baltimore,

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF LEO XIII.

whose daughters endowed the Andrews chair of Biblical Archæology; Francis A. Drexel, in whose memory the Drexel chair of Moral Theology exists; Eugene Kelly, who endowed the chair of Ecclesiastical History.

Below Miss Caldwell's picture is a strikingly dignified portrait of Cardinal Gibbons; his brilliant robes making a striking bit of color in the beautiful room. Across the hall a glimpse is caught of an exquisite picture—a copy of Van Dyck's "Holy Family," from the original in Turin.

At the end of the central hall, and half a story higher than the main floor, is the Divinity Chapel. A short flight of steps

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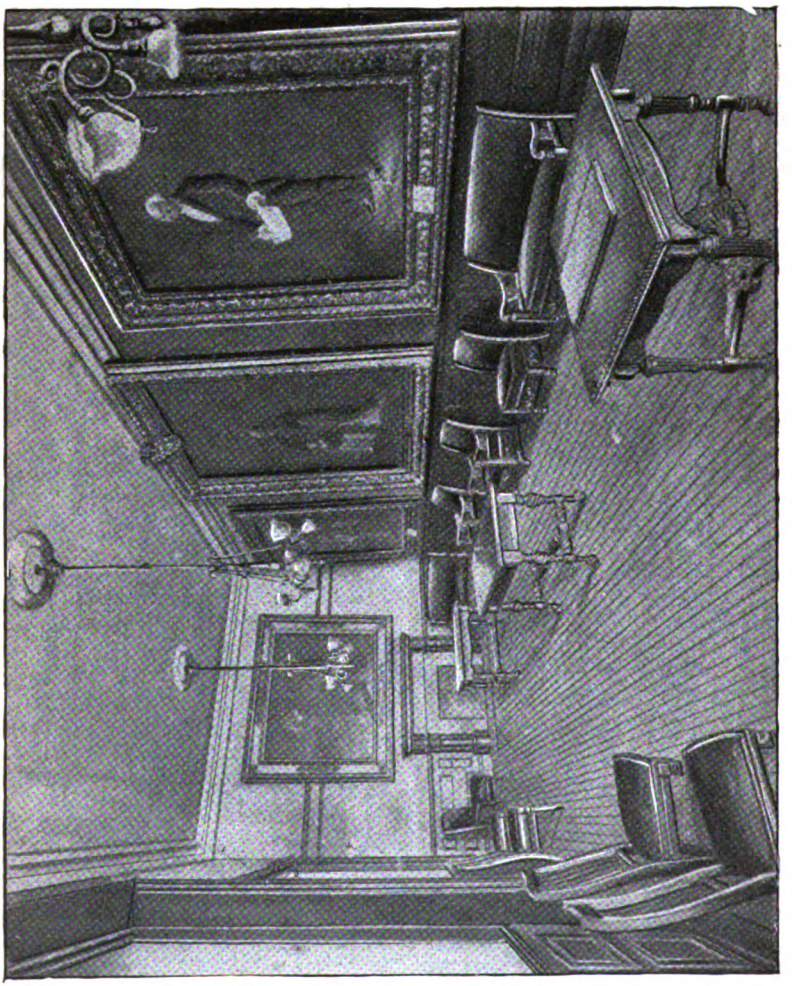
leads up to its doors. Between them, in a blue-lined niche, stands an exquisite statue of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, bearing the inscription, "Maria Immaculata, Universitatis Patrona. Ora pro nobis." Midwinter though it was, potted palms were on either side, and at her feet a large bou-



TO THE RIGHT IS THE RECEPTION ROOM HUNG WITH PICTURES.

quet of jonquils breathing a scented prayer to the Virgin Mother, so fitly represented by the pure white marble. No wave of devastation will sweep away all sign of her loving presence here, as has occurred in Oxford.

We enter the chapel. The first impression one receives is that the chaste simplicity is in perfect keeping with the holy place. The beautiful stations, with their ivory tint, harmonize

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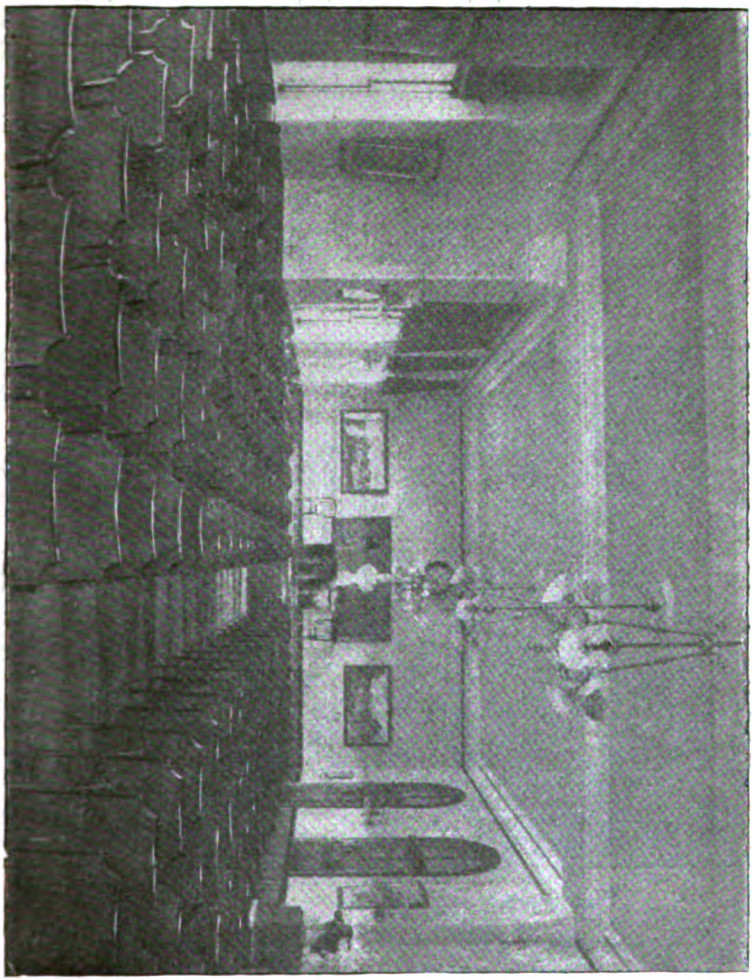
well with the simple decorations, while the seventeen stained glass windows flood the interior with radiance. It is in this chapel, instinct with devotion, that many a young heart will be trained "to go forth and teach," and many a soul will be strengthened and edified by the burning words of truth elo-



THE LECTURE HALL.

quently voiced by the Right Rev. Rector and other members of the faculty. What more edifying sight could there be than that exhibited every morning when the Holy Sacrifice is offered up at thirteen altars at the same time; each priest being served by another priest, who in turn is served by the one officiating.

Stone statues of St. Paul and St. Thomas guard the sanctuary, commemorating the two virtues the church holds so dear—

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zeal and learning. Everywhere one finds traces of the Caldwell generosity. Inserted in the wall of the sanctuary is a memorial tablet to Elizabeth Breckenridge Caldwell, mother of Gwendoline and Lina, Baroness Hedwitz, who was married in this chapel, and gave fifty thousand dollars toward its erection. Although this chapel is intended for the use of the divinity students, the public is admitted at Vespers on Sundays, when visitors are made welcome to the University and grounds. Besides this chapel, a private one dedicated to the Sacred Heart is on the floor above, and in the servants' quarters is another, where the domestics receive instructions every Sunday evening.

The staircase divides at the chapel-door; and on the upper landing, before the alcove that contains the Right Rev. Rector's and Cardinal's rooms, is a beautiful white marble statue of St.

McMAHON HALL, NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

Joseph—"O custos Jesu, esto custos noster!" On the base in gilt letters, "A thank-offering to St. Joseph." This lovely work of art, as well as the one at the chapel doors, is from Mayer & Co., Munich.

On the floor above the chapel are rooms for the accommodation of sixty students and ten professors. There is about this University a most beautiful blending of the æsthetic and the ascetic; the former noticeable in all the quiet, simple, beautiful surroundings, the latter shown by the severe simplicity of the

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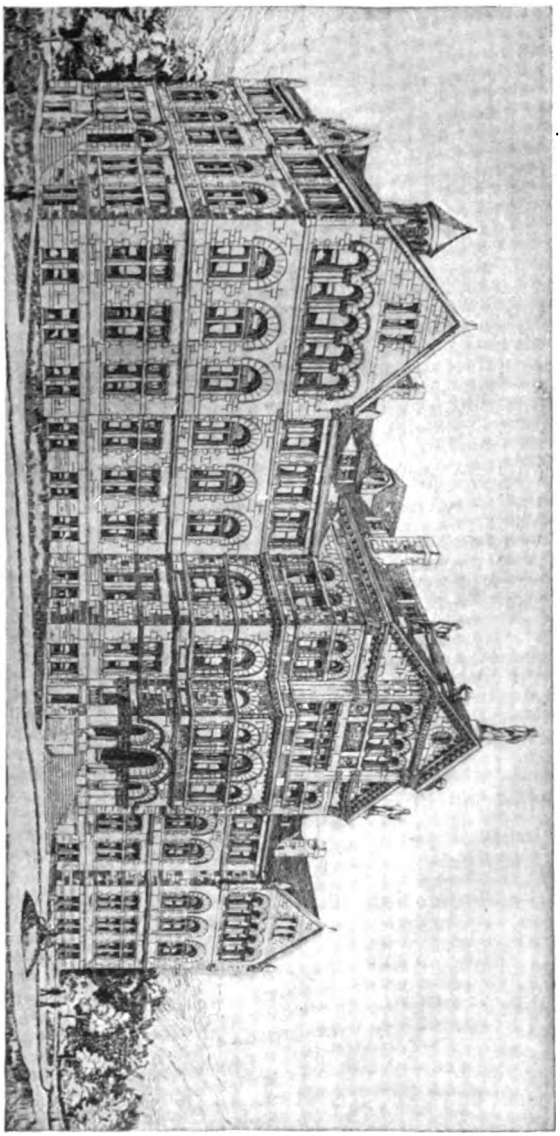
rooms, the plain regular life, training the students for the vocation they have chosen—"the following of Christ."

A most notable feature of the University is the Public Lecture Hall, where a good beginning has been made in "University Extension." Here, upon invitation, every one interested in the popularization of learning may follow the best thought-builders of our times. The lectures are delivered every Thursday afternoon at 4:30. During November, 1892, Rev. Professor O'Gorman, D.D., lectured twice; Right Rev. Bishop Keane, D.D., gave two lectures, and in December Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D., C.S.P., lectured twice. The syllabus for 1893 includes Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pace, Mr. Wright, of the United States Labor Bureau, and Rev. G. M. Searle, A.M., C.S.P. The hall is a large, light, airy room accommodating two hundred and fifty. The platform contains a reading-desk, and back of that is the beautiful gift of the Catholic residents of Rome to the University—



McMAHON HALL. (AS IT WILL BE.)

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the bust of St. Thomas Aquinas, thrown into strong relief by the rich plush hangings behind it. The walls are hung with pictures, noticeable among them the water-color portraits of Cardinals Gibbons and McCloskey. Through the department of University Extension the Faculty of Divinity is already reaching a large portion of the community, and in this way is following the inspiration of the church in reaching out to all her children eager and helping hands for their advancement. These lectures are well attended, and do much toward accomplishing the primary motive of the University's existence—the advancement of learning sanctified by truth.

One of the points of interest we were most anxious to see was Count Loubat's gift, the statue of our Holy Father. At the end of the long corridor, which is hung with photographs of the European cathedrals, is the room known as the Prayer Hall. Here is the famous colossal statue of Leo XIII. It is, indeed, a most superb work of art, impressively majestic even in its temporary quarters. His Holiness is seated, fully robed. On the gray marble pedestal is the inscription, "Leoni XIII. P.M., qvo auspice Lyceum ad incrementa omnium disciplinarum Washingtoniensibus apertum Iosephus Florimond de Loubat, Com. P.P.S., 1891." When in a space more worthy of it, this beautiful statue will be seen to more advantage.

In this same room hangs an immense painting, "St. Louis Burying the Dead." This picture was presented to the University by St. Patrick's Church in Washington, and it was given to St. Patrick's by Louis XVIII.

Upon our entering the Library our attention was drawn to the fine bust of the poet, patriot, and worthy son of the church, John Boyle O'Reilly. It stands on the spot where he stood to respond to the toast, "To the Press," at the banquet given at the dedication services in 1889.

The students can revel in "a world of books," for the Library, though in temporary quarters, contains twenty thousand volumes; its first donation having been a valuable compilation of all the documents appertaining to the Council of the Vatican, presented by the Rev. Theodore Metcalf, of Boston. Another gift was that of Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton, who presented three thousand volumes. A committee, under the chairmanship of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, purchased five thousand dollars worth of standard works on theology, and to these the Most Rev. Chairman added as his personal gift a splendid collection of the Greek and Latin patrology.

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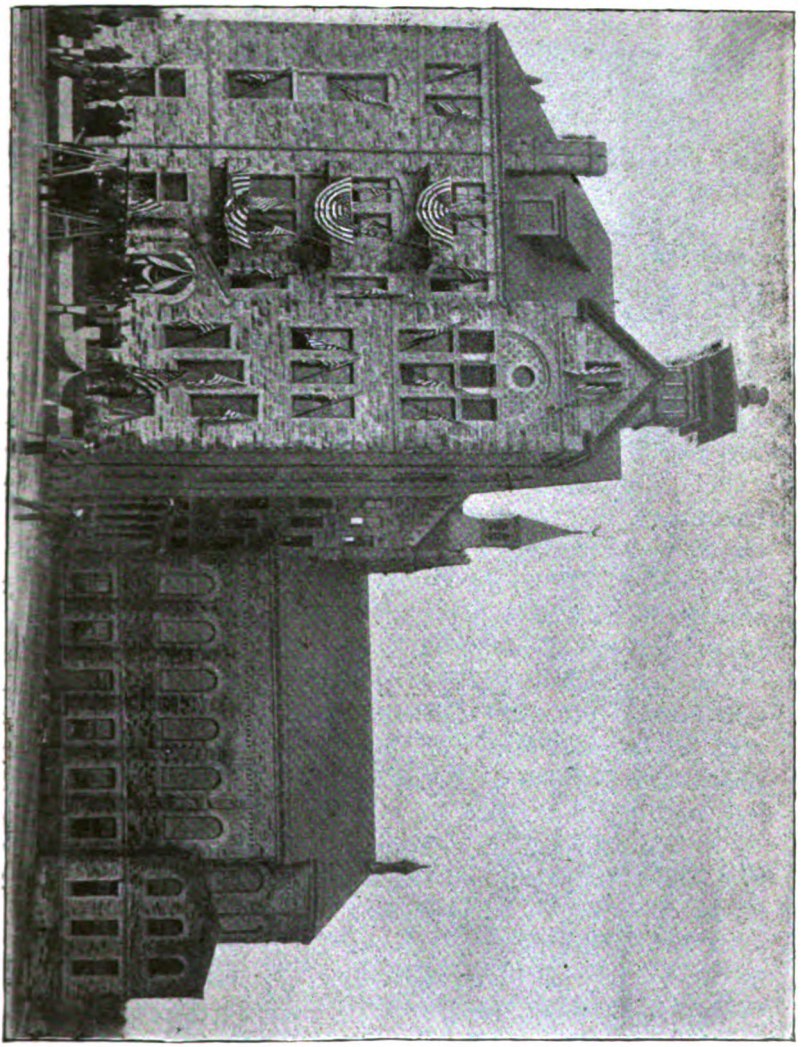
Other donations are constantly being made. A separate fire-proof building will be eventually erected for the University Library, where the accommodations will be more ample and in many ways more suitable.

One of the class-rooms is now occupied as a Museum of



FROM THE SOUTH, WITH CHAPEL EXTENSION.

Scriptural Archæology. It already contains the nucleus of a very fine collection, and in time will have a building for itself.

The Sulpitian Fathers of St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore have charge of the ecclesiastical discipline of the Divinity Department. They have no part in the professorships, but administer

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the rules of the house and attend to the spiritual welfare of its inmates.

This magnificent Divinity Hall, now in use, is the first of the University buildings, and there is something peculiarly fitting in its thus taking precedence of all the others, making it the heart of the University, as it were, as God is the centre of all things and his divine revelation is the centre of truth. Within the walls of this University our priests are to be educated on broader, firmer plane than ever before. The course of studies begun in the seminaries is to be continued, but on wider lines, and more practically applied to the questions of the day. No cultivation of mind and heart can be too great for the young shepherd who is to lead souls toward One who is all perfection. By that cultivation he will conceive a clearer appreciation of his sacred calling. We best measure greatness by the instinctive greatness that lies within ourselves. Priests are to promulgate the truth—"truth that to be loved needs but to be seen"; but who can so clothe that majestic beauty in fitting and becoming garments as one who has all the loveliness of truth and beauty in himself, the qualities that come from a trained and disciplined mind?

The University is happy in having for its rector its present incumbent. Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane resigned his see at Richmond, and accepted a wider field in becoming Rector of the University. His strong personality, progressive mind, his culture and fervid, expressive style, are destined to do much to mould the hearts and minds of the students under him. He is, as all leaders are, absolutely fearless; looking forward with wide, serene eyes to the future of Catholic America. Pope Leo, in his instinctive knowledge of men and things, judged him rightly, and the class of which he is the type, when he said: "Americans find nothing impossible."

In order to establish thoroughly the highest form of instruction, the faculty has had recourse to France, Belgium, and Germany for some of its professors.

The building now in process of construction will be known as the Faculty of Philosophy, Science, and Letters, and will be opened in October, 1894, to all students irrespective of religion. Here the depths of science will be sounded, not to eliminate God but to prove his existence. Arrangements have been made in the organization of the Faculty for a school of Philosophy, comprising metaphysics, cosmology, psychology, history of philosophy, ethics; a school of Sciences, comprising physics, chemistry, engineering, biology, anthropology, mathematics, astronomy;

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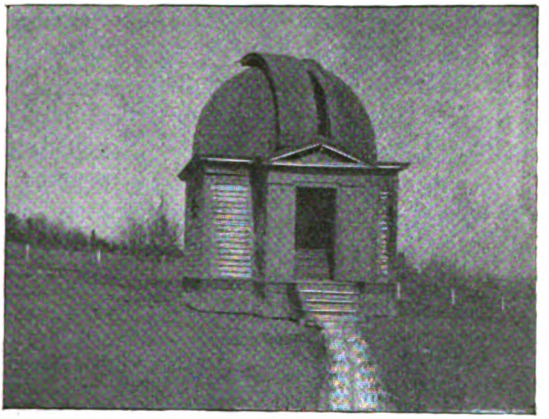
a school of Sociology, comprising the social, political, and economic sciences; a school of Jurisprudence, comprising post-graduate courses in law; a school of Philology and Literature, giving courses in classical and modern languages.

"The above-mentioned schools," said Cardinal Gibbons in his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Hall of Philosophy, "the Faculty of Divinity and the Faculty of Philosophy, are not to be independent and separate one from the other, but are congruous and harmonious elements of one and the same university organism, having constant and intimate relations with each other, each free and untrammeled in its own domain, yet both agreeing and blending as sister emanations from the same infinite fountain of all light and beauty. The truth is, that how much soever scientists and theologians may quarrel among themselves, there will always be a perfect harmony between science and religion; like Martha and Mary, they are sisters because they are daughters of the same father. They are both ministering to the same Lord, though in a different way: Science, like Martha, is busy about material things; Religion, like Mary, is kneeling at the feet of her Lord."



THE TEMPORARY OBSERVATORY.

The Faculty of Philosophy is intended primarily for the laity of America, as the Faculty of Divinity is for the clergy. The advantages of this higher learning are not to be confined to those of our own faith, but every young man who has the desire for higher things will find satisfaction here; and let us hope that for our country's good many will turn toward the University where knowledge has the full light of Christianity poured upon it.

Aside from its great value as a school of theology, the University has a large bearing on the scientific world. To some modern scholars religion and science are antagonistic; why should this be so? Since God is truth, and in scientific research we



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are groping after truth, why turn from God and his divine revelations and follow false lights on the shore of knowledge, and founder in the sea of despair?

The establishment of this Catholic University is one of the greatest events of our times. In its Faculty of Divinity priests will be more than ever fully equipped for the ceaseless warfare against sin and death. In the Faculty of Philosophy will be proved to the scoffing world that investigation into natural science does not impede the knowledge of the dogmas of our faith, any more than the bodily movements are impeded by the laws of physics. Instead of shutting out the newly-discovered wonders in the world of science, instead of rejecting the beautiful results of minute research, the church presses them into her service and builds a University in which they may go hand in hand, as God intended that they should, nobly working together for the welfare of men's souls.

Thinking men are everywhere seeing that the old order is changing. Men in whose hearts have been implanted the poison of doubt and suspicion against God's church, are slowly coming round to a more liberal view of that once hated creed. Old forms of thought are being swept away. To many a philosophical mind comes the awful alternative, agnosticism or Catholicity. Great is the wisdom of the prelates of our day, who, by establishing a noble university in the political centre of the United States, will compel these wavering souls to take into serious consideration the truths and beauties of higher education conducted by the one, true church, whose system combines perfect stability with limitless progress.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this institution on the community at large. It is destined to bring forth great fruit for the benefit of both church and state. By the erection of a Catholic University we, as Americans, have added one more to the many claims we have established for the distinctive adjective "great."

Many things startlingly new and strange have flashed meteor-like across the intellectual sky; but things that are true, things that have received the stamp of Divinity, remain for ever firm. Such is our University. It was founded on truth, its inner and outer workings are compatible with the laws of truth, and it yet will be the home of science and religion in the western world.

Time, which is but an incident to the wonder-working American, will see all the proposed buildings completed, the grounds

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beautified, and everything, now a hope, become an accomplished fact.

The general ground-plan contemplates a group of buildings around a large central space clear of everything but ornamental shrubbery, so placed as to leave a clear view of the whole group from any point within. The intention is to make the main entrance at the southwest corner in such a manner that there shall be a vista toward the interior group of buildings. The first of these is the Divinity Hall, now occupied, which is detached from the main group, and with its recreation ground, just north of the building, forms a separate feature. On the north side is the Hall of Philosophy, now being built, founded by the Rev. James McMahon, who gave four hundred and fifty thousand dollars toward it. The beginning of this Faculty was started in 1890 by the erection and equipment of an astronomical observatory, where observations are taken by the Director of

THE OLD MANOR HOUSE OF THE ESTATE, NOW THE COLLEGE OF THE PAULISTS.

the Observatory, Rev. G. M. Searle, A.M., C.S.P. To the left of this building will be the University Church, which will be one hundred and forty feet by seventy-five; to the right will be the Library; next to it the Laboratory of Physics; next, the Department of Medicine; then the Laboratory of Medicine, and nearest to the entrance the Laboratory of Chemistry; finishing

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the circle, to the left of entrance, the Department of Law, and beyond it the Administration Offices. It is hoped that the Physics and Chemistry Halls will be completed within the next five years, and the plans and methods then pursued will be according to the best ideas of laboratory arrangement and construction then attained to.

It has been said that "Americans are satisfied with themselves and their condition"; they are not. Contentment is a

A GROUP OF PROFESSORS.

vice not found at America's door. She is never satisfied. As in the industrial world she is constantly improving on the old models of mechanical skill, so too in the ideal world she goes constantly onward and upward. We are looking to the future, to that unknown shore that is our land of promise. In the old world, the cradle-lands, everything is darkened more or less by time and the debris of past ages. Here we are free untrammelled, and, God willing, we will reach the longed-for goal. We are the heir of the ages. For us all men have striven, turned heart and brain to the task of enlightenment; men have lived and died, but the great truths they have propounded live after them. The cloud of mystery that hung over the

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heads of our ancestors has been pierced by the golden shaft of modern science. But with new truths have arisen new forms of error. As when the solar ray enters the spectrum and is divided into its constituent parts, so too science, that ray of light emanating from Him who is all truth, is broken into a thousand prismatic hues when it enters the spectrum of human understanding. If to some the brilliancy of coloring has blinded their eyes as to the divine source of that ray, let it be the task of the great Catholic University to so reverse the spectrum analysis that those brilliant tints will be resolved back into their pristine whiteness.

Our American establishments, our halls of learning, art, and worship, are not founded by governmental edict; they are generally the result of the love of the ideal, the sentiment of mentality of individuals. The Johns-Hopkins University was the result of an ideal sentiment from a man devoted all his life to material pursuits. But great as is that institution, widespread as is its influence for good on the rising generation, and through them on the future of our republic, the Catholic University of America does more, rises into a higher sphere, and exercises a greater and more lasting influence on the thought and action of our people. "Universities must enhance the use, the joy, the worth of existence," says Stedman, and following out his thought, we would say they must first lead man toward a higher existence and enhance his joy in that. This University is also the result of an ideal sentiment.

This is a day of mentality. To the materialist the world is tending toward materialism, but to the unbiased observer the trend of thought is as strongly set in the opposite direction. Materialism is beneath the dignity of the true man; and it is for that "true man" the world is waiting, is watching with anxiety the horizon of the future. As when Columbus on the eve of his life-work, peering eagerly forward into the darkness of the unknown, distinguished floating on the waters among the signs of life a carved stick, saw the emblem of man's art and industry, proving that amid the lower was the higher life, so, too, we are looking eagerly forward into the unsounded depths of the future, longing for signs and symbols of the wished-for land; we are rejoiced when we find amid useless weeds the carvings of a thought—man's presence on the shore of the unknown. May that man be for himself and for his God a noble monument of enduring truth!

HELEN M. SWEENEY.

*New York.*

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## THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

**Some Results of Secular Education.**—Birmingham in England has been the centre and seat of the movement for the secularization of the elementary schools of Great Britain, as Manchester was, almost two generations ago, of the *laisser faire* school of political economy. The citizens of Birmingham threw themselves heart and soul into the new ideas, and while doing their utmost to propagate them throughout the kingdom, and even to compel their adoption by legal enactments, themselves set an example in their own Board Schools of what they regarded as the model system. Twenty years have passed and we are now able to learn some of the results, and from unprejudiced sources. With incredible blindness, the Nonconformists have been and are the promoters of secular education. Political and social jealousy of the Establishment is the main cause of this action of theirs, combined with their own weakness and inability, or unwillingness, to support schools of their own. The local press of Birmingham has recently been making such startling revelations as to the depravity which exists among the young people of the city as to disturb the equanimity of the Nonconformist ministers of the place, and they accordingly appointed a committee to make an investigation into the matter. This committee has now reported, and with such clear proofs of the conclusion arrived at that the ministers have been forced to receive the report, that a horrible, and hitherto unparalleled, amount of depravity has been found to exist, especially among match-box girls. The committee proceeds to suggest remedies, such as industrial schools, the provision of innocent amusement and recreation; but does not rise higher, with reference to education, than the proposal to introduce moral training into the Board Schools. Perhaps, after twenty years more of experience, they or their successors may have got light enough to recommend the introduction of religious instruction in these schools.

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**The London School Board and Religious Education.**—In London the secular movement has never gone so far as in Birmingham. In the Board Schools religious instruction is given, care being taken not to attach the children to any particular denomination; the Bible is read daily and explained, and while denominational education is excluded, an endeavor is made to give instruction in the principles of the Christian religion. This endeavor, as may well be imagined, is attended with no small difficulty. The local managers, who have to superintend the Bible instruction, may be of any or no religion; no inquiry is made into the religious opinions of teachers on their appointment; the board itself, which has supreme control, may be composed of members of the Church of England and of the Catholic Church, of heretics and schismatics, agnostics and atheists, in different proportions, according to each triennial election. Who, then, is to decide what is undenominational Christianity? The result at present is that, while it is looked upon as lawful to teach the divinity of our Lord, it is considered to be against board rules to teach the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. And, although our Lord's divinity is not a forbidden doctrine theoretically, it would seem that as a matter of fact in a large number of cases such instruction has not been given. One speaker in the recent debates said that he had known boys who had passed the fifth and sixth standards, who did not know anything about Jesus Christ except as an historical character, while another, in a letter to the *Guardian*, gives an account of a *viva voce* examination, by the head-mistress of an infant department, in which the questions were put: What is the name of the mother of Jesus? What is the name of his father? Every child who was called upon by the teacher answered Joseph. Not a word was said to imply the existence of his divine nature.

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**Assault on the Existing System.**—A number of the members of the School Board are dissatisfied with these results, and not only they but many of the parents are striving to secure more definite religious instruction. Conferences of rate-payers, working-men, parents of children in elementary and other schools, representing a large number of districts of London, have recently sent deputations and memorials to the board to urge it to amend its rules so as to secure a reasonable guarantee that the Christian religion should be taught in the schools by Christian teachers, the case of the children of non-Christian parents

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being met by a strict observance of the conscience clause. As a means of securing this the adoption of the resolution of Mr. Athelstan Riley, a member of the board, was supported. This resolution was that the teachers of the board were to be informed that, when the religious instruction for the day was given on passages from the Bible which refer to Christ, the children were to be distinctly instructed that Christ is God, and such explanations of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity were to be given as might be suited to their capacities. A great effort was made to carry this resolution, but it proved unsuccessful, and while amendments having for their object the rendering even more secular than at present the instruction afforded by the board were either defeated or withdrawn, the board seems determined to maintain the present system, which was adopted in 1871, as a compromise between the two parties.

**Religious Education in the Schools of the Upper Classes.**—The same neglect of definite religious instruction and the same feeling of its necessity affect the schools at the other end of the social scale, those which go by the title of "Public Schools," because, we presume, the general public is carefully excluded and only the sons of the upper, or at least the wealthy, classes admitted. At the recent meeting of the head-masters of these schools the need of definite religious instruction and the way to give it were discussed at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury. There was, it was said, a growing feeling of uneasiness, not to say of alarm, amongst churchmen at the very imperfect knowledge of religious subjects that prevailed amongst what passed for the educated classes, and also at the very vague and loose notions that were popularly entertained with regard to even the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. The minds of religious people, therefore, turned to those to whom they had committed the education of their children to ask them seriously to consider whether in their religious education they were careful to lay the foundations of the Christian religion, and to teach something of the history of that church which existed for the purpose of bringing those fundamental truths home to the minds and hearts of men. In order to fulfil this duty a resolution was submitted to the conference by which it was declared to be its opinion that it was right that the sons and daughters of parents who are members of the Church of England should in all schools be definitely instructed

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in Church History and the Prayer-Book as well as the Bible. The masters themselves, however, were found to be so indeterminate in their own views, so little fitted to fulfil the duty of imparting definite religious instruction, that they could not take a vote, and simply referred the matter to their standing committee. The point which led the masters to remain in this characteristic Anglican indecision seems to have been that, as the Head-Master of Harrow said, the public schools, at least the more ancient of them, were the property of the church and of the nation. There was, therefore, a tacit consent that the religious teaching given in them should be in harmony with the formularies and beliefs of the Church of England, and a corresponding understanding that the masters generally should not press those particular aspects of belief in respect of which the Church of England had parted from other Christian bodies. In other words, these schools are bound in honor not to fulfil the duty for which the church with which they are connected was established; instead of teaching and guiding their pupils, they were to accommodate their teaching to what the pupils, or at least the parents of the pupils, wished. It is scarcely to be wondered at that doubt and uncertainty exist in the flock when the minds of the shepherds are so wavering and perplexed.

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**The Prussian Government and Religious Education.**—Of all the methods adopted by the state in dealing with the religious instruction of the children of which it has undertaken the secular education, that of the Prussian government seems the most just for the countries where diverse forms of religion exist. The principle of complete liberty of conscience is adopted, but not in such a way as to relieve parents of the obligation of securing for the children some kind of religious instruction. Provision is made by the state for the imparting of this instruction, and arrangements are made for its being given by teachers who hold the same belief as the pupils. In schools which are attended by children of various denominations religious instruction is given by one whose belief is in accordance with that of the majority. The parents of the other pupils, however, may obtain a dispensation for their children on condition that the schoolmaster is satisfied that they are receiving proper religious instruction at other hands. The attitude of the state towards the religious education of the people has recently been defined by the answer to a question which was raised, whether

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atheistic parents could obtain this exemption by declaring that their children were taught at home their own purely negative opinions. The Minister of Public Worship replied that, as religious education to have any value in the eyes of the law must develop a sense of dependence upon some supreme power, and must, therefore, mean a substantial grounding in some form of positive belief, the pure negation of all religious belief would not entitle the parents to the dispensation.

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**The Temperance Proposals of Mr. Gladstone's Government.**—For more than twenty years Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been bringing before Parliament bills at first, and subsequently resolutions, for the restriction of the liquor-traffic. Nothing, or but little, has hitherto been done. This year, however, for the first time the attempt to legislate has passed out of the hands of private members into those of the government. In fulfilment of the pledges made during the general election, a Local-Option Bill has been introduced which, after allowing three years' grace to liquor-sellers, will give to the rate-payers of each small borough, of each ward of larger boroughs, and of every parish in the country districts (special arrangements being made for London), the right to decide for themselves whether intoxicating liquors shall be sold or not. This does not, however, mean that a total suppression of such sale will be attempted, for hotels, inns, eating-houses, and railway restaurants are not to be interfered with. The bill (should it be passed) will enable one-tenth of the electors to call upon the proper authority to summon a meeting of the electors. This meeting will have power to decide whether the sale of liquor in public-houses and by grocers shall be totally prohibited or not; and also whether the public-houses shall be altogether closed on Sunday or not. To decide the former question affirmatively, a majority of two-thirds of those present is required; for the second question a bare majority is sufficient, and immediate effect is given to it. In the event of its being decided to prohibit the sale altogether, one year is given to the publican to wind up his business, and the veto remains in force for three years. At the expiration of this period another meeting may be called; but the former decision cannot be reversed except by a two-thirds majority. No compensation is to be given, in the event of total prohibition being carried, to the owners or the managers of the houses closed. Women are to be allowed to vote in the same way as

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at school board elections. Whatever may have been the decision at a meeting the question cannot be raised again for three years. In view, we presume, of the Home-Rule proposals, and of the probability that Ireland will soon have the power of settling the question for herself, that kingdom is not included within the operation of the bill, which extends, however, to the whole of Great Britain.

**Proposed Adoption of the Gothenburg Plan.**—Not in opposition, but as supplemental to the government proposals, and, in fact, with the approbation of some members of the cabinet, a bill has been introduced into the House of Lords for legalizing the Gothenburg system. As we have already given the outlines of this plan it is not necessary for us now to go into details. Its strong points are that it recognizes the necessity of some form of recreation; that, while not endeavoring to prohibit entirely the sale of liquor it diminishes, both on the part of the vender and on that of the buyer, the inducements to drink to excess, and that it provides, not at the public expense but at that of the companies which are under its provisions to become the owners of the houses, compensation for the present possessors. As showing how slow is the progress of social measures it may be mentioned that as long ago as 1879 a special committee of the House of Lords, after hearing evidence, recommended that legal facilities should be afforded for the local adoption of the Gothenburg plan, and Birmingham, under Mr. Chamberlain's auspices, was ready to put it into operation; the legal facilities have, for one reason or another, never yet been even applied for. Whether the present attempt to obtain them will be successful is still doubtful. In Great Britain, as in this country, some of the worst enemies of the temperance cause are its extreme advocates. They actively oppose moderate measures, and are powerless to carry their own proposals. The proved success of the plan has been so great that we believe a strong movement is on foot in various parts of this country for its adoption.

**The Drink Bill of 1892.**—Dr. Dawson Burns has just published the Drink Bill of Great Britain for the year 1892. The retail cost of the liquors consumed during the year amounted to the enormous sum of £140,866,262; more, that is, than seven hundred millions of dollars. Large as is the amount, it is smaller by over three millions of dollars than the sum spent in

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1891. Could this decrease be looked upon as due to the spread of temperance principles, it would afford ground for a certain degree of satisfaction. Unfortunately it synchronizes with the great depression of trade under which Great Britain is suffering, and previous experience renders it far more probable that the decrease is to be attributed to the want, not of the will to consume but of the means to buy. It is estimated that of the whole sum three hundred and fifty millions of dollars are spent by the working-classes out of their wages, and that this amount forms as much as one-eighth part of their entire earnings; so that every eighth pound or dollar for which the working-man toils goes to the publican and brewer. Complaints are loud at the amount now being paid by the state for elementary education, and yet the sum so paid is not one-tenth of the workman's share of the drink bill, nor one-twentieth of the whole bill. The most ambitious scheme for providing old-age pensions—a scheme which would entitle every man and woman in Great Britain who should attain the age of sixty-five to a pension for the rest of their days—would not cost per year one-eighth of the amount at present spent in liquors. In view of facts of this kind, which could be multiplied indefinitely, it is not to be wondered at that even politicians should feel themselves constrained to attempt, at all events, to deal with the evil, and to do the little which is in their power to diminish it.

**Legislative Proposals on behalf of Working-men.**—The legislative proposals of the government directly in favor of the working-classes include the passing into law of the recommendations of the committee which sat last session on the hours of railway servants. This does not *ex professo* involve a departure from the principle of leaving adult laborers free to make the contracts they please, but gives to the Board of Trade effectual power to call the railway companies to account for exacting excessive periods of work. While this is an indirect departure from the principle, a clearer infringement of their freedom is found in another bill which deals with the liability of employers to compensate their workmen for the injuries met with while in their employment. By this bill the doctrine of common employment is entirely abolished. The history of this doctrine affords an interesting illustration of the way in which the workman is treated by legislative bodies, and more especially courts of law, under the influence, in no way corrupt it is true but real,

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of what may be called capitalist principles. Every one who sets into operation works dangerous to the community is rightly held responsible for the consequences, whether the works are under his own personal supervision or that of his employees. This rule has been accepted as unquestionable so far as outsiders are concerned; but the courts of law have by various decisions placed the employees in a different position, and have invented an implied contract on the part of the workman by which he is held to have taken upon himself the consequences of the negligence of his fellow-servants. By this fictitious contract no claim for damages could be made by an employee against the employer for the actions of the foreman or manager. The workman is, therefore, in a far worse position than a stranger. By an act passed in 1880 substantial inroads into this doctrine were made. The courts of law, however, made it difficult for the workman to obtain justice under this new act. The present bill, therefore, abolishes the whole doctrine, and makes the master as liable to his servant in every respect as to a stranger for any injuries which may be sustained. It is not in this, however, that interference with freedom of contract is found, for the contract in this case was but a fiction. The interference is found in the fact that the bill renders invalid every contract by which workmen and their employers should make other arrangements. In this it meets with the opposition of those who have been able to obtain more favorable terms from their employers than would result from this bill. For example, the employees of the largest railway company in the United Kingdom have an insurance fund to which they and the company subscribe, the benefits of which they consider to be greater than those which would result from the proposals of the government, and which accrue to them without litigation or expense of any kind.

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**Mr. Chamberlain's Plan of Industrial Compensation.**—Although under the new proposals the plea of contributory negligence is the only one by which the employer can legally be exempted from compensation for the injuries of his workmen, a very large proportion of accidents will remain for which no compensation can be claimed. There are no English statistics available, but German statistics are very complete, and from these it appears that of the accidents which take place in trades subject to German law 19.67 per cent. are held to be due to the conduct or neglect of the employers; 7.73 per cent. are

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partly due to the neglect of the workmen and employers—that is, the statistics are not able to separate them accurately; 25.64 per cent. are entirely due to the fault of the workmen; 3 per cent. are unaccounted for. This leaves about 43 per cent. which can be attributed to the personal action neither of the employers nor of the employed, and which are called in law acts of God. Assuming that a somewhat similar proportion exists in Great Britain, the proposals of the government concern only about 20 per cent. of the accidents which take place. On this account Mr. Chamberlain deems them unsatisfactory, and, more for the purpose of placing a larger scheme on record than with the view of either defeating the government or the hope of carrying his own plan, he moved an amendment which would, if passed, add industrial compensation to employers' liability. In all cases in which the employer can be shown to be morally liable, liability should be legally enforced, while for the larger number of cases in which the employer is neither legally nor morally liable, Mr. Chamberlain holds that the workman has still an indefeasible right to compensation, provided the accident was not due to his own fault. With this exception the liability to pay compensation would be universal. The employer would be the channel through which the compensation should be conveyed. To meet the expenses, every employer would either voluntarily or under compulsion of law insure his men. This insurance, if it extended over the whole country and over every trade, would, it is calculated, be a very small matter. For example, the cost of providing for every accident to every miner throughout the country would be a little over one cent per ton of coal. This cost would be added to the cost of the coal, and would, therefore, come out of the pockets of the public—the authority, that is, by which the law, should the plan become law, would have been made. No one can say that this would be unjust.

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## TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IF an author's heroes be, really, what many people hold, so many Protean manifestations of the same *ego*, Mr. Crawford must in his time have had to play many parts and lived many lives. If, on the other hand, the versatile writer can at will detach himself from himself, and create characters endowed with life and soul, as intellect was evolved from chaos, the author of *A Roman Singer* once more proves his title to be a great magician.* He has created many characters and none of them can be called a homunculus. The evolution of the Singer in this, his latest book, may have been the result of an intense study of some living type in the hot-bed and nursery of music, or it may be only the reflex of what his own ideas might be were his chosen art that of the singer; but it is as wonderful a creation in that way as Moore's "Lalla Rookh." He paints us a child of song whose most exquisite notes are awakened by the touch of the master-passion which kindled the fire of the Troubadours and translated the flame into the nightingale melodies of Provence. Other masters of the pen have painted for us characters of enthusiasts in the twin passions—Georges Sand, notably, in *Consuelo*—but their portraits were, compared with this one of Mr. Crawford's, like masterpieces of Reynolds standing beside those of Millais. They are beautiful, no doubt, but conventional and artificial, with the regular arrangement of garden background, pillar, and curtain; Crawford's singer is the art-enthusiast as he lives and moves and sings; and there is not a reader who has ever been thrown for five minutes into the society of a genuine musical enthusiast who will not recognize the living photograph.

So much is true regarding the singer as a devotee of his art. Regarding him in another aspect—that of a lover, and a very young man of Italian flesh and blood—there are elements in the study which leave a different impression. To find an ideal lover of his stamp, we would be rather inclined to look for him in the ranks of poetry than of music. The singer is a very Romeo in his mad attachment to one ideal—and that ideal wants the charm which a Juliet might inspire—at least, so far as her wordy

* Mr. F. Marion Crawford's novels: *A Roman Singer*, *Don Orsino*, *Children of the King*. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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expression of mental grace enables us to realize. She is spirituelle, no doubt, but for a long time cold and unemotional; it is the singing of her lover which captivates her fancy; and then she proves wonderfully strong and constant. She displays these qualities under circumstances of fiery ordeal; and therein she proves herself a woman of the accepted pattern of feminine excellence, but nothing more; she is a woman and not a goddess; while her adorer is a man and yet fit for Olympus, because he has been dowered with a gift of the gods. The lady is a life-study, too, evidently; and to the many who believe that men of genius are often captivated by women who exhibit no very transcendental qualities, there cannot seem anything very startling in the matching of such a pair of characters as the hero and the heroine in *A Roman Singer*. There is one show of character which is in strong contrast to the humanism, so to speak, of the race of Italian singers. The boy of twenty is beloved by a noble lady, a married woman, of thirty. She is beautiful, fascinating, and sensuous; and her wealth enables her to do what she pleases. She employs all her siren arts to captivate this peasant singer lad, and at length wooes him as openly as Venus did Adonis, in the legend—but fails. The circumstances under which the failure is accomplished make large demands upon the credulity of those who know anything of the warm Italian nature.

The villain of the tale—of course there must be a villain—does not appear, on the contrary, a life-study. He is an odd compound of Paganini, Count Fosco, Timon of Athens, and Bulwer Lytton's Rosicrucian in *Zanoni*. Like the hero, he is a passionate devotee of music; and, unlike him, he hates mankind with a cynical hate; but his hatred, unlike Timon's, does not extend to lovely womankind. He seeks to oust the hero in the affections of the heroine by a good many villanous contrivances of the ordinary melodramatic kind, and of course he fails in the end. The character is powerfully drawn; its eccentricities are manifold, and would be stupefying only for the explanation, which is forthcoming in the *dénoûment*, that he is a lunatic. The possibilities of such a character, in the hands of an able writer, are practically illimitable, and Mr. Crawford has availed himself of his opportunity in a way which again gives us a glimpse of his own vast natural gifts.

Of the "plot" of the story it may be described almost in the words of Canning's knife-grinder. The incidents are simple enough. The peasant-born singer falls in love with the daughter of a proud old Prussian noble; he adopts a ruse to get an in-

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troduction to her; in time she is captivated by his singing; her father, to prevent what he considers a disgraceful *mesalliance*, carries her off and immures her in an old castle of the regulation type, with subterranean passages and all other stage accessories, in the Abruzzi; the ogres, father and mad lover, keep watch and ward over her, in order to jail her into marrying Ogre No. 2, and the good lover at last succeeds in rescuing her, carrying her off and marrying her without any undue loss of time. Those who have read Godwin's novel of *Caleb Williams* know how a simple tale can be worked out so as to keep the reader fascinated from alpha to omega; and this is what Mr. Crawford contrives once again in this novel to do.

The narrative form he has chosen—that of telling the tale in the first person singular—lends strength to his coloring. The teller is an old literary professor; and the delineation of this minor character, as revealed in his own manner of recital, is one of the most artistic features in the work. It is as touching and pathetic as Sterne's *Yorick*.

The passage in the book in which the singer first makes his power felt in the heart of his idol is so fine an example of descriptive prose that we may be pardoned for singling it out by special reference.

The occurrence of such passages here and there throughout a narrative whose general tone is simplicity, of language at least, shows that the author has a full knowledge of his business as far as style is concerned. He knows the *ars celare artem* well.

Mr. Crawford is in better form in *Don Orsino*. He is many-mooded in this work; and there are intellectual inequalities in his moods. We like him when he is retrospective. We hope he is never introspective when he wishes some of his characters to be cynical. He paints with the broad brush in a way which reminds us of the great master of his peculiar school —we mean Gustave Flaubert. Very masterful indeed is his method in giving a mental picture of the state of Rome in the transition period succeeding the successful invasion of the Red Goths, when architectural monstrosity walked hand in hand with greedy rapine, and the old *noblesse* was forced to rub skirts with the *parvenu* Republicanism. It was a social corrosion, as well as a political dry-rot, that the revolution brought about, and the way in which it left its impress upon the private and public life of the great city, as well as upon its external presentment, is very luminously shown forth in the opening pages of



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*Don Orsino.* The generosity of the author is conspicuous in his references to the late Victor Emmanuel, whom he describes as "an honest king." That the spoiler of the Papal States was a brave soldier and worthy the title *Il Ré galant'uomo*, nobody doubts; but had he been accused of honesty in the days when Garibaldi was leading his buccaneer forces against the Rome of the popes, it is hardly likely that his help would have been sought by the ragamuffin "liberators." We must make allowances for the conglomerate circumstances amid which Mr. Crawford has been living and gaining his information; but by what process of reasoning a monarch who deliberately allowed himself to be dragged by an assassin conspiracy from one flagrant violation of the most solemn international undertakings to another, in a long career of gigantic plunder, can come to be regarded by any serious writer as an honest man, presents a psychological puzzle too deep for our feeble comprehension. But there be spots on the sun; great works are not infrequently disfigured by great blunders, and for the greatness which we get we ought to be thankful.

The most interesting feature in *Don Orsino* is the polish of the dialogue. Great care has evidently been bestowed upon this portion of the work. It sparkles with epigram and keen antithesis, but it is never gay; and the quality of the wit does not vary much with the characters; and the only seeming explanation of this is that the characters all belong to much the same social stratum. We give the author credit for the possession of quite sufficient power to individualize characters in other ways besides those of description and soliloquy.

We are also bound to say that he prepares us for a very different kind of woman from that which the chief figure in his drama turns out in the end to be; also that Don Orsino ought, from his introduction of him, be a somewhat dull and commonplace young man, whereas he develops, as the work rolls on, a wit as watchful as Touchstone's.

Let us hope that as the necessities of producing much work within limited time grow less exigent with Mr. Crawford, the splendid genius with which he is undoubtedly gifted may conserve itself for the production of a masterpiece which will write his name large on the literature of this memorable century's memorable close.

Perhaps we ought not to regret overmuch Mr. Crawford's brevity in *The Children of the King;* for although the work affords another strong proof of his power and variety

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in scene and character, it does not stand on the high plane touched in such works as *The Saracinesca* and *Don Orsino*. Still there is a charm about the work, especially to all who love the sea and the free salt breeze, and the purple cliffs that melt away into haze on the land side, as the boat bounds over the waves. The opening prelude is redolent of breeze and brine, and the play of nautical life that goes on the meanwhile is depicted so vividly that little straining of the imagination is needed to place one's self in the midst of all the life and stir in men and nature that he depicts. This chapter or overture smacks of "The Tempest," in the vividness with which it conjures up a vision of the sea, and makes us feel its motion without its unpleasantness. Mr. Crawford's holidays upon the water have been spent drinking in not only the ozone but the lore, the skill, and the phraseology which make nautical life seem to denizens of the land something equivalent to being on another planet. It is not a merely inanimate picture he gives; there are bustle and energy in it; and you begin to feel, at some parts, that you will have to look alive if you want to keep on your feet or preserve a dry skin.

This, however, is but the art of the narrator—although by no means the least interesting and successful part of his work. When one takes a novel to read, he looks for a novel, and not such a thing as the ingenious Mr. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, is preparing for a wondering world—a guide-book in the dress and shape of a novel. He wants a story of real life, its feelings, its passions, its actions, conformable to common sense, experience, or even possibility; when it transcends or falls below these it becomes either a burlesque or an inanity. Now, it shows perfection in art to present to us things which if otherwise presented must appear either burlesques or inanities, in a guise which reconciles us to them as things of course; and this Mr. Crawford very nearly succeeds in doing in some of his work—especially in this latest one of his, *The Children of the King*. Some of the characters and situations in it remind one of characters and situations in those amusing anti-climactic creations of Gilbert and Sullivan's—say "The Gondoliers." There are two personages in it—the Children of the King, to wit—who bear a sort of crude resemblance to the gentlemen of the gondolas; and there is a young lady who acts in as whimsical a way as any young lady in "Pinafore" or "Patience" or "Iolanthe," or any other of the set. After giving a willing and pleased assent to a proposal of marriage from a gentleman of rank, she in-

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stantly begins to abhor him and to fall in love—out of pity—with one of the "Children," a bold and handsome sailor lad. The provocation upon which this startlingly sudden change of mind is accomplished seems very slight indeed—the mere fact of the man, made happy by the maiden's acknowledgment that she loved him, going to tell her mother of his success, when that good lady had been a party herself to bringing this pleasing situation about. The only palliation offered is that the young lady had really made a mistake in her feelings when she said the words, and only led the man to believe she was in earnest. This part of the tale is very weak. The behavior and language of the young lady for a short time subsequent to the discovery of her mistake are rather shocking. She goes so far as to tell her mother that if she be compelled to marry the man whom she had thus encouraged, she might be faithless to him—a decidedly strong declaration for a young lady who is at the same moment being presented to the reader as a sweet type of maiden innocence and idea. The climax of the story is a tragedy of an unique character. The sailor whom she loves and who loves her to desperation drowns himself and his rival in order to save his loved one from a life of misery with that rival, since there was no other way out of the dilemma. If he had drowned all three, there would be some melancholy satisfaction at the fulfilment of dramatic need; but to deprive an unhappy lady of two lovers at one stroke and leave her to mourn all her life for at least one, seems cruel, to say the least.

Intending pilgrims to Ober Ammergau will act wisely in arming themselves with a very handy little manual just produced by George A. Pflaum, of Dayton, Ohio. It gives in simple but graphic language the impressions of the author, M. J. Lochemes, on visiting the famous village three years ago and witnessing the Passion Play. All the salient scenes are well depicted, both by pen and pencil, and there is no redundancy of detail or reflection—for volumes might easily be written where brevity was not a leading consideration. The little volume is strongly and tastefully bound.*

Students in English literature will find a helpful book in the first volume of the series of *English Prose Selections*,† edited by Henry Craik, and published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., New

**Recollections of Ober Ammergau.* By M. J. Lochemes. Dayton, Ohio: George A. Pflaum.

† *English Prose.* Selected by various writers, with short introductions. Edited, with a General Introduction, by Henry Craik, C.B., LL.D. In five volumes. Vol. I. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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York and London. The writers whose works are culled from in this instalment are those who flourished from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, ranging from the mythical Sir John Mandeville down to Thomas Bright, and embracing the choicest prose work of Chaucer, Sir Thomas More, Roger Ascham, and other great figures in early English literature. The work of editing has been very carefully done, so that the conscientious reader may not fear any disagreeable surprises.

Charles Scribner's Sons merit our thanks for the admirable form in which they have presented, under the title of *Art for Art's Sake*, the seven University Lectures on the Technical Beauties of Painting by John C. Van Dyke, L.H.D., of Rutgers College.* To have these lectures in a permanent shape must prove an invaluable boon to every earnest student of art; for the amount of light they shed upon the mission and the technique of art is only equalled by its clearness and brilliancy. The lecturer knows his subject thoroughly. It is not alone that he comprehends the spirit of art, but he deals anatomically, so to speak, with its corporeal body in its minutest detail, in a way which only a master can do. We have had treatises on art *ad libitum* by Reynolds and Ruskin and other exponents, but they deal with the subject in a way which often requires definition and explanation to practical minds. Not so Mr. Van Dyke's lectures. They not only rear a beautiful edifice, but explain the why and the wherefore of every brick and beam used in it. To add to the value of the publication, the volume is illustrated throughout, and the engravings are masterpieces of miniature art.

We have the story of the "three glorious days of July," as the French Revolution of 1830 is referred to by the writers of the Republic, as told from the court point of view by Imbert de Saint-Amand, translated for us by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, under the title of *The Duchess of Berry*.† Our admiration for that heroic lady, who might have been, were it not for the blighting influence of the vacillating male Bourbons, the Maria Theresa of the French monarchy, is enhanced by the recital of her endeavors during the brief cyclone which swept the feeble Charles X. from the throne of France. It is a somewhat interesting speculation to consider how the course of history might have been altered, not only

**Art for Art's Sake.* Seven University Lectures on the Technical Beauties of Painting. By John C. Van Dyke. With 24 reproductions of representative Paintings.

† *The Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of* 1830. By Imbert de Saint-Amand (translated by Elizabeth G. Martin). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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for France but for Europe, had the more masculine counsels of the Duchess of Berry been suffered to prevail in those memorable days rather than those of the feeble old king. The narrative of the struggle, as told by Saint-Amand, is vivid and exciting, and its rendering into English by Mrs. Martin reproduces the picture faithfully. A handsomely-engraved portrait of the duchess forms the frontispiece.

In these halcyon days for the educational idea everything connected with the pioneers of the modern school of training is of interest; and Froebel, whose claims as practical founder of the kindergarten system are foremost, has an especial claim. We glean a good deal about him in the volume of the "Great Educators" series written by H. Courthope Bowen, M.A., and published by the Messrs. Scribner.* Mr. Bowen's pretensions to deal with such a subject are not empiric. He was head-master of the London Grocers' Company's Schools at Hackney Downs, and later on lecturer on education at Cambridge University. As we gave in our issue of January last a fairly exhaustive statement of the origin of the system, together with some account of the founder's early life, it is unnecessary to go over the ground again; but those who wish to have an intimate knowledge of the genesis of the kindergarten idea had better get the book and study it carefully. Froebel may be said to occupy much the same position in the world of child-training as Newton does in the world of physics. By a process of deduction from observation of the growth of plants and trees, and their concordance with natural surroundings, he was enabled to arrive at and formulate a system of laws, and put them in definite terms, just as Newton did in the science of gravitation. His propositions are admissible, and their application practicable, in the infantile kingdom; but it is well that they be allowed to rest there, else we should find ourselves dangerously near the dogmas of Descartes in the animal kingdom and the late M. Taine in the realm of man's genius. But there is no use in discussing this side issue. We must accept the concrete good which Froebel's system has effected, and abstain from pushing logic to inevitable conclusions.

As Columbus discovered America while sailing in quest of India, so Froebel has founded a system productive of a world of good in the present as in the future, while working out theses of education on what may be mistaken principles. Those who wish to form a just estimate of this really conscientious and de-

* *Froebel, and Education by Self-Activity.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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voted friend of the child will get this work of Mr. Bowen's and go through it carefully.

There is nothing wonderful in the fact that we have much literature about Columbus just now, or that more has been written about the man and his great work than very many have time to read. The appearance of an additional book on the subject might not, under ordinary circumstances, excite much attention, but to very many whose time is circumscribed, it will be agreeable to hear that one has just been issued which meets a desideratum. The memoir of the discoverer by Mariana Monteiro,* just published by John Hodges, Agar Street, Charing-cross, London, is brief, and it is good. It does not embarrass the reader with preamble or homily antecedent, but goes straight on to its goal, as did the great discoverer himself when once he got his opportunity. But it must not be inferred from this that the narrative is a mere bald recital of fact like a legal affidavit. It is warm and sympathetic where the course of the story needs it, and the simplicity which appears the leading characteristic of the tale throughout may be regarded, therefore, as the strength of the whole design. The work is one of a series entitled "Heroes of the Cross" which is being published by the same firm.

*Echoes of the Past:* Poems, by Mrs. Clara L. McIlvain.† This is a collection of lyrical pieces from the pen of a lady whose exemplary life is reflected in the verses on manifold subjects which are now given to the world, as collected and edited by her daughter, Charlotte McIlvain Moore. They are smooth and graceful, and those of them especially which give voice to the patiently borne afflictions which cloud the domestic lot of all in the course of life's journey are extremely touching and tender. The volume is published by John P. Morton & Company, Louisville, Ky.

A sweetly seasonable little book of devotion is that entitled *Flowers of the Passion: Thoughts of St. Paul of the Cross.*‡ Gathered from the letters of the illustrious founder of the Order of Passionists, they embody some of the most beautiful reflections on the solemn mystery of Divine love which plunges the church into mourning at this period of every year. Simplicity and touching force of illustration and appeal are their leading

* *Christopher Columbus.* By Mariana Monteiro. London: John Hodges, Agar Street, Charing-cross.

† *Echoes of the Past.* Poems. By Mrs. Clara L. McIlvain. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Mortin & Co.

‡ *Flowers of the Passion: Thoughts of St. Paul of the Cross.* By Rev. Louis M. de Jésus-Agonisant (translated by Ella M. Mulligan). New York: Benziger Bros.

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characteristics. The dullest heart cannot fail to be moved by the pictures they put before the mind's eye. The originals were collected by Rev. Louis M. de Jésus-Agonisant, and the translation has been made by Ella A. Mulligan. Messrs. Benziger Brothers are the publishers.

*America's Recitation Book*, one of Werner's series of Readings and Recitations, has just appeared.* It has been compiled by Caroline B. Le Row with a judicious regard to American patriotic sentiment, as well as the undercurrent of anti-Catholic bigotry which is always to be found amongst a certain residuum. The pieces selected embrace the productions of some of our best prose-writers as well as those of votaries of Apollo.

*A Mere Cypher*, by Mary Angela Dickens, is a novel† which has already appeared in serial form under the title of "A Modern Judith," and it is now given to the world, as it deserves to be, in a permanent form, by Macmillan & Co. Felicitous in style and simple enough in plot, it is powerfully vivid and dramatic, and well sustains the interest throughout. The culminating tragedy—for there are two tragedies in the story—hangs upon the determination of a very feeble and long-suffering woman to rescue an innocent man to whom she conceives the liking that an ill-treated animal has for one who befriends it, from the deadly snare which her villanous husband has laid for him, by the only possible means—namely, by killing her husband, though her own death is involved as a consequence. The story of the rescue of the hero of the story from the vile slavery of drink is another enthralling piece of lifelike narrative. There is a vein of grave pleasantry in the earlier portion of the work, which has to be abandoned as the tragic portion of it develops; but it is sufficient to show that the writer possesses the charm of pleasant recital when she wishes to exert it, as becomes her father's daughter.

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### I.—THE HISTORY OF MODERN ETHICS.‡

A member of the faculty of Yale University is editing a series of small volumes each of which will present one of the systems of Modern Ethics adapted especially for the use of college students.

* *America's Recitation Book.* Compiled by Catherine B. Le Row. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

† *A Mere Cypher.* By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: Macmillan & Co.

‡ *Hume's Treatise of Morals, and Selections from the Treatise of the Passions.* With an Introduction by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Company.

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The first of the series sets forth the teaching of David Hume on Morals and the Passions, and has been prepared by Dr. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia College. It contains the whole of Hume's "Treatise of Morals" and select portions of his "Treatise of the Passions," and an able, scholarly exposition of their teaching by Dr. Hyslop. His aim is simply to expound the ethical theories of Hume and to make them intelligible to students, a task which he confesses to be very difficult. He makes no attempt at controversy or refutation, and seems quite indifferent as to whether or not the young and inexperienced minds who come under the influence of such teaching accept or reject it. In this respect we do not think he is in accord with the best educators in our schools and colleges, most of whom think it makes a vast difference in the welfare of young men whether they enter upon life with the conviction that reason is the source of moral distinctions rather than sentiment, or that conduct is necessarily determined by rational judgments instead of conventional and utilitarian emotions. Which is the best belief for society to have? Which tends most to make man as a whole honest, sober, and industrious? We think practical morality is to be solidly sustained only by the recognition of moral truths as eternal as God himself. We maintain, therefore, that the system of ethics contained in this volume is pernicious, and ought no more to be taught in our colleges than the insane theories of anarchists.

The production of such a text-book shows the bane of pure secularism in education.

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### 2.—A THEORY OF HEREDITY.*

The genius of the German scientist makes for investigation in detail. He conceives a theory from ideas more or less nebulous in character, and then spends years in patient search for facts by which to demonstrate his theory. Says Professor Weismann in his preface: "What first struck me when I began seriously to consider the problem of heredity, some ten years ago, was the necessity for assuming the existence of a special organized and living heredity substance." His work, *The Germ-Plasm*, is the result of his ten years' investigation. The value

* *The Germ-Plasm: A Theory of Heredity.* By August Weismann, Professor in the University of Freiburg-in-Baden. Translated by W. Newton Parker, Ph.D., Professor in the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, and Harriet Rönnfeldt, B.Sc. With twenty-four illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

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of his research on a cursory survey of his work we cannot state. Heredity, scientifically considered, is a subject of vast importance, not only from a scientific point of view but also from a moral point of view. Take the one question of drunkenness, and how quickly the subject of heredity becomes of interest and importance to the moralist. It is curious to note that Professor Weismann makes acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Miss Else Diestel, "who, in addition to much help of a technical nature, has also been at the great pains of preparing an alphabetical index," and that the translator has associated with him in his work Harriet Rönnfeldt. A taste for biological studies is hardly the "*anlage*" of a feminine mind. The work is dedicated "To the memory of Charles Darwin." The inevitable Goethen quotation stands opposite the first page of the preface.

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### 3.—A HISTORY OF THE BREVIARY.*

The author of the *Histoire du Bréviare Romain*, although still a young man, has already won for himself distinction in the field of historical studies as a writer of thoroughness and breadth of view. His contributions to history have received favorable recognition from distinguished societies of letters, no less than from individuals whose competence to pass judgment in these matters is unquestioned.

The appreciation in which he is held for his past work will not be diminished by the latest production of his pen. The estimate already formed of his care in the examination of materials, of his ability in the use of them, and of the justness of his conclusions will be confirmed by the *Histoire*.

The purpose of the work is to widen our knowledge of the authorized prayer-book of the church—the breviary—a fountain whence flows the sweetest streams of devotion. The book which is put in the hands of all whose duty and privilege it is to offer praise and supplication to God for the whole church should be known not only from the devotional point of view, but also historically. Knowledge serves devotion, and the information obtained by the historical study of the breviary serves to increase its devotional value. Those whose lives are devoted to God's service will surely find an interest in knowing the origin and development of the book which they are so often called upon to use.

* *Histoire du Bréviare Romain*. Par Pierre Batiffol, du clergé de Paris, docteur és lettres. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils, Editeurs. 1893.

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The beginning of the breviary can be traced to apostolic times. Since then the history of its development, and under Gregory VII. its curtailing, whence the name "breviary" comes, are very interesting. For all these details we refer the reader to Batiffol's *Histoire*. Its perusal will be found useful as well as entertaining. The work will rank high among works of authority on the matter treated.

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### 4.—PLATO AND PLATONISM.*

We may tell what is in this book in the space allotted to a book-notice by indicating the table of contents. We cannot do much more. We might utter a platitude or so, and say that Walter Pater is not unlike Plato in his method of thought, and that his style of writing is especially adapted to express philosophic thought—all of which is true but meaningless, when our endeavor is to give one a notion of the volume before us.

The definition of Platonism, if one may so term it, is the idea of Mr. Pater's book. The lectures are ten in all: I. Plato and the doctrine of motion; II. Plato and the doctrine of rest; III. Plato and the doctrine of number; IV. Plato and Socrates; V. Plato and the Sophists; VI. The genius of Plato; VII. The doctrine of Plato—1. The theory of ideas; 2, Dialectic; VIII. Lacedæmon; IX. The Republic; X. Plato's Æsthetics.

The student of the history of philosophy will find Mr. Pater's book very profitable, and exceedingly enjoyable. As literature —a bit of fine writing, exact language clothing exact thought, elegance of style, or, if you will, a fine bit of rhetoric,—as literature this work, like all that has proceeded from Mr. Pater's pen, is a perfect specimen, polished *ad unguem*. But to talk of style in writing in connection with the *Plato and Platonism* of Walter Pater is to talk of husks, leaving the fruit unnoticed. The lectures on the "Genius of Plato" and "Plato and Socrates," the sixth and fourth of the series, are exceedingly entertaining.

* *Plato and Platonism*. A series of lectures. By Walter Pater, Fellow of Brasenose College. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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# EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT is dangerous to use the superlative when describing great international exhibitions, but we think we may risk the peril in speaking of the coming World's Fair. It will be, certainly, the greatest event of its kind yet beheld. Inconsiderate soothsayers might also be inclined to draw upon the future by dwelling upon the fact that the year which beholds it is one of universal peace. But we must not overlook the lessons of history. It is notable that the greatest European wars followed somewhat closely upon the footsteps of two great World's Fairs —that of London in 1851 and that of Paris in 1867. Three years later in each case we had in turn the war with Russia, by Turkey, England, France, and Sardinia; and the war between France and Germany. But there is nothing in auguries, and we ought to be proud of the fact that this is a year of profound peace all the world over. This state of universal tranquillity is eminently favorable to the idea of making the great event at Chicago a red-letter epoch in the history of peace.

The occasion is more than the mere noting of our progress in material civilization. It should be consecrated as the first really grand landmark in that advance towards the goal of all civilization —the peace begotten of the triumph of Mind over Matter, and the reign of fraternal charity and noble emulation in well-doing. For the first time in the world's annals we shall behold a Parliament of the Intellects. The devotees of knowledge, gathered there from all lands, will be given a great opportunity of meeting together and legislating for the constituencies of thought. The vista of new fields which science, under the impulse of the splendid possibilities which every fresh discovery of our age is now beginning to explore, is boundless and dazzling. The occasion demands a generous effort, for it is exceptional; in our day its like may never again occur. The bearers of great names in literature, in art, in science, ought to be invited to take part in one grand congress, not merely to recapitulate what has been already achieved, but to formulate, out of their experience and the comparison of methods, the schemes of future systems of research, to map out the continents of future

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discovery, as in his mind the great discoverer of this terrestrial continent did at the dawn of our present intellectual day.

We might take a leaf out of the book of our Gallic friends in this respect. Before the opening of the Paris Exposition of 1889 men of science from all parts of the world were specially invited to take part in the proceedings, and those of them who, like our own Edison, responded to the invitation, met a whole-hearted and effusive welcome. This exposition of ours at Chicago is more of a World's Fair, in the highest sense, than any preceding one. It fulfils the idea embodied in the term as nearly as anything possible to man can fulfil it; but it will hardly realize the end for which it was intended unless it leave its "footprints on the sands of time," as a monument of the collective learning of our age. In this way it will deserve to be remembered. It will light the way to still higher paths, for the track of wisdom has no visible terminus, and the halting places are but wayside stations. Let us do what we can to illuminate the forward route while it is in our power.

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What may be regarded in a sense as a test division for Mr. Gladstone's government came off on the night of Monday, March 13, in the House of Commons. It was over an amendment to the address, amounting to a motion for impeachment of the Irish Evicted Tenants' Commission brought on by Mr. T. W. Russell. The house was a pretty full one, and the division resulted in a majority of thirty-seven for the government. This is pretty near the full ministerial majority; yet the New York *Sun* thought it perceived in it a disastrous omen for the Home-Rule Bill. There is no accounting for tastes. The friends of Home Rule are by no means inclined to share this pessimistic view; for the question at issue was one that touched the Tory party much more nearly than Home Rule does. It touched them vicariously in that very sensitive region—the pocket; for the case of the Irish landlords to-day may be that of their English brethren to-morrow; hence the rush to the division lobby.

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It was quite in keeping with Mr. T. W. Russell's public career that he should assume the *rôle* of accuser for the landlords. As a man elected by the Ulster Presbyterian farmers to defend their rights, he discharged all his duty in that respect, according to his own conscience, by exclaiming on a memorable occasion, "God help the Irish farmers!" Now he discharges

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his obligations to the landlords who got his brother-in-law a fine lucrative post under the late government by voting against those who are endeavoring to answer his prayer for the Irish tenants. Mr. Russell's course ever since he entered public life has been marked by the same pendulum sort of impartiality. At the outset of his career, whilst he was the paid servant of the United Kingdom Alliance (for the suppression of intemperance) in Ireland, he was one of those who worked strenuously to get the great brewer, Sir Arthur Guinness (now Lord Ardelaun), to come forward as a candidate for the representation of Dublin, and headed a deputation to request the porter-baronet to offer this sacrifice to an unworthy country. Unluckily for himself, Sir Arthur Guinness had yielded once before to similar soft blandishments, with the result that he was unseated for bribery through his agents, and lost thirty thousand pounds. This is history; and this is the sort of history Mr. T. W. Russell has helped to make. In the light of these facts we can take with a very large grain the assertions made in his recent article in the *Fortnightly*, relative to the corruption and political mismanagement and clerical domination in poor priest-ridden Quebec.

A responsibility of a very grave nature is thrown upon the Art Committee of the World's Fair by the memorial, or rather protest, presented by Brother Maurelian, secretary and manager of the Catholic Educational Exhibit. This protest, which is so influentially backed that no responsible body can possibly ignore it, raises its voice against any exhibition of nude studies bordering on the indecent; and it is no secret that such pictures are intended to be exhibited at the Fair, if they can be got upon the walls by the favor or the indifference of the Art Committee. There is more in this matter than good-natured, easy-going people might at first think. We have reached a stage in this country which may be a crucial one for the moral well-being of the growing generation, mayhap of many more. Side by side with an intellectual advance of which any epoch might be vain, there has been manifested a decadence in decency, not confined to the lowest stratum by any means, which takes a peculiar and alarming turn. The striving after notoriety by the exhibition of the feminine form *sans* modest drapery has become a passion in portions of the country where the possession of wealth is taken as a guarantee for the supposed concomitants of good taste and high moral tone. The strangest and most unaccount

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able feature of this social malaria is that it pervades a class of whose general respectability of life and purity of conduct there is no suspicion, and draws down no deprecation or censure from even the heads of the families amongst whom it develops itself, so far as we may judge from what has appeared in the public prints.

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The lowering of the moral tone thus perceptible must be a certain indication of a lowering of the standard of moral conduct were it not for the universality of the public press. As in England in the days of the Restoration the taste for indecent literature was chiefly ministered to by such women as Aphra Behn, so here, in the nineteenth century, we find women the most eager to minister to a morbid pruriency of taste which appears to deceive many into the belief that it is in the cultivation of the beautiful and the true in art that they are assisting. What wonder, when such a tone pervades the higher walks in life, that a more than moral bluntness should pervade the lower! If our eyes are offended every hour in the day by suggestive placards on the walls and prurient prints on the bookstalls, where shall we lay the blame, or where shall we look for a remedy, since those who should be in a moral sense the lawmakers are those who break the written and the unwritten law? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The Art Committee of the World's Fair have no power to prevent the ladies of any State in the Union from lowering the ideal standard of woman's modesty, but they have a duty to perform, in the face of the world, in maintaining the dignity of true art. They are called upon to distinguish between the spurious article and the real; and they will not justify their selection unless they are able to show that they can discriminate between pruriency and poetical expression in art. English models are not always a safe guide, but in this respect a useful lesson might be taken from the action of the London municipal authorities a few years ago in ordering an exhibition of a Rabelais gallery out of the city, even though the beholders were confined to the ranks of those who could afford to pay a gold piece for the disgusting luxury. The extreme of prudishness is to be avoided as well as the opposite failing; and no true artist needs any schooling on the distinction. Though the dividing line may at times be subtle and hard to follow, his instinct, if he be true to its promptings, will certainly light the way.

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The article published this month on *The New Home of the Summer-School* will contribute not a little to develop interest in this new movement, which promises so much for the advancement of the cause of deeper religion and higher culture. We are indebted to Mr. Hiram Walworth, of Plattsburgh, and others who know the country thoroughly, for much of the practical material we publish.

The growth of the Catholic University, its aims, its prospects, and its present condition, form the subject of an exhaustive article by Helen M. Sweeney. The rise of the Catholic Church in the United States from very small beginnings is one of the most wonderful chapters in the genesis of new movements; and its companion-picture, in a proportionate sense, is the development of the idea of Catholic education from a very feeble inchoate condition, in a land of non-religious endowment, to the hale and flourishing adolescence in which it now rejoices. The history of the foundation of the Catholic University is a history of peace. It is not an institution founded upon the defeat of a people and the spoils of the conquered, like some others that we wot of, but a story of generous sacrifice and steadfast devotion to a noble ideal; and this story the writer of the article tells well.

Our appeal for the Sisters in Alaska has met with a very generous response. Among the donations we are pleased to acknowledge a donation of $5 from Father Murphy, of Mattoon, Ill.; $5 from Father Murray, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; $10 from Mr. Casey, Philadelphia, Pa.; $20 from a friend in the Episcopate, and $5 from Rev. S. Lavizeri. All these donations have been forwarded to the sisters through Father Yorke.

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## NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*Primary History of the United States. New Month of St. Joseph. The Marriage Process.* By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D.

BURNS & OATES, London:

*Raoul de Bérignan.* By Mrs. Corballis.

CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

*List, ye Landsmen.* By W. Clarke Russell. *The Palimpsest.* By Albert Augustin Thierry. *Out of the Jaws of Death.* By Frank Barrett. *A Blot of Ink.* Translated from the French of René Bazin, by "Q." and Paul M. Francke. *Blood Royal.* By Grant Allen. *The Blue Pavilions.* By "Q." *At the Threshold.* By Laura Dearborn. *Her Heart was True.* By an Idle Exile. *The Last King of Yewle.* By P. L. MacDermott. *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter.* By Tom Cobbleigh.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

*Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife:* A play in four acts. By Sir Edwin Arnold.

GINN & COMPANY, Boston:

*Principles of Education.* By Malcolm MacVicar, Ph.D., LL.D. *Recollections of Middle Life.* By Francisque Sarcey. Translated by Elizabeth Luther Cary.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

*Jane Field:* A Novel. By Mary E. Wilkins.

DAILY INVESTIGATOR OFFICE, 66 Broadway, New York:

*The Song of America and Columbus.* By Kinahan Cornwallis.

EDGAR S. WERNER, New York:

*Dynamic Breathing and Harmonic Gymnastics.* By Genevieve Steebins.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:

*Mary, the Mother of Christ.* By R. F. Quigley, Ph.D. *Short Sermons on the Epistles.* By Very Rev. N. M. Redmond, V.F. *The Epistles and Gospels for Pulpit Use.* Prepared by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., New York:

*Tools and the Man.* By Washington Gladden. *Socialism and the American Spirit.* By Nicholas Paine Gilman. *The Dawn of Italian Independence.* By William Roscoe Thayer. *The Gospel of Paul.* By Charles Carroll Everett.

KILNER & CO., Philadelphia:

*A Little Maid of Arcady.* By Christian Reid.

MACMILLAN & CO., New York:

*The World of the Unseen.* By Arthur Willink. *The Real Thing, and Other Tales.* By Henry James. *A Born Player.* By Mary West. *The last Touches, and Other Stories.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. *The Marplot.* By Sidney Boyse Lysaght. *The Story of John Trevennick.* By Walter C. Rhoades.

### PAMPHLETS.

*Earl Gray on Reciprocity and Civil Service Reform.* With comments by General M. M. Trumbull. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

*A Memorial to Congress on the Subject of a Comprehensive Exhibit of Roads,* their construction and maintenance, at the World's Columbian Exposition. By Albert A. Pope, Boston, Massachusetts (two pamphlets).

*Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Penitentiary for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*

*Quarterly Reports of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics* relative to the Imports, Exports, Immigration, and Emigration of the United States.

*The Roman Catholic Question.* By Lyman Abbott. New York: The Christian Union Company.

*De Juridico Valore Decreti Tolerantiæ Commentarius.* By Nicalao Nilles, S.J. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.



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# THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE interchange of thought among Catholic Reading Circles has fostered a desire for accurate information about Catholic Authors whose works, whether original or translated, are now published in the English language. It was urged by the Columbian Reading Union that a complete list of our authors and their works would show forth the influence Catholic thought has exerted on modern literature. As the work advanced it became evident that such a list would have a standard value for librarians and buyers, if restricted to those writers who had published a volume. Then came the labor of ascertaining the books now in print, which was found a most difficult task on account of the apathy of certain publishers that give little heed to any movement in favor of authors.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has printed, during the past three years since 1890, many letters in aid of the undertaking from various parts of the United States, from Canada and Great Britain. Cordial thanks are due to all who have willingly taken part in gathering data about authors and books from the wide area of the English-speaking world. A considerable expenditure of money will be required to fully complete, in a comprehensive way, the study of Catholic authors as planned for the Columbian Reading Union. The sample pages appended will indicate, better than any description, the value to librarians and readers of a complete list of Catholic authors.

No one has pleaded the cause of Catholic writers with greater ability than the Rev. William Barry, D.D. He demands for them recognition, as exponents of saving truths, religious, philosophical, scientific, political, and social. This recognition should come first from their own fellow-Catholics, and with recognition, honor and support. The time has come to spread the best literature we possess. Indications are not wanting that the era of materialistic and agnostic science is passing away. Blank unbelief cannot satisfy the mind. In this transition period our writers have a great opportunity to expound with average literary power, in language not above the common mind, the true principles of religion, of philosophy, of moral and social science.

"If St. Augustine has taught many centuries, and Cardinal Newman a whole generation, it was not because the one was Bishop of Hippo and the other Cardinal of St. George, but because they were Newman and Augustine, with the Catholic Church behind them to secure their freedom by guarding them against error. The greatest name in Catholic literature, if it is not Shakspere, is Dante. Can we say, then, that only the clergy need concern themselves to show forth religion in its most taking form? The layman of to-morrow will be trained in our schools, the priest in our seminaries. If literature is to flourish, the roots of it must be planted in both these wide fields. Would it not be a grand thing if from the beginning it were admitted on all hands that the career of a Catholic writer is not only honorable, but worthy of reward; that it can be made such only by the multitude of Catholic readers, eager and willing to accept what he offers them, and prepared to pay a price for it, as they are prepared without grudging to support church and school now? It depends on Catholics themselves, on the wage-earners in this democratic time, who can spend their earnings how they will and where

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they will—on them it depends whether we shall have a literature not unworthy of the faith and of the nation we would win to the faith. Numbers are not wanting to us, nor material resources, nor talent, nor industry in those who possess talent. Why, then, should we fail? We shall not fail. But, if we are to succeed, literature must be recognized amongst us as a sacred calling, with its own place and prerogatives and a befitting sustenance."

* * *

It has been estimated from reliable sources of information that thousands of dollars are annually expended by Catholics, especially in the rural districts, for ponderous subscription books. Unscrupulous agents grossly misrepresent the value of such publications, and even attempt to get from priests an endorsement of their fabulous prices. Efforts are made to establish the impression that the sale of these books in some way is an aid to the church. To counteract the designs of avaricious publishers engaged in the nefarious work of deceiving simple people, there is need of an organized movement to secure the best books of our Catholic authors at reasonable prices. In this movement Catholics having wealth and leisure can find ample scope for intelligent zeal. The intellectual defence of the truth under existing conditions requires a wider diffusion of Catholic literature.

Though our Catholic authors represent the highest culture of mind and heart, we know that this highest culture is not always the most profitable in dollars and cents. The authors of lofty mind can always claim the attention of those who are identified with the progress of the world; and it is the duty of every one endeavoring to raise the standard of civilization to utilize all available forces which remove ignorance and foster the growth of high ideals. For this reason there is a direct duty on the part of the reading public to patronize the best in literature and to be vigilant in searching out the deserving authors. This duty is sadly neglected when people blindly follow a defective standard of criticism, and give public honor and wealth to writers of shallow books.

Often the statement is boldly proclaimed that Catholics have no literature. Such an opinion should compel us to exercise pity for the one who holds it, because it is an indication of the most deplorable ignorance. Publishers outside the church have discovered many of our glorious classics containing the highest and best Christian thought, and have made no apology for daring to send forth to confiding readers mutilated editions of books written by Catholic saints and scholars. Our heritage in literature is so valuable that pirates have boldly seized upon our treasures. Vigorous protest should be made when heretical editors pick and choose at random unauthorized selections from Catholic literature.

After the process of writing a book, then comes the long period of delay during which the publisher is entertaining the MSS. and deciding whether it will suit his patrons. It is just here that the Catholic reading public has failed to materialize sufficiently to show a ready sympathy for writers of acknowledged merit. The publisher is not able to determine in advance the needs of his customers; he needs evidence to be convinced that the reading public exists and demands Catholic literature. Sometimes the publisher is accused of driving a hard bargain with authors, by demanding more than a reasonable share of compensation for his services in launching a book upon the market. Authors have been required to bear the whole expense of printing their books, and to pay the publisher a very liberal percentage on sales. Incompetent publishers and librarians are the chief obstacles to the success of many writers, because they deprive readers of the opportunity to see and enjoy important works.

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# A COMPLETE LIST

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BY

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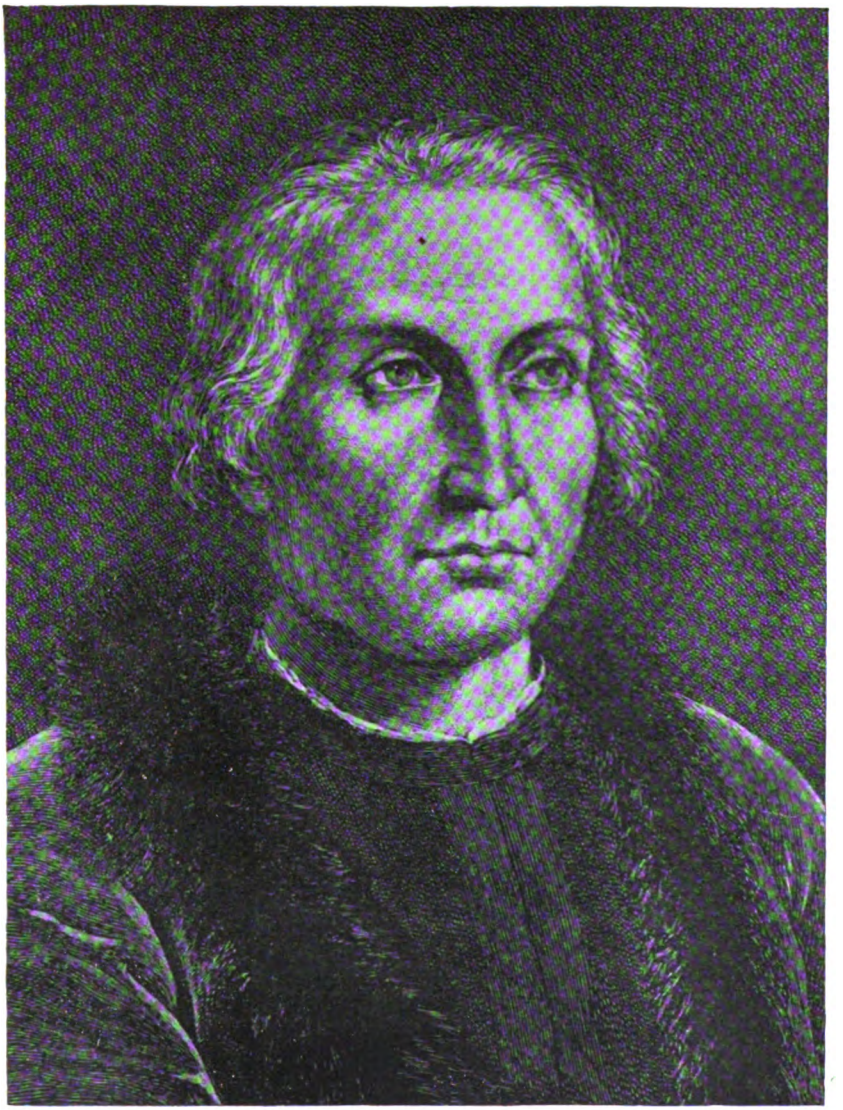

THE MINISTRY OF MARINE PORTRAIT.

*This portrait hangs in the* MUSEUM OF THE MINISTRY OF MARINE *at Madrid, and is said on good authority to be a genuine portrait painted at Seville in* 1504 *or* 1505.

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVII. MAY, 1893. No. 338.

## AD CHRISTOPHORUM COLUMBUM.

GRANDIS incoepti quibus efferamus
Laudibus splendens decus, O Columbe,
Cujus audenti nova terra facto
Duplicat orbem!

Talis eventus digitum potentis
Numinis monstrat, dubiumque pellit;
Ista de coelo quasi praeparata
Missio venit.

Namque te sanctis in apostolorum
Coetibus mundi statuit Redemptor,
Plurimis certae populis ut esses
Causa salutis.

Vir ferens Christum mare transiturus
Navitae praebes trepido vigorem,
Pro Deo, dicens, nihil est timendum,
Corripe clavum.

Asperi frustra furit unda ponti,
Et parum nautae dociles rebellant,
Navis optatas, properante cursu,
Advenit oras.

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Hucce centeni quibus appulisti
Nunc quater longi numerantur anni.
Quot vices, heros, regio subivit,
Qualiter aucta!

Hac in insigni celebratione
Te vocat patrem tua plebs triumphans;
Semper et crescens manet in futuris
Gloria saeclis.

Si tuis cives meritis negarunt
Debitum, splendet tibi nunc in astris
Amplior merces, caput et corona
Ditior ornat.

P. P. DENIS, S.S.

*St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md.*

THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS.

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THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

## THE APOTHEOSIS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

"O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That hast such people in't!"—*The Tempest.*

IN the dyspeptic magniloquence of the late Thomas Carlyle the reader often comes across such an expression as "world-drama." The grandiose term was made to fit some puny plays, comparatively speaking, upon the historical stage; it was reserved to our day to witness its really appropriate application. The curtain which rises at Chicago this glorious month of May unfolds a scene without a counterpart in the long-stretching vista of mundane events. Great ideas have ruled the world as far back as record and oral tradition go. But this is not the case of an idea ruling the world; it is that of an idea—the idea of one man—calling a world into existence. What the Macedonian conqueror with all his armies sighed for in vain it was given to the humble Genoese geographer to accomplish without legion or phalanx. The prayer of Peace was powerful where the orison of ambitious War was breathed ineffectually. And this is what makes the celebration at Chicago, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-three, the most glorious event the wide world has ever witnessed. The apotheosis of Christo-

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pher Columbus has its primary glory in the fact that it is a deification of intellect as opposed to force—a conquest for civilization and the God-given genius of man.

No mind, however shallow or unreflecting, can fail to be stirred by some serious thought as the great pageant begins. The splendor of the ceremonial, the mighty multitude, the vastness and beauty of the great buildings, the bewildering display of the products of human genius in every clime and every stage of the world's progress—these things in themselves must impress even the most flippant beholder with the idea that man after all is a noble creature—"the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals," supposing him only to be a superior sort of animal made after Mr. Darwin's image and likeness, and not God's. But to the man who is able to see beyond the glittering mist of show and parade and majestic marshalling of the products of man's brain, there is something infinitely more absorbing in the contemplation of the achieved reality and its illimitable possibilities in the future, and the reflection how different the world might have been to-day had not the Omnipotent Ruler of all things raised up this man—this dreaming, steadfast devotee of a grand, all-absorbing idea—as an instrument at a crucial crisis in the world's history. Great battles have decided the fate of dynasties and empires, and rolled back the tide of apparent destiny. But here we are called upon to behold the transformation of the whole world's course, and a new direction given the Gulf Stream of human civilization, all through the indomitable perseverance and tenacity of a single individual whose eyes were fixed on a great goal, and who never swerved one hair's-breadth from his deliberate purpose, though the whole world seemed banded together to deride and thwart its accomplishment. In his darkest hours he never said to himself:

> "The world was many, I was one;
> My great thought was too great."

The only failure he ever dreaded, so far as we have been able to follow his inward struggles, was the failure to hold steadfastly to a purpose and a conviction cherished with all the sincerity of one who believed himself an instrument of Providence. Other minds have acted under delusions on this point, but they were mystics and enthusiasts. Columbus was an enthusiast, yet no mystic, but a practical man of science, such as science was in his day, and his scientific instinct led him to believe in the

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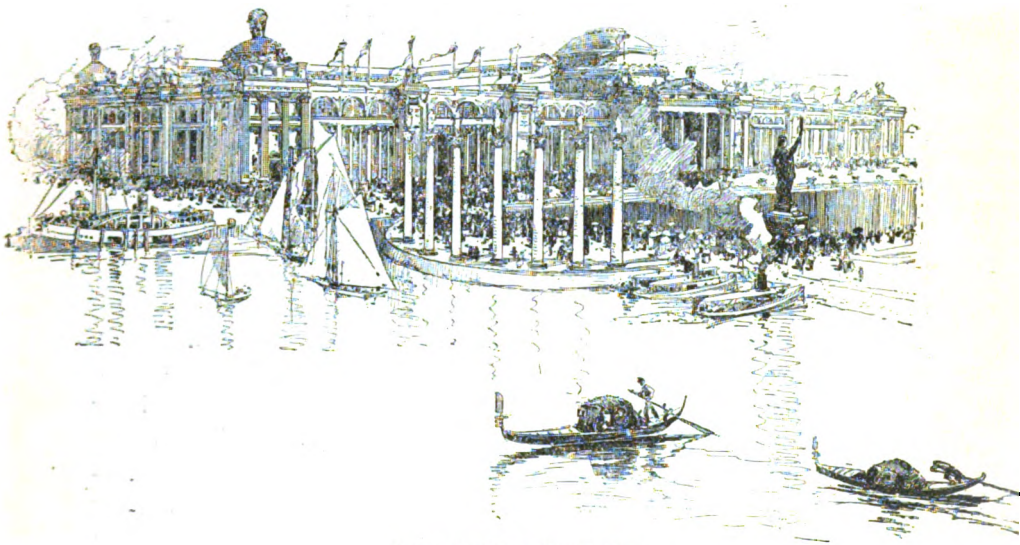
truth of his thesis, no less than his religious belief in his supernatural commission.

Those who are prone to trace the continuity and interdependence of human events will find in a far-distant clime and at a remote epoch the small beginnings of the great indirect causes which produced a Columbus, and produced many another bold navigator of that wonderful era of discovery. Who would imagine that the discontent and the daring ambition of a rude Tartar chief, chafing amidst his savage steppes against the iron barrenness of his surroundings and longing for conquest and power, nearly three centuries before Columbus was heard of, would have been the first factor in the discovery of this mighty American continent? Yet such is the startling fact. Out of



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

the wave of barbarism which in the middle ages swept forth from Central Asia and overwhelmed the civilization of the West, came the forces which operated to the mightier civilization of the future and the calling into existence of a new hemisphere, and gave to the wasted and enfeebled earth a new stream of physical and intellectual life-blood. We are carried back in mental vision to the hegira of the barbarian Ortugrul and his son Othman the Bone-breaker from the inhospitable Mongolian wastes, and behold his fierce tribesmen advancing from one conquest to another, until at last their eyes are dazzled with the glories of the Byzantine domes, and, hunger-

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ing to add this gem of the East to the jewels of the Moslem turban, they close in year after year and step after step around the doomed city of the Eastern Cæsars. We see the gallant Palæologus sink sword in hand vainly defending the walls that Constantine had reared and Belisarius had guarded; and we behold the barbarian Mahomet bursting into its squares and shattering with his war-mace the beautiful trophies of Grecian art, and giving to the flames the sublime treasures of Platonic and Christian philosophy. After four centuries of battling the Turk was master of the East, and the rich commerce of Venice and Genoa with the lands beyond the Archipelago and the Red Sea was for ever doomed. The current thus stemmed must find another channel, or sweep away the obstacle. It attempted both, and if it failed in the latter, it succeeded at least in checking for ever the victorious advance of the destroying Moslems at Rhodes, at Malta, and the crowning mercy of Lepanto. But it turned the eyes of the navigators away from the East, and this is why we have a Columbus. For the empire which was wrested from the grasp of civilization by the hand of barbarism, an all-wise Providence, through the instrumentality of one great man, gave to civilization a new hemisphere, vast in extent and illimitable in capacity, to satisfy the needs and stimulate the energies of millions of the human race—a compensation of time and a vindication of the ways of God to man surpassing even the dreams of the prophets and the apostles of eld.

Pessimists have started up from time to time in the course of the ages, crying out that the race of man is too fruitful for the resources of this our earth, and warning the thinkers that unless they devise means to check redundancy of population universal confusion and ruin must ensue. How potent an answer is to be found in the revelation of a new continent at such a juncture in the world's affairs as the Ottoman successes created! Since that day we have had many marvellous discoveries in the realms of science, but astonishing and world-revolutionizing though these be in their results, they bear no analogy whatever to the great fact of the unfolding of America to European eyes. They were the outcome of accident and experiment, and the natural rewards, in nearly every case, of patient and well-directed investigation. Columbus was no man of science, in the ordinary sense of the word. He knew something about geography and navigation; and the sphericity of the earth, which at that time was only a moot question, was such a matter of settled belief with him as to have formed the basis of his calculations all the time

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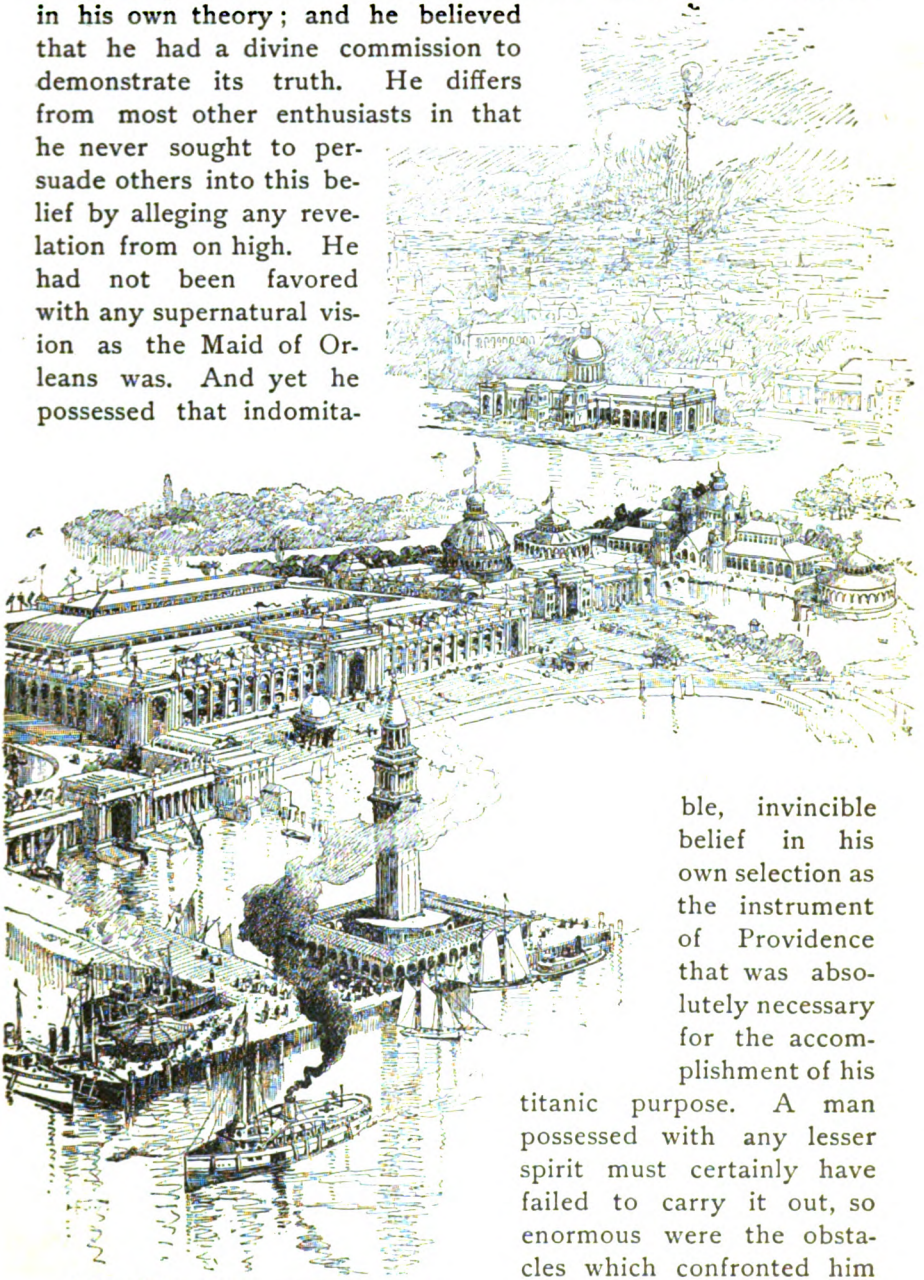
his great project was evolving itself in his mind. He believed in his own theory; and he believed that he had a divine commission to demonstrate its truth. He differs from most other enthusiasts in that he never sought to persuade others into this belief by alleging any revelation from on high. He had not been favored with any supernatural vision as the Maid of Orleans was. And yet he possessed that indomitable, invincible belief in his own selection as the instrument of Providence that was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of his titanic purpose. A man possessed with any lesser spirit must certainly have failed to carry it out, so enormous were the obstacles which confronted him at every step. Inveterate prejudice, preoccupation, incredulity, indifference, terror of unknown seas, personal poverty—all these difficulties and draw-



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS.

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backs had to be overcome in turn ere a single practical step could be taken towards the demonstration of his problem. No fabled hero of classic legend had to face the hydras which this man of stern unbending will was called upon to slay in real life. He stood alone against a hostile world, and like Coriolanus, and with far more truth, he could exclaim, "Alone I did it!"

These pages have told the story how and by what means Columbus achieved his immortal victory. Thanks to the universal press, the world at large is familiar with every incident of the protracted struggle. There is no need to go over the ground again. It was the happiness of Columbus to live to witness the realization of his dreams, and though the sweetness of the hour of triumph was embittered by the gall of ingratitude, and his old age rendered almost as melancholy as that of Belisarius, posterity has done justice to his memory. His triumph was a triumph of intellect; and it is his crowning glory that the solemn consecration of his memory as a legacy to succeeding ages is not a military pageant or a state ceremonial, but a vast universal and spontaneous offering of the world's intellect at his shrine. From all the bourns of the habitable globe come the races of men to show what progress has been made by the great world, since his day, in the development of the earth's riches and the resources of Nature, what new highways have been opened up to civilization, what conquests achieved for the greater glory of God.

That the tone of Columbus's mind was profoundly religious, no intelligent reader of his life can for a moment doubt. With lower minds a familiarity with the sea and a contact with rough seafaring men induce a reckless disregard of peril, and a coarseness of manner which distinguish them noticeably from those who follow the peaceful pursuits of the land. To these characteristics is very often superadded a sort of childish superstition; and in his day this tendency was almost universal amongst the hardy class who "went down to the sea in ships." Every little natural incident—the flight of birds, the vagaries of the winds, the phenomena arising from the refraction of light under certain conditions of the atmosphere, the flotsam and jetsam of the great deep, and many other trifles easily explained by natural causes—was magnified into a portent, and very often the portent determined the time and course of navigation. Columbus appears to have been a man far and away removed from the herd of mariners in respect to such childish trivialities. Constant intercourse with Nature

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in her solitudes had given his mind a lofty tone, and lifted up his soul to the contemplation of the greatness of Nature's God. He had sailed over countless leagues of ocean, and seen the face of the heavens under the burning equator and away near the frozen pole. His eyes were familiar with the weird brilliancy of the Aurora Borealis and the midnight sun, as well as the mystic constellation of the Southern Cross; and long

THE ART GALLERY.

years of communing with the voices of sea and sky, and the mute language of the stars, and the stupendous signal-lights of the Boreal firmament had attuned his soul to harmony with the sublimity of God's universe. This is a state of mind irresistibly powerful in intensifying the religious faith even of ordinary men; in the case of such a man as Columbus it may well be believed that it imparted almost a prophetic tinge to his day-dreams and elevated and purified his spirit.

In the pursuit of great ideals the noblest minds have often been forced by stress of circumstances into courses of action for the attainment of their ends which, if unfettered in their choice, they would never have adopted. The best of men are, after all, but men, incapable of rising above the plane of humanity, as the purest water cannot raise itself one iota above its own level. When we hear that Columbus was proud and unbending in his claim to vicegerency over the lands and seas over which he aspired to spread the flag of Spain, we are more startled at the thought of what the loss to civilization might have been had his claim seemed too arrogant to the arbiters of his destiny than at the apparent stubbornness of the claimant. He had dreamed and labored over his mighty enterprise as man never dreamed and

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labored before. He had worked out his problem to the finish, and all he needed was the opportunity of demonstrating its truth and practicability. He had nursed it from its birth to its maturity; it had grown to be part and parcel of his own being. He had seen a base endeavor made to steal it from him, and had witnessed the collapse and defeat of the attempt to utilize it by feeble and unworthy instruments. He believed in his soul that he was the one man fitted and fated to accomplish the grand work; and it is little wonder that what he would have holily that would he have highly. If he laid down the terms "Aut Cæsar aut nullus," he did so both because he felt that he had earned the Cæsarship by long vigils of poverty and preparation,

HORTICULTURAL AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

and he believed that unless he were given the absolute command he desired, he would be unable to complete the great conquest he had in view; and events subsequently proved that he was right. He is not free from the charge of having sought for gold when he found the land which he believed to be the cradle of treasure; but his failure to enrich himself

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after all his labors showed clearly that he was not self-seeking. If he displayed anxiety to find riches in the new lands he had discovered, it must be remembered that those who had enabled him to get there were not above considering the financial prospects of his undertaking, that they had made what were in those days of financial stress in Spain great sacrifices to get his expedition fitted out, and that they naturally expected a substantial return for their more than hazardous investment. The kindliness of his reception by the ingenuous children of Nature whom he found in the New World is darkly contrasted with their own barbarous treatment by the Spanish adventurers and Columbus's acquiescence in their attempted enslavement; but to hold him personally accountable for the greed and the cruelty of the Spanish colonists and officials would be manifestly unjust. As no improvement in machinery by which labor is economized is introduced without the infliction of some temporary hardship on the old operatives, so no step forward can be taken in the march of civilization without some violation of the organic law of natural justice. This is the inevitable, albeit the melancholy, concomitant of the law of ethnological progression. But in this particular instance humanity has reason to be grateful for the fact that at the very outset this question of slavery was brought to a crucial test by the endeavor of Columbus and the adventurers to impose it upon the American aborigines, for it was there and then decided for all time that it was an iniquitous system, and at variance with the teachings of Christianity and the spirit of the age. If its permanent rejection as a principle did not follow on this continent for nearly four centuries later, it was not the fault of Isabella, whose humane womanly heart at once repelled the suggestion of it, or of the heroic and holy Las Casas, who spent all his life battling against it, even though he did so at the risk of assassination. Masterful though he was in the insistence on his idea, Columbus was not masterful enough to control the forces which his discoveries brought into play. Such a thing as moral opinion as an organized factor in the determination of vast social problems was at that stage of the world's progress unknown and undreamed of. It was as much as could be looked for in his age that a denunciation of the principle of slavery, as opposed to Christian teaching, should be elicited from such foremost representatives of the divine and the secular power as Bishop Las Casas and Queen Isabella, and we may judge of the tremendous forces which their denunciation assailed in those early days by

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the fact that in our own era of enlightenment, when the universal conscience of mankind is mightier than armies, it cost the greatest civil war the world has ever known, an ocean of blood and an empire's ransom of treasure, to stamp out the system.

A span of four hundred years is not a great one in the world's chronology. In the old order such a period would have passed by without leaving any perceptible impress upon the moral or the material course of nations or races. But those four centuries whose close we are now noting were no ordinary cycle. They witnessed many a marvel; they saw the breaking-up of the whole social and political framework of Europe, and they saw, what the old earth had never seen before, the springing of a new-born giant nation into existence. The trammels by which the Old World sought to pin this giant down at first, as futile and vexatious as Gulliver's Liliputian meshes, operated for a while to check his progress, but, freeing himself from them by an energetic effort, he soon stood erect before the universe, not as a vengeful and destructive potency, but a benign and enlightened colossus, bent on peace and powerful to compel it.

The situation thus created was entirely new and strange. In the old order of things, from their very nature, there was little room for real progress. The fabric of civilization, such as it was, had been reared by the slow and painful toil of centuries. Limitations and prescriptive conditions fenced every community around, so that there was no freedom of movement, and physical and intellectual life was reduced to a state somewhat akin to that of the mill-horse. But here was virgin ground, teeming with opportunities for hand and brain. The material wealth of the new continent was inexhaustible and practically limitless, and for the working of this vast field every mental attribute which is man's heritage was needed. The constitution of the new-born States invited the possessors of brains and sinews; here was a field for their energies, a secure home under a free flag. Hence the marvellous growth of the United States within a period not much longer than the prescribed duration of a man's lifetime. While the governments of the Old World stand to-day for the most part as monuments of brute force, the flag which waves over this broad continent symbolizes the victory of Intellect, not only over impotent tyranny in the past, but over the *vis inertiæ* of Nature; and therein it resembles, in a wide moral sense, the triumph achieved by its illustrious discoverer.

What has been already done is, however, but a fraction of

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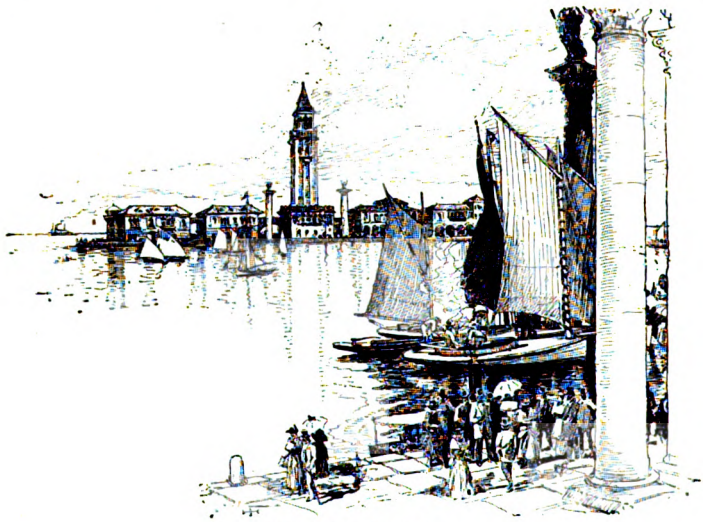
what remains to be done. With our population of over sixty millions, great as it is as the growth of a few generations, we cover only a fraction of the soil. The forest primeval, the unexplored mine, the teeming bosom of the earth, still wait for the hand of man to utilize them for the benefit of the great human family, in measure practically incalculable. Mere sinew could never hope to accomplish the work; the fertile brain of man, able now to chain the very elements and make them his bond slaves, alone is fit for such a task. And to render this agency



PIER AND CASINO.

efficacious, it must be guarded by a high moral sense. All the intellect, the ingenuity, the energy of the whole universe could never succeed in securing the prosperity and social well-being of a mighty state were it not controlled and impelled by the guiding stars of wisdom, justice, and fair-dealing. From a mere mundane point of view this axiom has been demonstrated as a profound truth again and again, in the rise and fall of nations; as believers in a Divine dispensation in the bestowal of this great heritage upon men the people of the American continent, no matter what the form of their common Christianity, will frankly and spontaneously acquiesce in its verity.

It is just, then, and appropriate that the great dress-parade of the world in honor of Columbus should be signalized by a special march-past of its guard of Intellect. The month of September is set apart for this demonstration; and the gathering ought to be fruitful in great results. A large series of congresses

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will be held in the Art Building, and the questions to be dealt with are all intimately connected with our social and economic life. But the great educational congresses proper will take place in the month of September, and these will have their climax in the Catholic Congress and the Parliament of Religions, which are also fixed for that month. We are justified in the hope that out of these world-gatherings new springs of thought may be set in motion, new spheres of usefulness and activity outlined, so that when religion and education are called upon to give an account of their stewardship in the heritage of Columbus they will not be forced to confess that the offspring of his thought was born in vain; for in the triumph of Religion and Intellect, his own God-given attributes, will be the true apotheosis of the immortal Genoese discoverer.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

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# RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.

BOUT forty years ago the only further discoveries in astronomy that seemed probable were those of the asteroids (and it was presumed the supply of these would soon give out), and of comets, which of course are always discoverable by those who have the patience to look long and carefully, and are provided with suitable instruments. It appeared at that time that the further progress of astronomy would be mostly in the direction of greater refinement and accuracy in the determination of quantities already pretty well known; and perhaps in some very gradual contributions to the solution of the great problem of the mechanical construction of the great stellar universe. It was supposed that the practical limit of size in the construction of telescopes had been about reached, and that pretty much everything permanently to be seen in the sky had been seen already.

Shortly after this date, however, came the application of the spectroscope to astronomy, and the opening up of an entirely new field of physical investigation by means of it; then rapid and unexpected progress was made in the construction of great lenses, by means of which fainter objects than any we could have hoped to see were made visible, and remarkable discoveries were made—notably that of the satellites of Mars; then, with the invention of the photographic dry plate, came a great impetus to photographic astronomy, which had come to be regarded, perhaps, as rather unpractical for astronomers in general, except on the occasion of eclipses.

With the advent of these new means and appliances, and the opening of these new departments of the science, a number of new and enthusiastic devotees to it naturally appeared; observatories were multiplied, both public and private; and in many, perhaps most of them, actual contributions to science have been and are at least occasionally made, though some may be principally used for instruction or the gratifying of curiosity.

It would, however, be a mistake to attempt in a single article a *résumé* of all the discoveries of this new era which has been opened in this science, for two very good reasons. In the first place, it would stretch far beyond our limits; and secondly,

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most of them have already become familiar, being given in other ordinary treatises and text-books. It will be both easier and more interesting for us to consider the results which have been attained in the last year or two, which have hardly yet got into the books, or even in some cases into the papers.

## DISCOVERIES ON THE PLANET MARS.

The first matter naturally to mention would seem to be the observations made on the planet Mars during this last year. The opportunity for new discovery regarding this planet which was presented by its nearness to us last summer had been talked of a good deal before, and great expectations had been excited in the public; possibly a good many people had really hoped that conclusive marks of habitation by beings like ourselves would be seen there, and that, perhaps, even some measures might be taken for communication with them; and even the most conservative astronomers, considering the great advance in telescopes since the last favorable opposition of the planet, were not without hope that very considerable additions would be made to our knowledge of the geography of this interesting next-door neighbor of ours.

## BETTER OPPORTUNITIES AT AREQUIPA, PERU.

These expectations were not, however, realized, even to the extent that astronomers had hoped. The low altitude of the planet, as seen in the sky from observatories situated, as almost all observatories are, in the northern hemisphere, proved to be even more of an obstacle than had been feared; the tremulousness of the air, even at a high elevation like that of the Lick Observatory, prevented the advantageous use of the higher powers of the telescope; and it is not clear that either there or elsewhere in our hemisphere much has been learned of a positive character. Indeed, a good deal that was supposed to have been seen before was not clearly recognized this time. The principal source of information as to the appearance of Mars this last year was, so far as we are yet aware, the observatory lately established as a branch of that of Harvard, at Arequipa, in Peru. The telescope there was not very large, it is true, being only of thirteen inches aperture; but it had the double advantage of being located at a considerable altitude (about 8,000 feet) above the sea, and also being in a nearly equatorial latitude, so that Mars, instead of running low or near the horizon as with us, was not far from the zenith. Even, however, with



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these favorable circumstances, not so much detail was seen as had been hoped; but a pretty good reason for this existed in one fact which was quite definitely ascertained (and this is quite an interesting and important fact), namely, that the atmosphere of the planet was on this occasion pretty well loaded with clouds. These clouds were not only evident from the varying aspects they produced in the markings of the planet; they were actually seen and identified as such, running out indeed beyond the terminator (that is, the line between night and day on the planet), and catching the coming or departing light as we see it on the mountain tops in the moon, or indeed, for the matter of that, on clouds or mountains on the earth at sunrise or sunset. And it appeared, also, that these clouds were at a much greater elevation than our clouds here; their height being estimated as twenty miles, or four times that of our loftiest mountains. This projection of the clouds beyond the terminator was also remarked at the Lick Observatory.

### RESULTS OF OBSERVATIONS AT AREQUIPA.

The following abstract has been made by Mr. Pickering of his results at Arequipa:

1st. "The polar caps are clearly distinct in appearance from the cloud-formations, and are not to be confounded with them." (It may be remarked that doubts had been expressed on this point. Some had begun to believe that the polar caps were not snow, as it seems natural to assume, but merely clouds of a very permanent character.)

2d. "Clouds undoubtedly exist upon the planet, differing, however, in some respects from those upon the earth, chiefly as regards their density and whiteness.

3d. "There are two permanently dark regions upon the planet which, under favorable circumstances, appear blue, and are presumably due to water.

4th. "Certain other portions of the surface of the planet are undoubtedly subject to gradual changes of color, not to be explained by clouds.

5th. "Excepting the two very dark regions referred to above all of the shaded regions upon the planet have at times a greenish tint; at other times they appear absolutely colorless. Clearly marked green regions are sometimes seen near the poles. (It may be remarked that Mr. Pickering considers the theory that these are due to vegetation as quite admissible.)

6th. "Numerous so-called canals exist upon the planet, sub-

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stantially as drawn by Professor Schiaparelli. Some of them are only a few miles in breadth. No striking instances of duplication have been seen at this opposition.

7th. "Through the shaded regions run certain curved, branching dark lines. They are too wide for rivers, but may indicate their courses.

8th. "Scattered over the surface of the planet, chiefly on the side opposite to the two seas, we have found a large number of minute black points. They occur almost without exception at the junction of the canals with one another and with the shaded portions of the planet. They range from thirty to one hundred miles in diameter, and in some cases are smaller than the canals in which they are situated, and for convenience we have termed them lakes."

## THE CANALS ON MARS.

In a communication previous to the one from which I have just quoted Mr. Pickering says:

"Many of the canals that we have seen here agree with Schiaparelli's, and several do not. Several of his more strongly marked ones have not been found at all. This, however, I am quite prepared to attribute to seasonal changes. Some very well developed canals cross the oceans. If these are really water canals and water oceans, there would seem to be some incongruity here."

In this previous paper he also treats at considerable length of the changes presumably arising from the melting of the snow. These changes, as well as the diminution of the snow area itself, were very rapid, as might be expected from the proximity of the planet to the sun, and appear to be caused principally by great inundations of what would previously be dry land.

On the earth, when snow melts, it usually has a chance to run into rivers and then into the sea, when it does not sink into the ground; but it would appear that the real permanent seas on Mars are smaller even than has been previously supposed. This summer an area of snow about equal to that of half the United States was seen to melt in about a month. The area of permanent sea on the whole planet Mr. Pickering estimates as not more than one-third of this: what, then, is to become of this body of water? It would seem that it must make large portions of the planet uninhabitable for a considerable part of the time. The canals seem to be inadequate to hold it, if it be true that the oceans which they seem to cross are merely tracts

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of temporarily overflowed land. The idea may, perhaps, be naturally suggested that these canals, and the lakes which Mr. Pickering describes (found, it will be noticed, on the part of the planet most remote from the seas), are the result of desperate efforts on the part of inhabitants to reclaim the areas subject to inundations; perhaps in some seasons such attempts might be more successful than in this. But their size is certainly colossal compared with any works that we could think of undertaking. They are, of course, far more probably natural in their origin.

Professor Holden, at the Lick Observatory, was equally impressed with the amount of change in the topography of the planet. "What are we to make of the lake called Fons Juventæ," he asks, "which was a single object in 1877, which was not visible in 1879, and which has been both single and double during the present year?" The apparent answer would seem to be that this region was overflowed by melting snow in the hot summer of the southern hemisphere of Mars in 1877, when the planet was at its nearest point to the sun, the same as this year. In 1879 it might easily have been dried up, or soaked into the ground.

The great prevalence of clouds at a time of great melting of snow, like that of this year, is, of course, quite natural. Professor Pickering states that they did not clear away satisfactorily till toward the end of August. It seems likely that at the next favorable time for observation, in 1894, this difficulty will be much diminished. The planet also will be much farther to the north in our sky at that time, and there is no doubt that our great northern observatories will be able then to make much more of it than they could this year.

But we must pass from the consideration of this interesting planet to other matters in which more definite, and in some respects more remarkable, results have been obtained.

## THE DISCOVERY OF A FIFTH SATELLITE OF JUPITER.

Perhaps next to the observations on Mars, the most interesting astronomical result which we have had lately was the discovery by Professor Barnard at the Lick Observatory of the fifth satellite of Jupiter.

This very remarkable object was found by Mr. Barnard on Friday, September 9. It is pretty safe to say that it would not have been found with any smaller telescope than the great thirty-six inch; for, though it has since been seen with considerably smaller instruments (the smallest, perhaps, being the eigh-

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teen and one-half inch of the Dearborn Observatory), it is very certain that to discover a faint object, and to see it after it has been discovered and one knows just where and when to look for it, are two very different things. Also it may be remarked that it is quite doubtful whether we should not have had to wait a good while for the discovery had it not been for the presence of Mr. Barnard at the Lick Observatory. This young man, besides having evidently a great amount of general ability and taste for astronomy, seems to be specially a natural-born discoverer. The greater part, we may almost say, of the recent discoveries of comets are due to him; certainly his record is ahead of that ever made by any one else in the same space of time; and there is little doubt that if he had thought it worth while to make a business of picking up asteroids, he would have done equally well in that occupation. He made this last year the remarkable hit of discovering a comet photographically, detecting a hazy streak on a plate which he had exposed; examining the sky subsequently he found the comet there. One is inclined to attribute such a thing to luck; for probably every photograph that has ever been taken of the heavens has been pretty well examined, at least in a general way. Still it is possible that some might attribute such a marking on a plate to some defect, and not take the trouble to look up the matter. After all, one who feels confident, like Columbus, that he is going to discover something, is much more likely to do so than one who simply goes through his work perfunctorily; thus, besides his natural ability and sharpness of eye, the encouraging past record of an observer like Barnard helps very much.

### HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED.

The discovery of this satellite is a good instance of the advantage given by enthusiasm and previous success. "At twelve o'clock, as near as may be," he says, "I detected a tiny point of light close following Jupiter, and near the third satellite which was approaching transit. I immediately suspected it was an unknown satellite, and at once began measuring its position, angle, and distance from the third satellite." Now probably most observers, if they had seen this same thing, would have said, "Well, that is curious, that there should be a little star so close to Jupiter"; they might think, if it was on the side toward which the planet was travelling, that it would be worth while to see if the occultation could be observed, but conclude that it would be too difficult, and give up the idea. The notion

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that it might be a satellite might occur to them, but they would say, "It is not likely that Jupiter would have such a little satellite as that; in all probability it is a star"; and they would let the thing go, and never happening to see it again, would conclude they were right in so doing. But Barnard, you see, is sanguine and confident; his youth and his past successes encourage him, and he immediately "begins measuring."

However, it undoubtedly did require a big telescope to see this little object. When it was found, some people imagined they had seen it as soon or sooner than the real discoverer; and that with very ordinary telescopes. But it is quite evident that what an excellent and highly-trained eye like Barnard's, aided by a three-foot object-glass, only saw with some difficulty, and could not see at all, as he himself tells us, if the least portion of the planet were admitted into the field, is not going to be seen, except under the most favorable circumstances, with a telescope much smaller than that of Princeton, the light-gathering power of which is less than half of that of the Lick instrument, to say nothing of the advantageous position enjoyed by the latter.

## THE ELEMENTS OF THE SATELLITE.

A sufficient number of observations of this little object have been made, principally by Barnard himself, to determine its orbit with a good deal of precision. He has obtained for its period of revolution round Jupiter 11*h.* 57*m.* 23*s.*, which we may say is certainly correct to the nearest second. Of course it has to travel pretty fast to get round its enormous primary in this time. Its orbit is about half as large as that of our own moon, which is gone over in the leisurely time of one month. This little satellite goes, then, round its primary about thirty times as fast as the moon, and about as fast as the earth and moon move around the sun. No other satellite in the solar system, except the inner one of Mars, makes its revolution in so short a time; but the orbit of that is so much smaller that its real speed is by no means as great.

But how big is it in reality? This we cannot tell with any accuracy, as it has no perceptible diameter. Assuming Professor Barnard's estimate of its light as being equal to that of a star of the thirteenth magnitude as correct (he does not profess any great confidence in this estimate), its diameter would be about one twenty-fifth of the average diameter of the other satellites of Jupiter, or about a hundred miles. This would

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make its surface about thirty thousand square miles—about equal to that of the State of Maine or South Carolina. Compared with Jupiter itself, the surface of which is a hundred times that of our whole earth, it is certainly a very small affair. But it may be a very comfortable place to live on. Jupiter probably is hot enough to give it a very genial climate; and certainly the great planet, subtending as it does from this little satellite an angle of about forty-five degrees—or, in other words, reaching half-way from the horizon to the zenith—must present a most magnificent appearance, and give it plenty of light. One would not care much there whether the sun was in the sky or not; for it is probable that Jupiter gives a good deal of light on its own account, and at any rate it does by reflection; and the distance of this little object is less than one-third of that from us to the moon.

Other curious and interesting observations have also been made during this season with regard to Jupiter's satellite system; markings having been noticed on some, and it would seem that they have an elongated shape; also markings on the planet Uranus were pretty well made out; but as these matters are not, perhaps, very certainly or definitely established as yet, we will not dwell on them.

## A NEW STAR IN THE CONSTELLATION AURIGA.

One of the most extraordinary astronomical events of the year was the discovery of the new star in the constellation Auriga, about which a good deal was said in the papers, as it may be remembered. This interesting and, as it turned out, very important discovery ought to give great encouragement to amateur work, and show that large instruments are by no means a necessity even for those who hope to make valuable contributions to astronomical science. It was made by the Rev. Thomas D. Anderson, of Edinburgh, his instrument being only a small spy-glass magnifying about ten diameters. It might have been made, however, easily enough with an opera or marine glass, or, indeed, without any glass at all. To make a discovery of this sort a good star map and an accurate eye are all that is needed. Familiarity with the heavens, a sort of star map in one's head, is also, of course, desirable. The new star was first seen apparently on January 24, 1892, but was mistaken for another not far away, and was noted as rather bright for that star. Dr. Anderson did not realize his mistake till a week later, and then naturally supposed the object must have been noticed by astro-

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nomers. He therefore rather timidly communicated what he had observed to Professor Copeland, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, not even signing his name to the postal card.

### ITS LATE DISCOVERY SURPRISING.

It may have seemed strange to Dr. Anderson when he found that astronomers had not noticed his new star, which was easily visible to the naked eye; but it did not seem so strange, perhaps, to the astronomers themselves. The fact is, a professional astronomer is very apt to run in a rut, and probably will notice nothing except what he sets out to observe. An astronomer can get along well, and do much valuable regular work, without knowing anything about the constellations except those which, as it were, force themselves, like Orion and the Dipper, on his attention. There is a story, indeed, of one who, when he wished to observe the sun, would look up its place in the heavens as given by the *Nautical Almanac*, and set the circles of his telescope accordingly. The subject of it is a real living man, and a very able one, and the story is quite likely to be true; for when you have got to turn a dome, this way of turning to an object is not such a bad one, if one is quick at figures. And when one works inside a dome, one does not see much of anything unless it is right in front of the telescope; it would hardly be surprising if a first magnitude star should appear in the heavens, and not be seen for weeks by the regulars.

Of course, however, when the star was called to their attention, the astronomers went to work on it tooth and nail; and it was not long before they discovered, with the help of their instruments of precision, some very valuable facts about it. For one thing, it was found that the star had been photographed several times, for some weeks previous to the time Dr. Anderson had found it. If the plates had been examined with a view to discoveries of this sort, it would no doubt have been detected; but things have to be done in great observatories in a regular and systematic way, and there seemed to be no special object in making that sort of an examination.

The star was fading when attention was first called to it, and though it had a temporary revival, it never became very brilliant, so that in that special way many others which have been observed have been much more remarkable. But the changes in its brilliancy were more accurately recorded than those of any temporary star before had been.

It was, however, by means of that wonderful instrument of

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modern investigation, the spectroscope, that the most interesting facts about this new star were learned.

Of course this instrument was immediately used, for stars of this kind have always shown spectra of a more or less extraordinary character.

### THE SPECTRUM OF THE NEW STAR.

The spectrum of Nova Aurigæ (or the new star in Auriga), as this object has generally been called, proved to be most brilliant and interesting. It showed not only the bright lines indicating the presence of incandescent gases, but also a continuous spectrum with the dark absorption lines which we see in the sun. Miss Agnes Clerke, the celebrated writer on astronomical subjects, thus forcibly describes it: "The light of Nova Aurigæ, unrolled by prismatic dispersion into a rainbow-tinted ribbon, presented a dazzling spectacle. Splendid groups of bright lines stood out from a paler background; the red ray of hydrogen, Fraunhofer's C, glowed, as Mr. Espin remarked, like a danger-signal on a dark night; a superb quartet of rays shone in the green; shimmering blue bands and lines drew the eye far up towards the violet; the characteristic blazing spectrum, in fact, of a new star was unmistakably present."

It was not long, however, before a peculiarity in this spectrum, which strongly indicated a very remarkable cause, forced itself on the attention of observers. This was that the bright lines were accompanied by a shadow, as it were, or, more properly speaking, by a dark line on the side toward the blue end of the spectrum. Was this line another one, corresponding, that is, to some other chemical substance? Hardly; for the bright lines were easily enough identified as belonging to hydrogen and other well-known substances, and no other lines are known to exist for forming regular pairs in this way with them. It seemed, therefore, practically certain that these lines were really due to the same substance as the bright lines; but that they were *displaced* to a small extent.

### ITS PECULIAR MARKINGS.

Now, it is well known that the lines of the spectrum are and must be displaced, as seen by us, when the body from which the light comes is moving rapidly to or from us. If it is moving toward us, the light-waves are crowded together, as it were, and reach us more frequently; just as the sound-waves from the whistle of a moving train are crowded together, reach the

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ear more frequently, and raise the pitch of the whistle when the train is approaching us. When the body producing the sound or light is moving away, the reverse is, of course, the case.

Now, the blue end of the spectrum, toward which it will be remembered that these dark lines appeared, corresponds to the more frequent vibrations, or what we should call in music the higher pitch. It therefore became evident, or at least extremely probable, that there were two bodies here sending light to us, and that the one giving the dark lines was crowding its light upon us, or approaching us, at least relatively to the other which was giving the bright lines. And comparisons with the absolute standard furnished by burning chemical substances here and sending their light into the instrument, together with careful measures of the amount of the displacements, indicated that the body giving the bright lines was receding from us at the enormous rate of some four hundred and twenty miles a second, while the other was approaching us with the scarcely less prodigious velocity of three hundred miles in the same short time.

Now, it appeared that this star had not been visible at all before November 2, 1891; for on that night a photograph had been made at the Harvard College Observatory of the stars immediately around it; but no trace of it was seen, though stars of the eleventh magnitude were shown. On a photograph made on December 16, however, it was visible as a star of the fifth magnitude. Some time, then, between November 2 and December 16 it had sprung into existence, as it would appear.

What does this naturally suggest, taken in connection with what has just been said about the velocities as indicated by the displacements of the lines? What but the collision, the grazing collision probably, of two dark stars, both, or one at any rate, previously moving with velocities greater even than the extraordinary ones indicated; the conversion of part of these velocities or energies into heat, and the perseverance to a considerable extent of the velocities, so that the two objects were now receding from each other, shining with the heat developed by the collision?

## INDICATE A COLLISION OF STARS.

It was not necessary, however, to assume an actual collision. If we suppose a very near approach of two stars to each other, a strong excitement of the energies—say the electrical ones—of the stars may be developed, giving rise to a great, though temporary, increase of heat and light. The constitution of one of the

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bodies may be such as to give an absorption or dark-line spectrum like that of the sun; the other a bright-line one.

But it must, of course, be acknowledged that it is not necessary to suppose two bodies in the case; for movements take place on our own sun with velocities equal to those which have been named, and capable, therefore, of producing a like amount of displacement.

These velocities, however, do not and cannot persevere on our sun for a long time in the same direction; but the movements indicated in Nova Aurigæ did seem to continue as the star gradually, though somewhat irregularly, faded in the ensuing months; which fading was to be expected, of course, on the collision theory. And the movement seemed to be little retarded if at all, indicating that the separation of the stars was to be permanent; that they were not beginning to revolve in an orbit, one about the other.

### BUT IT WAS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The general impression, then, seems to have been last summer that we had witnessed a collision. It may be noted, by the way, however, that the collision, if it indeed occurred, was pretty old news when we learned of it. Of course we do not know exactly how far Nova Aurigæ is from us; but its distance is probably enough to take light a hundred years to come from there here; so it is likely that this event, which we have been observing, occurred a good while before any of us were born, or even before our Declaration of Independence was signed. So, after all, the star was not such a brand-new one as might at first appear.

As has been said, then, the matter rested in this way last summer. But toward the end of August, to every one's great surprise, the star had again appeared, by no means so bright as before, but still of the ninth magnitude, so that it would be easily visible in the smallest kind of a regularly mounted telescope; whereas in April it has become so faint that it could barely be seen with the great instrument of the Lick Observatory. Just how low it had gone no one certainly knows, for it had been assumed that it was altogether disappearing, and no one thought it worth while to watch for its last departing beams.

### IT TURNS OUT TO BE A NEBULA.

Soon the extraordinary news came from Mr. Barnard and the great telescope that the star was no longer a star, but a

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nebula with a perceptible diameter of about three seconds of arc. It had, moreover, the spectral lines characteristic of nebulæ, especially of what are called planetary ones.

The end, at least of the discussion with regard to this remarkable object, is not yet. The collision theory is, perhaps, not destroyed altogether, but certainly somewhat weakened by this new phase of its development. We need a little more experience in this kind of observation; it is pretty plain that the means are in our hands for important discoveries concerning these new stars, and if they continue to present themselves, these discoveries will before long be made.

## THE AXIS OF THE EARTH MOVES.

But we must proceed to give a short account of another subject which is more within our grasp, and in which facts long suspected have lately been conclusively established.

More properly we should say two other subjects; but the two have become connected with each other quite closely, and have, as it were, grown together. Our information with regard to both is principally due to Mr. S. C. Chandler, of Cambridge, one of the ablest astronomers of the present day, whose name, though not so well known to the public as that of some who have worked on more sensational lines, stands among the very first on the professional list of the real contributors to science at the present day.

The first of these subjects belongs rather to the old astronomy, as it is sometimes called; to that part of the science which, as has been said, seemed thirty or forty years ago to be nearly complete, or at any rate destined to advance at a very slow rate. It is one of those investigations of precision which, though really having a bearing on almost all of our astronomical measurements, have their chief interest probably to the public as showing the precision which has been attained in this sort of work, rather than in the actual result, which does not appear to the uninitiated of much importance.

## NATURE OF THE MOVEMENT.

It concerns the steadiness or fixity of something which we have been accustomed to consider as absolutely fixed and stable; that is, of the axis round which our globe turns. It is not meant, however, by this that the earth's axis has been considered as fixed in every respect; for it is obvious that it is carried through space with the earth itself in the motion of the

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earth around the sun, and of the sun through the universe; and it has also been well known for a long time that it does not keep always parallel to itself, but that it describes a slow conical movement like that of the axis of a top before the top goes, as we say, to sleep; the axis of the top describes this cone around a line drawn perpendicular to the floor, that of the earth round a line perpendicular to the floor, as we may say, on which the earth makes its movements; that floor is what we call the ecliptic or plane of the earth's orbit. If we conceive a top to be spinning rapidly, at the same time moving bodily round some point on the floor, and, lastly, also making this peculiar gyrating movement which it has before it becomes upright and steady, we shall have a complete picture of the three motions of the earth: first, that of rotation round its axis; second, that of revolution round the sun; and third, that of what is called precession. The precessional movement is further complicated by other slight irregularities which we need not now consider; the principal point which stands out about it is, as distinguished from the motion of the top, that whereas the top makes one of its gyrations for every few rotations round its axis, the earth makes only one in about twenty-five thousand years, or one in about nine million rotations, or days.

But, of course, this movement of the axis carries the earth with it, as the other movements of the earth carry the axis with it. So it has till quite recently been generally supposed that the axis kept its place in the earth; or, in other words, that the north pole, which so many have tried lately to reach, was a really absolutely definite spot which could be marked, if we could get there and determine it accurately enough, by putting up on it a real material pole—a flag-pole, for example, with the stars and stripes on it.

## DR. CHANDLER'S INVESTIGATIONS.

Of late, however, a question has been raised on this point. The subject was attracting some attention at about the time which has been mentioned as the beginning of the new astronomy. Various investigations of the matter have been made; but it was reserved for Dr. Chandler to handle the subject in such an able and conclusive manner, by the discussion of a great number of astronomical observations, that the motion of the axis of the earth relatively to the earth itself may now be considered as definitely established. It is not a conclusion, though, that need cause wild alarm to any one; there is no danger that we shall have to migrate from here because of the north pole

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coming and settling anywhere in the United States. All the motion of the pole which we can show to exist is one in a small circle about fifty feet in diameter, round and round on the field of ice or snow, or it may be the open water, where it is located; this movement is made once in a little more than a year at present; some time ago the circle seems to have been a little larger and the motion quicker. The wonder about it to people in general would probably be that such an insignificant motion could be detected at all. But to astronomers it is quite important, for it affects all their determinations of the position of stars, in making observations for which the latitude of the place of observation is required to be known as one of the principal quantities to be used; and this latitude is evidently changed by the change of the position of the pole. It may also be remarked that the angle between the meridians drawn from the pole to Greenwich, for example, and any other place is changed more or less by this movement of the pole; so that our longitudes as well as our latitudes are affected by it.

### THE VARIABLE STAR ALGOL.

Now to come to the second discovery, which grew, as it were, out of this, and which belongs, as it were, both to the old astronomy and to the new. To understand it, we must understand first that the variation of latitude just spoken of was detected by examining the position of stars as determined by observations in the working-up of which, as has been said, the latitude was a factor. In these positions, as deduced at different observatories, cyclic changes appeared which were explained by the cyclic or periodic change in the latitude which has been just described.

But it happened that one star in particular, among those investigated, showed variations in its place of a different character and with a different period from the rest, which could not be accounted for by the periodic change of latitude which had been ascertained. This star was the celebrated Algol, the well-known variable in the constellation Perseus, which, at intervals of a little less than three days, becomes much fainter than usual, losing in fact much more than half its light, and remaining at that reduced brilliancy for several hours.

### IT HAS A DARK COMPANION.

The cause of this variation has been long suspected, and is now pretty well known to be the periodical intervention of a dark star of a size not much inferior to that of the bright one,

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between the bright one and ourselves. This has become evident from the same transference or displacement of the spectral lines which has been mentioned as giving evidence in the case of the new star in Auriga. Before the darkening, these lines show that the bright star is receding from us; after it, that it is approaching, as would evidently be the case if the two were revolving about each other in a plane running nearly toward us.

Now, this star, as has been said, seemed to exhibit signs of movement of a peculiar character, not due to the shifting of our pole, but to some other cause. But it must be understood that the movement just described round its dark companion must necessarily be too small to be noticed at such a distance as that of the earth from it except by the darkening which is occasioned when it passes behind that companion. The movement to one side or the other is not more than a diameter or two of the star; and the diameter of a star is a quantity utterly imperceptible with the highest magnifying powers that have ever been or probably ever can be used.

## STILL THE WONDER DOES NOT END.

These periodic and visible movements in the star, then, seem to imply the existence of some other dark companion beside the one which causes the variation of light; for there is no visible star near enough to Algol to be responsible for them.

This certainly seems very strange, but the wonder does not end even here. For an irregularity or fluctuation has also been noticed in the period of variability of the star. This fluctuation is a very slight one it is true, but producing a considerable effect in the course of years; just as a pendulum which ought to swing exactly once a second will, if it takes the hundred-thousandth part of a second too long to make its swing, cause the clock to which it is attached to lose nearly a whole second a day. So it has been noticed that Algol sometimes is slow or behindhand; that it does not come to its obscuration so soon as it ought to if its periods were perfectly regular right along; on the other hand, sometimes it is fast, being obscured sooner than it should be on a regular time-table.

Now, can any explanation be made of this? Yes, it would seem so, for it is evident that a movement of Algol and its known dark companion, about a star at a considerable—that is, at a visible—distance from it, is just what would produce a periodic change in the times of obscuration of the bright star as seen here. If Algol was on one side of a centre, round which both it

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and its dark companion could be supposed to move, just as the earth and moon move round the sun, the obscuration seen by us would evidently come a little late, while on the other side it would be a little early. So it seemed possible to Dr. Chandler that these two birds, so to speak, namely, the irregular movements of Algol shown by observation and not due to the shifting of our pole, and the change in its period of variability, might be killed with one stone; that is, by supposing it to move with its obscuring companion round some other invisible body at a considerable distance, and on looking up the matter carefully, it seemed that the periods of the two oscillations, that in its time of variation and that of its place in the heavens, would coincide very well. An important thing just now is to examine this movement of the star in the heavens very carefully by comparing it with others near by, to see if this swinging back and forward is confirmed.

## ALGOL AND ITS COMPANION REVOLVE ABOUT ANOTHER DARK STAR.

It certainly looks now as if there were near Algol a star quite invisible to us, and quite probably a good deal larger than Algol or its close, dark companion; and it would not be surprising if such should soon be demonstrated to be the case. For such a thing is by no means unprecedented. It is quite well proved that the bright star Procyon has such a dark or invisible attendant. The movements of Procyon itself have been carefully scrutinized and are well known to be orbital. And there are strong indications of the same thing elsewhere. An interesting case is in the remarkable triple system of the star Zeta Cancri, to explain the movements of which a fourth star, invisible but perhaps larger than any of the rest, seems absolutely necessary.

Altogether, the evidence concerning the dark stars seems to be pretty rapidly accumulating. We have easy methods by which many may be detected; for those which are far enough away from their bright companions, if not far enough away to be quite isolated, will show their presence by visible movements in the bright stars; those which are close by, by more rapid movements which can be detected by means of the displacement of the spectroscopic lines. The variable stars seem specially likely to furnish evidence of this latter kind, though it may be found anywhere; the stars having a comparatively rapid proper motion in the heavens will, perhaps, be more apt to show visible irregularities in this motion. It must be confessed that the close

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juxtaposition of large, dark masses with luminous ones seems rather a puzzle, on the views which have been generally entertained as to the formation of worlds; but the evidence of it as a fact is too powerful to be resisted. If our theories conflict with facts, so much the worse for the theories. We must pick up the pieces, and put them together some other way.

But our present space will not allow us to continue this subject further, or to discuss any others. Probably enough has been said to show that astronomy is by no means an exhausted science; it seems, when we look at its positive results, to be pretty well advanced, but when we look at what seems now to be opening out in this science in the way of discovery, it is more as if we were just on its threshold. We have not undertaken, and could not undertake in this short space, to give anything like a complete account of even its very recent results of general interest; but have rather touched lightly upon a few matters here and there which may be taken as specimens of the work of the great observatories of the world. Nor has such a matter as the photographic discovery of small planets, which has been going on at a very rapid rate during the last year or two, been mentioned; nor the recent ingenious applications of photography to the work of the meridian circle, which have been made at Georgetown, been explained; other modern processes of measurement or investigation have also been omitted. It is in the results of these processes that most people are principally interested; still the new devices themselves are well worthy of study.

And it would be too much to expect that any except a very few in this busy world, who are not engaged in the actual work of astronomy, would keep pace with its, we may say, constantly accelerating progress even by hearing or reading the most meagre reports of it; there are too many other things to do. This incomplete sketch of some of its most salient points, which has been hurriedly made, may, however, accomplish its principal object in giving some idea of how much astronomers have to do, how much they are doing, and what a future seems to be opening out before them—a future the promise of which must make even those who have been proudest of their science in the past, now feel that they are indeed only beginning here as well as elsewhere to know the wonders of the immense universe which God has made.

G. M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

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# THE LAND OF THE SUN.

## X.

### IN GUADALAJARA WAYS.

DELIGHTFUL were the days which the travellers spent in Guadalajara. It seemed to them that nowhere else had they beheld such jewel-like depths of sky, baffling all comparison to earthly tints in its dazzling azure, such brilliant sunshine, such beautiful houses, gay with flowers and plants and delicate frescoes, such odorous public gardens where the water-carriers came to fill their red water-jars at the brimming fountains, or such marvellously picturesque churches with sculptured façades and splendid towers, speaking so eloquently of the generosity of past generations, and offering studies to enchant an artist, in their form and color.

And hardly less rich in beauty of aspect, as well as in many treasures of art, are the interiors of these old sanctuaries. The superb Murillo which glorifies the cathedral and is the pride of Guadalajara—although a stranger who did not know of its existence might come and go and never hear of, far less see it, where it hangs in the spacious chapter-room—is chief among them; but there are many others hid away in dim chapels and sacristies to reward the search of those who like to discover such treasures for themselves. And meanwhile the great naves open to the eye in noble vistas, lined with stately altars, adorned with carving, gilding, and metal-work, while sifting down through the frescoed domes and high, narrow windows come the rays of light that fall upon all the faded yet harmonious splendor, and make such pictures for the eye to dwell upon and the memory to recall as must strike the most careless observer.

But careless observers three at least of this party were not. It is true that for a day or two Philip proved much of a distraction, while Miss Gresham frankly acknowledged that she had seen a sufficient number of churches and similar objects of interest to satisfy her for some time, the general fell in the most shocking manner into lounging and newspaper-reading, and Mr. Travers justified Dorothea's contemptuous opinion by developing,

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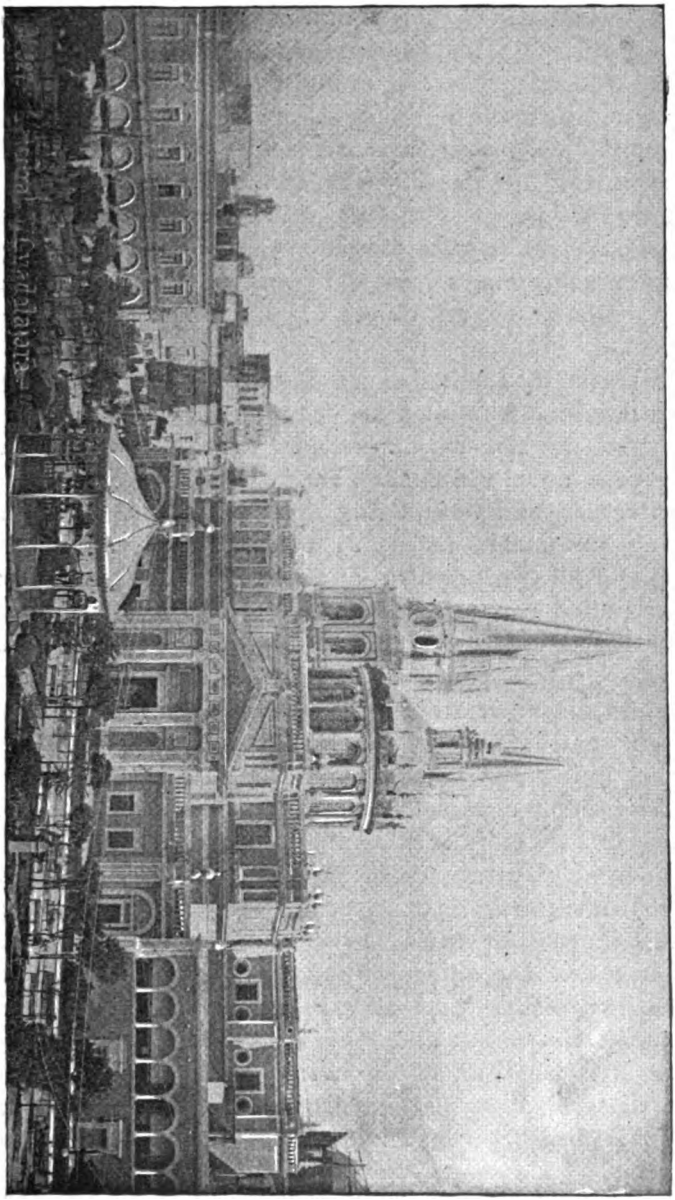
or relapsing, into a perfect example of the *flâneur*, idling in *portales* and plazas, accompanying Phil to the haunts of the gilded



THE CATHEDRAL OF GUADALAJARA.

youth of Guadalajara, including the bull-ring, and generally declining from the high standard to which he had hitherto been held by the influence of precept and example. But Dorothea

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unhesitatingly declared that such a trio as Margaret, Russell, and herself were independent of the weak members who had forsaken them; and it was certainly no fault of hers if a single spot of interest in Guadalajara remained unexplored. What they enjoyed most, perhaps, were the wanderings which had no definite end in view, when sauntering along the well-swept streets, lined with houses painted in the light tints that seem in harmony with the brilliancy of the sunshine and atmosphere, their balustraded roofs outlined against the dazzling sky and their great portals giving fascinating glimpses of courts filled with flowers, the white gleam of statuary and the musical voice of fountains, they would come upon some magnificent old structure that in its beauty and antiquity would be an object of pilgrimage in any other land than this.

Something of the pride of discoverers would fill them on these occasions. And such an occasion occurred one day when, after a visit to the market—where they had been enraptured by the scene upon which they entered, by its unexpected grace of architecture and bewildering excess of color, as on the tiled, glistening pavement, under delicately-painted Arabian arches, were spread all the products of the tropical zone, with throngs of dark-skinned people to add to the Oriental effect—they came out into the street where the market overflowed, and walking in a direction which promised soonest an escape from the crowd, turned into a quieter street, so quite indeed that in the intensity of light which filled its length it seemed to have fallen asleep, and there found one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most ancient churches they had yet seen. A marvellous old structure it was, built of brown porphyry, with immense portals surrounded by elaborate masses of sculpture, and closed by doors studded with great Spanish nails. The immense thickness of the walls showed in the deep arch of these doorways, and the whole aspect of the edifice was of a strength on which time could make no impression save, perhaps, in the further mellowing of its exquisite tints. At one end a massive tower rose, at the other a Byzantine dome crowned the flat roof, and in a niche at the eastern corner a gigantic and most quaint statue of St. Christopher bearing the Divine Child upon his shoulder stood, carved out of the same brown stone of which the building is constructed. The doors were fast closed, and, as it stood in the brilliant sunshine with the stillness which brooded about its ancient walls, the old sanctuary seemed also fallen asleep and dreaming of better days. But that it remained dedicated to

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sacred purposes was evident from the fact that two or three men who passed while the trio of strangers stood lost in admiration on the other side of the street, lifted their hats in reverence to the Sacramental Presence within. Finding entrance, however, impossible, the explorers were at length driven to pass around the western end in search of information concerning it. They had not much more than passed the walls—of somewhat narrow width, in comparison to their extreme length—when they found themselves before the open doorway of a building immediately adjoining, through which there was a partial view of a large court surrounded by cloistered arches, that Dorothea at once declared were the most beautiful she had yet seen—so graceful, indeed, that she stood enthralled before the open portal.

"Oh, I wonder if we could go in!" she cried breathlessly. "Here comes a man. Ask him, Mr. Russell, pray ask him what this place is. It must be an institution of some kind—it is too large for a private house."

Thus adjured, Russell addressed himself in courteous Spanish to a man who, wearing the drapery cloak of an ecclesiastic, came out of the great doorway before which they were standing; and asked the name and purpose of the building. The reply was equally courteous.

"It is our seminary, señor, for the education of young men who will become priests. I am sorry"—with a glance at the two feminine faces—"that I cannot ask you to enter; but the presence of ladies, as you are probably aware, is strictly forbidden in our seminaries."

"You are very kind, señor, but the ladies were only admiring a glimpse of the cloisters," Russell replied. "And so this is your seminary. Has it always been so?"

"No. The señor has probably seen the large building near the cathedral, which was formerly our seminary. That was confiscated by the government and is now a school of art—so we house our pupils here, in what was formerly the convent of the Augustinian nuns. It is inconvenient for our purpose, but what will you?"—and slightly lifted hands and shoulders told the rest.

"But was not this property confiscated also?" Russell inquired.

"Naturally, señor—everything was taken. But when this was sold, it was bought in for the purpose you see. The poor nuns —there are not many of them now—live in that house across

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the street yonder, from whence they can at least see their old home and old church. Yes, the church belonged to the convent—Santa Monica is its name—one of the oldest in Guadalajara. The señor likes it? We think much of Santa Monica and it is very beautiful within. The señor and the señoras," including them with a sweet, quick smile, "should see it. In the morning it is always open for Masses."

Thanks were returned, salutations exchanged, and then they walked away, leaving their courteous informant still standing with his hat off, showing his finely-outlined face and tonsured head. At the end of the block they came upon a beautiful garden with an overflowing fountain in the centre, once a secluded spot where the feet of the despoiled and banished nuns had paced, and where their hands had planted the great, spreading trees that now cast their shade over the traffic of a public plaza instead of the still quiet of a convent close.

A little farther, another noble old church almost threatened to rival Santa Monica in their admiration—so beautiful was its façade sculptured in all manner of strange and rich designs, and crowned with splendid towers. This, they were told, was San Felipe, once with its accompanying buildings the home of the Oratorians.

"Let us go!" said Margaret Langdon then. "So much spoliation and robbery make one as sad as the beauty of these lovely old sanctuaries delights one."

"To raise your spirits I will show you that all is not destruction and desecration," said Russell. "You shall see the restoration of a church—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, no! If there is anything more dreadful than the destruction of one of these churches, it would be its restoration. How can the nineteenth century improve on the work of the sixteenth?"

"For the restoration of the church to which I allude there is excuse. It was the church of the Dominicans, and was shattered in the last bombardment of the city. But an association of St. Joseph have purchased and restored it in the most magnificent manner. You must not fail to see it."

"Anything new, anything modern will seem terribly crude after this," said Dorothea, regarding the mellow, time-stained, richly-sculptured front of San Felipe.

"The two edifices are so different that you will not think of comparison," answered Russell. "Come."

Rather reluctantly they turned in the direction he indicated,

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and a few minutes' walking brought them to the superb church of San José, which has risen like a miracle of splendor from the war-demolished ruins of the ancient sanctuary of St. Dominic. The work of restoration lasted for years, and has been accomplished with an artistic skill, a thoroughness, and a patient elaboration of detail of which this age of haste and sham and inartistic work knows little. Refreshing to the soul, and like a living page from ages which saw the erection of those great structures that men in our day can but feebly copy, it was to watch the workmen at their toil in San José, before the final completion of this labor of love. For, after the fashion of that faithful past, each artisan was an artist in the truest sense of the term, and wrought into his work the living conception without which such work is valueless. Let no one fancy that the rich carving now covered with gold, which adorns the church and its many altars, is moulded in plaster by mechanical process, as one accustomed to modern methods might imagine. On the contrary, it is carved in stone, and the workman as he chiselled would trace with his pencil the design for his instrument. And so throughout. From the perfectly fitted pattern of the floor inlaid in hard wood to the admirably executed frescoes of the soaring dome, all is eloquent of the same artistic instinct and patient artistic labor, as well as of a supreme, directing taste that was never at fault, and a munificence that has not counted cost, to complete the perfect harmony of as splendid an offering as the devotion of man ever made to God.

Even critics fresh from the contemplation of the ancient beauty of Santa Monica and San Felipe were forced to own that the exterior was very striking, with its symmetrical portico and graceful tower, and the sunlight glancing brilliantly on the highly-glazed surface of its richly-tiled dome. But within—

"It is like Solomon's temple!" whispered Dorothea in a tone of awed amazement when, pausing inside the carved screens that protect the great open doors, they looked down the magnificent perspective of the nave. "Nothing else could ever have been so splendid, so daring, so—almost barbaric, one would say if the effect were not perfect—in the use of gold and of color. One could never have dreamed of it—and yet it is superb!"

She was right. A daring confidence in the ultimate result could alone have conceived the scheme of color and decoration carried out with such triumphant success. The pale blue tint spread over the walls throws out in strong relief the deep crimson which forms an immediate background for the lavish deco-

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ration in gold. With the last the edifice literally burns. The deep, richly-carved frieze that surrounds the walls is covered with the precious metal, as is all the elaborate carving of the numerous altars; a golden rail divides the sanctuary from the nave, and the graceful pulpit with its echoing shell is an unrelieved mass of gold. The eyes are dazzled, yet the sense of harmony is never violated. Shrined in the majestic high altar is a noble statue of St. Joseph—"El Señor San José," the people lovingly called him—executed by a Guadalajara sculptor, while the chapel of Our Lady is simply a poem of beauty in its dome delicately frescoed, its entire decoration in blue and gold, and its lovely statue of the Immaculate Conception.

THE PICTURESQUE SIGHTS OF THE STREETS.

It was when the trio of strangers finally issued, somewhat overwhelmed by the contemplation of so much magnificence, and walked across the flowery plaza in front of the church, that Margaret Langdon said gravely: "I wish, Mr. Russell, that you who know this country so well would read a riddle for me. How is one to reconcile the two things that we have encountered so close together today—the ruthless spoliation of religious houses, the high-handed

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robbery which seized and retains all the property of the church, and the splendid generosity which pours out wealth like water to restore and adorn such a sanctuary as we have just seen?"

"In the answer to that question," Russell replied, "lies the whole history of Mexico, of the wars that desolated her for half a century, and the smouldering fires that burn under her placid surface now. The one great menace to her future peace, as it was the root of past bitterness and bloodshed, is the point you have touched. How, you ask, is one to read the conduct of a government which having robbed shamelessly, continues to persecute ruthlessly the religion which is held with passionate attachment by the vast mass of the people in whose name it professes to rule? Briefly, because this government, founded not on consent of the governed, but on the triumph of a party in war, while nominally republican in form is in reality as truly autocratic as that of Russia, and antagonizes the people on the most vital subject known to human society. These people, as you have seen with your own eyes, and as you will see, go where you will over the length and breadth of the country, are absolutely and devotedly Catholic, yet they are represented before the world by a government every member of which belongs to a secret society inimical to Christianity, and which here, as in Latin Europe, scornfully tolerates and patronizes Protestant missionary societies because hoping to find in them allies against the only power it alike hates and dreads, the Catholic Church."

"Why do the people not rise and change things by force, if force alone can do it—for I heard you telling papa the other day what an absurd farce an election is here?" demanded Dorothea.

"Because they have tasted so fully and so deeply of the horrors of war, have seen their blood so poured out, their country impoverished and their credit destroyed, that they are willing to submit to much rather than invoke again the terrible arbitrament of the sword."

"It might easily be done if any one of these priests chose to play the part of Hidalgo," observed Margaret, looking at two of the cloak-draped figures on the other side of the street.

"You have no idea *how* easily," Russell replied. "A single word would be like flame to tow. But, so far from speaking that word, the chief efforts of the priests are directed toward keeping the people quiet by preaching patience and submission.

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'It is *the* work which we have to do in the confessional,' said one of them once to me. Without the efforts of these admirable men—for such I have invariably found the clergy of Mexico—there would be war in the land to-morrow. Not all its military force could keep the government in power without the aid of these auxiliaries, whom they reward with an unceasing persecution, as petty as it is vindictive."

"And short-sighted," added Mrs. Langdon; "for surely a broad-minded policy would dictate a conciliating treatment, a liberal toleration at least, of that which appeals to the most vital feelings of the people. There is no government on earth strong enough to persistently and continuously outrage such feelings with impunity."

"Those in power are not enough of statesmen to perceive that," Russell answered. "They are animated by malice, and malice is always short-sighted."

"As for me," said Dorothea calmly, "I should fight."

"You are not alone in that opinion," said Russell smiling. "In my wanderings through the country I have come very near to the people, and again and again I have heard them say with flashing eyes when describing some persecution of the government, 'We ought to fight!' But the priests say, No. And on that No rests the peace of Mexico."

It was the next morning at breakfast that Philip inquired if the party were disposed for an excursion to San Pedro, to see the *atelier* of Panduro, the Indian sculptor.

"Mr. Russell has arranged something for this morning, I think," answered Dorothea, looking at that gentleman. "He says that it will interest us to see the Hospicio."

"A hospital!" exclaimed Miss Gresham with a slight shudder. "Pray excuse *me*."

"It is likely that you will wish to be excused," said Dorothea. "But the place is not a hospital. It is—Mr. Russell can tell you what it is."

"Briefly," said Russell, "it is a house of charity in the most comprehensive sense; for under its roof is an orphan asylum, a school of useful arts, and a home for aged paupers."

"It certainly sounds comprehensive," said the general, "and no doubt is very admirable—but why do you think it would interest one?"

"Because it is such a magnificent affair altogether," answered his son before Russell could speak. "Oh, you must see the

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Hospicio by all means! It is one of the sights of Guadalajara that should on no account be omitted."

"You will accompany us, then?" asked Dorothea, turning to him.

She detected a glance that passed between himself and Violet before he replied composedly: "Well, no. I saw it long ago, and Miss Gresham may want me to act as her interpreter in some shopping she has on hand this morning."

"Violet will surely wish to go with us to see the Hospicio, since it is so well worth seeing," said Mrs. Langdon.

"I believe not," answered that young lady sweetly. "I am not partial to sight-seeing, as you know; and I confess that institutions of charity bore me dreadfully. I am like Dorothea in that particular."

"Pardon me," said Dorothea with dignity, "but I have never said that institutions of charity bore me. Industrial schools and things of that sort may not interest me as much as no doubt they should; but I would be very much ashamed of myself if I could not feel interest in a great and noble charity such as this must be."

"Live and let live!" said easy-going Philip. "Miss Gresham and I frankly own that infant orphans and aged paupers don't interest us, even if they *are* housed in a palace fit for a king—and that you will find it to be."

"Is it a religious institution?" asked the general.

"It was," replied Russell. "What is there in Mexico, deserving of notice or admiration, which was not a religious foundation? But the Hospicio has, of course, been secularized, and is now in the hands of the state."

"Which takes great credit, I presume, for absolutely allowing the infant orphans and the aged paupers to remain in it," said Travers. "It has been long," the speaker went on meditatively, "since I have visited an institution of charity—contenting myself generally with attending bazaars and balls for their benefit—but an unwonted impulse of virtue stirs within me, and although I have rather been left out in the sight-seeing lately, I feel that, *con permiso*, as the people here say, I should like to make one of the party this morning."

"For the matter of that," said the general, "I have been left out also—that is," as he caught his younger daughter's glance, "I have, like yourself, fallen off inexcusably. But we will both brace up and go and see the Hospicio."

In pursuance of this resolution the party, augmented by

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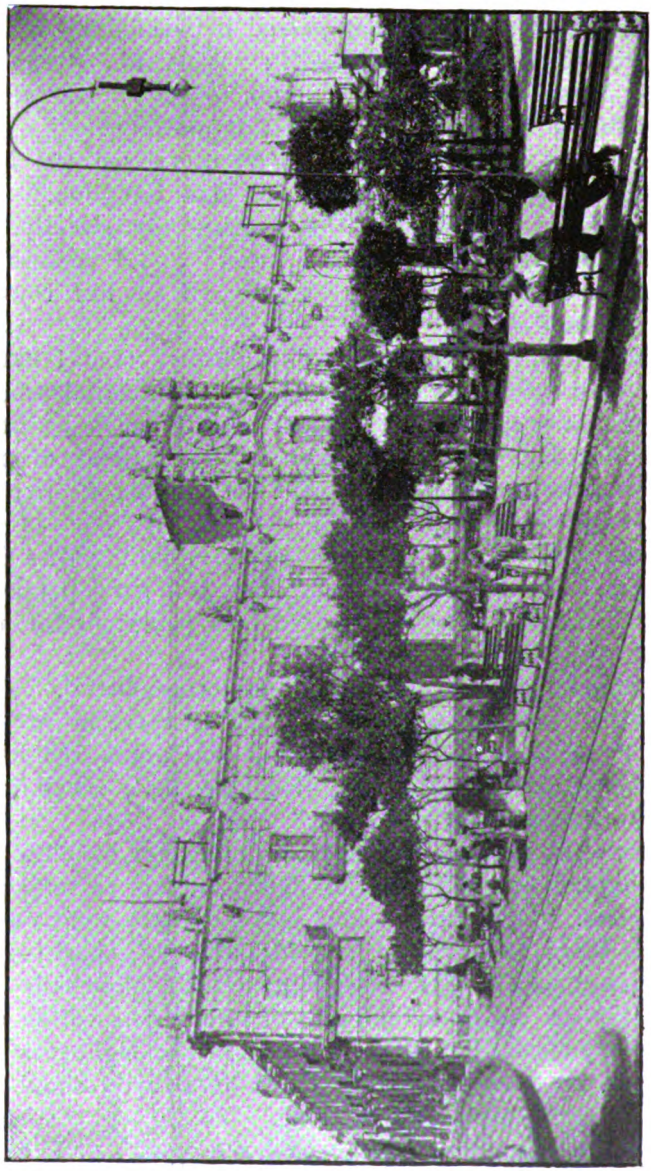
these two additions, set forth presently, with the understanding that they would go to San Pedro in the afternoon. There was a slight shadow on Dorothea's brow, caused perhaps by the ab-



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

sence of Philip and Miss Gresham, and the apparently too great success of her efforts to distract the former from Mexican beauties by the charms of the latter; but it was impossible for

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clouds to overcast her horizon very long. Once out in the ineffable radiance of the sunshine, once breathing the air that seemed like a golden elixir of life, once surrounded by the picturesque sights of the streets and plazas, she seemed to forget all cause of annoyance, and threw herself with her accustomed ardor into the things around her. In the delightful atmosphere they found it pleasant to avoid the tramway which would have conveyed them to the door of the Hospicio, and to walk down the long, straight street that leads toward the statue-crowned dome and portico with Tuscan columns, which close the vista. And it chanced that as they walked along, talking gaily, Mrs. Langdon suddenly paused by an open door in a blank wall. "What a perfect picture of a Roman amphitheatre!" she exclaimed, pointing within.

It was indeed a picture full of classic associations and suggestions. Across a court of entrance another portal was open, and beyond was a glimpse of an arena surrounded by stone seats, rising in tiers above a strong wall also of stone, in which were set doors, out of which might have issued the wild beasts for the combats the Romans delighted in. But, instead of the lions and leopards of old, great bulls would charge forth to find a torturing death on the sand of the arena, even as their precursors died in the distant days of the Flavian Amphitheatre.

"It is the bull-ring," said Travers. "Come in and look at it. Since you are resolved never to witness the national sport, it is at least worth while to see the place devoted to it."

"Oh, yes!" said Russell. "Let us go in by all means."

He turned into the door, and they followed him across the court, where the dark-eyed family of the guardian of the place waved them courteously onward, mounted a flight of stone steps—everything about the building was solid as the Coliseum—and found themselves in a gallery overlooking the roofless arena.

"Let the gladiators enter!" said the general, seating himself. "I feel in so classic a frame of mind that I shall certainly turn down my thumbs when the time comes to decide whether the vanquished shall live or die."

"I don't think they allow the poor bull as much of a chance as that," said Dorothea, shuddering, as she gazed down into the arena where such scenes of sickening cruelty are enacted.

"It is surprising how entirely the classic model has been preserved," said Mrs. Langdon, looking around. "One might fancy one's self in one of the ancient theatres of Italy. Every

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feature is here, and the similarity of material makes the resemblance more impressive."

"It proves, if proof were needed, how clearly these bull-fights are derived from the gladiatorial shows of the ancients," said the general. "You have lately seen some of these—a—entertainments," he added, addressing Travers. "Are they quite as bad as they are represented to be?"

"They are terribly bad," that gentleman answered. "Yet the student of mankind, remembering the underlying brutality in all human nature, can comprehend the fascination of this sport for the multitude. The skill, grace, and courage of the *toreador* are the qualities to call forth popular enthusiasm, the possibility of danger in every encounter whets the interest to the highest point, and the savage fury of the goaded bull is a spectacle very stimulating to the nerves of those who are safe from its practical manifestations."

"It seems to have proved very stimulating to yours," said Dorothea. "You grow eloquent on the attractions of a bull-fight."

"I am only analyzing the attractions, as I analyzed them after the spectacle," he replied. "At the time my sentiments struggled between rage and disgust, an intense desire to give the poor, stupid, courageous bull one good chance at his tormentors, and to kick the audience individually and collectively."

"The things of which Travers speaks," said Russell," "the picturesqueness, and the matchless skill and grace of the *toreador*, are redeeming features of the sport to any one who can overlook its cruelty. The spectacle of a prize-fight, which rouses multitudes to enthusiasm among us, has not even these features to redeem it. Consequently, living in a house of such brittle material, it does not become us to throw many stones at bull-fighting."

"Only," said Dorothea, "in prize-fighting two brutes of equal intelligence are equally matched, while here the superior brute—the poor bull—has no chance at all."

"'Butchered to make a Roman holiday,'" quoted the general. "A gladiator or a bull—it would be the same. No, no, Russell, you and Travers cannot with your drapery of picturesqueness and skill and grace cloak the barbarity of the sport. It is indefensible; and the worst effect of it is the demoralization of sentiment it must produce; the love of cruelty and bloodshed."

"Granted," replied Russell. "But when one has lived in

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many lands and seen much of national differences of custom and of human similarity underneath, one finds that there is not a great deal to choose between any of them, and one becomes tolerant of all. But—*vamonos!* If the bull-ring disgusts you, come and let the Hospicio make amends."

The distance was not very great from the one to the other. A block or two farther, and they reached the classic portico which rises so imposingly above the flight of steps that leads to it. At once admitted, they passed into a spacious court shaded by orange-trees, where the entrance to the church whose graceful dome soars above the building faced them, and around which were grouped reception and class rooms. Here they met the lady in charge of the house since its secularization by the government, and, after a courteous reception, were placed under the care of an assistant, appointed to show them all the details of this magnificent charity. Founded in 1803 by the illustrious Señor Dr. D. Juan Cruz Ruiz de Cabañas, Archbishop of Guadalajara, it is at once an orphan and a foundling asylum, a home for children whose parents are unable to support them, an art school, and a refuge for the aged poor. At twelve years of age boys are transferred to a similar institution, known as the Escuela de Artes (an art and industrial school for boys alone), but girls may remain in the institution until they are twenty-one.

Having mastered these facts, the group of visitors followed their guide into the different class-rooms opening from the court upon which they had entered. Everywhere they found industry, cheerful faces, and the quiet of perfect order. The cool, lofty rooms were full of fresh air, floods of golden sunshine streamed in at the doors and windows, while the court beyond was as tranquil as it was beautiful, with its columns and glistening tiles, and fragrance of orange-blossoms. In one room a score of girls with dark, silky heads bent, and slender brown fingers busily at work, were fashioning artificial flowers—sprays of orange-blossoms that only lacked perfume to be as perfect as those blooming without. In another room another score were at work on fine needlework—the exquisite "drawn-work" of Mexico, taught long ago in the convents and handed down from generation to generation. In the drawing-room the pupils were drawing from casts with skill and fidelity, while their decorum and discipline were perfect. They sat unmoved, continuing their rapid strokes while the strangers paused behind their chairs, or only lifted dark-fringed, liquid eyes in a quick glance as they passed.

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The progress of the party around the court finally ended in the *cor cordium* of the stately pile—the church. Admirably adapted by architectural design for the position it occupies as

IN THE BARANCA.

the centre of the vast building, it is in form a perfect Greek cross, the four wide arms of which meet in a central space, forty feet in diameter, over which rises the light, elegant dome,

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a hundred and twelve feet in height, supported by eight columns and four noble arches, throwing the changing colors of its stained glass upon the shining pavement below. The altars of this beautiful sanctuary are worthy of it, and here hangs a very fine portrait of the founder, his ascetic yet benignant Spanish face looking out of its canvas at the perpetuation through generations of the good work he originated.

Passing out of the church by another door, they found themselves in a second court filled with carefully tended flowers and trees, a paradise of tropical verdure, color, and perfume, a very garden of delight, with the sky like a great vault of lapis-lazuli above, and no sound save the sweet notes of birds among the flowering branches to break the spell of stillness. Opening upon this charming place, than which no royal palace contains anything more beautiful, are the refectories—that on the right for girls, on the left for boys. These immense rooms, with their delightful outlook, are as cool, airy, and miraculously clean as are all the other apartments, or as the great kitchen with its glazed surfaces everywhere reflecting the light, into which they looked, and from which they carried away a perfect *genre* picture of half a dozen slender girls, under the superintendence of an older women, preparing dinner, and of immense piles of fresh, green vegetables lying on dark-red, shining tiles. The dormitories, with floods of glorious sunshine pouring into their spacious lengths on delicately tinted walls and rows of pure white beds, made an equally charming picture. There were the work-shops where trades were taught, such as weaving, printing, binding, shoemaking, and where all the work of the house was done by its inmates; the department where tiny children rose up in their cribs and smiled at the intruders, and yet another where old people sat sunning themselves with an air of tranquil content. Court followed court—there are twenty in the great building—each with its surrounding apartments forming a world in itself, and altogether making a true Hospice, or House of God, in the old mediæval sense, where from the infant castaways of human society to the aged travellers of life for whom the world offers no other home, all who needed help might enter and find not only shelter and food, but such beautiful and stately surroundings as only the great ones of the earth command elsewhere.

"It is a noble—a most noble charity!" said the general impressively, after they had been through all its various depart-



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ments. "That old archbishop had a great conception, and greatly carried it out."

"What I like best of all," said Travers, "is that he did not think that charity must necessarily be associated with ugliness. If I ever found an institution of the kind, this shall be my model. I shall house my paupers in lofty, frescoed apartments opening on spacious courts filled with flowers."

"It all springs from the Christian conception of the people," said Russell. "They look upon the poor as the representatives of Christ on earth. We regard them as criminals to be put out of sight and condemned to all things cold, hard, and ugly, because they have failed in man's first duty—that of amassing money. Our boasted civilization may well come to Mexico to learn more than one lesson."

"I shall never forget it," said Dorothea, pausing at the door to look back over the orange-shaded court, at the farther end of which rose the noble façade of the church. "It is a poem of charity—a palace indeed for the poor ones of God."

When the booming stroke of three o'clock roused the city from its mid-day siesta—that trance of suspended activity which, like enchantment, overtakes all its busy life for three hours every day—when the doors of business houses unclosed and street cars resumed running, the party, including Miss Gresham and Philip, set forth from the hotel to take the first car leaving the city for San Pedro. Mexican tramways, as a rule, are admirable; and, when practicable, it is better to visit suburban points by tramway rather than by carriages. The lively, active mules, driven tandem fashion, gallop along at a fine rate of speed, the cars are clean, open, and divided into first and second class, and there is an exhilarating sense, impossible to connect with tramways in any other part of the world, in being whirled through busy city streets, while the driver's horn announces to all whom it may concern to clear the way, and in being borne with smoothness and rapidity along a picturesque country road.

Very picturesque is the road from Guadalajara to San Pedro, a distance of about four miles. The broad, white highway along the side of which the tramway has been laid, is lined with magnificent *fresnos* (a variety of ash), their immense trunks, their gnarled roots, and broad green crowns of foliage rivalling in beauty the most kingly oak. Underneath their mighty shade and along the wide road, six inches deep in finely powdered dust, a stream of wayfarers constantly pass—men bearing great

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packs upon their backs, their white *calsones* rolled up to their knees, showing lean, brown, sinewy legs; women hardly less heavily laden wrapped in their Oriental drapery; troops of patient, plodding burros; cavaliers in picturesque silver-laced riding-dress, on small fiery horses that show in every line their Arabian blood, and now and then a handsome carriage filled with a bevy of ladies. It is an epitome of the life of the country that flows along this broad avenue lined with its noble trees.

The ascent to the ridge on which San Pedro lies is very gradual, the view over the wide plain to the azure masses of distant mountains most beautiful, and the town when reached reveals itself as wrapped in a quiet extraordinary even for a suburban village—the quiet of a watering-place out of season. Except in summer few people of the better class live here; and there are whole streets of houses closed and deserted. Quite unsuggestive are the blank walls and barred, shuttered windows of these houses; but seen in the season when the whole place is filled and alive with gaiety, they are found to contain beautiful courts and gardens, and, without any pretensions to stateliness, are very attractive.

But if this little "summer town" of the *élite* of Guadalajara is known beyond its narrow borders, if it is a spot toward which the steps of the tourist invariably turn, the cause must be found in the very remarkable work done by some of the humblest of its inhabitants. Here are modelled the wonderful and delicate little figures in clay which may be seen from the City of Mexico to El Paso and San Antonio. Marvellous is the plastic art which they display, these studies of the life of the people in all its picturesque phases, wrought with a fidelity to nature and a perfection of workmanship which would be remarkable if they came from the hands of trained and accomplished sculptors, instead of from the fingers of uneducated peasants, pure Indians, whose genius and skill, handed down from father to son, have not raised them above the poorest of their class. In their art there is nothing of imagination; it is all the purest realism—but such realism! On a bit of clay no larger than a man may hold in his hand the modeller falls to work, and lo! there starts to vivid life the *toreador* in his most spirited and graceful attitude as he springs before the bull, or the *aguador* with his water-jars, the *leñador* with his faggots, the *cargador* with his great pack upon his shoulders, every type of the varied trades and occupations of the country, produced with startling exactness to life and an artistic instinct which is never

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at fault. Not only is every detail of anatomy perfect in these miniature figures, every fold of costume and badge of trade, but the expression of the tiny faces is simply marvellous. No one who knows anything of art but must stand amazed before them; for there is no more artistic work of its kind in the world than is executed by these Indians of San Pedro.

"It is only one manifestation of the remarkable genius of the people," said Russell in reply to the surprise expressed by his companions. "I know of no other people who possess anything like the same genius in such universal degree. From the vessels which are fashioned in remote villages for the common uses of the household to the stone-carving and frescoing which adorn the churches, all their work has an artistic value; and the deep, untaught artistic spirit shows in many ways of which as yet you have seen nothing."

"We have seen enough to excite wonder and admiration," said Mrs. Langdon. "Nothing, I am sure, can exceed this work in delicacy, skill, and fidelity to nature. It is marvellous that sculptors such as the world has not seen since the days of the ancient Greeks have not sprung from a race so gifted."

"Education is all that is needed to produce them," said Russell. "And that will come. Meanwhile, turn from the figures for a little time and look at this beautiful ware. Here are some perfect examples of the famous Guadalajara pottery."

They were indeed beautiful the jars and water-bottles to which he directed attention. Ashes of roses in tint, this ware is soft-baked and unglazed, but polished and elaborately decorated in color, gold, and silver. Absolutely trifling in cost are the finest specimens; and the temptation to purchase overpowered the party to such an extent that Philip finally suggested that if a halt was not called a freight-car would be necessary to convey their luggage. "You know," he said, "that you must have all this stuff packed by the people here. They understand how to do it. But if you attempt it yourselves—especially if you put any in your trunks—you will have only fragments when you reach home. The figures in especial are very fragile."

"There is one thing we must not forget," said Russell. "Panduro, the most noted of these artists, models likenesses admirably. Give him a sitting, and he will produce for you a miniature bust absolutely perfect in features and expression. Who will test his skill in this manner?"

"Papa, of course," said Dorothea promptly. "He will be

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a very good subject. People of strong character always come out best in sculpture."

"In most other things also," remarked Travers, who was standing in contemplation of a wonderful realistic group—a burro laden with charcoal sacks, and his accompanying *carbonero*, a boy with ragged sombrero pushed back from such a face as Murillo loved to paint, whip in grimy hand on which one almost seemed to see the charcoal dust, and sandals on the bare, brown feet. "I must have this also," he said, as if to himself. "That urchin is irresistible. Were you not observing, Miss Dorothea, that only people of strong character are good subjects for modelling? Who, then, could be a better sitter for Panduro than yourself?"

"Do you really think that I am a person of strong character?" asked Dorothea with an air of innocence. "I wish I could agree with you; but I fear there is no doubt that I am neither a person of strong character not yet a good subject for Panduro. Papa now, or Margaret—"

"Or Miss Gresham," suggested Philip, glancing at that young lady's faultless profile.

"What does one have to do?" asked she doubtfully.

"Only sit still and be looked at," said Travers. "Something to which you are too well accustomed to find disagreeable."

Russell meanwhile turned to one of the attendants in the shop, and asked if Panduro could be seen.

"He is at his own house, señor," was the reply, "but we will send for him. In a few minutes he will attend upon you."

A messenger was therefore despatched for Panduro, while the obliging shopman brought forth chairs and begged the ladies to be seated. Miss Gresham at once sank into one, making a charming picture in her perfect toilette against the background of the dark little shop, but Margaret was still too much absorbed in examining the multitude of quaint, fragile figures, with which the shelves were filled, to accept the courtesy, and Dorothea declined. She stood a moment in the open door glancing irresolutely up and down the street, then her eyes fell on Philip standing by Violet Gresham's chair, talking and gazing with the most open admiration into her upturned face. A slight flush rose into Dorothea's cheek, she turned abruptly, and, to his extreme surprise, addressed Mr. Travers, also lounging in the doorway.

"I suppose it will be a long time before that man comes,"

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she said, "and then they will have to talk and make appointments, and—I am tired of all this! Can't we meanwhile go somewhere?"

Mr. Travers, concealing his surprise in a manner which did him credit, replied that all San Pedro was before them. "I don't suppose there is much to see," he said; "but of course there is a church or two, and you always like churches."

"I don't feel in a mood for churches this afternoon," she answered. "Let us go over to the market under the arcade yonder. That may be a little interesting."

They had only to cross the street to find themselves among the venders of fruit and other commodities established under the *portales* where the tramway arrives and departs. But Dorothea for once looked at the scene with an abstracted air, and it was she who presently turned into a large hollow square, enclosed on all sides by arcades, wide, tile-paved, freshly-frescoed in light, delicate colors. In the centre was a pavilion for music, and it was easy to fancy throngs of gay promenaders here in the evenings of the rainy season. Golden sunshine was streaming into it now, however, and, save by themselves, it was wholly unoccupied. Dorothea gave a little sigh of relief when she perceived this.

"It is distinctly *not* pleasant to be one of a mob all the time," she said with as near an approach to fretfulness as any one had ever seen her display. "I am very tired of it. Our party is too large—by one member at least."

"Does that mean me?" asked Travers. "Have you brought me over here to give me the *coup de grace*, to tell me that I am one too many? Yet I have tried to be inoffensive and 'keep myself to myself' of late."

"I was not thinking of you at all," replied Dorothea with literal and rather unflattering truthfulness. "I was thinking what a great mistake I made when I asked Violet Gresham to join us."

Mr. Travers raised his eyebrows and heroically repressed an impulse to utter a low whistle; but Dorothea's quick glance caught the lifted brows, and she added hastily:

"Yes, you are right. I was not always of that opinion. But one has an inalienable right to change one's mind, you know; and as matters stand now, you don't perceive more clearly than I do that I acted like an idiot in bringing her along to spoil the pleasure of our journey."

"Don't interpret my thoughts in a fashion so little flattering

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to yourself," he said, smiling. "I knew from the first how it would be. A woman so devoid of everything except good looks and personal vanity *must* become unendurable in any prolonged association. But you ought to find her less irksome, now that she is occupied with the one congenial business of her life."

"You mean, I suppose, making a fool of some man," said Dorothea. "But if you think it is any comfort to see that—and know it is my fault if Phil falls again into her toils—you are greatly mistaken."

"But why should you suppose Phil is not able to perceive what is so plain to us, that she has neither mind nor heart worthy of the name?"

"She has a beautiful face," said Dorothea, "and that is all a man thinks of in connection with a woman."

"Is it? I may claim to be a man, and I assure you that I have never known the day when a beautiful face had any attraction for me, if there was no intelligence behind it."

"Oh! but you are not quite like ordinary men," said she despondently. "You have more sense—I always acknowledged *that*—and you like cleverness in women. Most men do not. I am afraid Phil is more like the majority of his sex than like you."

"I think you do him injustice. I don't believe a brainless woman could fascinate him long or deeply. But—if you were afraid of the result of his association with Miss Gresham, why on earth did you insist on bringing her with you?"

Dorothea was silent for a moment before she said abruptly: "I have half a mind to tell you! It will at least show what a fool *I* am!"

"Shall I say that I am open to conviction on that point?" asked Mr. Travers, politely restraining a laugh. "You have never impressed me in that manner; but the study of character is my special hobby, and any new light on yours will be gratefully received."

"My character is not in question," said she rather inconsistently. "Do not try to irritate me by talking in that way—you know you can succeed very easily. And I really want to tell you why I was so foolish as to insist upon asking Violet to come with us. Of course you thought it strange—for no one could conceive that she would be a pleasant addition to such a party—but I had a reason. We had taken fright, papa and Margaret and I, about Phil's enthusiasm over some Mexican girl, and, with all our prejudices in arms, we were afraid he might marry her. That danger seemed to us then a thing to be averted at

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any cost. So we decided to come and look after him; and it was my suggestion to bring Violet along as a counter attraction —for Phil had been at one time quite infatuated with her, you know."

Travers signified that he remembered. "But I am surprised," he said, "that you could have thought any woman, Mexican or otherwise, less desirable than Miss Gresham."

"Have I not admitted that I was a fool?" asked Dorothea with asperity. "*Now* I know that there is not probably one of these girls here who is not worth ten of her. But until Mr. Russell opened our minds we were as ignorant and prejudiced as most Americans are about Mexico and Mexicans. Phil fell in love with the country at once; but we had no respect for his opinion, and so—and so—you see how this act of folly has come about."

"I see," said Travers, "that you were not as absolutely without reason in your conduct as I imagined."

"It was very kind of you to imagine that I was likely to act in a manner absolutely without reason, but—well, I do not want to quarrel with you at this moment, because I have a favor to ask of you."

"Your frankness is always to be depended upon. Let me assure you with equal sincerity that I shall be happy to do anything that I can for you."

"What you can do for me then," she said with a sudden change of manner, the more charming because there was in it evidently no intention to charm, "is to exert your influence to make Phil see this girl as we see her. He has great respect for your opinion, he thinks you very clever, he likes you very much."

Mr. Travers lifted his shoulders slightly in his French fashion. "A man may regard another man as a second Solomon, and yet not accept his opinion about a woman," he said. "So don't rely upon my influence—although I shall not neglect to put in now and then a word in season. I think, however, that you may rely on Phil's common sense. He is happily well endowed in that respect."

"No man has common sense, or any other kind of sense, when he is in love," said Dorothea with an air of authority. "But you will try to make him see how absolutely *bête* she is?"

"I will endeavor to do so. With her own unconscious assistance the effort should not be difficult."

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"It seems very shabby, does it not, to plot against any one in this manner, and say odious things of her behind her back?" observed Miss Meynell with an air of contrition. "But what can I do? I have put myself in the position, and it is humiliating enough to have to ask *you* to help me out of it."

If Mr. Travers thought this a little ungrateful after the handsome manner in which he had agreed to render assistance, he did not say so. He only smiled.

"It does seem somewhat like poetical justice," he agreed, "for you know you have snubbed me fearfully on the subject of the fair Violet. But I don't bear malice, and I like Phil too much to let him fall a prey to her, if any words of wisdom from my lips can prevent it. But here come our party! The arrangements with the sculptor have been speedily completed."

In the group that appeared at this moment through the western portal and met them as they slowly sauntered along the wide arcade there seemed to be another opinion. "Thought the fellow would never come," said the general; "but when he did arrive, there was no trouble in making an appointment. He is to come into Guadalajara to-morrow and model a likeness of whoever decides to submit to the operation. And now, have we done our duty by San Pedro, or is there anything else to see?"

Russell replied that there was a large and handsome *parróquia* and a beautiful old church with a sculptured front, but general interest in these objects appeared languid, and since a car for Guadalajara was on the point of starting, and Dorothea, whose mood was unusually subdued, made no protest, the matter ended in their taking passage for the city which lay before them in shining beauty on its green plain, as they were whirled down grade toward it, fast as the mules could gallop. Sweet fresh airs came to meet them, blowing on their faces with a touch as if they had come from immeasurable distance over wide leagues of space; rich fires of sunset were burning in magnificent resplendency above the western mountains, flooding the whole landscape with a glow of marvellous color, in which the picturesque highway with its noble trees and passing figures, the wide outspread fields, and the city with its ivory towers and gleaming domes, were less like reality than a dream of some fair and wonderful country, some city builded of pearl and jasper, in a poet's dream.

CHRISTIAN REID.

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## RIVAL THEORIES ON SCRIPTURE INSPIRATION.

WHILST keenly alive to the difficulties from the side of theological tradition besetting any theory that admits the existence of error in Holy Scripture, I would protest against the attempt to invoke against such a theory as that of *obiter dicta* an *odium theologicum* based upon its *prima facie* resemblance to the position taken by opponents of Scripture inspiration. It must be remembered that the opinion safest theologically is not always the wisest, and that the true road may often run along the verge of the precipice. I shall now proceed to state its arguments, and then the counter arguments of its opponents, as strongly and completely as I can, and I shall do so, as more satisfactory to myself, in my own language.

The theory of "*obiter dicta*" maintains that it is not inconsistent with the Divine authorship of the Sacred Books that, over and above the doctrines of faith and morals contained in the Scriptures, and over and above the warp and woof of narrative in which the historical relations of God and man are conveyed, there may be certain statements of detail, order, or circumstance which we may yield to modern historical criticism in so far as it shall seem to make good its case against them, as simple misstatements on the part of the human authors. We shall thus no longer be always obliged, with St. Augustine, to have recourse to the supposition of a faulty codex or to a confession of blank ignorance.

The Scriptures would become, in fact, a record of intermittent inspiration, the Divine action only securing that the human interpolations should be comparatively trifling and infrequent; or, in other words, the narratives of Scripture would be true in block, but not necessarily in such detail as to include every minute statement.

As regards the adverse *consensus Doctorum*, it is maintained that the point cannot be considered *de materia fidei vel morum*, since the theory in question *ex professo* limits itself to an area outside the sphere of faith and morals; that the outcome of the consensus falls short of the assertion that the common doctrine is *de fide;* that it may be paralleled with the patristic position as to verbal inspiration, now generally abandoned.

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It is insisted that the conditions of the controversy are altered, that the views opposed by the Fathers went far beyond those that are now advocated, and that we have to face critical difficulties now which did not present themselves to the Fathers and Schoolmen, and which it may be presumed, had they presented themselves, would have materially influenced their view.

It is urged that the theory maintained by such writers as Holden, Chrismann, and even Ubaldi, viz., that certain details fall without the sphere of inspiration, although they supposed that these were somehow secured from error, does so far break the continuity of Scripture inspiration, and introduces a modification of the plenary theory of a Divine authorship extending to every statement; that, finally, since the object of the inspiration of the original texts is the instruction of the church, we may accept the results now attained or attainable, in the texts as they have come down to us, as a gauge of the sort of accuracy aimed at in the original texts, and that so we may carry up the kind of inaccuracy which inevitably remains after the fullest collation of texts, to the originals, without doing violence to the Divine intention in their regard. We are reminded that the earliest dictations and transcriptions, themselves far removed from the utmost reach of textual criticism, are not supposed to be exempt from inaccuracy, and that as regards the originals we may say "*De non existentibus et de non apparentibus eadem est ratio?*"

On the other hand, the conservative opponents of the theory maintain that it is impossible to exclude from the "*materia fidei et morum*" a question of the action of the Holy Spirit and the obligation on our part resulting from it; that even if the "consensus" can be interpreted as something less than an exposition of the faith, such unanimity affords an argument of the highest probability that what is taught is nothing less than the faith of the church. For what other explanation can be suggested of a unanimity so imposing of so many different minds, in times and under circumstances so various, unless it be the unity of the Catholic Faith.

## THE FATHERS AND VERBAL INSPIRATION.

The attempted parallel sought in the patristic doctrine of verbal inspiration is no true parallel; for verbal inspiration, even if taught at all in any literal sense, was certainly rejected by several of the most considerable Fathers, notably by St. Jerome. We may recognize that the Fathers were opposing views more

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antagonistic to inspiration than the one before us, but the question is whether the patristic teaching does not exclude, at least by implication, this position as well.

As to the new critical difficulties with which we, in contrast with the Fathers and Schoolmen, are supposed to be beset, it is insisted that what is really new in modern criticism is of altogether too wide a sweep to content itself with "*obiter dicta.*" It attacks the warp and woof of the narrative, the intention, the individuality, the morality of large portions of the literary structure—a process which all who regard the Bible as in any sense Divinely apart are pledged to withstand.

Then as regards the minuter details of criticism, at least the Fathers had before them what must always be one of the most important classes of Scripture difficulty, its own apparent antilogies. That the pressure of such difficulties was really appreciated by them is proved by such expressions as those quoted from St. Augustine, to the effect that we may be driven to plead our utter ignorance of how the reconciliation which we are sure must be possible can be brought about. After all, if the testimony of the Fathers be indisputable, the question what they might have said under other circumstances may be regarded as beside the point. As to the attempt to break the chain of tradition by laying stress upon such a view as Holden's, it must be remembered that this view only eliminates in regard to very minor details the strictest form of inspiration, viz., that which includes suggestion, whilst leaving intact the authorization so far as it is concerned with preservation from error. This scrupulous limitation of the innovating modification is itself a testimony to the strength of the tradition. In answer to the final argument from the supposed intention as expressed in the actual result, we must consider that the question is really not how God might have adequately instructed his church, but how, according to theological tradition, he has thought fit to instruct her. Errors of transcription, multiply them as you will, carry with them their own limitations, confining the liberty of doubt within certain lines, whereas the theory of "*obiter dicta*" would seem to open an indefinitely wide field to sceptical speculation.

## THE RISE OF MODERN CRITICISM.

I have been anxious that both defence and attack should enunciate themselves in their natural volume. But now I must be allowed to subjoin the following remarks on behalf of the theory of "*obiter dicta.*" 1. Although it is true, as the oppo-

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nents of the theory urge, that the Fathers were keenly alive to the number of Scripture difficulties, particularly its antilogies, yet they had no experience of the sustained pressure of modern criticism in small matters as in great, to which we are exposed. It is true that the aggressive critical movement is subject to ebb and flow, and that many a threatening wave breaks and scatters before it reaches us; still an effect, small no doubt in comparison with its pretension, is produced; a sediment, as it were, is deposited which forms a basis for fresh accretions, and the work is continued and its record diffused by a mechanism of scientific tradition of which the Fathers knew nothing.

In patristic and scholastic times, when a champion of anti-Christian science went down before a Christian lance of higher temper than his own, even that modicum of awkward truth which he might represent for the most part disappeared with the extravagance that proved his ruin; but now, though each phase of anti-Christian science in its more aggressive features may be convicted of unscientific excess, yet a remnant often abides to claim its share in controlling the area of theological speculation with something of the sanction of the "*securus judicat.*"

2. The science itself of literary criticism may be regarded as a product of comparatively modern times. Anyhow the delicate sense of likelihood—the sense not so much of what is possible as of what is lawful in the way of literary hypothesis, has been very largely developed since the Fathers wrote. We are thus alive to the presence of another important factor of thought of which they were barely conscious, and are in consequence often precluded from availing ourselves of certain hermeneutical effugia to which the Fathers could betake themselves without scruple. These may be often ingenious, and in the abstract possible; nay, now and again may convey a true solution; yet, on the whole, are too alien to the genius of critical science to be practically available. Neither can we afford, regard being had to the direct interests of orthodoxy, to belittle a science to which we owe more than one solid triumph in the field of Biblical criticism.

Whatever may have been the church's quarrel now and again, on special grounds, with scientific men, she has never quarrelled with science, but has always at least left an opening for its last word. In proportion as any science tends to emerge from what I may call the personal phase of hypothesis into that of scientific verification, it has been the instinct

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of Faith to welcome her as a younger sister with whom it should be possible to dwell amicably in the house of their common Father. To regard the Galileo episode as an example of the normal relations of the church and science is only possible for those who have persistently misread the history both of the one and of the other.

3. It has always been reckoned a principle of Catholic conduct in presence of a volume recognized as certainly inspired, in which God has certainly spoken, to accept the inspiration as in possession with regard to the whole of the contents, except just so far as this or that portion or aspect should be shown to fall without the inspired sphere. This is particularly insisted on even by the liberalizing Di Bartolo (*I Criteri*) in his exhibition of the theory of "*obiter dicta*" as a principle for all time necessary. As when God spoke to Moses out of the burning bush there was no question of measuring the exact sphere traced by the Divine rays, but "He said 'Come not nigh hither; put off the shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Now, if we regard the expressions of Fathers and theologians in the light of this principle; if we recollect, that is to say, the extent to which they must have been affected by it, we shall understand that they could hardly fail to speak more strongly and absolutely than it can be proved that their descendants, in the emergence of new difficulties, are required to speak; and we may fairly hesitate to accept what they assert, even where their assertion is least equivocal, as the precise logical alternative of what they would condemn. I think these remarks are of importance as confirming my position, that the *consensus Patrum* in this case lacks the necessary precision for deciding the question.

## DICTA V. DEFINITIONS.

And now as to my own attitude towards the theory, I should like to make a distinction. The "*obiter dictum*" in its native sense concerns the form of the enunciation merely, without any reference to the matter of what is said—its bearing, *e.g.*, upon faith and morals. The expression is drawn from the usage of Canon Law. It is applied to statements outside the course of the enactment or definition in hand. Such dicta may be *materially* far more of the substance of faith and morals than the definition itself. For instance, the "*obiter dictum*" may be a statement concerning the Trinity, whilst the definition or enactment may deal with the Immaculate Conception or the Duty

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of Fasting. Nevertheless, in form the "*obiter dictum*" is beside the matter in hand, and thus external to the authority, infallible or otherwise, of the enactment. Now, when this phrase is applied to certain minute portions of Holy Writ, I ask myself whether it is meant still to preserve its proper character of a distinction *secundum formam*, or, on the other hand, without any suggestion of such difference of form, nay, whilst supposing the form of expression and the circumstances to be identical, is the distinction to be grounded *merely* upon the supposed relative importance of the matter? In the latter case I must confess that I should feel that Scripture was presented to me in a novel and untraditional light as a record of intermittent inspiration, containing in the same plane of expression important truths and minute (possible) falsities. I should feel that I was parting company in a most painful manner, which nothing but necessity could justify, with the current of theological tradition; that I was, as it were, cutting off close to the trunk boughs which the Fathers had spent their lives in dressing.

On the other hand, if what I regard as the native use of the "*obiter dictum*" be maintained, and the theory used exclusively to distinguish subtle differences of form and emphasis, I could recognize it as a development, even if an extreme development, of ancient usage. Its effect would be, whilst leaving intact the old doctrine of the necessary truth of all the "*res et sententiæ*" of Holy Writ, to show that sundry items which were wont, heretofore, to be so reckoned really belong to the form or vehicle of instruction rather than to its matter, and may so be subject to the inaccuracy which is allowed to attach as a possible phenomenon to the form.

These would certainly be facts and sentiments recorded in Scripture, but *ex hypothesi* would not be of those facts wherein Scripture instructs us. Their inaccuracy would be the outcome of conditions which must ever qualify the reception and transmission of truth in the case of all who possess the truth in earthen vessels. They would mark the points of incidence of the Divine truth upon the mass of human nescience and human misconception, associations which Truth, in its ministry upon earth, must needs appropriate as a mean but necessary garment. The light that condescends to the partial illumination of a dark place consents to become itself partial darkness. They would be analogous to those points in a parable which have no moral significance in themselves, but are required to complete the pictorial vehicle. Certain of such imperfections in form may

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be inevitable if the emphasis of the instruction is not to be destroyed. For instance, a quotation is made from the Septuagint in St. Stephen's speech. Beyond the purport of the quotation in which the Septuagint version adequately represents the original, but still in a context qualifying it *secundum formam*, there is an inaccuracy. This could not be corrected in the quotation without distracting the hearers' attention from the main purpose of the quotation, and laying a misleading stress upon a quite insignificant matter. Again, if an event to which the sacred writer refers for the sake of its essential lesson is inaccurately localized and circumstanced in popular estimation, the popular coloring must be to some extent preserved under pain of a like frustration. On the other hand, according to this theory it would be impossible for the sacred writer, even in the minutest matter, to assert the untrue in formal contradistinction to the true alternative, for then the emphasis would stamp the statement as an integral portion of Scripture instruction. Wherever, then, rival claims as to fact, in however limited an area, are recognized as worthy of adjustment, the judgment of a greater than Solomon will secure the truth. An "*obiter*" in regard to form or emphasis, though doubtless lying closer to the matter than the outside garment of order and diction to which all irregularities were of old confined, nevertheless leaves the matter of the instruction intact; whereas an "*obiter*" grounded exclusively upon an *a priori* conception of relative importance seems to allow the matter of the instruction to be interpolated with probable falsities.

## ANCIENT EXEGESIS.

And now it will be well to consider what provision is offered upon the old lines for the explanation of Scripture difficulties. I would premise that it has never been understood to follow from the obligation of not contradicting the Fathers in the interpretation of Scripture that interpretations, or even what may be termed principles of interpretation, which were unknown to the Fathers, are therefore to be rejected. A view may be "*præter opinionem Patrum*" without therefore being *contra*. We are bound by the general rule laid down by the Council of Trent not to interpret Scripture "against the unanimous sense of the Fathers in matters of faith and morals appertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine." Barbosa, commenting on this passage and appealing to Vasquez and Bañes, points out that an interpretation "*præter unanimem sensum Patrum*" is not forbidden.

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As regards the general system of Scripture interpretation both St. Augustine and St. Thomas emphatically warn us against the danger of scandalizing men of science by contradicting the results of their experiments, "lest, on the one hand, we should close to them the way of salvation, and, on the other, be found to have canonized for Scripture our own whimsies."* We are to interpret Scripture by reason, not reason by Scripture.

St. Augustine (Ep. vi. ad Marcel.) says: "If a reason, however acute, be brought against an authority of Scripture, it is a false semblance, for it cannot really be true; again, if to manifest certain reason be objected an authority of Scripture, he does not understand who doth so, and does not object to the truth the real sense of Scripture, to which he cannot attain, but his own." Henry of Ghent, one of the most illustrious Schoolmen of the fourteenth century, thus enforces the same lesson (Sum., qu. 2, fol. 74). After speaking of the highest degree of natural wisdom, he says: "To this if the letter of Scripture seemeth contrary, this is only because it is ill understood, and in that case we must trust rather to natural reason than to the authority (passage quoted as authority) of Scripture in respect to that sense which the letter exhibits contrary to reason, and another sense is to be looked for until that one is found which is in accord with reason."

## MATTER AND MANNER.

The moral or religious truth, or the fact in the history of the relations between God and man, which was intended to be revealed, is the innermost core, so to speak, of Scripture; and this, of course, is conveyed with absolute fidelity. The outermost skin is the language, diction, style of the writer, and this admits of a variety of imperfections corresponding with his mental condition and circumstances. Between these lies the debatable ground. Are all combinations of subject and predicate to be regarded as of the substance of Scripture, or may some of these be relegated to the human clothing; and if so, which may be so relegated? There is no difficulty in allowing that illustrations which are appeals to popular notions precisely because they are popular, may fail in correctness—*e.g.*, in the region of natural history; but they would not be misstatements, because the intention—the objective intention—is to appeal to a familiar image, abstracting from the question whether it is a fact or

*See de Gen. ad lit., lib. i. cap. 18 and 19, and Sum., pars. i. qu. 68, art. 1.



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not. We are not concerned to maintain, whether true or not, that eagles, according to the Psalmist's image, really carry their young upon their shoulders. Had the Phœnix been a tradition in Palestine, it could have been fairly and truthfully used as an illustration.

Again, descriptions of events in which language is used having its origin in unscientific, and so far untrue, conceptions, as in the first chapters of Genesis, need involve no deflection from truth in a narration not professing to be scientific. There is much, no doubt, in Holy Scripture which could never have been related in the manner it is if the writers had not been ignorant of many things of which we are aware, and so may indirectly and *obiter* convey a false impression, whilst directly they only say what is true, regard being had to their scope and circumstances. Thus, a small child returning from a long ramble at his father's side, through a *terra incognita* of lane and woodland, relates to those at home every incident that befell the party from the outset to the end, and the father nods his confirmation of a narrative which, though in manner all compact of childish ignorances, is yet in substance true and homogeneous and preserving the analogy of facts.

### THE QUESTION OF BIBLICAL CHRONOLOGY.

Though the strict truth were maintained of any direct statement that such and such events happened in one order and not in another, or that such and such persons stood in such and such relations to one another, it would not therefore follow that an inverted order, or a simple letting drop of intervals of time and place, involves error. Historical portraits may be arranged upon some other principle than that of chronological order. Some portraits may be transposed and some omitted, with the object of bringing into relief certain relations of cause and effect. To particular points to which it is meant to direct attention every other point in the picture presented by the sacred writer may be subordinated, and in deference to the same scope other points which have a real existence do not appear in the picture at all. Mabillon in his *critique* on Vossius remarks: "It would seem that there is nothing to be affirmed for certain concerning the age of the world, for during the first four centuries the Latin Church followed the computation of the Septuagint, which even still the Roman Church retains in the martyrology for the nativity of Christ." Father Bellink, S.J.: "There is no chronology in the Bible; the genealogies of our Sacred Books

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from which we have derived a series of dates are full of gaps. How many years have been let fall in this broken series one cannot say. Science is at liberty to throw back the deluge as many centuries as it may find necessary." (*Études Relig. ap. Reusch Bib. und Nat.*, p. 444.)

The use of numbers by the Hebrews and kindred races shows that it was their way to regard numbers as symbols rather than as facts. The numbers in the prediluvian genealogies may have been intended to represent a truth, but it certainly cannot be proved to have been a truth strictly chronological. See Lenormant (*Hist. de l'Orient*, l. i. p. 7), whose language very much resembles that of Father Bellink.

Again, it is highly probable that various sentences which at first sight appear to be categorical statements of what literally took place are not really so, but are mere descriptions according to certain generally accepted notes. The Duke of Wellington, if I recollect right, used to be called "the hero of a hundred fights." In Scripture such a statement would probably be thrown into the form of a statement—"and he also it was who fought a hundred battles." The fact, supposing it to be one, that he only fought ninety-nine would not violate the truth of the sentence, because, in spite of its categorical form, it would be an epithet and nothing more. To prove that it was more than this it would have to be shown that the contradictory had been contemplated and rejected. Such a statement might be regarded as an "*obiter dictum*" in accordance with what I venture to think is the fairer use of the term as "*obiter*," not in respect to the matter merely but in respect to the form.

### THE APOSTLES' NARRATIVE STYLE.

Our detection of such "*obiter dicta*" of form in Holy Scripture will depend upon our knowledge of the genius of the language, and the phraseology and ways of thought of the period of the sacred writer. The form of such knowledge will be general and negative, in the sense that in such cases we shall have no right to apply to the statement the common standard of literary accuracy. It will be brought home to the particular case through the critical difficulties that may be objected against the literal interpretation. It cannot be denied that in this respect we have an advantage over our predecessors. With us the literary sense is distinctly keener and more learned than it ever was before. I doubt whether the following piece of criticism would not be distinctly "*præter*," though assuredly in no

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way "*contra*" the "*sensus Patrum.*" It concerns the words of Christ recorded by St. John which it is sometimes impossible to regard as the "*ipsissima verba*," although the "*directa locutio*" would at first sight suggest their being so.

In a note to page 93 of the "Gospel according to St. John" (Cambridge, 1881) Mr. Plummer quotes as follows from a private letter written by Cardinal Newman in 1878: "Every one writes in his own style. St. John gives our Lord's words in his own way. At that time the third person was not so commonly used in history as it is now. When a reporter gives one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches in the newspaper, if he uses the first person, I understand not only the matter but the style, the words to be Gladstone's; when the third, I consider the style, etc., to be the reporter's own. But in ancient times the distinction was not made. Thucydides uses the dramatic method; yet Spartan and Athenian speak in Thucydidean Greek. And so every clause of our Lord's speeches in St. John may be in St. John's Greek, yet every clause may contain the matter which our Lord spoke in Aramaic. Again, St. John might and did select or condense (as being inspired for that purpose) the matter of our Lord's discourses, as that with Nicodemus, and thereby the wording might be St. John's, though the matter might still be our Lord's."

The "*obiter dictum*" here, in the discourse with Nicodemus, would be the implication in the form "verily, verily I say unto you" that these were His very words; an accretion upon what alone we are obliged to accept, viz., that He spoke to this effect.

Again, what at first sight appears to be merely a prose narrative, subject altogether to the conditions of prose, may suddenly assume the privilege of poetry, and condense picturesque events chronologically separate into one. It does not lose its truth thereby, but its truth with its art assumes a new character.

I think it not unreasonable to suppose that the sacred writers sometimes saw rather than heard; that neither words were dictated nor events suggested to them; but they were told to set down what they saw, whilst it was Divinely secured that what they saw should as far as it went represent the fact, and the words they used should faithfully convey the vision to their hearers or readers. I think this may occasionally apply in its degree to historical portions of the Scriptures, and even to events of which the sacred writers had been eye-witnesses, as well as

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to the prophet's visions; for is not memory a vision involving an exercise of the same power—the imagination—which ministers to the prophet's vision?

This theory seems to me to explain sundry difficulties; the hiatuses become foreshortenings, the discrepancies the result of different angles of vision. You may stand upon Calvary in vision as well as in reality, where you can observe one thief or both. Yon caravan crossing the desert, according as you look at it, in front or sideways, is a spot or a line. The line is the fuller representation of what is actually there; but from where the painter may be standing it is a spot merely, and to paint it otherwise would be to destroy the truth of the picture.

Another important provision for the accommodation of Scripture difficulties is the principle of parabolical interpretation, which consists in allegorizing, or rendering in a figurative sense, certain passages, the natural and proper sense of which seems to present serious difficulties, or to be beside the mark. Excesses, unnecessary licenses in this direction, have often been condemned by the church; but the principle has never been condemned. Neither, as I have said above, can the generally narrative character of the relation in a writer under the influence of inspiration preclude the possibility of such poetic flights, or even make them improbable.

## THE ALLEGORICAL METHOD.

At the same time the church has always been conservatively jealous of anything tending unnecessarily to oust the proper literal sense which is assumed to be in possession. The Fathers and Schoolmen, for example, generally interpret the account of Dives and Lazarus as relating to real persons; a few, amongst others Justin and Theophylact, insist upon reading it as a parable. St. Cyprian, as quoted by à Lapide and Maldonatus (in Matt. iv.), interprets the passage, "Then the devil took Him into the holy city and placed Him on a pinnacle of the temple," and again "upon a high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof," as a vision, a phantasmic semblance, not a reality; and although the passage is assuredly not Cyprian's, and the interpretation meets with little favor, yet it is at least allowed to stand or fall upon its own merits and not condemned on any general ground.

Even in the case of a passage for the proper literal interpretation of which there should be a veritable "*consensus Patrum*," it would still have to be shown that a point of faith or

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morals was involved before the exhibition of a new parabolical or poetical interpretation could be regarded as prohibited. Not long ago the Bishop of Clifton, in the *Dublin Review*, put out a theory according to which the first verses of Genesis are to be considered no longer, as the Fathers and Schoolmen considered them, a relation of events occurring in a certain chronological order, but a hymn of praise to the Creator, for the sanctification of the Seventh Day, in which the order of the different creations may be regarded as quite arbitrary, and following no other norm save the poet's fancy. I have no intention of entering into the merits of the theory, of which I have failed as yet to perceive either the necessity or the attractiveness; but whatever may be said of its rashness as an exegetical hypothesis, it gainsays no "*consensus Patrum circa fidem et mores.*" If it sins at all, it sins as an excess in the application of the allegorizing principle, and not as an innovation in kind.

I do not pretend that all that has been said here under the head of "provision upon the old lines" is to be found precisely in the writings of the Fathers and theologians, but that it all follows the analogy of their method; its result being constantly to deflect all charge of inaccuracy from the matter to the manner and vehicle of the Scripture record.

H. I. D. Ryder.

*Oratory, Edgbaston.*

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## ANGELS OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

H! who are they, the white-robed, golden crowned
Fair things that stand in ever-widening zones
The great white throne of God and Christ around,
And fitly fill the fallen angels' thrones?

They're dark and brown; but beautiful they shine
Belike the morning star that oft I see,
Athro' the pictured panes o'er Mary's shrine,
That look with dark-bright beauty down on me.

And oh! methinks that when they raise sweet notes
From pearly lutes to Him whose choir they are,
*My* name like minor sweet from their glad throats
Drifts through the theme in many a liquid bar.

And in their flight between me and the throne,
Down gliding like the swallow's dip to earth,
And shooting up, like stars 'gainst heaven thrown,
They beckon me with almost human mirth.

I must be dreaming! Did I hear them call
The names of earth—of sister, brother, friend?
I know them not; and still around me fall
Soft touches, kisses that with laughter blend:

And one in fulness rich of womanhood,
And one a girl, like half-blown lily fair,
One rosy bulb of baby flesh and blood
Pursue me with sweet fondlings everywhere;

While every one of this fair trinity
The others call by my own name—my own;
And then I hear a kind voice speak to me:
"Thy children these that stand around My throne.

"Thy alms the ransom-bond, so gladly given,
Redeemed from Afric, India, and Cathay
These souls that else had never entered heaven
Who for *thy* coming ceaseless ever pray."

J. A. O'BRIEN.

*College of the Holy Ghost, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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# THE STAR OF FAITH.

## A TALE OF 1492.

"'Tis the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep,
Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love,
A calm earth-goddess, crowned with corn and vines,
On the mid-sea that moans with memories
And on the untrammelled ocean, whose vast tides
Pant dumbly passionate with dreams of youth."

—*George Eliot.*

THE early spring had come in flowering luxuriance to the sun-favored Andalusia. The patio, or court-yard, of the hospitable home of Señor Pinzon, in the town of Palos, had become once more the scene of festivity which the brief winter had relegated to hall and saloon.

Taught by the Moor's poetic love of nature, the Spaniard, shutting himself in the privacy of his home, shut in a part of nature's loveliness. The patio was the central spot of the home-life. Here, under the canopy of the southern sky, surrounded by blooming luxuriance, the family met in the various occupations and diversions of domestic life. Here the mornings were spent, the ladies bending over their embroideries while their lords related news heard abroad; and here, too, the invited guests assembled in festive merriment.

On this occasion the charm of the gay scene was enhanced by the joyous kindliness of the season. The air was balmy and fragrant with the bursting orange-blossoms, more beautiful than the golden fruit in its wintry prime. In the midst of blooming shrubs the fountain with its clear, pure water splashed in silvery playfulness. Its music mingled harmoniously with the rippling laughter and merry voices of cavaliers and maidens in brilliant costumes of red and yellow, purple and gold, blue and white, some of whom were grouped about the fountain, while others moved gracefully among the orange-trees and budding roses in the garden beyond.

For a moment there was a lull in jest and laughter as all eyes turned in one direction.

Through the long, colonnaded hall, that led to the patio, ap-

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proached the charming hostess, Señora Pinzon. Beside her walked a tall knight of noble presence, light-haired, blue-eyed, with the beauty of the North—a fair, athletic giant, such as the darker natives of Andalusia adored—the ideal knight of chivalry and romance.

"All my friends must know you, señor," the hostess said. "I shall not show any partiality"; then she added, looking about her, "all but one, whom you will not care to know."

"Why not?" he asked in surprise. "Would I not be charmed to know all friends of the señora?"

"No," she answered, amused at his astonishment, "this friend of mine, strange to say, must be an enemy of yours."

"An enemy!" he exclaimed, frowning unconsciously.

"One you would not wish to fight, señor," the lady continued, smiling. "Your enemy—since you have made yourself famous at Granada, and shared in capturing the dearest prize among Moorish treasures, the Alhambra—is no other than a little Moorish maiden. You shall see her, but when I tell you her history you will agree with me that a meeting would not be pleasant for either.

"Her father, who is a descendant of the Moorish prince, Ali-Casim, in his youth became a Christian, adopting the surname 'de las Palmas.' You may have heard of Don Pedro de las Palmas? That is he.

"His wife, whom he worships, is a Mohammedan, and he has never been able to change her views of religion.

"So fondly does he cherish her that he has even indulged her wish to bring up their only child, a daughter, in the Mohammedan faith.

"Strange to say, mother and daughter, though they are romantically devoted to the great prophet and to the traditions of their race, accept very gladly the freedom given them by the Christian belief of their lord.

"Laila is a lovely young creature; she shares all our pleasures and amusements, and indeed mingles only in Christian society. She has formed warm attachments for many of our Christian young girls, her former schoolmates, among whom is my daughter Mercedes, and she has always since her childhood been a general favorite among us. However, her friends in her presence avoid speaking of Granada, as well as of the misfortunes of her countrymen—these are tender subjects."

"Ah! señor," exclaimed the señora, suddenly noticing the crest embroidered in gold on the knight's breast, a sword gules

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with cross-shaped handle, and beneath the letters, elaborate yet distinct, 'Sanguine Arabum.' You are a knight of St. Jago. Another reason for our esteem; but also," she added smiling, "for not meeting the descendant of a Moorish prince.

"Ah! those young ladies will not forgive me for keeping you so long. Pardon me," she said, gracefully leading the knight towards a group of laughing maidens by the fountain-side.

The señora took evident pride and pleasure in presenting her guest, "Don Roderigo de Veredas."

The Andalusian maidens, with their arch, coquettish graces, failed to make a deep impression on the heart of the hero of Granada.

The scene with its mellow lights and tender shadows, its grace of form, harmony of color, could not hold enchanted one who loved the dangers of conflict. Roderigo looked about him curiously for the one discordant note hidden somewhere in the score.

Where was the Moorish maiden whose feelings his presence unwittingly offended?

At the farthest end of the court, just above the low shrubbery, he saw a dark-crowned head with a long white veil thrown back, making a vapory background for features of exceeding beauty. Warm rose-tints blushed through the olive complexion and long, silky lashes softened the dark eyes—now pensively cast down, now raised, beaming and intelligent, to her companion's face.

The tiny embroidered cap, with long silken tassel worn above her ear, the golden sequins sparkling on her breast, revealed his lovely enemy. No other surely would appear in Moorish costume.

Alas! that his enemy was so fair; and alas! that the fairest flower of that Andalusian evening was his enemy.

Some one, thinking to please the knight, spoke in loud tones of the splendid courage of the Christian heroes, mentioning the name of Granada. Don Roderigo felt as though he had received a personal insult, and declared that he had seen a finer courage, that of the conquered.

Laila, the Moorish maiden, heard both remarks and looked up quickly at the warrior who had defended her kinsmen. In that glance she saw in the knight's blue eyes a trace of austerity, and through them revealed a soul of noble, generous manhood, in striking contrast with the cavaliers she had known, with their songs and their guitars.

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"An Asturian from Oviedo," some one had whispered. Laila's thoughts flew back to Pelayo, the only Christian hero she admired. His followers and their descendants, the Asturians, had ever guarded their hearth-stones from the invader; they alone had never bent their necks in submission to the Moor, even at the height of the latter's power.

Here, then, was one of these noblest of Christian warriors. Laila's heart gave a throb of gladness that Granada had been taken by such men as this one.

Far better that than to have succumbed to less worthy hands.

While these thoughts were flitting through the young girl's mind a friend asked permission to examine her pearl fan, a rare beauty of exquisite workmanship.

After admiring the dainty gem she handed it back to its owner, but Laila in taking her treasure let it slip from her hands. The fragile thing shivered in pieces on the marble floor of the patio.

Some of the pieces fell at Don Roderigo's feet. He hastened to gather them, and with a courtly bow restored them to their owner.

"Allow me, señorita," he said, examining with interest the pieces of pearl inlaid with gold in curious figures. "I have an attendant who is skilful in repairing these delicate articles, and if you will confer so great a favor upon me, I shall see that it is returned to you in good condition."

"It does not matter, señor," she said.

"Thank you," and she bowed, smiling a little forced smile, while she thought: "No, never while I live shall this man, who has shared in the humiliation of my people, do me a favor."

In spite, however, of this brave determination, it was not very long before it was evident that Laila had not only given her fan but her heart to the Christian knight.

Roderigo lingered some weeks longer than he had intended in the little seaport town.

With the proper credentials, he presented himself at Laila's home, the castle of her father, Don Pedro de las Palmas.

Don Pedro welcomed the young knight with enthusiasm, and the latter wondered how one so earnest in his devotion to Christianity could have had so little influence over the religious opinions of his wife and daughter.

He did not know that Laila in her heart branded as cowardice her father's conversion, coinciding as it did with his

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countrymen's defeat. To the young girl's oriental fancy religion was not a matter of reason but of fidelity to one's countrymen's standard, and her father, by abandoning the creed of his ancestors, had, in her eyes, been guilty of treachery.

Consequently Don Pedro's opinion was not likely to have great weight with his fair daughter, though his authority was unquestioned.

His consent to the betrothal of his child and Don Roderigo was cheerfully given, but the aversion of Fatima, Laila's mother, remained to be overcome. Here was a battle to be fought more difficult than a mere combat of arms, and here again the Christian triumphed. Fatima was won at last by the knight's gentle courtesy, his invariable grace, and perhaps by the persuasive and pleasing argument of his fair beauty and true, laughing blue eyes.

However that may be, when Roderigo left Palos to return to court Fatima had given her consent to the bond of a promised marriage between her daughter and the Christian hero.

Shortly after Roderigo's departure Laila began to perceive a strange, subdued agitation in the town; there were vague rumors, harsh whisperings, and then loud and angry murmurs. What could it mean? Julita, Laila's little maid, told her a strange story about an Italian who was trying to inveigle the people into a wild scheme of sailing west across the "Mare Tenebrosum" in the hope of reaching India.

"This, of course, is absurd," Laila declared. "Surely one would not seek an eastern country by sailing west!"

Julita and her ignorant informers had undoubtedly made a gross mistake.

Great indeed was the young girl's astonishment to learn, on questioning her father, that an Italian named Cristobal Colon had indeed proposed a plan to sail towards the west, hoping to reach India, and to prove his theory that the world was round. She grew deeply interested in the story of Colon's various attempts to bring his project before the court; of the court sages' learned arguments against the theory; of Father Perez's stanch friendship for the Italian; then the friar's efforts to aid his friend by appealing in person to the queen. Her interest verged on enthusiasm when she learned that the queen, in answer to this appeal, had pledged her jewels to procure money for the venture, and had given Señor Colon authority to raise ships and men in Palos.

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"But who will be brave enough to accompany him?" Laila exclaimed.

"We shall see," said Don Pedro. "It is a rash business, I fear."

Then suddenly the young girl felt a deep satisfaction—it was almost joy—at the thought that Roderigo had gone back to Castile.

The spring had melted into summer, and Andalusia was a garden of ripe beauty; yet gloom hung over the little port of Palos that the charm of summer could not dispel. The royal mandate to raise ships and men for Colon's expedition had been read on May 23; yet no one had come forward. A court official was sent to enforce the order, and the town was in a panic of wild excitement. Never before had Isabella taken such a position towards her subjects; she, who had always seemed to them gentle and lovely, now appeared before them in the guise of a heartless tyrant.

The tribute exacted from the town was looked upon as an unheard-of demand.

One evening Julita appeared before her mistress bathed in tears.

"Señorita, señorita," she exclaimed, "the *Pinta* has been seized and Juan, my poor brother, is one of the crew! He never was afraid of anything in his life. He would be willing to fight as well as anybody if they sent him to war; but he would rather die than sail on the "Mare Tenebrosum," as they call it. There are dark monsters out there, señorita. They flap their black wings in the air, and seize men and ships. They drag them high up in the air and throw them off the earth into the fearful dark caverns, where they are buried for ever."

Laila shuddered; not so much at the thought of those monsters whose reality she doubted, but the vague uncertainty of the unknown seas filled her with terror. She tried to comfort the poor girl, but the task seemed impossible. Did not a fate worse than death await her beloved brother?

Seeing in Julita's grief that of hundreds of the towns-people, Laila felt a growing indignation for the authors of so much misery.

Yes, she was glad Roderigo was away from the town. The Padre Perez was his friend; who knew what influence he might have brought to bear on that brave, impulsive spirit? "Was it wicked and selfish?" Laila asked herself—this tremulous gladness in the midst of the town's distress.

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She wept and sorrowed with those soon to be bereaved, but through all was that indescribable feeling of joy at Roderigo's absence from Palos.

In her letters to Roderigo the young girl made no mention of Cristobal Colon. Soon, seeing that the voyage was inevitable, she began to wish intensely for the ships' speedy departure. Everything tended to make the desire stronger. The Pinzons, Roderigo's friends, had come forward with money and ships; they had offered their beautiful little *Niña* for the enterprise.

Alas! that the Genoese adventurer had found refuge in the town. How the time dragged, and how slow were the preparations!

At last all arrangements were complete, in spite of a thousand obstacles that had barred their progress.

The officers were arriving, the grand alguazil of the armament was in town, and Cristobal Colon only awaited an east wind to send him westward.

Laila's spirits rose again; she saw the dark foreboding in her heart about to vanish in air. She had sent Julita home to stay with her brother and to comfort her poor mother, and, singing a snatch of song from a Moorish ballad, she caught up her embroidery and tripped out to the cooler patio to ply her needle by the fountain-side. Suddenly, unannounced, Roderigo stood before her.

Involuntarily she gave an exclamation of despair. At this moment no being or object could have filled her heart with greater terror.

"Tell me that I am wrong; that my fears have been foolish fancies!" she exclaimed, looking wistfully in Roderigo's face with a last effort to hope against an overwhelming certainty; but his eyes were full of a pitying tenderness that answered her only too plainly. She covered her face with her hands, giving utterance to a low, moaning cry. Then, raising her eyes, she asked beseechingly: "Have you already repented of a fleeting fancy for a daughter of the Moorish race? Then, indeed, will my prayers be of no avail; but if you love me, you will not let me ask in vain. You will renounce this mad voyage; you will go back to Castile? This is the proof of your affection that I ask."

"Laila," he said, pityingly yet with a firmness that left her no hope, "behold in this undertaking the best assurance of my unchanging and unchangeable love for you. You have re-

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proached me for the motto on my shield. The words "Sanguine Arabum" ring unpleasantly in your ears, as in mine since I have known you. You would not have me bear arms against your compatriots. Then would you wish me to dishonor my knighthood by dallying in the perfumed patio, exchanging my sword for a lute or guitar? No; that would be unworthy of me and of you."

"Alas!" Laila exclaimed, "have I been the cause of this madness? Have I urged you to this folly by standing in the way of your vows against my people? Then think of me no more. Let it be as though we had never met. I release you from your vows to me. Go wheresoever you will, but do not rush to this unknown and terrible fate."

"Laila," he said, taking her hand gently, "do you not know that I would not be released; that what I am doing I do because it seems to me the deed most worthy a soldier of the Cross? Would that I could make you understand! Then would you help me with your gentle words of hope and kindness. Then—" but Laila interrupted him.

"Oh! how cruel you are in your courage," she exclaimed. "Is it brave to make her suffer most who loves you best? You do not fear death; you have learned to face it easily; but I shall tremble for you at countless tortures you may never have to endure; death would be better than these terrors. Pity me, Roderigo, if you have no pity for yourself."

"May God be merciful and help us both!" he said simply, and bending low over her hand, he kissed it reverently and withdrew.

From her lattice Laila saw horse and rider disappearing beyond the tall cypress-trees and palms.

Thinking of her sorrow, would he not relent, would he not hesitate before taking the fatal step?

No; she knew too well he had measured the sacrifice, that it included her sorrow, but that, painful as was her grief to his chivalrous spirit, it would not be an obstacle to the step he was about to take. He had burnt his ships behind him; he would never willingly turn back. Yet she could not let him go. Prayer and entreaty had failed. She would have recourse to subterfuge. Rapidly a scheme matured in her mind, emboldened to desperation by her beloved one's danger.

She would write him a letter telling him that she was ill, and wished to speak with him before he embarked, praying him to return to the castle with the messenger. She would keep in-

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formed of the preparations for departure, and the evening before the ship's sailing, disguising herself as a page, would herself bear the message, conduct Roderigo back to the castle to the inner room of the tower. Strong, impervious to sound, and never visited by any inmates of the castle, there he should be her prisoner until the ships were far out on the waters. With Julita in her confidence she feared no difficulty in accomplishing her object. With feverish impatience Laila had waited for Julita's return. The girl brought startling news. All preparations had been made for immediate departure. Every soul but the admiral would sleep on board that night, and the first breeze would send them out towards the "Mare Tenebrosum." The maid entered heartily into her mistress's scheme. In a short time Laila, equipped as a page, was riding boldly down the hill-side to the town. Going first to the house of Señor Pinzon—Roderigo's host—she was told that he had gone to the shore, where Padre Perez was to address the crowd.

Still Laila rode on through the tortuous streets of the old Moorish town, past the white-washed houses, quaint towers, and blooming gardens.

Near the shore the houses grew taller and more rigid. They were the buildings devoted to commerce; yet among them a rounded tower frequently relieved the stern outlines, one caught glimpses also on the straight balconies of roses blooming amid green foliage and drooping vines, with here and there a garden spot.

A crowd had assembled about the dock.

Laila shuddered at the sight of the caravels, looming up like huge monsters waiting for their prey.

The setting sun touched earth and sea with glowing color, outlining the caravels in gold, and the sea, calm and unruffled in the soft Andalusian twilight, caressed the smiling earth. Laila heeded not the splendor of the scene, yet, without conscious perception of its beauty in detail, the calm of earth and air and sky soothed her troubled spirit.

On a platform in the midst of the crowd stood the friar Juan Perez, and close beside him Roderigo.

Laila had left her horse at the "posada," intending to push her way through the crowd, but she soon found that to reach Roderigo would be an impossible undertaking. The crowd grew denser as she advanced, until it completely obstructed her progress; there was nothing to be done but to wait until it should disperse.

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Meanwhile the central figure in the assembly, Father Perez, drew her curious and earnest attention. His head was massive, his jaw so firm that one might fear his sternness were it not for the mobile, intellectual mouth and the kindly smiling eyes.

The friar's words came forth clear and melodious. His eloquence held Laila in spell-bound interest. It was a lightning stroke in the darkness revealing the Christian idea of God's love, reaching out in its sublime charity to a broad love of humanity, and urging the heart of man to superhuman efforts of courageous self-sacrifice.

After showing how this Christian love was the motive power of the great undertaking, the friar spoke of Cristobal Colon, whom you have called "the Italian," he said.

"But he is neither an Italian, nor a Spaniard, nor a Frenchman; neither is he a European more than an Asiatic; he is a native of the world, working for humanity wherever it may be found.

"To the mind and heart of this man God gave light that he might pierce the mists flung by centuries of ignorance and cowardice across the seas, making impassable the gulf that separates the Christian world from the idolatrous nations of the East.

"The light alone would never have given courage to tear away the phantoms, but love has emboldened him with a determination and bravery that for eighteen years have made him tremble at no obstacle, shrink from no privation, in seeking the means to further his precious object.

"He has staked the weight of his genius against the world, too indolent and ignorant to appreciate it, and at last the opportunity that he has struggled for is in his grasp. You, my friends, are the privileged ones whom God has chosen as his companions. You are selected as heralds of grace to open the path through the waters, that the ministers of the gospel may carry afar the light of faith. In future ages the world will ring with the story of the men who dared do what no others had courage to attempt. Others will follow in your path, but for you will be the glory of bravely leading the way, and your courage and confidence will be a monument to your faith in Him who rules the winds and the waves."

Then the friar's voice grew meltingly low and tender, and Laila could but hear the words: "Mary, Star of the Sea." He paused a moment, then clear and full his voice arose, intoning



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the sailors' hymn, "Ave Maris Stella"; the men's rough voices took up the notes that floated out over the waters with thrilling power.

Laila wept silently. Henceforth her tears might flow, her heart might break, but she would not hold Roderigo back by one word or prayer, far less by an unworthy subterfuge. In this new light she felt how base her part had been. She beheld herself, a creature of earth, striving to drag down a noble spirit that would soar heavenwards!

Tearing in tatters the false message, she hastened homewards, eager now to make amends for her error, to let Roderigo know the change in her feelings, and to send her hero forth with the words of encouragement he had asked.

She feared almost to close her eyes, lest she should not waken with the breeze that might rise in the night; yet tired nature soon enveloped her in tranquil sleep.

Was it a footstep on the floor of her chamber or the rustle of a leaf that wakened her so suddenly. Yes, the magnolia leaves outside her window were whispering with a gentle tremor. The day had not yet dawned, but Laila sprang from her bed with a cry. Swiftly summoning Julita, mistress and maid, accompanied by a page, emerged in the gloom preceding daylight from the grim old castle walls. Down the wooded hillside they sped to the town, now throbbing with the hurrying human footsteps.

The dark streets were filling rapidly, each house was sending out its stream of humanity to swell the crowd, all speeding on the same mission, tremulous, heavy-eyed, grief-stricken, hastening to take a last farewell of some dear one. The sobs and wailings grew louder as the crowd drew closer by the water-side. Then there was a breathless waiting for the Admiral's coming.

At last, the people shrinking back as he approached, came the man who had caused this rending of hearts, Cristobal Colon—his friend, Friar Perez, following close behind him.

Laila paused at sight of the bravest of heroes, but her thoughts flew quickly back to her own urgent necessity.

"I pray you," she cried, holding out a scrap of paper and leaning towards the boatman, "hand this to 'Don Roderigo de Veredas,' on the *Santa Maria.*" She had thrown herself directly in Padre Perez's path.

"Take the lady away," said some one; but the good friar had heard her supplication. "Give your message to me, señorita,"

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said the kind padre, taking the paper from her hand, and he walked on down beside his friend to the little boat waiting below.

On board the ship the officers and men pressed on deck for a last look at their dear ones. It was a picture never to be forgotten. The Admiral in his scarlet robes, his face worn by years of struggling, yet lighted by the majesty of those starry eyes; the nobles grouped about him with their plumed hats and gorgeous costumes of silk and velvet gleaming with gold embroidery, the flower of Spanish chivalry in glittering mail with Flemish bucklers and flashing Damascus blades; the very sailors, cravens though they were, forming a background at once picturesque and pathetic. Foremost among the nobles Laila saw Roderigo, a little fluttering paper in his hand and quiet rapture in his face. Seeing her, he held the paper towards her, then kissed it tenderly. She understood. The sting of parting for both had been removed. Through all his perilous voyage the little missive would remain with him, a blessed talisman of hope and *peace*.

And now the hour had come indeed; the royal ensign bearing the cross of Christ crucified waved over the waters, the little vessels spread out their white wings for flight, while hearts were breaking on the shores of Andalusia.

Seven months had passed since the ships had gone out on the trackless ocean. Despair had taken possession of the bereaved ones; yet if in any bosom there remained a flattering doubt that the unusually severe winter, with its storms and winds, had not destroyed, it must have blossomed out into radiant hope with the return of spring.

We of the North do not know the tender, gay season in the South appropriately called spring. We misapply the sprightly name when we give it to our lazy, heavy-eyed, winter-chained awaking of earth, to our bleak transition period between winter and summer. In the South the earth arises from winter's bondage light, free, sparkling, overflowing with delights.

But the other day the snow was on the ground, and now the gardens are blooming, the air is balmy and fragrant, the earth is decked with tender, dewy, flowering beauty. What wonder that through the charmed senses joy and hope should spring into being?

Yet Laila had ever been hopeful. Through all the gloom and darkness she had kept her eyes fixed on the star. The "Ave

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Maris Stella" had been her daily prayer; its comforting words had so penetrated her spirit that it had become the natural expression of her faith, hope, and love.

The spring had come. Laila stood at her lattice from which she had watched Roderigo depart. A man riding on a mule cried out to the group of peasants going to their morning work: "There is news of the ships! The town is all astir. Let them know at the castle."

"News of the ships!" Laila echoed. Was it joy or fear or hope exultant that took possession of her, or was it all three struggling in a painful, joyful uncertainty?

With a young girl's natural impulse, she flew first to her mother, flinging her arms about her neck, half sobbing, half laughing, as she repeated the cavalier's words.

But a few minutes more and she was speeding again on her Arab horse to the town. "Fly, Zoraga? Fly, my pretty mare! Why, how slow you are, my beautiful one!"

Could that be the same crowd that seven months before passed down, leaden-eyed, grief-stricken, to the shore? There were the women in mantillas, men in brown cloaks and sombreros, knights in doublets and plumed hats, with here and there a turbaned head and white cloak—the same crowd, only bright, eager, and alert.

Little, ragged urchins with their bare, brown feet almost rolled under the horse's hoofs in their gambols. "News! Good news!" was all that could be learned.

"They are here!" shouted a man ahead of the rest, turning back to the crowd. "The caravels are coming into port."

A great shout went up from the crowd. Women fainted, men cheered, many loudly thanked God. Laila wept silently—with earnest thanksgiving in her heart. Soon the church-bells, joining their glad peals to the happy voices of the multitude, announced that the tidings were true.

We all know the sequel of this story. The return of Columbus to Palos is a picture that since our school-days has been vividly painted in our imagination. What American heart has not throbbed at the thought of the great Admiral's triumph as he stepped again on the shores of Spain. His fairest dreams had become a reality—the Star of the Sea had guided him faithfully through his perilous journey. It had brought Roderigo too, and his fellow-heroes, back to their loved ones; and the same holy

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light had led Laila safely through the waters of unbelief to the haven of faith.

When the balmy April air was redolent with blossoms and the Easter bells rang out in joyous music, Roderigo and Laila knelt side by side at the altar.

Not far away knelt Fatima; the light of faith had begun to shine upon her heart.

One evening, when Roderigo and Laila knelt as usual to say their beloved prayer, the "Ave Maris Stella," as they ended their favorite verse, "Vitam præsta puram,"

"Keep our life all spotless,
Make our way secure,
Till we find in Jesus
Joy for evermore,"

Fatima's voice answered devoutly, "Amen."

M. A. B.

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## SOME NOBLE WORK OF CATHOLIC WOMEN.

THE mission of the Christian woman began with the holy Veronica and ends only in eternity.

Veronica, heedless of menace from the Roman soldiers, or the taunts of the Jews, sought, with tenderest compassion, to assuage the agony of our suffering Saviour. Through the ages woman, Veronica-like, has followed man's work of bloodshed and wiped away the traces of cruelty in man's inhumanity to man. Before the coming of Christ the woman of Israel had not yet learned her mission of ministry to suffering humanity, but rather, like Judith and Deborah, gloried in battle and herself often led forth the tribes.

The life of the gentle Nazarene taught the new lesson of love, so aptly learned by woman. All down the centuries, while man has been maintaining right and justice by the sword and the cannon, woman has lived the model of brotherly love. Like the three Marys, who alone remained faithful to the Divine Master at the foot of the Cross and at the sepulchre, woman has followed from afar to bind up the wounds, comfort the dying, and bury the dead.

Works of love and mercy—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, caring for the orphaned and helpless,—all these good works, until almost our own day, have been carried on privately and in secret. The teaching, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth," was for centuries closely observed. But more modern and American, if less self-abnegating in spirit, is the principle, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

To our modern view it seems but justice that the world should know of the noble deed and the nobler doer, if but for the inspiration of example. Unwillingly, almost protestingly, the Catholic religious allows her work to be brought before the world. She feels that the sanctified life loses something of its beauty and holiness if brought to the knowledge of men.

This nineteenth century of ours, aptly called the "era of woman," is conspicuous for the development of woman's powers; in the opening up for her almost limitless possibilities in the various occupations and professions. But in no field of labor, whether

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of professional brilliancy or of scientific achievement, could nobler womanhood be shown than in the work of the Catholic Religious Orders. The lives of utter self-sacrifice in the service of others led by tens of thousands of these Christian women teach a fitting lesson to the spirit of our times—the dominance of the individual.

A glance at some of the works of benevolence carried on by Catholic sisterhoods will be of interest, if not a revelation to our people.

### THE WORK OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

About fifty years ago there sprang up in the heart of a young girl in a little village in France an ardent desire to make a home for some bedridden old women, living near by, whose helpless suffering appealed to her tender sympathy.

Without means herself, Marie —— saw little hope of beginning such a work; but God answered her prayers. With the advice of her good director and the assistance of two pious women a beginning was made, and the seed was planted which in less than half a century was to bear fruit through all Christendom. Beginning in one small room with the care of one cancerous patient, the little community rapidly increased; a watchful heavenly Father never allowing them to fail for want of support. Marvellous incidents are told of help coming to them in time of great need, from most unexpected sources. In this humble way began the first home for the aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor, as they modestly called themselves.

The life of these Little Sisters of the Poor is a daily martyrdom to duty. They have no income save what they beg from door to door in the form of rejected food, clothing, etc. This refuse food, which they accept gratefully, with their wonderful French economy and management is fashioned into savory and wholesome meals for the needy, the sisters themselves tasting nothing until all their aged *protégés* are provided for. In nearly all our large cities one or more of these homes shelters several hundred old men and women, regardless of race, creed, or color, many of them bedridden, unclean in their habits, helpless as infants, or afflicted with loathsome diseases. All are tended with the same unwavering, sweet kindness. We who live in comfortable homes know nothing of this heroism.

Footsore and weary from their long day of begging from house to house, often met only with abuse and refusal, two of the Little Sisters rested a moment at the house of a good lady,

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who in vain urged them to take some needed refreshment. "But, sister," said the lady to the pale Little Sister who, knowing a little English, acted as spokeswoman, "at this rate of work and wear you poor Little Sisters cannot live long." A faint sigh escaped the patient lips of the sister as she made the reply, pathetic in its significance: "*Dieu soit remercié que non, madame.*" The lives of the Little Sisters are so completely in the service of the Divine Master that it is their happiness to be the sooner united to him.

THEIR DEVOTION TO THE AGED.

How thoroughly the Little Sisters of the Poor assimilate their lives to the conditions of the work they undertake can hardly be conceived unless by actual experience. The first organic requirement of the religious life in that order seems to be an absolute renunciation of self, as well as the world's ways. One who saw them at work in the initial stage of their movement some years ago pictures it thus: "Recently we went through the temporary home of the Little Sisters. They were then located in the very poorest part of the town. It would be impossible to conceive a more wretched or decayed purlieu—a maze of rickety, rotten, tumble-down fabrics, inhabited by a ragged and demoralized population. Dirt reigned everywhere; disease followed in its train; hunger and nakedness were the lot of the women and children; desperation and drink (when it could be got) the resources of the men. This loathsome region was the one selected by the Little Sisters as the most inviting vineyard; and here they battled for several years with the foul demons of dirt and disease and crime with a heroism more real than that of the soldier in the trench. They set up their home in two old houses, one of which had been a pawnbroker's store, knocking the two structures into one, and fitting up as many apartments as they could for the reception of the aged and infirm. The women occupied one of the houses, the men the other; while the sisters had their apartments and their humble chapel on the same premises. The old houses were inexpressibly stuffy, cobwebby, and dusty when they got them; but they had them cleaned up and brightened as much as possible. When we went through them we found all the bedrooms very clean, and most of them adorned with rough colored pictures of a pious character; but the flooring, we noticed, was in all cases very shaky and uneven. Some of the inmates, who were too feeble to sit up, were in bed; and it was wonderfully touching

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to see the affectionate reverence with which they were tended by the gentle women who had devoted their lives to this work. Had they been personal relatives, each and every one, they could not be more solicitous in their inquiries about their bodily comforts—more attentive in every possible way that could be soothing to an invalid. They sat by them, laughed and talked and joked with them, and caressed them fondly; so that nothing we had ever seen reminded us so much of the divine Master and his overpowering love for suffering humanity as the action of those bright and happy young women.

THE WAY THEY LIVE.

"The greater number of the women in the place sat in a work-room, where they laughed and chatted pleasantly as they sewed or knitted, apparently as happy as ever they were in their lives; while the old men, too feeble for any work, sat in a common-room in the neighboring building, smoking their pipes or taking their snuff, and gossiping over by-gone times with the calm philosophy of statesmen, unburdened either with the cares of office or the necessity of providing for the morrow's dinner. It was not an almshouse which the Little Sisters had provided for these poor old people; it was a *home*, with far more sociability about it than ever their *protégés* had known, probably, in their lives before they had entered this one. After going through the dormitories and work-rooms, we paid a visit to the *cuisine*. It was not exactly the sort of place which would have suited Lucullus. Kitchen and larder were all one—simply a room where the broken victuals were sorted and rehashed in various ways, and tea or coffee made. For it is on broken victuals—morsels which the Little Sisters beg from door to door—the refuse of the hotels and boarding-houses mostly—that the whole establishment is fed; and this is the rule everywhere. It was hardly credible that ladies brought up in greater or less refinement, as most of the sisters have been, should bring themselves to dine off scraps from others' tables, like Lazarus; but such is the fact; it is the inexorable rule of the order. And as if to show how little real part luxury and high living have in our earthly pleasures, here was this bevy of bright young women, fed in this rather repulsive way, with faces as unclouded and free from traces of dyspepsia or discontent as those wax beauties in the great *modistes'* windows, who smile and look lovely the live-long day. I never was so struck with the force of the observation, that happiness is only a relative condition, as on

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beholding the work and daily life of those darling Little Sisters in their humble but sacrosanct dwelling."

### THE CARE OF THE FOUNDLINGS.

In most of our large cities, in some secluded street, stands a large building, probably accommodating four or five hundred inmates. We do not need the inscription over the door to tell us what the institution is. Just within the lower gate swings a dainty cradle, and perhaps at this moment some hapless young mother, whose one misstep has cost her all that womanhood holds dear, is laying her deserted infant on the white coverlet of the little crib. At the foundling asylum no information is asked, save what the forlorn mother offers. She may, if she wishes, enter with her child, nursing it and another infant for a year's time, going forth then, transformed by kindness, to lead a new life.

In connection with most foundling asylums there is a Maternity Hospital, and in some places a home in the country where delicate and convalescent children are sent to gain strength. Most of the children are left without name or token, and their bringing up becomes the duty of the good sisters, who give them more than a mother's care. After two years of age most of the little ones are placed in the kindergarten class, where the genius of the great Froebel transforms the simplest objects into sunshine and happy employment for the childish heart and hands.

Walking along the wide corridors of the Foundling Hospital one sees the bright, happy faces of the little ones playing about, and feels that God prospers this work and blesses the sweet-faced sisters who devote their lives to the care of the "least of these little ones." But the mission of the good sisters is not ended until, by means of agents sent out through the country, each child is adopted into a good Christian home. Many a bright little one thus regains the birthright it was deprived of in a father's and mother's love. Foundling asylums are mostly the work of the Sisters of Charity, although in some cities other orders have them in charge.

What a monument the Foundling Asylum is to man's infidelity and woman's self-devotion!

### WORK AMONG WORKING-GIRLS.

Of late years much has been written and done in the interests of the working-girl. In all our large cities thousands of

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young women are out at work from eight o'clock in the morning until six or seven at night. Some of these girls have a no more inviting spot to represent home than a musty hall bedroom in a cheap boarding-house, or a corner in a wretched tenement flat ruled over by a drunken father or a scolding mother. Inevitably these young women are driven away from home to seek the recreation of body and mind they so sorely need. Recognizing this want, Catholic women have set to work to meet it. To this end working-girls' clubs have been formed where young women can spend their evenings pleasantly and profitably. In these clubs a library and reading-room are provided. Several nights in the week there are classes in dress-making, book-keeping, millinery, cooking, type-writing, stenography, literature, etc. For some of these lessons a small fee of five or ten cents is asked. A gymnasium and music-room are part of the club, which is largely supported by a monthly fee of twenty-five cents from each member. There are numbers of such clubs in New York and other cities; the good accomplished and the harm prevented thereby are incalculable. The only trouble is, there are not half enough of such clubs to meet the great demand.

A band of generous Catholic lay women some sixteen years ago established a home for girls where young women in ill-health, at work or out of employment, could find board according to their means. This home, St. Mary's Lodging House, has now several branches in New York and neighboring cities, and many similar homes have been established all over the country. These homes are partly self-supporting and partly kept up by donations. Some are in the charge of religious and some are conducted by lay women. Connected with St. Mary's Lodging House, New York, is a night refuge. Here homeless women can obtain food, a bath, a night's lodging, and clean clothing free. Who shall say what misery and crime have been averted by this friendly helping hand held out to the unfortunate homeless one? As with the girls' clubs, so it is with these night refuges—a hundred are needed where but one exists.

### SISTERS OF DIVINE COMPASSION.

There is a benevolent society, the Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls, which is now the congregation of the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. Their work is the protection and reformation of girls from two to eighteen years old. These girls, the children very often of depravity and ignorance, are given an industrial education. The good sisters teach

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them to sew, wash, iron, and cook, and when old enough the girls are returned to their families or are placed in positions to earn for themselves. The home, under the direction of the kind-hearted sisters, is made self-supporting by means of large orders received for laundry work and sewing.

### AMONG THE LEPERS.

What shall we say of the marvellous heroism of those women who give their lives to work among the lepers?—those ardent followers of the Carpenter of Nazareth, who said: "Greater love than this hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Taking up the work begun many years ago by the saintly Father Damien, the Franciscan Sisters have gone out to the leper colonies, and there have erected schools, hospitals, and asylums. With tenderest care the sisters minister to the afflicted people, and all the while they are fully conscious of the fact that they themselves, sooner or later, will inevitably fall victims to the loathsome disease. Above the harbor entrance to the leper islands might well be placed the inscription, "Who enters here leaves hope behind." The work is in itself a death in life.

### VISITING THE HOSPITALS.

There is beautiful work done by Catholic women, lay and religious, in visiting hospitals, prisons, navy-yards, and asylums. The Sisters of Mercy include these and many others in their works of mercy. The sisters accomplish a great deal among the prisoners by their gentle tact and knowledge of human nature. Often, by a few words of sympathy and advice given just at the right moment, they are able to turn the despondent man's thoughts to higher things and so change the whole current of his after life. These high-souled women are untiring in their service of the Master to help poor struggling humanity. They succeed in collecting small libraries of sound, wholesome literature for navy-yards and barracks, hospitals, asylums, and jails, and thus accomplish wonders for the moral elevation of the inmates.

### SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The order known as the Sisters of the Good Shepherd has been in existence for over three hundred years in Europe, and for fifty years in America. So widespread and so wonderful

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has been its work that hardly enough can be said in its praise. The aim of these sisters is the reformation of fallen women, and the preservation of young girls; the care of inebriate women; those addicted to the use of opium; and in certain cases of prisoners committed by the courts. The whole relation of these sisters toward their charges is that of love and kindness—the spirit of the compassionate Saviour toward Mary Magdalen. As no compulsion is used in their entering the House of the Good Shepherd, so no restraint is needed to keep the women there. The sisters quietly and gently seek to gain the confidence, good will, and affection of those placed in their care. They endeavor to lead them to repentance, and to a true self-respect in the consciousness that life is yet full of great possibilities for them in careers of purity and goodness. Attached to each house is a community of Magdalens, where those penitent women who so desire may spend the rest of their lives in good works, prayer, and penance.

The women and girls are taught various trades and handicrafts in the industrial school, and are thus fitted to earn their own support in honesty. In many cases the fall of these young women is due to their not knowing how to earn a livelihood.

Truly followers of the Good Shepherd are these holy nuns who labor much to "bring back the one sheep which was lost."

### THE CONSUMPTIVES' HOME.

One of the most remarkable organizations of Catholic lay women is that of the Young Ladies' Charitable Association of Boston, Mass., which has established and supports a free home for consumptives. Scarcely two years ago some charitable young Catholic women visiting among the poor of their parish came upon most pitiable cases of want and incurable disease. They made inquiry as to what institution would receive these helpless cases, and they learned that there was but one such in Boston—an institution conducted in a most bigoted and unchristian manner. In this home for consumptives a priest was not allowed to enter. Here many poor Catholics, suffering from want and weakened by disease, were enticed by tempting comforts to enter, and paid the price of these comforts with the privation of their faith. Seeing the crying need there was for a home where religious freedom was allowed, these energetic young women, under the able direction of one of their number, set earnestly to work. The result is that flourishing institution, the "Free

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Home for Consumptives." In the plan of its organization the city is divided into about twenty districts. In each district, which has its distinct president and officers subordinate to those of the general association, about fifty young lady solicitors enlist each ten contributors who pay ten cents a month, making in all a monthly income of about $1,000. Each district band cares for its own poor and sick, and provides them with delicacies; besides it takes in its turn the care of the home for one week. They amuse and read to the patients, supply them with little delicacies, give them an afternoon's entertainment, as well as take charge of any burials that occur. The home is a fine, large, home-like establishment located on a hillside, and is in charge of a matron and professional nurses. All patients, regardless of creed or color, enjoy religious freedom and are visited by clergymen of their own selection. The only qualifications for admission to this home are poverty and consumption. The young lady visitors finding patients with other diseases, have them nursed in their homes or paid for in hospitals. The visitors also prepare the sick for the Blessed Sacrament. They carry on diet-kitchens, whence the sick poor are daily supplied with milk, beef-tea, eggs, etc. There is a children's library and a working-girls' club connected with the home. In fact these devoted women are branching out on all lines of charitable work. It is greatly to be desired that this beautiful work of the Young Ladies' Charitable Association of Boston should be imitated and repeated in every city of our land.

Within the limited space of this sketch it has been impossible to mention more than a few of the beautiful works of Catholic women. Nothing has been said of the splendid educational establishments conducted by sisters. In America alone there are more than twenty orders devoted exclusively to teaching. Space does not allow even a mention of the work done by religious and lay organizations of Catholic women in the care of orphan asylums, of industrial schools, of hospitals, of institutions for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, of homes for emigrants, of sewing and cooking schools for the poor, of institutions for the insane, of day nurseries, of schools for the colored and Indian races, and of countless other good works. Volumes might be written on any one of these phases of labor among God's helpless and weaker children.

It has been truly said that the charities of the Church are one of the greatest proofs of her divinity.

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The world is learning what the Catholic Church and Catholic women have done and are doing for down-trodden humanity.

In the various congresses to be held at the World's Fair there will be addresses from prominent Catholics showing what the Catholic Church is doing along the lines of arts and sciences, education, industry, moral and social reform, philanthropy, temperance, etc., etc.

At the earnest solicitation of the non-Catholic managers of the Woman's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition, papers will be read by able women in the International Congress of Charities on the "nursing of the sick by Roman Catholic Sisters"; in the Congress of Religions, on the work of women in the church; one in the Kindergarten Congress on Catholic Kindergartens; a paper in the Congress of Education on the Higher Education of Catholic women; one on Industrial Training in Roman Catholic Schools for girls, in the Congress of Industry; and a paper on the organized work of women in the Catholic Church, in the World's Congress of Representative Women.

L. A. Toomy.

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# RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

## I.

HONORIFIC titles have been given to few sovereigns, if any, more deservedly than that of "THE CATHOLIC" to Isabel* I. of Castile and Don Ferdinand V. of Aragon. For, in their private as well as public life, in their warlike enterprises as well as their political reforms, in all the acts of their paternal and fruitful rule, they ever proved themselves to be loving members of the church, vigorous defenders of the faith, and zealous for the glory of God and the spiritual advantage of their subjects.

Never has political action appeared more exalted in character than at that time, nor been more resplendent with abundant results of true progress. If the condition of Spain during the fifteenth century be studied, and in particular that early part of it during which Henry IV., Isabella's brother, reigned, we shall find anarchy ruling, demoralization spreading, all classes of society disturbed and unsettled, and the entire social edifice seemingly following the throne in a headlong course to destruction. By contrast, the marvellous regeneration brought about by "the Catholic sovereigns" will be thus duly appreciated; it was due to their reforms, their conquests, and, more than all, to their example and virtues. The mind is filled with wonder at their having accomplished so much in so short a time, at their multiplying themselves, as it were, to promptly attend to every need of their realms. While they brought to consummation the work of the reconquest, they reformed courts of justice, regulated the laws, corrected evil customs, prepared the development of agriculture and trade, favored arts and letters, subdued the nobility, and, without neglecting foreign policy abroad through which they added the kingdom of Naples to their dominions, they still found time to examine into and consider the plans, apparently chimerical, of a poor adventurer which were to result for them in the discovery of a new world. These glories were the result of heroic valor, of unswerving resolve, of clear under-

* Isabel is the Spanish for "Elizabeth."

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standing, of signal prudence, and of an inspiration which could have only come to them as a reward for their great virtues.

### ISABELLA'S SYMPATHY FOR COLUMBUS.

That piety was the soul of all their undertakings has been said and repeated by many historians—a piety so deep, so active, so exalted that, while adding to the merit of their works, it made them resplendent with extraordinary marks of grandeur. But if these qualities were unitedly possessed by both sovereigns, they shone especially in the great Queen of Castile. "To her, indeed," says a historian, "are due the larger part of the glories of that reign; to her the highest conceptions and all the elevated inspirations belong. Wherever her spouse put in action his arm, or, at most, his brain, she brought the assistance of her heart."* This is shown in the events which led to the discovery of America. Without calling in question Ferdinand's efficacious part in the enterprise,† the magnanimous heart of Isabella alone could welcome with sympathy the poor adventurer, habited in his threadbare cloak; listen to his plans, in which correct information was mingled with marvellous fables; afford him generous assistance of means at a time when the resources of the royal coffers were low; keep up his hopes for not less than seven years, until after the capture of Granada, and then devote herself to realizing one of the most risky ventures ever undertaken by men. Now, what could have been Isabella the Catholic's motives for examining into and promoting the project of Columbus? A Protestant writer, Washington Irving, who studied and knew how to avail himself, not always impartially, of the documents collected by Navarrete, declares that "Isabella had nobler inducements. She was filled with pious zeal at the idea of effecting such a great work of salvation."‡ Truly did the admiral exclaim, when he got the news of his patroness's decease, "that her life was always Catholic, holy and active in all matters appertaining to her service."§

### HER MOTIVES WERE RELIGIOUS.

But the most positive evidence that the great Catholic queen was inspired by a deep religious sense in this grave business is to be found in the very negotiations which, during so many years, were going on between the court of Castile and the

* Sanchez Casado, *Historia de España*, page 397. † Father Mir, *El Centenario*, Nos. 7, 9, 10. ‡ *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. § Letter to his son Diego, Navarrete collection.



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wandering Italian navigator. It is true that the sovereigns preferred to learn the judgment of the most competent cosmographers and physicists of the kingdom on the matter, and to that end they were called together in council at Cordova under the presidency of the queen's confessor, Fray Hernando de Talavera. But after the deliberations of the council had resulted so unfavorably for Columbus's project *as to declare it to be impossible* and deserving to be wholly rejected,* how came it that the queen would not give up her purpose of befriending the undertaking proposed by the needy Italian adventurer?

Notwithstanding that men of science (such as cosmographic

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

DON FERDINAND OF ARAGON.

science was at that time) rejected the project, judged it to be preposterous and impossible, the queen ordered assistance to be given to Columbus to induce him not to leave her realms, but to hope for better times under the shadow of the banner of Castile.

There are some who have sought to fabricate from the result of the deliberations held at Cordova a charge against Father Hernando de Talavera. Irving considers him to have been an avowed enemy of Columbus. This view is unjust; the father's course in the matter was in accord with his patriotism and loyalty to his sovereigns.

"What was it that Columbus proposed?" asks Father Cappa

* Las Casas' *Historia de las Indias*, book i. chap. xxix.

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with singular directness: to find a way to Asia by sailing west —a course *the very reverse of that which the Portuguese were trying to find* by sailing east. The search was, of course, deserving of consideration and action; but of what value to the Spanish nation could be the discovery of Cipango of the Great Khan, Columbus's dream, in comparison with the kingdom of Granada? Could the Spanish sovereigns divert vessels and treasure for an undertaking which did not meet at all, as that relating to Granada did, the traditional and secular requirements of the entire nation? "Could a religious," we continue quoting from the learned Jesuit, "could a prelate like Talavera, who was the soul of the war against Granada, consent to weaken the undertaking by applying the nation's resources for any purpose other than that of dragging down at once and for ever the banner of the crescent from the Mussulman towers of Granada? Columbus's project, in this light, was of secondary importance, because of the doubtful possibility of carrying it out; of the problematical aspect of the results, and of the scant interest which it excited, while the attention of the sovereigns, cities, and magnates was concentrated, not on Cipango of the Great Khan, but on the Granada of Boabdil."* The circumstances of those times were not such as to warrant rushing on the path of adventure, nor were the inducements held forth by Columbus sufficient to supersede the national undertaking of bringing to a successful end a reconquest which had been going on for seven centuries.

## II.

The course of the venerable Talavera having thus been shown to be justifiable, it can be affirmed that Columbus did not meet in Spain with a single religious not in sympathy with his project. From the prior of La Rabida to the great Cardinal Mendoza history records the names of a large number of ecclesiastics who welcomed with sympathy, favored with assistance, and co-operated efficaciously with the work of the Genoese. Can this fact be considered as fortuitous and without any reason to account for it? "Columbus," writes Leo XIII. in his admirable encyclical on the subject of the fourth centenary, "united the study of nature with the study of religion, and his heart and intelligence had formed themselves by the light and warmth of Catholic belief. . . . Columbus's main design al-

* *Estudios criticas cerca de la dominacion Española en America, Colon y los Españoles*, p. 17.

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ways was, as is abundantly proven by the history of events concerning him, to extend westward the name of Christ, and the beneficent effects of Christian charity."

### THE SECRET OF COLUMBUS'S SUCCESS.

This, in our judgment, is the explanation of the great ascendency which Columbus attained with the ecclesiastics of Spain, and the truly pious soul of the great Catholic queen. Columbus, as the Pope says, united the study of nature with the study of religion. If, as regards the former, he was shallow in his knowledge (for in his day cosmography had made but little progress), he, on the other hand, made up for it by his thorough

CORONATION PROCESSION OF ISABELLA.

devotion to the latter. He was accustomed to hold forth before ecclesiastics and the queen in language so fervid, so elevated, and so efficacious that it captivated them and brought them over to his projects. His Holiness has been skilful in selecting for his encyclical texts which are as jewels exalting the religious feeling of Columbus and the queen. The great navigator did not fail to take occasion to proclaim "that the advancement and honor of the Christian religion was always the sole beginning and end of his enterprise"; and as to the queen,

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who, as the Holy Father states, read better than any one else the mind of the illustrious Italian, her determination was to first show favor to his project and later on to enter upon its prosecution. The first voyages made by him were indeed very bare of material and positive results; nevertheless, the queen wrote "that the moneys already spent, and those as well which she was also ready to devote for the expeditions to the Indies, could not be laid out for a better purpose, because thus the spread of Christianity would be promoted." Upon another occasion, when Columbus expressed to the sovereigns his dread that they might become weary of spending money for new dominions productive of such meagre results, "the queen," he wrote, "replied with that heart which she is known throughout the world to possess, and told me not to trouble myself with anxiety on that score, because it was her determination to prosecute the enterprise and sustain it even though *nothing better could be got of it than stocks and stones;* that she cared naught about the expenses that were being incurred; that larger sums had been laid out for other things of much less importance, and that she considered all the moneys so far spent, and to be spent thereafter, in the matter as wisely spent, because she believed that *our holy faith would thereby be increased and its real sway made widespread.*"*

## THE MEN WHO STOOD BY COLUMBUS.

But, before continuing to bring out information and evidence of the essentially religious character of the discovery, it is proper that we should give a brief review of the personages in Spain who during seven years kept up the hope of Columbus, and of those who brought about the sailing of the first expedition.

## III.

The first personage that comes before us is the Franciscan friar, Father Juan Perez, prior of the monastery of La Rabida, who detained Columbus when he was about to leave for France, and became the patron of his project and the most loyal friend he ever had. Next in order is Father Diego de Deza, a Dominican friar, who, fearing that the trifling or negative results of the councils held at Cordova might drive Columbus from Spain, and that in consequence the hopes which inspired his great purpose might vanish, declared himself his protector, and not only

* *Columbus's Third Voyage*, Navarrete, vol. i. p. 263.

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favored and encouraged him, but sent him to Salamanca with a recommendation to the monks of San Esteban to welcome him lovingly and enable him to take a place among the professors of that learned university.

Thus, surrounded by friars, Columbus spent several months of the year 1487, which must have been the pleasantest of his whole life, because, being efficaciously aided by the sympathy of the Dominicans, he succeeded in winning over the professors of the university to his cause.

Another friend of Columbus, whose influence needs not to be dwelt upon, was the great Spanish cardinal, Don Pedro Gonsalez de Mendoza, called, on account of his power, *the Third King of Spain.* Washington Irving says of the interview which Columbus had with him: "The latter, knowing the importance of his auditor, exerted himself to produce conviction. The clear-headed cardinal listened with profound attention. He saw the grandeur of the conception, and felt the force of the arguments. He was pleased likewise with the noble and earnest manner of Columbus, and became at once a firm and serviceable friend." What more could a threadbare and penniless adventurer hope for than to gain over, at once, the friendship of the great Spanish cardinal?

No matter where Columbus moves, we always see him welcomed by ecclesiastics, and it may be truly said that, from the day when he first set foot in Spain down to the time when he left the shores of Palos behind him to launch out on the *Mare Tenebrosum* (the gloomy sea), he always went about surrounded by friars.

Father Antonio Marchena, of the Franciscan monastery of La Rabida, who has been confounded with Father Juan Perez, was one of Columbus's firmest friends, and was claimed by the latter, rather exaggeratedly, to have alone remained during seven years steady in his faith in his *protégé's* designs. The Carthusian Gaspar Gorricio studied, together with Columbus, the books of prophecies, and is mentioned by him in his letters with deserved praise. Antonio Geraldini, pontifical nuncio, and his brother Alexander, preceptor of the minor children of Ferdinand and Isabella, as Irving states, embraced his cause with ardor. So that all ecclesiastics, secular or regular, having influence at the court of Castile—all, without exception—sided with Columbus and efficaciously co-operated to the carrying out of his plans after having for so many years kept up his hopes.

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## IV.

### RELIGION, NOT SCIENCE, HIS GUIDE.

It is evident, then, that not the skilled navigator and cosmographer, but the fervent Christian, the devoted friend of the friars, won over to the cause the sympathies of the court of Castile. Science (such as it was then) rejected the design as chimerical and hazardous, religion took it up, and under its protection the way was first opened at the court of Castile and followed afterwards on the gloomy Atlantic Ocean, then designated as the *Mare Tenebrosum*.

It could not have been otherwise, because such science as Columbus possessed was unavailing to convince any one of the soundness of his views. Better versed in holy Scripture and in the writings of the fathers than in geography and mathematics, he was full of the errors prevailing in his day in regard to the magnitude of the globe and its form. Nor was his knowledge of navigation more complete, for he possessed only a practical experience acquired during many years of following the sea. Hence it is not to be wondered at that he felt so uncertain when on his first voyage, and was not sure of the course on which he was sailing, nor that, after four voyages, he died without finding out or even suspecting that he had discovered a new world.

Columbus's triumph was not, we repeat, a triumph of science; it was solely and exclusively a triumph of religion.

## V.

The documents of the admiral which have come down to us, and the narratives of chroniclers, abound in evidence establishing the religious character of the enterprise. "The Eternal God," as Columbus wrote in 1493, "inspired me with the idea, smoothed the infinite difficulties before me, until it was adopted and carried out; he gave me vigor and courage to face all my comrades when determined to rebel and turn back homeward; in fine, he granted me what I was seeking for. He will perfect the work."*

It is well known that Columbus's constant, vehement desire was to recover Jerusalem by means of the profits of his undertaking. At the outset of his discoveries in 1492 he thus

* Muñoz, *Historia del Nuevo Mundo*, book iv. p. 141.

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expresses himself: "I hope in God that when I return I shall find a barrel of unappropriated gold, and have discovered the source of gold and the spices, *and such abundance of both* that before three years the conquest of Jerusalem may be attempted, for which object I solemnly declared the profits of the enterprise were to be devoted."*

Faith was in Columbus the source of inspiration, of constancy in his labors, and of audacity in the hour of peril. His love of religion led him so far as to advise the sovereigns never to consent that any one *not a good Catholic* be allowed to tread the soil of the Indies.†

THE ALCAZAR FROM THE SOUTH.

The diary of his voyage begins thus, "*In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!*" On board the vessels the Holy Rosary was recited every evening and rest from labor was observed on festival days. It is related in the narrative of the voyage that "when on that happy night of the 3d of October land was seen 'the *Salve*' was afterwards sung, together with other devout expressions of praise of our blessed Lady."

Upon landing in Hispaniola the first thing thought of was to intone the "*Te Deum laudamus*," in order that the voyage entered upon after the entire crew had approached the Sacrament of Penance and received Holy Communion *might terminate as piously as it had begun*, and show the holy and pious purposes by which it had been inspired.

The chronicler of "the Catholic sovereigns," the cura of Los Palacios, who entertained Columbus as a guest in his house,‡ says that the latter's motive in seeking to visit the land of the Great Khan "*was a desire to teach him the Christian faith*," and relates, moreover, that when the admiral returned in 1496 from his second voyage he wore the girdle and habit of St. Francis, which, in

* Navarrete collection. † Ibid. ‡ Chap. viii.

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cut and color, resembled the habit worn by the Franciscan monks.*

SUBSEQUENT ACTION OF THE SPANISH CROWN.

This article would become insufferably long if we were to endeavor to collect all the evidence afforded by Columbus of his deep religious feeling as regards the matter of the discovery. To it he undoubtedly owed the favor of the court of Castile, and especially that of the Catholic queen. We shall, therefore, here close our account of him, merely adding that he died expressing his desire *for the recovery of the Holy Land* to be accomplished with resources from the Indies, and we now take up briefly the policy followed by the sovereigns of Castile in the territories of the New World.

## VI.

As we have shown in foregoing pages, the foremost idea of "the Catholic sovereigns," after the Indies had been discovered, was to convert the Indians to Christianity.

When Don Bernardino de Carbajal went, by order of "the sovereigns," to give Pope Alexander VI. an account of the event, after enhancing the importance of the discovery by which so many idolaters would be brought into the fold of the church, he added: "It is hoped that they will become converted to Christ in a short time by the persons whom 'the sovereigns' are sending to them."

"In order that the work of conversion should be managed properly," says Herrera, "their highnesses sent a Benedictine monk named Father Boyl to accompany the admiral. He was invested with apostolic authority, and he, and other religious that he took with him, had special orders that *the Indians were to be well treated*, and by presents and kind treatment drawn to religion; and *Spaniards treating them badly were to be severely punished.* They were provided with ornaments and necessaries for Divine worship, and the queen in particular gave a very rich offering from her own chapel."†

ISABELLA CONDEMNS SLAVERY.

In Herrera's writings is recorded, so to speak, the entire policy of the sovereigns as regards the Indies. In a hundred practical ways they declared that the natives there, brought over to the Christian faith in a few years, were as their children.

The indignant outcry which burst forth from the magnani-

* Cura de los Palacios, chap. cii.

† *Historia de las Indias*, vol. i.

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mous heart of Isabella when she learned that, by order of Columbus, a shipment of Indians had been made for sale as slaves in Seville, is deserving of imperishable renown. "Who," she exclaimed, "is Don Cristobal Colon that he takes upon himself to sell my subjects? Indians are freemen equally with Spaniards." She ordered the captives to be set at liberty and sent back home if they chose to go.

THE HOUSE OF COLUMBUS IN GENOA.

"The Catholic sovereigns" not only prohibited slavery, but, inspired by really paternal feelings, they enacted measures having for their object to moderate the labor required of the Indians, to fix their wages and regulate the payment of same, and to prevent in every way their being made victims of the avarice and superior power of their conquerors.

The aborigines paid no taxes, were free to take up trade, and besides enjoyed, even in matters spiritual, privileges and exemptions for which the sovereigns had obtained pontifical concessions from the Holy See.

In view of the above, if the royal encouragement afforded to Columbus to achieve his discovery was glorious, even more so was the royal policy which knew how to turn that important event to good account, albeit that during fourteen years or more there was, says a historian, no other result than a gulf

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in which the treasure and sons of Spain were being swallowed up.

Thanks to this paternal and Christian policy, all the dangers, and they were many, following upon the discovery were in time overcome—some occasioned by European monarchs, others growing out of the fierceness of some of the tribes of the newly discovered lands, others again by the covetousness of the conquerors, and finally some through sacrifices required by the emptiness of the national treasury, drained by the wars and disturbances of the fifteenth century.

All these difficulties were got over by admirable forethought, highest prudence, boundless charity, and by indomitable energy and constancy, so that, after the first mishaps of the conquest were over, the New Continent, under the protection of the standard of Castile and the influence of wise legislation, reached the enjoyment of a prosperity and well-being greater than in old Europe.

## SOWING THE SEEDS OF RELIGION.

"In the beginning of the seventeenth century," as related by the Protestant historian Ranke,* "we find the proud fabric of the Catholic Church completely erected in South America. It possessed five archbishoprics, twenty-seven bishoprics, four hundred monasteries, with parish churches and 'doctrinas' innumerable. Magnificent cathedrals had been reared—the most gorgeous of all, perhaps, being that of Los Angeles. The Jesuits taught grammar and the liberal arts; they had also a theological seminary attached to their college of San Ildefonso, in Mexico. In the universities of Mexico and Lima all the branches of theology were studied. . . . Christianity was, meanwhile, in course of gradual and regular diffusion throughout South America, the mendicant orders being more particularly active. The conquests had become changed into a seat of missions, and the missions were rapidly proclaiming civilization. The monastic orders taught the natives to sow and reap, plant trees and build houses, while teaching them to read and sing, and were regarded by the people thus benefited with all the more earnest veneration."

And Macaulay also testifies that "certainly the conquests made in those regions by the Catholic religion have abundantly made up for her the losses sustained in the Old World."†

As a result of the civilization above described the new con-

* Ranke, *History of the Popes*, book vii. chapter ii.

† "Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes," *Edinburgh Review*.

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THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT GENOA.

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tinent enjoyed during three centuries a felicity unknown to the populations of Europe. In order to show the peaceful and happy existence enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Spanish-American dominions, a writer instances a single well-known fact, which is undeniably without a parallel *in the history of the ancient or modern world*, and which, he states, is this: "For a period of two and a half centuries, that is to say from the beginning of the working of the mines down to 1808, the '*conducta*,'* made up of one hundred mules loaded with coined silver and gold in charge of an '*arriero*' and his servants, without any escort, and under the sole protection of a small banner bearing the royal arms, started from Zacatecas for Vera Cruz, a distance of two hundred leagues, without ever being interfered with or molested by anybody."†

This is certainly a splendid instance of the marvellous honesty and order prevailing in those countries, not long reclaimed from barbarism and placed on the foundation of all real prosperity and all legitimate progress.

## A HARVEST OF LIGHT AND PEACE.

The advancement attained under the flag of Castile by the Spanish colonies of the New World was indeed in every respect prodigious. The "Catholic sovereigns," and after them their successors, sought above all to introduce the light of civilization in the discovered regions, and, accordingly, they founded in the principal cities universities and colleges in which not only sacred and profane sciences were cultivated, but learned languages and the liberal arts as well.

Hardly a century had elapsed after the conquest when liberal studies were flourishing in all Spanish America, and principally in Mexico and Peru, whose universities could compare with those of old Europe, and sent forth from their halls such eminent men as Don Pedro Alarcon, a great astronomer held in honor by the Sorbonne of Paris; Velasquez de Leon, a distinguished mathematician; Liguënza, very learned in all kinds of science, who was invited by Louis XIV. to emigrate to France; Ruiz de Alarcon, the great dramatic writer; Juarez, called *the Mexican Apelles;* Miguel Cabrera, Rafael, Baltasar Echore, Lopez Herrera, and besides ever so many others who shone in all the branches of human knowledge.

* The *conducta* was the treasure of specie sent from Zacatecas, San Luis de Potosi, and the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz for shipment to Spain.

† Martinez y Saez, *La Edad Media comparada con los tiempos Modernos.*

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The "Catholic sovereigns," as an author states, through their eminently wise policy, brought about this marvellous civilization by treating their American subjects as their own sons—treating them better than any other European nation ever treated its colonies,* for none ever established in them a university and but few of them colleges.†

Nor, while thus promoting culture by founding universities and colleges, were they behind in establishing hospitals, houses of charity, workshops for trades, rural schools, houses of refuge for the destitute, and every kind of institution for bettering the condition of the people and providing for all their needs. An author whom we have already quoted says with truth: "The activity of the Spaniards in the New World in building so many cities adorned with churches as beautiful as those existing in the mother country, and other edifices intended for uses conducive to every purpose of civilization, is an historically proven fact; and all this was done in a generous spirit of emulation between Spanish monarchs and their subjects to see which could do more for the public good and the greater splendor of religion; it is, moreover, still patent to any one choosing to explore Spanish America, for the monuments in evidence of the same are still standing except such as have been levelled to the ground by revolutionary vandalism."‡

## VII.

We by no means claim to have exhausted all the material appertaining to the subject now treated; to do so would require several volumes; we have merely cursorily indicated the prominently religious character of the discovery of America. The kings of Spain, successively, adhering to the course laid down by Don Ferdinand and Doña Isabella, preserved and confirmed this character, and, by bringing to those distant possessions the sciences and arts and causing them to flourish, crowned a work greater than any ever brought to a successful end by any nation of the earth.

### THE GLORY OF SPAIN.

This motherly work was done by Spain at the cost of great sacrifices. It was one of the causes of her depopulation and of

* This policy has not been followed by Great Britain in India, nor by the French in Tonquin, where the consumption of opium has been promoted for the purpose of breaking the energies of the natives, and by this means maintaining dominion over them.

† Martinez y Saez, *La Edad Media comparada con los tiempos Modernos.*

‡ Work already quoted from, vol. ii. p. 97.

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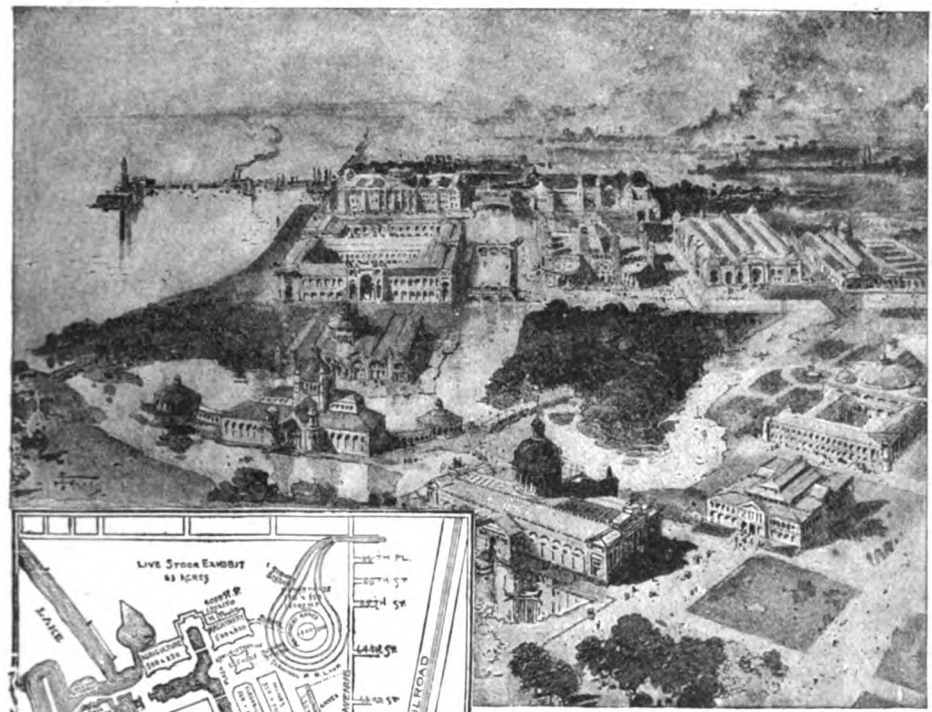
her downfall, but she won the glory of enlarging the then known world by the addition to it of a continent, and of founding Christian civilization among races sunk in barbarism and idolatry.

To spread widely the above truth is but performing an act of justice, to deny it is to close one's eyes to the light of history, and to be guilty of an offence of ingratitude unworthy of any honorable conscience.




The very same peoples in America who, at the beginning of this century, deceived by revolutionist enemies of religion and of Spain, threw off the parental dominion of the mother country, have since acknowledged the benefits for which they are indebted to her. When, in 1863, an assembly of notables met in the City of Mexico to decide upon the form of government best suited for their country, so long the prey of anarchy, the assem-

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bly solemnly declared: "In the midst of the profound sorrow and the deeply-rooted evils which have been the sad patrimony of the last generations, we turn our tearful eyes back to those centuries which our demagogues characterize as full of obscurantism, imprisonment, and fetters, and we send forth from our breasts regretful sighs for the lost blessings of peace, abundance, and security enjoyed by our forefathers in their day. . . . A special legislation replete with prudence and wisdom placed the natives in security from malicious attempts, never to be deterred otherwise from their purpose of preying upon and turning to account tribes humiliated by conquest, weak, ignorant, and superstitious.

"It was not merely royal care but paternal, elaborate vigilance besides, which could go downward in legislation to the plane of the customs and habitual vices of the Indians in order to better both, and abate at the same time the extreme severity of ordinary legal penalties. . . . With how great a glory does immortal memory crown that nation which, ruling in two worlds, after having planted the Standard of the Cross where the altar of human sacrifices stood, spread through a great nation the divine splendor of the civilization of the Gospel!"

Such was the declaration of that assembly, consisting of two hundred and forty of the most learned and wealthy men in Mexican society. Their testimony is incontrovertible.

Thirty years later, upon the occasion of the centenary of the discovery, the American delegates to the Hispano-American congresses have repeated identical or similar declarations.

Let us, then, celebrate this triumph of truth as the most beautiful homage which Spain and America can offer, in union together, to the glory of the "Catholic sovereigns" on the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of the New World.

MANUEL PEREZ VILLAMIL,
*Member of the Royal Academy of History.*

*Madrid, Spain.*

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## MARY'S MAY.

HER freshest robes the glad world dons,
The golden sunbeams fall
In flowery vales, on upland lawns,
On tasselled maples tall.
Amid the rathe wheat blackbirds flute
A merry roundelay;
No song-bird's voice is dull or mute
In Mary's month of May.

With clover-blooms and sweetest flowers
The meadow-lands are bright;
The robins throng around their bowers
In apple-blossoms white;
The lilies bend their heads in prayer,
The scented thorns are gay;
There's light, there's beauty everywhere
In Mary's month of May.

The river sings a livelier tune
The whisp'ring reeds among;
The red dawn to the east comes soon—
The daylight tarries long;
And organs sound, and church-bells peal,
At closing of the day;
And round her altars millions kneel
In Mary's month of May.

And she, the Mother, Queen, and Maid,
Who sits nigh God's bright throne,
Will not disdain to give her aid,
When sinners make their moan;
And He who makes her face so fair,
Who owned on earth her sway,
Will not refuse the slightest prayer
His Mother makes in May.

M. ROCK.

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# THE FIRST SANCTUARY IN THE NEW WORLD.

CATHOLICS all the world over should take a pride in sharing in the glory and honors of the Columbian Celebration; because where American civilization was first planted by Columbus, in 1493, the Catholic Church reared its first altar on this soil four hundred years ago. The story of this church is the golden chain that links the landing of the Spanish cavaliers with the great achievements of 1893. Christianity and civilization were born in the same cradle and at the same moment, in the western hemisphere.

It is a fact not often commented upon in American history, that the first house built by Columbus in the New World was a Catholic church. Its remains still exist; and it is the story of the discovery of the ruins of this first church that we are specially concerned with in this article. The story is not long. It was in the fall of 1493 that Columbus set sail on his second voyage of discovery, with seventeen ships and fifteen hundred men to establish his first permanent settlement. Horses and domestic animals of all kinds, every sort of seed and agricultural implement, were gathered on board. Among the crew were cavaliers, hidalgos, soldiers, sailors, and artisans. A group of twelve ecclesiastics under a Benedictine monk, Father Bernard Boyle, who had also been named Vicar-Apostolic of the New World, accompanied the expedition. A prosperous voyage brought them off the north coast of the island of Santo Domingo about the latter part of November, 1493.

When the admiral prepared to make his first settlement, he nominated a commission composed of two engineers, an architect, and a ship-builder, under the presidency of Melchor Maldonado, to make a topographical survey, and report to him the most suitable site for a city. After a careful examination they reported a place about eight miles from where Cape Isabella now is. It was provided with an excellent port, and was near two rivers, watering a soil that was exceedingly fertile. A short distance away were stones fit for building. The plateau on which they proposed to locate was described at length by Dr. Chanca,

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the physician of the fleet, in a letter to the authorities of Seville which is still extant.

Says the chronicler: "In his estimation, the service of God surpassing all other considerations, the first edifice that was erected should be the church. It was pushed with such activity that, on the sixth of January, 1494, the anniversary of the entrance of the sovereigns into Granada, High Mass was solemnly celebrated in it by the Vicar-Apostolic, assisted by Father Juan Perez de Marchena and the twelve religious who accompanied Father Boyl" (*sic*).

Streets and squares were projected, a public store-house and residence for Columbus were built of hewn stone, private houses were built of wood, and in a few weeks it had the appearance of a well-ordered city. Thus was founded the first Christian city in the New World, to which Columbus gave the name of Isabella, in honor of his royal patroness. The life of the place, however, was very short. The establishment of new towns inland, and the building of Santo Domingo on the other side of the island, very soon diminished its importance. Even from the time of his third voyage, in 1497, the admiral abandoned the port of Isabella, and since that time its decadence has been complete. Fifty years ago a correspondent, T. S. Henneker, wrote to Washington Irving about it as follows: "Isabella at the present day is quite overgrown with forests, in the midst of which are still to be seen, partly standing, the *pillars of a church*, some remains of the king's store-house, and part of the residence of Columbus, all built of hewn stone."

Twenty years ago an American journalist who visited the island wrote: "The town is but a deserted heap of ruins almost entirely obscured by rank vegetation." Not long ago the Spanish gunboat *Conto* visited the place, having on board two hydrographic engineers commissioned to study it. Later came the United States man-of-war ship *Enterprise* to identify the ruins. Finally came Dr. Charles H. Hall and Frederick H. Ober, special commissioner for the World's Fair, who describe the situation as very picturesque.

But indeed, despite its decay and ruin, Isabella is still a delightful spot. The bay, with its white shore-line, looks enchanting; and the plateau is thickly wooded, fringed to the water's edge with mahogany, lignum-vitæ, sandal-wood, palm and mangrove trees. The hills and mountains behind the plateau rise so abruptly that they seem to be almost crowding each other

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into the sea. Flocks of richly plumaged birds, parrots, and turtle-doves disport themselves with glee in the spreading branches of the trees, and fill all the air with a wondrous medley of music. The atmosphere is delicious. In the morning, when the sun begins to turn ocean and earth to gold, the air is suffused with the perfume of fragrant vines and flowers. It is here a delight simply to live. In the evening, when the sun turns the tree-tops to amethyst and the lime-cliffs to rubies, the cool shades of the forests invite to perfect repose, and life is a dream in the silent city of the cavaliers.

In the fall of 1891 the attention of the editor of the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston, Rev. John O'Brien, was called to this spot by the writer. This good priest, with characteristic energy, took up with enthusiasm and at once the work of rescuing from oblivion the spot where civilization and Catholicity first saw the light of day in the New World. A grant of land was obtained from the Dominican government practically ceding the site of the old town. Plans were drawn for a stone monument surmounted by a colossal statue of the great discoverer in bronze, the estimated cost of which was ten to twelve thousand dollars. Meanwhile a clearing was ordered, through the United States consul at Puerto Plata, at the expense of the *Review*, and an archæological commission was despatched to the site of the ancient town to locate exactly the foundations of the church. The results were embodied in a report of this commission published in the issue of October 19, 1892. After some time spent in vain at the ruins, when about to give up the search, by an almost providential instinct, the five members of the commission were led together into the woods to the north of the clearing, where they found the surface walls of a large stone building forty feet wide and one hundred and twenty feet long, with apse, nave, and transept resembling the terreplein of a church. The foundations on which stood the vestibule, choir, and presbytery were distinctly visible; while the casual discovery of fragments of mineral substance heavy and very brilliant, a species of metallic stucco-work resembling mosaic, where the altar stood, left now no room for doubt.

"We were in the sacred precincts of the sanctuary," continues the report. "In the presence of such evidence, and full of an indescribable emotion, we fell upon our knees. Across the mist of four centuries we saw the early pioneers toiling here where we stood, some preparing materials, others carrying them, and

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others building the temple wherein they might worship God, under whose protection they had not feared to cross the unknown, mysterious ocean. Then, with bowed heads, we listened to the fervent act of thanksgiving which, with trembling voice, Señor Llenas lifted up to the Most High. And afterwards, having erected a large cross on a living acacia-tree which we stripped of its branches, and which was growing on the very spot where the altar stood, we took leave of the memorable spot with a feeling of sorrow."

Accompanying this report came also a request from the Dominican committee that the statue plan should be modified, or rather extended, so as to include the rebuilding of a chapel on the foundation of the ancient church. It was argued that such a memorial would be more appropriate than any other to mark the birthplace of the Catholic Church in America. His grace, Monseigneur Arturo de Merino, the present archbishop and former president of the Dominican Republic, having been appealed to, consented to appoint a priest there permanently to care for the chapel if it were erected. The additional cost of this church, it is estimated, will be not more than six thousand dollars, and it is hoped to have the building completed, ready for dedication, the sixth of January, 1894, the four hundredth anniversary of the dedication of the first church by Columbus.

Meanwhile two beautiful bronze tablets for the walls of the church are now being cast at the Ames foundry, Chicopee, Mass. They set forth the motives of the memorial very clearly, namely, to commemorate the twofold establishment of Christianity and civilization in the New World.

In one relief Columbus is in the foreground on bended knees, laying the corner-stone of the church symbolized by a cross. On the right is a female figure representing Mother Church, fostering a little Indian child and pointing with uplifted hand to the cross. On the left are found the monks with lowered heads and lighted tapers, with the Spanish cavaliers and hidalgos in the distance. The second relief is more classical than the first and represents Ceres, the goddess of abundance, bringing the gifts of civilization. She is drawn in a chariot by prancing horses. Columbus, at their head, points the way for them to follow and hands the reins to Columbia. An Indian at the chariot-wheels gathers up the gifts as they fall. On the face of the pedestal is the inscription, in terse rhythmical Latin sentences, which is translated as follows:

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THE COLUMBUS STATUE ERECTED IN BOSTON. A REPLICA STANDS IN FRONT OF LA RABIDA MONASTERY, (WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.)

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"Towards the close of the fifteenth century,
Christian Colonists, under the leadership of Columbus,
Here on this spot planted the first settlement
And the first Christian temple;
The Sacred Heart Review, under the
Auspices of the citizens of Boston,
That the memory of so great an event
Might not be forgotten,
Hath erected this monument.
A.D. 1893."

Sculptured marble and engraved stone we have in abundance, and tablets without number bear witness to historical events connected with our faith of far less importance than this. For the significance of these ruins cannot be over-estimated. One hundred and twenty-six years before the fugitive members of the Congregational Church landed at Plymouth Rock, one hundred and ten years before those of the Anglican Church came to Jamestown, thirty-five years before the word Protestant was invented, this church was erected, and the Gospel announced to the New World by zealous missionaries of the Roman Catholic faith. No other denomination of Christians in America can claim priority, or even equal duration with us in point of time. No other can show through all the centuries of history such generous self-sacrifice and heroic missionary effort. No other has endured such misrepresentation and bitter persecution for justice's sake. From the very beginning the Catholic Church had been one of the most powerful factors in our civilization, and she stands to-day at the head of those influences for good that have made the New World what it is. If her history here is a valuable heritage, we to whom its glory has descended are in duty bound to keep it alive in the memory and hearts of her children. We have already celebrated the centennial of the church in the United States; but for a still greater reason we should now prepare to celebrate the quadri-centennial of the church in America.

THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS.

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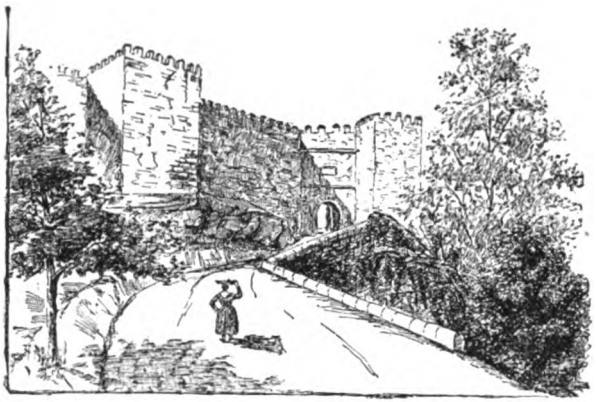

## THE CHRIST-BEARER.

THIS was a man of all men else apart,
Yet so attempered in his cosmic mind
That he was more than brother to his kind
Whether of land or sea, of court or mart.
For he hath touched the universal heart,
He hath poured light upon the utter blind
And at his word bade new worlds unconfined
Into the wondering ken of nations start.
Fearless he followed westward his own star
Until he saw the shining Hebrides
Unto his 'raptured vision all unroll;
Yet hath he won a triumph greater far—
Whether in kingly court or raging seas
He deep explored and conquered his own soul.

Of such a mould was Socrates the Greek
Daring the unknown seas of human thought;
In such a mood keen Aristotle wrought,
Heeding the voice that bade him "Seek, O seek"!
In kindred tones we hear the Roman speak
Who hurled the wiles of Catiline to naught:
All noble souls unterrified, unbought,
Gather in homage at his vessel's peak.

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Nor doth he voice to them an unknown tongue,
For great deeds speak wherever man is great,
And giants know their brother giant's crest:
Wherever hearts are bold or songs are sung
The sons of Genius on the Sailor wait
And hail him Prophet of the mighty West.

Yea, he is master of earth's ancient kings
Rich-laden with the trophies of old Time,
For they are not untainted by the slime
Of base ambitions from polluted springs;
While he, new herald of the dawn-break, flings
A flood of sunlight on the dust and grime
Of buried centuries: mists of age and clime
Fly fast before him on the morning's wings.
Nor doth he bear his glory in the boast
Of finder of the undiscovered lands
And bridger of the hidden ocean's span:
For unto every race and every coast
He comes, the true Christ-bearer—in his hands
The freedom and the brotherhood of man!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

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## THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

**The strength of the Temperance Movement in Wales** is shown by the introduction into the House of Commons of a Direct Veto Bill, which received the support of every one of the Welsh members—at least none ventured to raise a voice or to cast a vote against it—and by the more stringent character of its proposals compared with those of the bill introduced by the government. While the government proposes to give dealers in intoxicating drinks four years' grace before prohibition can come into operation in any locality for the first time, the Welsh bill proposes, should the electors so determine, to close every place in which liquor is sold after only a few months' notice. The government bill does not touch hotels, restaurants, or village inns, and no attempt is made to prevent wholesale dealing in liquor; the Welsh bill makes no exception, except that it does not forbid brewing. Brewers, however, are not very likely to make what they are unable to sell. The bill allows Town Councils or one-tenth of the electors in voting districts to determine on the adoption or rejection of three resolutions: 1. That the sale of intoxicating liquors should be prohibited; 2. That the number of licenses should be reduced; 3. That no new licenses should be granted. To pass the first of these resolutions a majority of two-thirds is required, while a majority of one will have the power to reduce the number of licenses or to forbid granting of new licenses. The bill was read a second time; but the prospect of its becoming law is very remote, and its sole value consists in the clear indication it gives of the opinion of the Welsh people upon the evils of the liquor-traffic and the best way of dealing with these evils. In the course of the debate one of the speakers stated that he had commissioned an able and impartial lawyer to visit this country and report to him on the subject of prohibition legislation. Although this report was not yet quite ready, one or two facts he stated

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came out very clearly. One was that "to attempt to apply prohibitory laws where there was not overwhelming public opinion in their favor was not only absolutely useless, but most pernicious in its effect both upon the population and their law-abiding habits, and on the administration of the law. Another was the great importance of absolutely separating all connection between the administration of the law affecting the liquor-traffic and the municipal and other local government of the country. The enforcement of the law must be in the hands of a body of the highest character, and entirely independent of local influence." Residents in New York will have little hesitation in endorsing both of these conclusions, especially the latter.

**Yet Another Temperance Bill.**—While Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the United Kingdom Alliance, although not fully satisfied with the proposals of the government, have heartily accepted them as a long step in the right direction, the opposition to it is very strong. A few of Mr. Gladstone's supporters have announced their intention not to vote for this bill; a fierce agitation against it has been set on foot throughout the country; while the time of the House of Commons is more than fully occupied by the Home-Rule Bill. It is, therefore, more than probable that this session will come to an end without its having been passed into law. Under these circumstances more moderate and less ambitious measures, introduced by private members, may possibly succeed. Of one of these we gave an account last month; another has been introduced into the House of Lords by the Bishop of London, and represents the proposals by which the Church of England Temperance Society aims at diminishing the evils of the present system. The leading principle of this bill consists in reducing the number of public-houses, and thereby diminishing the temptation to drunkenness which the at present excessive number affords. The prohibition of the sale of liquor by the direct veto of the people is not aimed at; but it is proposed to give to the people themselves, instead of to the magistrates as under the existing law, the power of electing a board to which will be entrusted, under certain very definite regulations, the granting of new licenses and the renewing of old ones. Moreover, after five years' time the number of public-houses is to be restricted according to the population. It is calculated that there is a public-house for every two hundred and fifty inhabitants even of the country districts. Lord Aberdare, in the bill which he in-

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troduced some twenty years ago—a bill which, to the great regret of all moderate men, was defeated by the combined forces of liquor-sellers and the extreme teetotalers—proposed that there should be one public-house to every fifteen hundred inhabitants in towns and one for every nine hundred in the country districts. The proper proportion of public-houses to the population is hard to determine, and the Bishop of London in introducing his bill has left it to be settled by subsequent discussion. The principle, however, is a good one, and while sure of meeting with the approval of all who are not extremists in one or the other direction, ought to be accepted even by the latter as the best under the circumstances. The measures which we have mentioned affect either Wales alone or Great Britain. Ireland is not touched by them. It is said that no attempt is to be made to legislate for Ireland before the Home-Rule Parliament meets.

**Working-men's Clubs and the Temperance Movement.**—One great danger attendant upon the attempt to suppress the sale of liquor by legislative enactments, is the fact that the place of the public-house is often taken by clubs of working-men —clubs which, of course, have the same privilege of selling intoxicating drinks to their members as is possessed by the Carlton or Athenæum. Mr. Charles Booth in his book on *Life and Labor in London*, treating of working-men's clubs in the East End, says that while all the philanthropic clubs—that is to say, all the clubs which are supported, not by their members but by the assistance of the charitable—are, with one exception, teetotal, the self-supporting clubs are, also with one exception, dependent for their existence upon the sale of beer. In no other way but by the paying for drinks will any of these clubs make sufficient effort to support itself. This is the case even when they have a real social or political object in view as their *raison-d'être*. The evil is, however, intensified by the formation of clubs which have nominally a public object, while in reality the consumption of liquor is their sole end and aim. Public-houses are subject to law and to police supervision; these clubs are private, and as the law now stands the sale of liquor cannot be controlled in any way, and may go on at any hour of the day or night, and on Sundays as well as on week-days. Even at present innumerable evils are caused by them; and the more complete the control under which public-houses are placed, the greater will be the number of these bogus clubs, and the more

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extended their operations. To restrict the evils thus caused, a bill has been introduced for enforcing registration on all clubs alike, and for prohibiting the admission of persons below the age of eighteen. This is, however, a very small remedy for a very great evil; if law is to be a safeguard at all, wherever liquor is sold it must be sold under the same restrictions. What is the use of suppressing the sale of liquor at places where there is a certain, even if insufficient, restraint, if it is to be allowed to go on in other places without even the least restraint?

**The Lancashire Cotton Strike.**—The most costly strike which has ever taken place in the Lancashire cotton trade has just come to an end. The loss of the operatives in wages, and of the traders and other persons indirectly affected, is estimated at no less than two million pounds. One hundred and twenty-five thousand persons were involved; the larger part of this number had no cause of complaint, but were compelled to be idle through the dependence of their work upon that of the strikers. The intervention of mayors and archdeacons was somewhat contemptuously declined, and after a conflict of twenty weeks terms of settlement were finally arranged by a conference between the representatives of the Employers' Federation, on the one hand, and those of the various organizations of the operatives, on the other. Although the contest was bitter and many of the men were forced to undergo cruel privations, nothing like a riot took place and not a penny's worth of property was injured. This is a noteworthy mark of progress, for fifty years ago rioting was an invariable feature of a cotton strike in this district, as may be seen in the recently published volume of "State Trials."

**Results of the Strike.**—In what good have the sacrifices involved in this strike resulted? Both masters and men declare themselves satisfied. The cause of quarrel was the determination of the masters to reduce wages five per cent. The workmen did not deny that the state of trade required a modification of the conditions under which work had hitherto been carried on; but, while willing to consent to the mills being closed on a certain number of days during the week in order to limit production, they refused to submit to any reduction of wages. In the end they have accepted a reduction of 2.9 per cent., and claim that, if they had not made the fight against the five per cent., within a brief period the demand for a second five per

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cent. would have been made. To the general public the most satisfactory outcome of the struggle is that the terms of peace include the adoption of a method for the settlement of disputes and to prevent future strikes. We hear on every side outspoken condemnation of strikes as a remedy for industrial evils, but too often when a dispute occurs human passions assert themselves and war is declared. The first article of the agreement by which this strike has been brought to a conclusion records the admission of both parties that disputes and differences are inimical to the interests of both, and subsequent articles proceed to regulate, so far as it is possible to do so in advance, the intervals at which any change in the rates of wages may be made. Best of all, it lays down the definite procedure to be adopted when disputes of any kind arise. The details are too technical to give here, but the principle upon which they rest is that both parties are interested in a common business, and that therefore both ought to deliberate and consult together upon any matter connected with their common business. Should the agreement be carried out hereafter in its letter and its spirit, the cotton strike of 1892–3, costly as it has been, will not have been without compensations.

**Report on the Strikes and Lockouts of 1891.**—An elaborate report has just been published by the British government on the strikes and lock-outs of 1891. Its author is Mr. Burnett, the labor correspondent of the Board of Trade, who, by-the-by, is at the present time in this country, having been sent here by the president of the Board of Trade to make an investigation into the industrial problems of the States. According to the report just published, there were in 1891 893 strikes, affecting about 4,500 establishments. The lock-outs were much fewer, being only 13, affecting 48 establishments. The importance of the agreement referred to above will appear from the fact that no fewer than 156 of these strikes took place among the cotton operatives, this being the largest number in any trade. More than half the strikes, or 54 per cent., arose out of disputes as to wages, and of these about three-fifths were for an advance of wages and two-fifths against a reduction. Thirty-one strikes arose, not out of any disagreement with employers, but from disputes among different classes of workmen as to the demarcation of their respective departments of work. To the "New Unionism" forty-seven strikes must be credited or debited, this number of strikes having been inaugurated by

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unionists against non-union labor. The employers made a stand against this interference with their control of their own business, and so successfully that, as Mr. Burnett says, "a heavy blow was struck at the movement which insisted upon the employment of nothing but union labor."

**Their Cost and Results.**—As to the success or failure of the strikes, Mr. Burnett, out of a total of 893, reckons 369 as successful, 181 as partially successful, 263 as unsuccessful, and 80 as indefinite or unknown. In the largest number of cases the workmen, as will be seen, gained the victory; but as a set-off it must be stated that the 369 successful strikes affected only 68,000 persons, whereas the 263 unsuccessful strikes affected 92,000. As to the cost of the strikes to both employers and employed, so far as particulars have been ascertained, it appears that the aggregate of the value of the fixed capital laid idle by the strikes amounted to £9.493,031; while the actual outlay caused by stopping and reopening the works reached £92,238. On the other hand, the workmen lost in wages the sum of about £1,500,000. Striking the balance of loss and gain, the net gain to the working-classes is estimated at £250,000 a year. A more pleasing feature of the report is the account of the many instances in which disputes were settled by means of conciliation boards and various methods of arbitration. No fewer than 24 such boards of conciliation have been established in various manufacturing towns; much good has been done already, and the influence of the boards seems to be increasing.

**The Hours of Shop Assistants.**—The readiness of the House of Commons to depart from the long-acted-upon principle of non-interference with the male adult received an illustration a few weeks ago by its passing unanimously a resolution, moved by Sir John Lubbock, in favor of regulating by public authority the hours of shop assistants. No law passed up to the present time expressly and of set purpose interferes with the power of a grown man to agree to work any number of hours he pleases. Women and children, indeed, have been protected by legislation, and the protection accorded to them has indirectly affected their male fellow-laborers. Moreover, it is true that there is at the present time before the House a bill that gives the Board of Trade power to regulate the hours of railway servants, and as it has received the support of both parties, it has come nearer to actual enactment than any other public measure introduced

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this session; but the object of this bill is not so much the welfare of the railway men as that of the public, which sees that long hours efficaciously contribute to accidents. Sir John Lubbock's proposal, however, gives to local authorities the power of making regulations fixing the number of hours which shops may be kept open, and does this avowedly for the benefit of the men as well as of the women and young people who are employed in the stores. It leaves the initiative to the shop, or, as we should call them, store-keepers; and it does this because the supporters of the movement are convinced that the large majority of such shop-keepers are in favor of reasonable hours, and that the long hours during which stores are kept open is due to the selfishness and rapacity of a small minority who, by refusing to conform to the general wishes, force their competitors to keep their stores open. It is this small minority that has rendered unsuccessful the efforts of the advocates of voluntary closing. The larger number are willing, but a few stand out, and the rest have to defend themselves. The inconsiderateness of the public also forms a difficulty, and especially of the poorer classes, who, it would seem, take too little thought for the needs of their fellow-workmen in the stores—for selfishness is not confined to the richer and upper classes.

**Multiplication of Political Parties.**—Politics do not enter into the scope of these notes; but the following observations are of a sufficiently abstract character not to form a departure from this rule. The government of most of the countries on the Continent is carried on by ministries which depend for their existence, or at all events for their ability to legislate, upon the skill with which they can manipulate the various parties of which the parliaments are composed. Of these parties there is generally a large number, and the task placed before a prime minister is to frame a policy which will secure the support of a sufficiently large number of groups to secure for his government a majority. He has to manipulate and to manœuvre, to cajole and to bribe, not with filthy lucre, indeed, but by class legislation. In fact, instead of the majority making the ministry, the ministry makes the majority; or at least tries to do so. In Great Britain until recently the opposite has been the case. There have been only two parties, and according as the country declared for one or the other, a Liberal or a Conservative ministry held the reins as the representative of such majority. The present Parliament, however, seems to show signs of an

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approaching change, and of an approximation to continental methods. Instead of two great homogeneous parties confronting one another, both the opposition and the supporters of the ministry are divided into various groups working together for the time being only. The opposition is made up of Tories and Liberal Unionists, and in the ranks of the latter are Whigs and Radicals. Mr. Gladstone's supporters consist of Radicals and Irish Nationalists. While the latter are made up of Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, the former include several groups within their ranks which profess their readiness to subordinate the existence of the government to the attainment of their own particular ends. The labor group openly boast that they will give their support to the party which will do most for their Eight-Hours Bill. Many of the Temperance party declare that their votes will go simply and solely in favor of the promotion of temperance, irrespective of everything else. Then there is a small number of Socialists, and these offer their support to the party which will go even a step or two in the direction of the nationalization of the land. Even the groups are subdividing into still smaller groups, some of the Temperance men being in favor of the Direct Veto Bill of the government; others looking upon it as pure treachery to the cause of temperance; while some of the Labor party are opponents of the eight-hours day. It remains to be seen whether the strong practical sense of the English people will force the suppression of theoretical differences, or whether the near future is to witness a transformation of political methods.



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## TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

*FROM Heart to Heart** is a charming volume of verse by Kate Vannah. The author is known as one who wields a graceful pen in the portrayal of the finer emotions, and to a correct ear for rhythm she brings a highly sensitive fancy and a nice delicacy of expression. A large portion of the volume is taken up with sonnets, and in the weaving of these poetic chaplets she displays a quick turn of expression and an aptitude for pleasing conceits. The volume is embellished by a portrait of the gifted writer.

*The Novel: What it is*† was the subject of an article in the *Forum* recently by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; and this article is now reproduced in the form of a tiny book by the Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Crawford is more entertaining to the general public in the practical illustration of his art than in its explanation—just as a conjurer shines better in his tricks than in a manual on prestidigitation. He tells some truths about that unintelligible thing, modern taste, in the matter of novel-reading and novel-writing which, however unpleasant, had better be faced. There is a *soupçon* of depravity in this *haut gout*, and "women who blush scarlet and men who feel an odd sensation of repulsion on reading such novels as *Tom Jones* and *Peregrine Pickle* are not conscious of any particular shock when their sensibilities are attacked in French." There is an imperceptible contagion in this evil which affects, as Mr. Crawford confesses, even writers who are not predisposed to what we may call garlic flavoring in literature. The jaded novelist, in a hurry to finish a volume or a chapter, may fall back upon it as a sort of *deus ex machina* or a labor-saver. But the objection to such an apology is, Why should the novelist be jaded? The public do not ask him to overwork himself, or sacrifice his finer moral perceptions to gratify a morbid taste. Mr. Crawford's plea is that those who write novels have got to live by them; and this is the whole root of the matter. There is a market for the novel—and we venture to say there will be a market for it so long as there is leisure to read. There are more thrilling and exciting things in

* *From Heart to Heart.* By Kate Vannah. Boston: J. G. Cupples Company.

† *The Novel: What it is.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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the every-day life of one great city, in one turn of this orb of ours around the sun, than any novelist could imagine, but the hurry of journalism and the difficulty of piecing them together as real parts of a living drama rob them of the interest which the counterfeit drama possesses. There is a great deal of heart about this humanity of ours after all, else there would not be so many tears shed over imaginary woes. When the day of the ideal newspaper shall have arrived, those tears will be elicited by the journalist's power for the sufferings of real life, and all the finer sensibilities of our nature will be moved to the relief of suffering which may be relieved and the crowning of heroism which really deserves a laurel. Henry Fielding, who, although he wrote a century and a half ago, may claim to speak as a successful novel-writer, would impose a severe criterion on all who aspire to follow the craft. The author of a novel, he insists, should not only have wit, learning, and experience of actual life, but he must have a good heart and be capable of feeling. Hecuba must be something to him and he to Hecuba ere he presume to write her woes or chronicle her joys, if she have any. Somehow we think the author of *Tom Jones*, shocking though he be in some of his writings, comes very near the truth.

Eastertide was very appropriately chosen by Miss Katherine E. Conway for the production of a chaplet of her poems which she styles *A Dream of Lilies*.* The volume is presented in a pretty cover of mauve and pale gold flowering, but the effects of color when the pages are opened are, in some instances, inharmonious. But the dress is not the book, and the hues of thought we find in Miss Conway's collection have no inharmonious blending. Her style is pretty familiar to most of our readers, and all of them, we dare predicate, will be glad to have such excellent examples of it collected in this perdurable shape. They are devotional pieces for the most part, and the writer's spirit shines through them. Graceful and tender, and devoid of pretentiousness in treatment, they at the same time reflect a depth of feeling and a grasp of imagination that, with a more forcible vehicle of expression, must strike the reader as the attributes of the true poetic mind. In method, at times, Miss Conway reminds one somewhat of the painstaking and delicate treatment seen in Spenser's work, minus its effort and ornateness. The title poem is a very beautiful bit of sensitive writing; were it not too lengthy for the purpose, we would anticipate some of the reader's pleasure by quoting it bodily. Many will find throughout

* *A Dream of Lilies*. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: J. G. Cupples Company.

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the volume the experiences and emotions that gladden or cloud our daily existence treated in such a way by the skilful hand of the author as cannot fail to bring the comfort we all feel, no matter how philosophic we be, from the true and beautiful expression of the feelings which stir us. It does not, then, surprise us to learn that the volume has already had a warm welcome, and that a second edition has been demanded; nor should we be astonished in this period of Catholic activity to find it speedily sought for by a still wider circle.

We have to thank the Columbus celebration for many things —amongst others for the discovery of poetical talents that otherwise might have been born to blush unseen. Columbian literature is being poured out upon us unstintedly, and we may add undiscriminatingly. There is poetical work *ad infinitum*, and we fear *ad nauseam*—for some of the poets seem to be like Molière's literary aspirant, writing prose for so many years all unconscious of the fact. Of the latter class we may catalogue the author of *The Song of America and Columbus*,* who appears to have mistaken a tolerably good knack of historical narrative for one of the gifts of the "Wizard of the North." It is a relief to gather from the preface that the author has no desire or hope of pecuniary profit from the publication of the poem—a declaration which proves him to be a better man of the world than a poet. He appears to entertain some apprehension that the length of the work may bore the public—which is, as Othello says, "a lost fear"; he and the proof-reader will probably be the only daring persons who will have run that risk.

A good study of starched and stern New England Puritanism is seen in Mary E. Wilkins's latest work, *Jane Field*.† The authoress has won some reputation as a delineator of this uncongenial type of humanity, and in this simple novel she increases it. Her title character is the subject of her study—an old woman who commits the fraud of personation in order to recover some money to which she considers she is entitled. The story is exceedingly simple in its outlines—and we may add it is not very refreshing. It is a gloomy little bit of work, and we would like to find the writer exercising her skill over something brighter. She has a nice style of description, graphic and unforced; and if she were fortunate enough to hit upon

* *The Song of America and Columbus.* By Kinahan Cornwallis. New York: Daily Investigator Office, 66 Broadway.—*The Conquest of Mexico and Peru.* Prefaced by the Discovery of the Pacific. A Historical Narrative Poem. By Kinahan Cornwallis.

† *Jane Field:* A Novel. By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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better groundwork there can be no doubt that her pen would run better. She might make her work amusing where at present it is barely interesting.

How near the East is to the West in passion and villainy, how far from it in imagery and subtle springs of action, Sir Edwin Arnold forcibly brings home to readers of English in his incessant stream of Japanese and Buddhist poems. There is more strength, perhaps, in his tragedy of "Adzuma"* than in any of his previous works. The lines of the plot are well laid, and the details well worked out to the bloody consummation. Adzuma is a lovable and beautiful character—a perfect Imogen in purity and fidelity—and, falling a victim to foul plots, contrives to procure her own death to save her own and her lord's honor and her fair fame. The course of the tragedy reminds one forcibly of "Othello," so far as the villainy of the story is concerned, only that Adzuma is a far stronger character than Desdemona—as strong, indeed, as Lucretia. The work is permeated by a constant strain of oriental thought, and the dominant ideas of Karma and reincarnation are ever kept before the reader's mind as motives of human action. How far these highly debatable points of philosophy claim the interest of European readers is a question; or what relevancy they have to the tragedy, save as lending "local color," we fail to see; likewise for what purpose a large number of Japanese words are put into the mouths of the characters. We are not aware that any appreciable proportion of the English people speak or read Japanese; and if the work be brought out in Japan, we dare say the interesting natives of that country would labor under a similar difficulty with regard to the English portions of it. But there is no use in grumbling. We dare say the author cannot write in any other way now, so imbued is his system with the oriental leaven. It is a pity, for he makes some nice use of the English language, and but few grammatical slips for one so given up to Japanese—as for example, page 157, "None never shall"—and he is a graceful poet, if not altogether a great one.

The impartial historian has been found at last, and his name is William Roscoe Thayer. Having provided himself with pen and ink and paper, and a host of authors of the kind upon whom Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, *et hoc genus omne*, have relied, the impartial historian sat down and wrote a book which he has

* *Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife.* A play in four acts. By Sir Edwin Arnold. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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put into two volumes and called *The Dawn of Italian Independence.** The earlier chapters give a clue to the whole work. They consist of one long, frenzied attack upon not only the hated Papacy, but the Catholic Church and its whole system; and it differs from most of the other attacks made by writers of the class we have referred to in that it lacks even the art to conceal its ribald indecency. We shall return to this subject in our next issue—not to defend the imperishable institution against which the venom of this latest assailant is spent, but to show to the world the sort of logic he uses and the mental quality of the assailant, as proved out of his own mouth.

M. Paul Bourget has acquired a reputation as a writer of the new school in French literature, and he seeks to justify it in his recent work, *Cosmopolis.*† He tells us that his purpose in writing it is to demonstrate the truth of the principle of race heredity. So far as we are aware, nobody of any note has challenged this principle as a rule qualified by a million of exceptions. The people who read the class of vicious novels of which this egotistical performance is an example do not care three straws about the truth or the error of ethnological theses; they want to be amused and excited, and they want their pabulum served up well. In order to be amusing there must be some humor in a novel; mere filthy scandal such as M. Paul Bourget here evolves from his own inner consciousness, seasoned with a continuous flow of finicking pedantry, bric-a-brac gossip, and jargon of the fine-art auction-room, can never satisfy jaded appetites. M. Bourget is a photographic observer of the littlenesses of life and the Colonel Smorl-Torks of society; and he thinks a good memory for Italian proverbs, coats of arms, and noble lineages one of the best equipments of a first-class novelist of the enlightened epoch. This is the new "analytical" method which comes up to the idea of the deceased "immortals," Sainte-Beuve and Taine. We do not think it will ever be a favorite here. The perfumed indelicacies of "Ouida" had a better chance than such awkward attempts at disguising scientific theories in the dress of novels. Even as a testimony of the accuracy of his proposition, this *Cosmopolis* is not of much value. M. Paul Bourget's picture of an American scamp is about as truthful a one as the John Bull idea of a Frenchman of the last century—a baboon-like personage constantly devouring frogs,

* *The Dawn of Italian Independence.* By William Roscoe Thayer. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Cosmopolis*: A Novel. By M. Paul Bourget. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

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shrugging his shoulders and elevating his eyebrows automatically. He is a broad-shouldered, muscular athlete, deep-chested, large-jointed, gross and red in face, with a ruddy moustache, bull-dog jaw, and pearly-white teeth; and the gift of painting—the sole one he possesses—is as much a physical endowment as the throat of a singer. For the rest he is all animal. If any one who knows true American blood can recognize in such a picture a type of the race, all we can do is to admit that M. Paul Bourget is a credible authority upon heredity and our own literary perceptions no more reliable than New York weather in April. All this, however, would be entirely beside the question were it not for this cardinal fact, that it is as a dissertation upon heredity that the novel is presented; and if the other characters in the book be no more faithful to the life than that of the so-called typical American, the author might just as well have presented us with *Cosmopolis* as a wholesome moral exercise, instead of what it is.

When the themes of earth are exhausted, some authors invite their readers to take a trip with them into the world above, and although we are told that "eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" what the delight and beauty of the eternal kingdom is, the daring brain of man sometimes essays the task of depicting them. It is not every one who can write a "Divina Commedia"; yet it is a task something like this which Laura Dearborn attempts in a small prose way in a booklet entitled *At the Threshold*.* The flight of the soul from earth, and its experiences and dialogue along the way in company with other travellers and probationers, are prettily described, and the sweet and soothing emollients of the theosophists are resorted to to explain difficulties which may present themselves to people whose religious training has not been so latitudinarian as to teach that there is nothing of any consequence in points of doctrine. The book, however, is a pretty conceit and nicely worded.

A really excellent sketch of American history† for the use of juveniles is presented by Messrs. Benziger. The little volume is nicely printed, cleverly illustrated, and substantially bound; and while it tells the school-boy and the school-girl of every important happening in their country's progress, it does not contain a single five-barred gate in the shape of a sesquipedalian syllable, but is content with the shortest words in the English language.

* *At the Threshold.* By Laura Dearborn. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *Primary History of the United States.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

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A rather pleasant book with an unpleasant ending is Mary West's story of *A Born Player*.* People living in these piping times for the stage have little notion of the aversion with which that institution was regarded by church-going folks in the days of the Georges; but a perusal of this short story will help them to realize it. The character of the hero, a young gentleman named Matthew Hare, is powerfully limned, but devoid of any suggestion of extravagance; and it is here that the writer's judgment is most apparent, for there is no greater temptation to indulgence in exaggeration than the antics of the stage-struck mortal usually present. The writer's knowledge of dramatic literature is considerable; and she gives us in a few touches a vivid picture of the power as well as the foibles of one great master of histrionic art, Edmund Kean. Although the ending of the book is abrupt, its literary style and differentiation of character are excellent.

A man whose literary reputation is secure can afford to do many a thing with impunity which would be instant perdition to the ablest new aspirant. It is in this spirit of confidence, no doubt, that Henry James has put in the forefront of the recently, issued volume of his short tales the sketch which gives the title to the book, "The Real Thing."† There are several charming *morceaux* embraced within the covers, notably a very touching little bit under the name of "Sir Dominick Ferrand." These things are more bits of study than stories, and their charm lies in the delicacy and effortless pathos of their treatment. Nothing better to while away an idle hour with than these scraps of literary mosaic; and if one wishes to get some luminous insight into the world of early literary or artistic struggle, he can have much of it here.

*Madame Rosély*‡ is a charming story in the original, as was proved by its eight editions; but, if it be not literary heresy to say so, it is more charming still in its present translation. The book is from the French of Mlle. V. Monniot, and has been beautifully rendered into English by two young ladies of this city, the Misses Elvira Quintero and Jean Mack, former scholars of the Sacred Heart. They have avoided the error of the great army of translators by reproducing the spirit of the original

* *A Born Player*. By Mary West. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† *The Real Thing, and Other Tales*. By Henry James. New York: Macmillan & Co.

‡ *Madame Rosély*. By Mlle. V. Monniot, author of *Marguerite's Journal*, *Marguerite at Twenty*. Translated by Elvira Quintero and Jean Mack. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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rather than the literal and necessarily inadequate rendering of mere word-meanings. Such translations, by an attempt at literal accuracy, miss the soul of the work. The latter method has robbed many a masterpiece of its beauty and power; transformed many perfect expressions of art into mere apologies for artistic form. *Madame Rosély*, however, thanks to the insight of the translators, has all the freshness, grace, and movement of an original English work. It has the elasticity and strength of the English idiom, without a trace of straining for Anglicized French word and phrase.

It is a story of Catholic French domestic life; the story of a young mother's trials and victories, ruled and beautified by the self-sacrifice, patience, and many Christian virtues of Madame Rosély. The thread of the narrative is carried along in a series of letters from Madame Rosély, the young mother, to her mother, Madame de Meillac, and the latter's replies, all relating and commenting on the varied incidents of the heroine's domestic life, the trials and the joys of herself and her children, and the many stirring events of their young careers. Through all the storms and sunshine of her fate Madame Rosély finds comfort in Christian patience and strength, and guidance in her Catholic faith. We cannot do better than quote this letter of commendation for the work given by the Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, Prothonotary Apostolic, and authorized biographer of Pius IX. and Leo XIII.:

"This most interesting book, translated from the French by two young ladies well known in New York society and former pupils of the Sacred Heart, is only one of a series composing the 'Young Girl's Library' issued by the well-known Catholic publishing house of Perisse Bros., Paris. The book is warmly commended by the Bishop of Agen, Monseigneur Le Vesous de Vesius, and its success in France, where the standard of Catholic literature is so high, is a sufficient guarantee of the literary excellence and the high religious character of this charming work. All these substantial merits have encouraged the publishing house of the Messrs. Cassell, of New York, to issue the book in its English form. And I may say that it is a most timely and welcome addition to the limited catalogue of unexceptionable Catholic works which our great female academies place as premiums in the hands of their pupils on Commencement Day.

"The book, moreover, will form an admirable supple-

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mentary chapter to my *Mirror of True Womanhood*, the last chapter of which treats of the qualities and virtues of the Christian mother. BERNARD O'REILLY, D.D.,

"*Prothonotary Apostolic, Historian of Leo XIII.*

"*Mt. St. Vincent's-on-the-Hudson, April* 16, 1893."

This is, we believe, the first distinctively Catholic story published by the old and valued house of the Messrs. Cassell. The book is a substantial recognition of the increasing appreciation, by the general community, of the intelligence and value of the Catholic reading public of the United States. We bespeak for it an encouraging reception.

## I.—ANGLICAN SERMONS.*

It is a striking indication of the change which has come over the Anglican Establishment that a canon missioner of the Diocese of Durham and vice-president of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel should avowedly derive the idea of a course of sermons from the great Franciscan preacher of the middle ages, St. Bernardine of Siena; that the idea should be the revealing in the utterances of the Blessed Virgin, as recorded in Holy Scripture, the characteristic features of the Christian life, and that St. Bernardine should be quoted with approbation as saying that the *Ave Maria*, like the *Pater Noster*, is a distinctive utterance of Christian lips, "Christians through all the ages having followed the example of St. Elizabeth in the devotional use of its sacred words." We wonder how many Hail Marys were said in the cathedral of which the author is a canon during, say the eighteenth century, and how often its aisles resounded with this distinctively Christian utterance. While we might say a good deal in criticism of various parts of these discourses, we prefer to express satisfaction that so much truth should be placed before those who are outside of the reach of real Catholic teachers, as is to be found in them. Their author, we are sure, is an assiduous student of Catholic spiritual writers, and although he feels bound to justify his own position by denying certain parts of their teaching, he nevertheless has imbibed no small amount both of what they teach

* *The Life of Love: A Course of Lent Lectures.* By the Rev. George Body, D.D. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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and of the spirit in which they teach. For these reasons the sermons are of value, not merely as a sign of the times but also on account of the spiritual insight of which they are the expression. They are characterized by clearness of thought, simplicity and directness of style, and argumentative force.

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## 2.—SHORT SERMONS.*

The custom of preaching short sermons at all the Masses on Sundays, recommended by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, has become well-nigh universal, and the publication of these volumes will do much to assist priests in preparing such discourses.

Three years ago Father Redmond published *Short Sermons on the Gospels for Every Sunday*, which were so well received that he has been encouraged to publish this volume on the Epistles.

We think the second volume will be even more popular than the first. The style of the sermons is clear, the matter thoroughly practical, and the arrangement orderly. They are just suited for Low Masses, being, as a rule, only five minutes long.

Father Wolfgarten's *Short Sermons* have been very popular in Germany, and will be appreciated by English-speaking Catholics.

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## 3.—THE MOTHER OF CHRIST IN PROPHECY.†

A dignified volume of five hundred pages Dr. Quigley gives us in his able and admirable defence of the position occupied by the Blessed Virgin in Catholic theology. The book, perchance, is not unknown to many, for this is the second edition, revised, of a work appearing under the rather odd title, "*Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum*," and doing duty in a learned and critical way in defence of the Vulgate interpretation of Genesis iii. 15. That such a work, remarkable for its profound research and its deep learning, goes to a second edition is the best evidence of its real worth. Much has been written in defence of Catholic cultus of the Mother of Christ by the ablest controversialists of

* *Short Sermons on the Epistles for Every Sunday.* By Very Rev. N. M. Redmond, V.F. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.——*Short Sermons for Early Masses.* By Rev. G. Wolfgarten. Translated from the German. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Mary, the Mother of Christ, in Prophecy, and its Fulfilment.* By R. F. Quigley, LL.B.

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the century, and one would almost think that the last word has been said, not only by way of defence but also of explanation; but still there are found not simply laymen but ministers, whom one finds it hard to acquit of bad faith, who incessantly repeat the old calumnies. Dr. Quigley's book is a veritable arsenal, filled with the ablest and best arguments, and going over the whole range of controversy which involves the Catholic devotion to Mary. This book shows Dr. Quigley to be a gentleman of profound learning and great ability, and, what in many cases is just as admirable, of painstaking research into the minutest points bearing on the question in hand. It is the mind of this temper that achieves great things, and does work which lives not for the day only but becomes a lasting monument.

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### 4.—A PULPIT MANUAL OF THE GOSPELS.*

We commend this manual because it uses the authorized text for the pulpit. With infinite pains the *Manual of Prayers* was compiled, and proof after proof submitted to the bishops for correction and their emendations incorporated, so that there is no prayer-book published that has in any sense the authorization that the *Manual of Prayers* has. It is from this book that Mr. Pustet has taken his text of the Epistles and Gospels.

* *The Epistles and Gospels for Pulpit Use.* Prepared by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

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# EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT would not be any great matter for astonishment if the ensuing July were to be signalized in Ireland by an Orange outbreak. Under normal conditions the cream of the Irish population, as the Northern malcontents are usually represented to the world, get mad in the dog-days; when they are egged on to mischief they show that when they get mad they mean it. As they hate the Papists for the love of God, so out of pure loyalty and a love of peace they get up riots and commit murder on a scale circumscribed only by their opportunities. English Tory politicians know their amiable weakness in this respect, and whenever they are out of office and there is a chance for the Irish majority to get some instalment of justice, they go to Ulster and play "Croppies lie down." This has the desired effect; the Orangemen come out into the streets, and put the glorious motto into practice.

Several times during the present generation this formula has been tried, and it was never known to fail. Rioting on a magnificent scale followed the visit of the late Lord Iddesleigh to Belfast a few years ago, but the Orangemen were dosed with their own pills so copiously by "Morley's murderers" that when Lord Randolph Churchill repeated the experiment a short while afterwards there was but a very feeble response to his noble war-cry:

"Wave, Ulster, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry."

The chivalry was not in good fighting condition, and only a few broken heads testified its existence. However, it has had time to pull itself together since then, and Mr. Balfour thinks he can galvanize it. He went to Belfast after the April-day fooling was over, and harangued the Orangemen in a "don't-nail-his-ear-to-the-pump" kind of speech—in fact, an appeal to the worst prejudices and most ferocious instincts of the Orange rabble; and the thin disguise of hypocrisy with which it was sought to be veiled seems only a contemptible device to shield the speaker from a prosecution for sedition or treason while his dupes were getting themselves shot down, as they certainly

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will be if they attempt to translate the sentiment of blind bigotry by the dictionary of bullet-moulds. It is a curious piece of cynicism that men with minds of Mr. Balfour's order should be elevated to the rank of statesmen; in really civilized countries they would be treated as political firebrands. Mr. Balfour is one of the very worst specimens of the tribe. Above all other men in political life he makes the nearest approach to Voltaire's definition of the human animal—a compound of the tiger and the ape.

A very apposite reference of Mr. Mercier's to the religious side of the Canadian question illustrates the absurdity of Mr. T. W. Russell's recent picture of Quebec Catholicism in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Mercier was dealing with a fear which must have found some substantial expression, that political union with the American States might be prejudicial to Catholic freedom in Canada. He met that objection with the answer that there was no country in the world where greater religious freedom was found than in the United States, for Catholics had not only perfect religious liberty, but they could aspire to the very highest offices in the commonwealth. Now, if Catholics in Canada groan under a theocratic tyranny, as Mr. T. W. Russell postulates, they surely would not feel alarm at the suggestion of a change; if non-Catholics saw them in such a plight, and cheerfully acquiescing in their slavery, would they be found deprecating an alteration which promised a more healthful condition of things? On either horn of the dilemma Mr. Russell is fixed; and let him explain himself out of his impalement if he can.

Politics, like poverty, often brings one strange bedfellows. The antagonism in Great Britain and Ireland to the Home-Rule Bill is the latest illustration of the truth of this ancient saw. English Catholics, including the Duke of Norfolk, oppose the measure as bitterly as Irish Orangemen. A section of Irish Catholic land-owners, including some descendants of Daniel O'Connell, have signed a memorial against it on the ground that, if carried, it would be likely to open the doors to revolutionary doctrines. To point out to those gentlemen that the present system, whose continuance they desire, has been the cause of formidable revolutionary movements, not mere doctrines but powerful and dangerous facts, ought to appear unnecessary, if argument were really needed in this case; but there are none so blind as those who will not see. His Grace of Norfolk finds

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the anomaly of his position a little painful. To be on the same platform with Colonel Saunderson, for instance, and listen to this representative of insolent bigotry denouncing the bill as a measure designed to hand over Ireland to the Pope—Home Rule and Rome Rule being, in the Orangeman's mind, convertible terms—causes the Duke of Norfolk a twinge of conscience. He was to preside at a meeting of Englishmen opposed to Home Rule on the 27th of April, and Colonel Saunderson was to be amongst the speakers. But Colonel Saunderson a little while ago, at Liverpool, had been denouncing Pope and Popery, Romish priests and Irish agitators, in language which left no doubt on the duke's mind that the Orangeman regards popes and priests as men of Belial. Therefore he wrote to the colonel asking for explanations. The colonel endeavored to explain, but the task was too nice a one for his poor powers of casuistry. He declared that he only used the terms "Romish" and "Papist," in connection with the Irish priesthood, with regard to "their political action"! If the gallant orator be no better hand at soldiering than he is at logic, his retirement from the British army will not cause the immediate collapse of the British Empire. But the Duke of Norfolk ought to have more respect for his religion, if not his lineage, than to be seen rubbing skirts with Know-nothings of the Saunderson type, who hate it with the blind hatred that evil has for good. The head of his church, the venerable and enlightened Leo XIII., has blessed the efforts of Ireland to obtain self-government, and it is not becoming in the Duke of Norfolk to curse them. He ought to remember the old saying, "Noscitur à sociis."

Belgium escaped a revolution, in the past month, by a deadly close shave. The trouble was as much an economical as a political one. Rights of labor and universal suffrage were the *duas res* which the proletariat shouldered arms for, and they won one of the stakes—the latter—after a sharp struggle. The lesson has been a severe one to king and ministry. Had they not yielded in time, the streets of Brussels seemed likely to have witnessed scenes akin to those of Paris in the great Revolution, for the multitude and the mob were there in their anger and their wickedness and ready for any deed of violence or rapine. It is impossible to comprehend the fatuity of the ministry. They knew the country was ripe for universal suffrage, yet they set themselves up to resist the popular will by every obstructive device. They knew the volcano was bursting into

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flame under their feet; they must have been aware that the army could not be relied on; yet they held out until blood was lavishly shed in Mons and several other places, and the capital itself almost in the possession of the armed mob. Then panic seized them, and they hurriedly brought in the bill granting universal suffrage, with the barest qualification, and passed it by one hundred and nineteen votes to twelve. For the moment the king and the ministry are safe; but who shall say how long the security shall last? The people have had an absolute triumph, and there is no saying to what uses they may turn their power now that they know it.

Undeterred by the fact of the World's Fair being held in Chicago, New York will have a fair of its own all this month of May; and, furthermore, in embarking on so bold an undertaking, it is not satisfied with Cato's modest programme—it will not only deserve success, but it will command it. For New York's Fair is the enterprise of the New York Press Club, and, to make it still more irresistible, it has enlisted a legion of New York's fairest and cleverest daughters in its service. In their hands success is a certainty. As one of the spectacles of New York, the event will take premier rank. It has been planned on a vast and magnificent scale, and, taking place in the pleasantest time of the year, it is certain to prove an unfailing attraction during the entire month. But independently of its festal character, the fact of the Press Club endeavoring to obtain support for any great object would in itself make the attempt successful, for that body has a friend in every right-thinking man and woman in the city.

Its object now is to build an institution worthy of its *status* as a great factor in the civilization and progress of the virtual metropolis of the United States; and furthermore, to establish a permanent fund for the support of those toilers of the press whom age or enfeebled health or overwork has placed *hors de combat*, and for burial expenses and benevolences. Hard-working though the average New York pressman is, his salary is in many cases out of all proportion to his labor; and it is a well-known fact that the newspaper proprietors of the city are more prone to spending their dollars upon great piles of masonry than upon their servants of the pen. It is not from these, but from the great omnivorous public that the Press Club looks for support.

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## NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*Five o'Clock Stories.* By the Sisters of the Holy Childhood. *New Month of Mary, St. Francis de Sales.* With the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Translated from the French by a Sister of the Visitation, Baltimore. *Manual of the Holy Family.* With the rules and prayers of the Association of the Holy Family. Compiled from approved sources by Rev. Bonaventura Hammer, O.S.F. *The Primer of Church Latin.* By Rene F. R. Conder, B.A. Oxen. *Saturday Dedicated to Mary.* From the Italian of Father Cabrini, S.J. With preface and introduction by Father Clarke, S.J. *The Devout Year.* By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. Short Meditations for the Year,

CUSHING & CO., Baltimore:

*Women of the World, with a Search-light of Epigram.* By Alethe Lowher Craig.

JOHN B. PIET, Baltimore:

*A Catechism of the Vows.* For the use of persons consecrated to God in the Religious State. By Rev. Peter Cotel, S.J.

JOS. ROTH, Stuttgart:

*S. Fidelis a Sigmaringa Exercitia Seraphicæ Devotionis.* Cum appendice Orationum ac Benedictionum denuo ad usum sacerdotum edidit P. Michael Hetzenauer a Zell prope Kufstein, Ord. Cap. Lector s. theologiæ approbatus.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York and London:

*The Shadows of the Lake.* By Frank Leyton. *The Final Passover. Vol. III.: The Divine Exodus.* By Rev. R. M. Benson, M.A., Oxford. *Elementary Biology.* By John Bidgood, B.Sc., F. L. S. *St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Elizabeth of Hungary.* Historical Dramas, by Clement William Barrand, S.J.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, New York:

*Instead of a Book.* By One too Busy to Write One.

BURNS & OATES, London:

*Œuvres de St. François de Sales, Évêque de Genève. Tome II.: Defence de l'Estendart de la Sainte Croix.*

GINN & COMPANY, Boston:

*Principles of Education.* By Malcolm MacVicar, Ph.D., LL.D.

T. A. RICE, St. Louis:

*Practical Single and Double Entry Book-keeping.* By Thos. A. Rice, A.M., LL.B. Key to ditto, ibid.

BOSTON SCHOOL SUPPLY CO., Boston:

*Epitome of the World's History.* By Edgar Sanderson, M.A. Revised and condensed by John Hardiman, A.M.

NORMAL SCHOOL PRESS, Hampton:

*Twenty-two Years' Work of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia.*

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington:

*Dream of the Ages*: A poem of Columbia. By Kate Brownlee Sherrwood.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

*Recollections of Middle Life.* By Francisque Sarcey.

MACMILLAN & CO., New York:

*The Last Touches, and Other Stories.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. *The Last Tenant.* By B. L. Fargeon.

CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

*The Snare of the Fowler.* By Mrs. Alexander. *The Fate of Tenella.* By twenty-four different authors. *Out of the Jaws of Death.* By Frank Barrett.

### PAMPHLETS.

*De Juridico Valore Decreti Tolerantiæ Commentarius.* New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

*Forty-third Annual Report of St. Vincent's Hospital.* West Chester: Boys' Protectory Print.



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# THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Cathedral Library Reading Circle of New York City attracted a most select audience on Wednesday evening, March 22, which filled to overflowing the elegant parlors lately furnished in the best taste by the Cathedral Literary and Athletic Society. On that occasion Brother Azarias gave one of the series of lectures for the season of 1893 conducted by the Reading Circle; subject, "How to Study Dante."

The audience evinced intense interest in following the luminous criticisms upon Dante, and precise warnings of the errors to be avoided in the interpretation of his great work, the "Divina Commedia." Brother Azarias pointed out the fact that while Dante societies were numerous among Protestants in this country, this was the first Catholic society, to his knowledge, that had taken up the serious study of the immortal Catholic poet. He dwelt on the necessity of an accurate knowledge of the history, literature, politics, and art of Dante's age in order to appreciate in any degree the poem; alluded to the Ptolemaic astronomical system as the basis of Dante's chronology, and declared that, without bearing this fact in mind, many portions of the different cantos are inexplicable and seem wanting in coherence.

The learned speaker then took up the different translators of Dante, and mentioned their defects. He insisted that for a true understanding of the "Divina Commedia" one must be thoroughly conversant with scholasticism, indicated minutely the methods that should be followed by the Circle in reading their great author, and then proceeded to summarize the different schools of criticism of Dante, dwelling largely on the French school, which has been so unfair to the Catholic poet through the influence of Voltaire.

He enumerated the most reliable critical works and commentaries in English, and mentioned the fact that Frederic Ozanam's beautiful *Essay on Dante*, which has been translated by an American, had not been published for want of sufficient interest in the subject to induce any publisher to accept it. At the conclusion of the lecture, which was listened to with rapt attention by the audience, the director of the Circle arose to thank their guest for his learned discourse, and wished to add that he could presume to know the spirit of the members of the Circle well enough to say that they would undertake to publish the translation that the lecturer had mentioned.

The following musical programme was performed during the evening: piano solo, "Carmen" (Otto Hackh), Miss Marie Lecuquer; songs—*a*, "The Day is Done" (Streleski); *b*, "Believe Me" (Balfe), Miss Nellie Lynch.

* * *

The second in the course of lectures under the auspices of the Cathedral Library Reading Circle was delivered in De La Salle Hall, by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Director of the Cathedral Library. The subject was the Spanish Inquisition. A large audience listened attentively to the exhaustive treatment of the subject by the lecturer. He began by stating that some explanation was apparently needed for a Catholic priest to speak in public of the Spanish Inquisi-

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tion, since it had been the exclusive theme of the enemies of the church. Many Catholics thought it was better to avoid the discussion of such a topic, fearing that perhaps there was some truth in what was so frequently alleged against the church by reason of this and similar historical questions. This lecture had first been delivered at the request of the Catholic Fortnightly Reading Circle of Buffalo, as one of their course on Spanish history and literature, and was now repeated at the request of the Cathedral Library Reading Circle.

The lecturer introduced his subject by a reference to the epoch-making letter of Leo XIII. to the cardinals composing the Vatican Library Commission, in which the Holy Father insisted that it was the duty of an historian to tell the truth and the whole truth, as the truth could harm no one. The impetus given to historical studies by the letter of Leo XIII., and his action in throwing open the Vatican archives to the world, was described by the lecturer, who called attention particularly to the labors of Janssen, Hergenroether, Hefele, Pastor, Bridgett, Vaughan, Morris.

In the second division of his subject he gave the genesis of the prevailing popular opinion with regard to the Spanish Inquisition, and examined critically the authorities generally accepted as unquestionable by English-speaking non-Catholics. He considered the nature of the objections brought against the church from the Spanish Inquisition, and disposed of the charge made of cruelty towards other religions, and showed how absurd it was to bring in the question of Papal Infallibility in connection with the Inquisition.

The history of the punishment of heresy was traced from the beginning of the Christian empire—formal heresy being a greater crime than high treason. At great length he repudiated the charge that the Papacy was responsible for the severity of the Spanish Inquisition, and examined in minute detail the objections made against the mode of procedure of the Inquisition. A comparison was made between the Spanish Inquisition and the contemporaneous tribunals of other countries. He made no attempt to defend those responsible for the excesses of the Spanish Inquisition, who were cruel and vindictive, following their brutal instincts of revenge and inflicting extreme penalties in spite of the protests of the Pope. He declared that when history would be rightly written, as now it was beginning to be written, it would do justice in this as in other respects, and would show that the church alone, of all the institutions of earth, combined the God-like attributes of justice and mercy, the most difficult of all combinations to reproduce in human hearts.

* * *

The Santa Maria Reading Circle of Plattsburgh, N. Y., was organized October 28, 1892, under the supervision of the superioress of D'Youville Academy, Sister McMillan. The project was first discussed at a meeting of the Sodality of the Children of Mary, and a committee appointed to call on the former pupils of the academy and invite them to become members. An executive committee was appointed for one year, as follows: President, Sister McMillan; Vice-President, Miss W. E. Smith; Recording Secretary, Miss A. I. Adams; Corresponding Secretary, Miss E. Kavanagh; Treasurer, Miss K. Mullin; Librarian, Miss E. Hickey; Gleaner, Miss A. M. McKeefe; Leaders, Misses M. Looby, K. McCadden.

At subsequent meetings the motto, "Let the light of Truth be our guide," and the name "Santa Maria" were suggested by the president, and unanimously adopted by the Circle. The emblematic colors, white and yellow, and the flower, pink and crimson carnations, were also chosen, and a code of rules adopted. The Circle meets every fortnight in the academy hall. Programmes of a varied char-

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acter are prepared in advance by the executive committee, embracing select readings from Catholic literature and standard authors, church history, essays, recitations, vocal and instrumental music. Among the associate members are many prominent ladies; the active members represent the young ladies educated at D'Youville Academy by the Gray Nuns, and the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

A writer in the *Plattsburgh Republican* states that the meeting on Thursday evening, April 7, of the Santa Maria Reading Circle of D'Youville Academy was signally marked by an address from Rev. Thomas McMillan, of New York City, who was introduced by Father Walsh as one of the chief promoters of the Reading Circle movement. Father McMillan proceeded to give an interesting account of the rise of the movement, modestly attributing the praise for the first suggestion of it to a lady from the West, and for subsequent important work to Mr. Warren E. Mosher, editor of the *Reading Circle Review*. The address was cut short by the necessity of the speaker's return to New York on the evening train, to attend a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic Summer-School, and at its close Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, president of the Board of Trustees of the Summer-School, and Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., editor of the *Catholic Home and School Magazine*, of Worcester, Mass., made brief remarks, thanking the sister superior for the pleasure of meeting the Reading Circle, and expressing satisfaction at the choice of Plattsburgh as the site for the Summer-School. The entire visiting delegation of the Board of Trustees were present, and after listening to a most excellent recitation by Miss Alice O'Brien the distinguished guests left for the train south. The balance of the programme was then rendered, closing a most profitable and pleasant evening's entertainment.

* * *

Better late than never is the news from Chicago furnished by a correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*, that the Board of Lady Managers paid graceful deference to the good Queen Isabella, and at the same time did a fine stroke of business, when they secured from Congress an appropriation for forty thousand souvenir Isabella quarters. The coin is intended to commemorate the aid given by Queen Isabella to Columbus, and the first special provision made by the United States government for the adequate participation of women in an enterprise of world-wide importance.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr is authority for the statement that the statue designed at Rome by Miss Harriet Hosmer will arrive in time for the Columbian Exposition. She says:

"We do not expect the end of the world to come with the close of the World's Columbian Exposition; and certain interests connected with the world's civilization and progress will continue to be in motion after the grand buildings, towards which the transportation agents of the two hemispheres of our world are now directing their energies, will have been stripped of the donations from every land under the sun. In this same spirit of continuity, which means the crowning of perseverance with success, the collections for the statue of Isabella the Catholic will go on until artist and artisan are fully paid, and the bronze statue in its place. And when the World's Columbian Exposition buildings, with so fair an aspect on Jackson Park, overlooking the lake, with all of their garniture of statues, have crumbled into dust—as it is intended they shall do—the statue of Isabella, of indestructible bronze, will rise serenely on some park of our city, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Michigan, to bear witness, not for generations only, but for centuries, to the gratitude of the American people, and, I hope, specially of the people of Chicago, to the patroness of Columbus, and our own benefactress.

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WHERE THE SPIRIT OF ST. VINCENT LIVES.

*See page 340.*

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## THE HUMAN SOUL OF JESUS CHRIST.

VERY many of those who are not Catholics, but who profess to hold the doctrines of the ancient creed concerning Jesus Christ, have very confused notions of the mystery of the Incarnation. They believe, in a general way, that divinity and humanity are combined in his Person. But they have no clear conceptions of the distinct terms contained in this general statement.

### THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION.

The Catholic dogma of the Incarnation is briefly summed up in this formula: Jesus Christ is One Person, subsisting in two distinct natures, the divine and the human.

In a more full and developed statement, it is the Catholic dogma, that the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Only-begotten Son of the Father, one with the Father in essence, and equal to him in all eternal, infinite perfections, assumed a distinct, perfect human nature, into a personal union with his divinity, and thus became man. He is, therefore, both God and Man. He is God, by eternal generation from the Father; man, by a temporal conception and birth of the Virgin Mary. It is one and the same Person, who is both God and Man; who created the world, and who died on the cross. By divine wisdom and power, attributes of his divine nature, he created the world. By human faculties, attributes of his human nature, he exercised thought and volition in a human mode, he rejoiced and grieved, loved his own kind with natural affection, lived a sensitive life, obeyed and merited, gave himself up to suffering and the death

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of the cross. In his human nature he arose from the dead, ascended into heaven, was glorified, and will come again to judge the world; and of his kingdom over all rational and irrational creatures in the universe there will be no end.

## HERESIES RESPECTING THE INCARNATION.

From the apostolic age to the present, this genuine and authentic doctrine of divine revelation has been corrupted, perverted, and travestied, in every way possible to human ingenuity.

The heresies which have arisen from this perverse ingenuity have assailed the Catholic dogma in every one of its parts. They have attacked the divinity, the humanity, the union between the two, everything belonging to the historical and theological verities which relate to the person, the character, and the office of the Lord Jesus Christ. The first three centuries swarmed with these heretics. Some of them broached the most fantastic theories, and all struck at the very root of the faith. They were condemned by the authority of the Roman Church, and by particular councils. When the persecution of Diocletian swept like a devastating flood over the whole domain of Christianity, and the cross of Constantine was displayed as a sign of victory, they had pretty much disappeared from the face of the earth.

But there soon arose new and more formidable hosts of heresy, led by apostate bishops, which rushed against the citadel of faith, conquered some of the fair provinces of the church, and prepared the way for the great enemy and rival of Jesus Christ, Mohammed.

These great heresies were condemned, under the supreme direction of the popes, in the first six œcumenical councils, which have placed the Catholic Faith of the Trinity and the Incarnation on an invincible basis by their dogmatic decrees and definitions.

The Arian heresy denied the proper divinity of Jesus Christ, ascribed to him an inferior and created nature, superior to that of all other creatures and possessing a certain delegated viceroyalty from the sovereign and almighty Lord of the world; but advanced no distinct doctrine concerning his human character.

When the true and proper divinity of the Son of God had been defined by the First Council of Nicæa, the true and proper divinity of the Holy Spirit by the First Council of Constantinople, the dogma of the Blessed Trinity was clearly and explicitly declared.

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Restless and rationalizing spirits in the church next turned their attention to the human nature of Jesus Christ. The Nestorian heresy arose. This heresy consisted in a denial of the unity of person in the two natures of Jesus Christ. Nestorius maintained that Jesus was a mere man, a distinct person from the Son of God, and only united with him by a moral union. He and his heresy were condemned by the Council of Ephesus.

Soon after, Eutyches broached a new heresy, the Monophysite. This heresy maintained that not only is there but one person in Jesus Christ, but also only one nature, the humanity having been mingled with the divinity and absorbed by it. This heresy was condemned at Chalcedon.

Before the date of these heresies, Apollinaris had taught that there was no human, rational soul in the human nature of the Lord, its place being supplied by the divine Word.

Later on, the Monothelites denied that there was a human will in the soul of Jesus Christ, and were condemned by the Sixth Council.

All these heresies destroy the mystery of the Incarnation. They either take from the Son of Man born of Mary his divine personality; or they deprive the Son of God of his human nature, by avowedly declaring that it belongs to a human person, or is absorbed in the divine nature, or destitute of the intelligent and voluntary activity which is essential to rational nature.

The definitions of the first six councils in which these heresies have been condemned and the opposite Catholic dogmas have been formulated, have been accepted, not only by the Catholic Church, but by the Greek Schismatics, Anglicans, Lutherans, and Calvinists. The Nestorian and Monophysite heresies have survived in the East; but the Nestorians agree with Catholics in condemning the Monophysite heresy, and the Monophysites condemn the heresy of the Nestorians.

## UNITY OF PERSON AND DUALITY OF NATURE IN JESUS CHRIST.

It is the creed of universal Christendom, that there is one Lord Jesus Christ, who is both God and Man, one Person, subsisting in two distinct natures, the divine and the human. The Divine Person assumed a perfect and individual human nature, excluding all separate, human personality. In this human nature, he was conceived and born of the Virgin Mary, lived, died, and rose again. The union of the divine and human in him is called Hypostatic, from the Greek term *hypostasis*, of which the

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Latin term *persona*, with its derivatives, is the equivalent. In this hypostatic union, the human nature exists as a distinct substance, for ever, unchanged in specific essence, intrinsically different from the divine nature and unmixed with it. There is no mutual transfer of properties between the two natures. Each remains what it is in itself, the divine purely divine, the human purely human.

The human nature, being perfect in its own kind, is essentially and principally rational. It has its vital principle of intelligence and volition within itself, and is self-active, not a passive recipient of motion from an extrinsic mover. That is to say, the Divine Person assumed a rational soul into the hypostatic union, as one essential constituent of the total human composite, the perfect humanity, to which he communicated his own subsistence.

RATIONAL SOUL AND BODY BOTH ESSENTIAL TO HUMAN NATURE.

It is absolutely essential to human nature that it should be composed of a rational soul and an organized body. The logical definition of man is *rational animal*. *Animal* gives his genus, *rational* his specific difference. Take away the rational part, and only the animal is left. The same soul being the principle of rational, sensitive, and vegetative life in man, the privation of the rational soul as animating principle leaves only a corpse remaining. If the body be not animated by a rational soul, there must be another kind of soul as its vital principle, in order to make an animal. Such an animal, corporeally similar to man, would not be a man, but an anthropoid ape.

It were unworthy of the dignity of a Divine Person to assume such a nature, and by doing so he would not become man. Man, in order to be man, to have human nature, must have his own rational soul.

And, moreover, the divine nature, being most simple and unchangeable essence, cannot enter into composition with any created, above all, with any material substance.

We must admit, therefore, that in the hypostatic union there are two spiritual, intellectual substances, co-existing but distinct, both terminating in one personal subsistence.

This is the very centre and the most inscrutable secret of the mystery of the Incarnation. We cannot conceive how two intellectual natures can co-exist, distinct, and yet united in one personality. We have, in ourselves, a conscious experience of union between a spirit and body, coalescing in one composite,

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substantial being. Yet, we do not understand it. The Athanasian Creed says: "As the rational soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ." This is only an analogy, and a very imperfect one. It helps a little to apprehend how one person can operate in two natures. We say of a man, he reasons well and he rides well. But he does not reason with his limbs, or ride with his intellect. So, we say of Jesus Christ; he raised himself from the dead by his divine power, but arose in his human nature. Nevertheless, the obscurity is not removed from the idea of a perfect rational nature, having no separate personality, co-existing with the divine nature in a hypostatic unity. Further explanation is necessary, in order to obtain, not an adequate, but a partial understanding of that which is defined in the Catholic dogma.

## THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN RATIONAL NATURE AND PERSON.

The difficulty in conceiving one person subsisting in two natures in Jesus Christ arises from its unique character as a psychological fact. There is nothing similar to it in all the range of spiritual being. With this one exception, nature and person are inseparable in the human species. Probably, it is impossible for any created spirit to give personality to any other than his own individual nature; and this capacity belongs only to an Infinite Person, as the possibility of subsisting in a plurality of persons exists only in the Infinite Essence.

In every individual man, to have human nature and to be a person are concepts, which are distinguishable in the mind; but in the real subject nature and person are not two distinct entities. The concept of person adds something to the concept of existing, individual, rational nature. It expresses the last complement of its distinct, substantial being; but it adds nothing to its essence, properties, and qualities. It expresses a mode of being, in which the human substance, existing *in itself*, as the undermost subject of all its attributions, subsists *by itself*, as its own final and complete term. This mode of personality results, *ipso facto*, and as it were springs spontaneously out of the nature constituted in its substantial being. It is only necessary that it be left to itself, not taken possession of by a higher being, in order that it may exist by itself. By virtue of this mode of personal existence, it belongs to itself, has dominion over its free acts, and is the ultimate term to which are referred all its phenomena. It is the principle of imputability for everything within the scope of its subjective existence.

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This ultimate principle and term of rational existence is the unchangeable, incommunicable *Ego*, which has nothing back of it, or on a level with it. This is the Self, always fixed in its own identity, the focus of self-consciousness, the actor and the sufferer, in all operations and affections of every part of the nature, mental or bodily. "I am an angel"; "I am a devil"; "I am a king"; "I am a slave"; "I killed a man fifty years ago"; "I saved a drowning man this morning"; "I am warm"; "I am happy"; "I am sad"; "I remember"; "I hope"; "I fear"; "I love"; "I am Henry"; "I am Mary." This ego began in the first instant of the existence of the soul, and will continue for ever. No one can get out of it, exchange it for another, transfer to another or cast off anything which is imputable to it, or receive from another any such property.

## THE DIVINE EGO IN THE SOUL OF JESUS CHRIST.

The human nature of Jesus Christ, at the first instant of the creation of his soul in substantial union with the material germ of its body, had in it all the requisites for a separate personality. There was nothing left out of it, leaving a vacant place for the divine nature to made a blending with the human. The soul had existence in itself, self-activity, vitality, self-consciousness, the faculty of intelligence, will, all super-organic principles of rational life, and the animating faculty of organic, sensitive operations and affections. All that we call heart in man, and liberty of choice, were there in perfection. If this perfect human nature had only been left by itself it would have become a human person, with an ego restricted by its own limits. A mere man, although miraculously formed, would have been conceived and born of Mary, and this Son of Man would not have been the Son of God. It was, however, the Son of God who became the Son of Mary and of Adam, who lived, died, rose again, and will reign for ever in heaven. The humanity of Jesus was never for a single instant left by itself, and the mode of personality was not permitted to give it a separate subsistence. In the act of creation and formation, the Son of God assumed this human nature, gave it a divine subsistence, and made it the human nature of his Divine Person. Thus, without ceasing to be God, without any alteration of his divine nature or mingling of the human with it, he became man; "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

The intelligent, free, living soul of Jesus Christ, instead of finding itself at the summit of consciousness terminated to itself,

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in its own independent possession, with final self-dominion and self-subsistence, brought to a focus in its own proper *Ego*, found itself in contact with a higher, a divine Person, in whom was its *Ego*. Not as a mere passive instrument, but as a living, active term of a hypostatic union, left as free to move in its own orbit, under the control of the divine mind and will, as the earth is to turn on its axis while revolving around the sun.

The *Ego* to which the divine nature is terminated in the Person of the Word, is the same to which the human nature is terminated.

Our Lord said: "Before Abraham was *I am*"; and he also said: "Give *me* the glory which *I* had with thee, before the world was." It is the same *Ego* which has the consciousness of eternal existence and of a glory coeval with that of the Father, and at the same time a desire and expectation of a glorification to come but not yet received. He said: "I and my Father are One"; and therefore having one will; yet he said also: "Not my will, but thine be done." He always makes a personal distinction between himself, the Father, and the Holy Spirit; but never between the Son of God and the Son of Man. The Son of God *was* the Son of Man. All the acts and sufferings of Jesus Christ are really and not merely nominally imputed to his Divine Person. He who operated divine things by his divine nature operated human things by his human nature, and performed theandric works by the concurrence of both. As man he wept for Lazarus, as God he raised him from the dead. In that resurrection, he went to the tomb, he commanded the dead man to come forth, he restored life to the corpse; human and divine acts concurring together to produce one effect.

## THE HYPOSTATIC UNION A MYSTERY.

It may be objected that the hypostatic union of the rational soul of Jesus Christ with the divine nature is incomprehensible and even inconceivable. Of course it is. It is a mystery, connected with the deeper mystery of the subsistence of the One Divine Essence in Three Hypostases. Human psychology presents but one faint analogy. Our *Ego* is in the intellect, the eye, and the hand; it has at once rational and sensitive cognition, is the subject of spiritual and animal life, actions and passions. But this does not come near the inscrutable fact, that One Person elicits acts of infinite and finite intelligence, infinite and finite volitions, acts of divine and of human love. The mysteries of the Christian Creed are revealed to faith, which is an assent of the mind

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exclusively founded on the testimony of God; not disclosed to reason, which is based on self-evidence and demonstration.

Whoever hesitates to assent to truths above reason on the veracity of God may as well give up the profession of Christianity. There is nothing for him to profess consistently but pure rationalism. Let him try, then, to find or invent a philosophy, in which he can understand all things in their deepest causes. This will prove to be, as it always has been, a disappointing and baffling search. For philosophy, in all its branches, the physical sciences included, will suggest problems which it cannot solve, and his mental balloon will carry him out of the atmosphere of knowledge into the circumambient spaces of the unknowable and incomprehensible. If he persist in letting his little gas-bag carry him where it will, he will become asphyxiated by scepticism and intellectual despair.

The mysteries of faith are not, however, contrary to reason, or completely unintelligible. No dogma is proposed to belief which is contradictory to any known truth. A mystery is not self-evident or demonstrable to the limited human intelligence. Neither is its contradictory self-evident or demonstrable. The terms and propositions of which it is composed are intelligible, as objects of intellectual apprehension, taken singly and one by one. The obscurity hangs over their mutual relations and harmonies. Moreover, the motives of credibility are rational, and the motives of incredulity are irrational. We perceive the single orbs of the sidereal heavens, and know that they are all in motion. But the principle of their equilibrium and the universal law which harmoniously regulates their movements is undiscoverable. In a similar way, we apprehend the brilliant truths in the celestial expanse of the divine revelation, although their ultimate reason, the co-ordination of all truths in one harmonious system, is beyond the scope of our intelligence.

## DIVINITY AND HUMANITY EQUALLY ESSENTIAL TO THE CHARACTER OF MEDIATOR.

I am not, however, arguing with doubters and agnostics, but with those who believe that Jesus Christ is the Divine Saviour of mankind. My main object is, to clear away obscurity from the doctrine of the perfect humanity of Jesus Christ, especially in respect to his rational soul, and to show how this combines with the doctrine of his divinity. They are correlated and inseparable, one as essential and important as the other, in a true idea of the office of Jesus Christ as Mediator.

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Unless Jesus Christ were God, his human character and human acts would not raise him above the level of the prophets and apostles of God. He would not have power to save mankind. Having a finite value, his merits would not suffice for gaining a universal grace of an infinite worth, his death would not be an adequate atonement for the sins of the world, his blood could not wash away sin. Moreover, if his divinity is denied, it is impossible to find in the gospel the traits and virtues of the greatest and best of men, or even of an ordinarily wise and good man delineated. For, he continually claims to be more than man, to be the sovereign lord and judge of the world, a pretension fatal to any degree of mental and moral perfection if it were not true and just.

If Jesus Christ were not man, he could not be a Mediator, a Saviour, a brother in blood to all men, the second Adam, and the head and king of the human race.

### THE GOSPELS, UNLESS INTERPRETED IN THE CATHOLIC SENSE, MYTHS.

The Gospels are mere nonsense, unless they are the veracious history of the human life of the Son of God become the Son of Man. His humanity has no ideal beauty, and no significance, except as the humanity of a Divine Person. Considered as the narrative of the life of a mere man, they become a fabulous, incoherent, incredible romance, like that which the impious apostate Renan spun out of his own imagination.

### THE IDEAL BEAUTY OF THE HUMAN CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

When the true idea of Jesus Christ, as one Divine Person subsisting in two distinct natures, is firmly grasped, one can expatiate freely on the wonderful history of his human life on the earth. The Gospel is then a Divine Tragedy, which has, and could have, no parallel in the creations of human genius.

It is the portrait of a character of spotless innocence, consummate moral perfection, and entrancing beauty. It is the ideal humanity reduced to actual existence, after a type in the mind of God, which no human mind could have conceived. It is distinctly and perfectly human, superior in degree but not in kind and species, to other specimens of excellence in human nature.

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THIS CHARACTER CHIEFLY IN THE SOUL.

The outward form of Jesus Christ, his countenance and eyes, are beautiful, and his voice melodious. But his chief beauty is within, in the soul. Body is in itself only a lifeless, material substance. It has no life or character, except what it receives from its animating principle, whether it be the body of a tree, an animal, or a man. There is no human life or character communicated to a human body, except from a human, rational soul. The distinct, perfect human nature of Jesus Christ has already been shown to be an article of Catholic Faith. His human soul is the principal and superior part of this composite nature. It was the soul which gave winning and commanding power to the glance of his eye, beauty to his face, majesty to his bearing, and was "sorrowful even unto death." It is God's masterpiece, and the crown of his creative work; in its pure nature a little lower than the angels, but by grace exalted far above them in glory, and enshrined in a fitting bodily tabernacle.

The surpassing loveliness and sublimity of the gospel portraiture of the character of Jesus Christ proves its authenticity, without any need of extrinsic evidence. Such a portrait was impossible, except as drawn from life. It is the original which is seen clearly reflected in a crystal mirror. This character authenticates itself by its intrinsic perfection. The superhuman sanctity of Jesus Christ, by itself, makes his entire revelation credible. His moral beauty carried away the first Christians with an ardent, enthusiastic love which made the church and the world incandescent with celestial fire. Its charm seems to grow instead of lessening, as time passes, compelling universal admiration, even from unbelievers. Next to the divine object of the beatific vision, the glorified humanity of Jesus Christ will be the chief object of contemplation to the blessed in heaven through all eternity.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

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## AN HISTORIC SPOT.

TADOUSAC is a little village built upon high cliffs and sloping downwards to the bay of the same name, "that safe and tranquil harbor" of which mention is made by the earliest Canadian chroniclers. Jacques Cartier refers to it as early as 1535 as "a haven wherein many vessels might anchor." The bay is a broad and splendid sheet of water. Upon its surface anchor now, not the rival fleets of war but pleasure yachts, many of them coming thither from distant places, and whole flotillas of fishing vessels.

It is a fine sight to behold it covered with silvery sea-mists, which suddenly are dispelled by a bright and glowing sunlight, or quivering in the light of summer moons. Sometimes its waters are agitated by the plunging of the grampus, these huge creatures rising and going downwards again with curious effect. Into the bay flows the deep and mysterious and swiftly-flowing Saguenay, most famous of Canadian rivers.

Afar off in the dim distance can be descried in clear weather the tin roofs and spires of Cacouna and Rivière du Loup. Hard by are the church and the primitive dwellings of Baie St. Catherine, and yonder is the Rivière des Canards. High cliffs, like mountain walls, encircle the bay and line the shores of the Saguenay.

Tadousac derives its name from an Indian word, signifying Mamelon. "It is a place full of rocks," says the Jesuit Relation of 1646, "so high that one might suppose the giants of old, who did battle with the heavens, might have placed their scaling-ladders here."

The very air at Tadousac is full of blended legend and history. The people, simple and primitive in character, preserve the aroma of the past, and repeat from father to son the same stories of the by-gone. There is a tradition amongst them that a wonderful race of giants once dwelt here who, being overcome by another gigantic and warlike race, were buried beneath these mighty rocks. Truly, in regarding the huge, rugged masses, towering heavenwards, one feels that innumerable races might lie buried beneath their vastness, their story perishing with them.

At some distance from the village is a spot known as the

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Moulin Baude, though no mill exists or ever has existed there. It is guarded by two great rocks, known as the Bon Homme and Bonne Femme Baude. The place is mentioned by Charlevoix, under the same name by which it is now designated, but the narrow neck of land which he describes as jutting thence into the water has been long obliterated by the encroaching tide.

Upon a rock overhanging the Saguenay is a figure or figures outlined in white, known to the guide-books as "the Old Man of the Saguenay." But there is a tradition, quite unauthenticated, however, that a missionary was thrown from that identical rock by an Indian, and that the murderer and his victim are perpetuated there in effigy.

At Tadousac Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, moored his vessels more than three centuries ago, and thence he sent Roberval to explore the Saguenay. He took with him seventy mariners, of whom eight were engulfed in that swift and treacherous stream.

On the beach at Tadousac the Indian women danced their dance of welcome for Champlain, the founder of Quebec. Upon the neck of land jutting out into the bay, known as the Pointe aux Alouettes, grown wondrously narrow since those days, as is asserted, a battle was fought by the same adventurous spirits against the Iroquois. The name of Champlain is indeed intimately connected with this region. He gave the earliest and probably the most accurate account of it. One can recognize from his description the mountains "covered with pines and firs and cypresses," the bay broadening out into the St. Lawrence, some two hundred miles from the sea, the River Saguenay and the various points of land in the environs. The point to the south-east he names, because of its dangerous character, Pointe de Tous les Diables. It is now more unromantically christened Pointe des Vaches.

There is a picture given in his writings of the royal reception given to him at Tadousac by the grand sagamore, Anadabijou, surrounded by his motley court. The Indians who had accompanied Champlain on a voyage to France acted as interpreters, and expatiated upon the glories of that fair kingdom, whilst the savages, listening, flourished the skulls of enemies recently slain in battle. The festival concluded, Champlain smoked the peace-pipe and spoke to the Indians in moving terms of God and of the mysteries of faith.

English and French fleets alternately sought the shelter of

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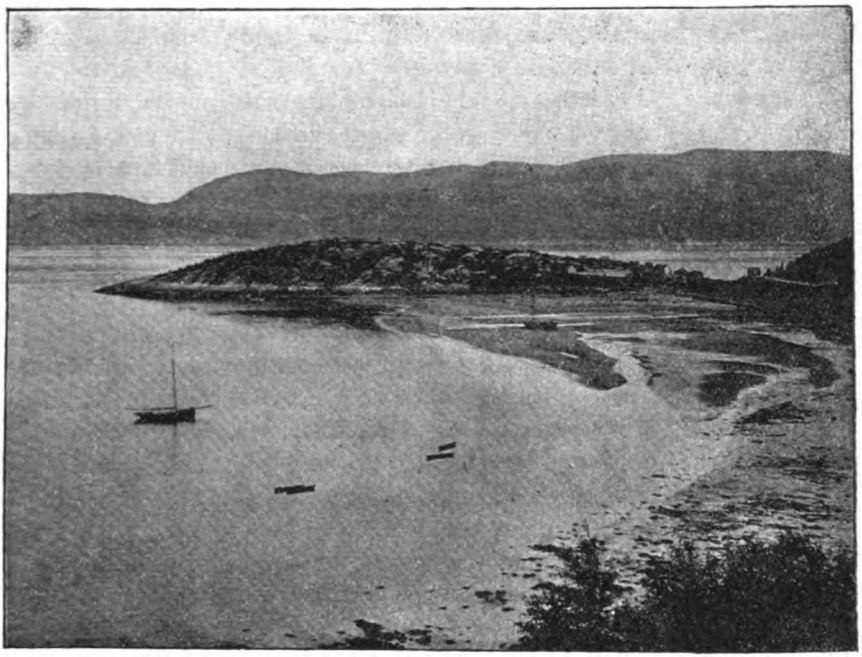
the bay, during all those years when the struggle for supremacy in these North American colonies went on between the two great powers. The Basque and Breton fishermen likewise came thither, tradition asserts, even prior to the landing of Columbus, "to kill whales at Tadousac." They continued their visits until a comparatively late period, often setting at naught the restrictive measures adopted by the authorities. This gave rise to many exciting encounters between them and the officials. But they usually contrived to continue their contraband trade with



ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS ALTERNATELY SOUGHT THE SHELTER OF THE BAY.

the aborigines, who supplied them with furs in exchange for necessaries of various kinds or for ornaments.

Tadousac was indeed, in the early days, by excellence a trading-post. The savages of all nations came thither in the spring-time with their furs. Fishing and hunting were continuously carried on, so that skins and seal or whale oil were chief articles of commerce. A report made by Father Coquart,* one of the later Jesuit missionaries at Tadousac, to the Intendant Bigot throws some light upon its commercial resources. No

* From an unpublished manuscript preserved in the archives of St. Mary's Jesuit College, Montreal.

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doubt he is speaking of a period of less activity than some which had preceded it.

"The post of Tadousac," he writes, "produces in ordinary years only three or four bales of beaver, one to two hundred martens, some thirty lynxes, and a few foxes. The principal business at this post is seal-hunting, which is carried on from the month of December to the month of March." He declares that the oil amounts to some eighty or ninety barrels a year; and continues: "It would be more abundant were there more hunters, for it rarely fails when the savages give themselves up to it with ardor. Their good will depends no little upon the manner in which they are incited thereto by the clerks. . . . Ninety barrels of oil should produce from nine hundred to one thousand seal-skins, whereas there are only five or six hundred, because the savages keep a great many of them to make shoes or to clothe their children, without counting all that are lost by their carelessness. It would be easy to increase the number of hunters at the post, where there are five young men. The clerk at Chicoutimi might be instructed to send orphan boys to Tadousac."

Father Coquart, whilst dwelling upon the prosaic details which he desires to bring to the intendant's notice, gives us an insight into the life of those times and of that remote hamlet; a spot which was, nevertheless, as a canvas upon which came and went the great figures of each era, lending their own coloring to the somewhat wild and sombre landscape. So that at Tadousac, as elsewhere in the French colonies, one is tempted to believe that the life had always an element of sublimity, and was one of unending warfare. It is difficult to believe, for example, that commonplace details had any part in the splendid though iniquitous administration of the haughty Bigot.

But here is Father Coquart dwelling upon the petty jealousies of rival clerks at the several posts, and upon their relations to each other in the ordering or disposing of the merest trivialities—here is one who has failed to multiply his talents—that is, the resources of his post; and another who developed them most effectually. There is François Doré, clerk of Tadousac, "who has found means to attach the savages to him," and Joseph Dufour, at Malbaie, than whom there could not be found a better farmer. Now it is details concerning sheep or pigs or cows, or the expenses of a primitive household; again, it is urging upon the intendant the necessity of retaining the Forge of Tadousac, which there is question of removing. What a fine spot of color

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it must have been in the somewhat gray tones of the landscape, what a picture may be conjured up as to the white men and savages who frequented it, often, it may be supposed, in noisy and eager groups!

Father Coquart, in dwelling upon the reasons for the great consumption of food at Tadousac, unconsciously furnishes once more strong elements of the picturesque. The savages, half-famished after a winter in the woods, throng into the village—some busying themselves with the manufacture of boats for the fisheries and others assisting in the loading and unloading of ships. For it is spring and from over the ocean have come the vessels, long looked for by Indian scouts upon the heights, bringing provisions and other necessaries for the colonies. How busy must have been the scene!—the shore crowded with the eager savages, loading and unloading in hot haste, for the vessels may not linger; and, moreover, they are impatient for the food which is to be their payment.

Father Coquart extends his observations to Sept Iles and the Ilets de Jeremie, and Ile Verte and Malbaie and Chicoutimi. He gives tidings of all the nomadic tribes who inhabited the Lower St. Lawrence or the Saguenay shores—Betsiamites and Caribou, Mistassinis and Papinachois, and a dozen more, all of the Montagnais or Algonquin stock.

The centre of life at Tadousac was the Mission of the Holy Cross. Many memories of it are concentrated, so to say, about a little edifice still standing and in good preservation. It is of cedar-wood, with slated roof and quaint belfry. It stands facing the shore, the silent witness to the passage of nearly two centuries. This little church was built upon the site of one which had been placed there a century earlier by the Jesuits, and which was burned by the Iroquois.

The Jesuits had come to Tadousac in the wake of the Recollets, but the personality of these latter religious, heroic and devoted as they were, seems to have disappeared with their wigwam chapel. But the sons of St. Ignatius remained here until 1782, when the death of the last Jesuit missionary to Tadousac is recorded.

Many of the most famous fathers of the Society of Jesus ministered at one time or another at Tadousac. Hither came Father Brébeuf, whose memory remains, were it only in the story of his encounter with Jacques Michel, the French renegade, an incident in which there is so much magnanimous forbearance on the one hand, and diabolical malignity, blasphemously ex-

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pressed, on the other. Here dwelt Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, and hence went Father Albanel on his fruitful mission of exploration to the North-west. Here, too, Father Crepicul wrote his sketch of the life of a Montagnais missionary. Its details of the hardship and suffering to be endured by those who are thus engaged are actually appalling to human nature.

At Tadousac ministered Father Dalmas, who was to suffer martyrdom at Hudson's Bay, and Father Druillettes, whose sight, which he had lost while on the mission to the Algonquins, was miraculously restored as he said Mass. Father Le Jeune, whose contributions to the Jesuit Relations are, perhaps, the most notable from a literary point of view, was also missionary to Tadousac, accompanied thither by another future martyr, Father de Noue. As they arrived and prepared to say Mass, it is related that a soldier accompanying them killed a great eagle at its eyrie. Its neck and breast were white, its beak and feet yellow, the rest of the body black, and it was as large as a turkey.

Father Laure in his *Mission du Saguenay*, which was recently edited and published by Father Jones, of Montreal, gives a picturesque account of a sick-call to Tadousac by way of the Saguenay. "Having as yet no experience," he writes, "of the danger which had to be run on that capricious stream, and being in haste, although I had only an old four-seat canoe, I had to travel by night. The night was fine, and the full moon gave no sign of storm; my two Indian oarsmen slept. Tired of waking them every moment, I at last let them sleep, and, taking an oar, paddled and steered, letting myself be guided by the course of the stream, which aided me. At last one of the savages woke and took his oar, begging me to awake the other. I did so, and being overcome by sleep in my turn, I leaned my head upon my arm. Scarcely had I slept when I heard some words in Montagnais, and I believed that my men were disputing. I arose, spoke, and could perceive neither sky nor water nor rocks, only a profound darkness caused by a storm which had arisen to the north-east. 'We are lost, father!' cried they. 'Let us land, my children!' cried I. No landing-place was to be seen, so dark was the night, and besides we were at the deepest part of the Saguenay, the clouds thickening around us. Happily, we touched the rocks, and as I tried to reach the nearest my foot slipped and I fell into the water. An oarsman pulled me out and set me upon the pebbly point. There we placed our canoe.

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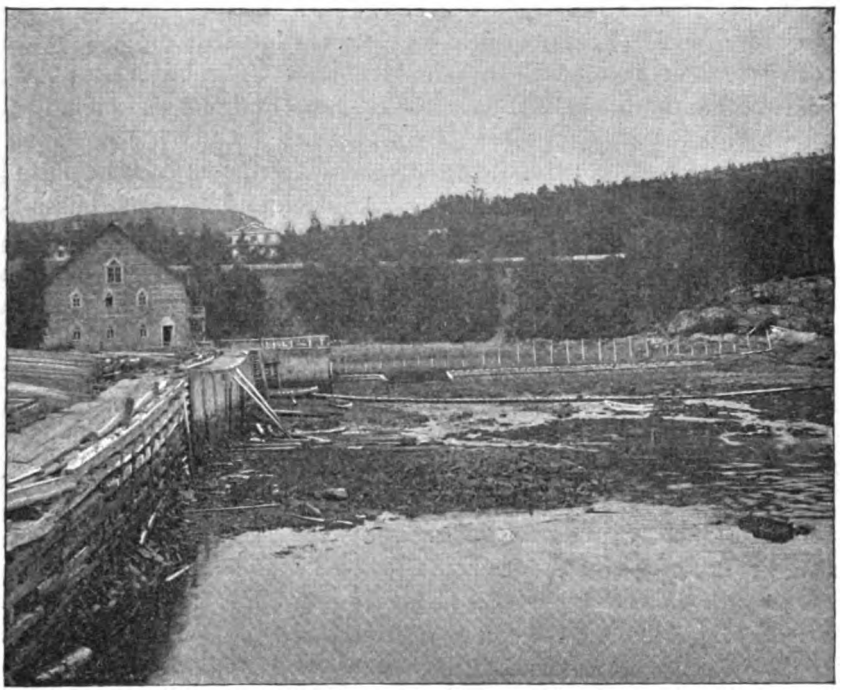
I admired my two savages, who slept the rest of the night, whilst I felt the blood flow from my leg, which I had bruised against a rock and which it was impossible to staunch. All my fear was that the storm would carry away our canoe, and then what would become of us? But the Divine goodness had pity on father and children, who were not ripe for heaven. The storm passed away; day at last came. I was surprised to find ourselves in a kind of niche, and I could not help laughing at our fortunate misfortune; although the sea at low ebb left



GOVERNMENT PRESERVES FOR THE CULTURE OF SALMON.

us at more than ten or twelve feet above the water. We got down our canoe, the chapel and the rest of the luggage, and re-embarked. Thence we proceeded to Tadousac."*

Only those who have taken the Saguenay trip can appreciate this simple narrative. A gloom, a loneliness, an intense solitude seem to rest upon that strangely silent river, even in daytime, but more especially when night has fallen. The high rocks,

* From the *Mission du Saguenay*, by the Rev. P. Pierre Laure, S.J., published in the collection of rare and hitherto unedited documents, with notes by Rev. A. G. Jones, S.J., of Montreal.



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now gray, now dark red, now white or curiously mottled, rise on either hand, weird and mysterious, and together with the still, dark stream, so long believed unfathomable, have a peculiarly awe-inspiring effect upon the mind.

Father Henri Nouvel was in charge of the mission when it was visited by Monseigneur de Laval. Four hundred Indians stood upon the shore to receive the "great chief of prayer." There were tumultuous demonstrations of joy, dancing and singing and the discharge of musketry. During the prelate's stay he went from wigwam to wigwam, visiting each member of the flock, and it is recorded that he confirmed one hundred and forty-nine souls. Tadousac was at that time still mourning the destruction of its church by the Iroquois. The church of 1747 was not yet built, so that the bishop was obliged to officiate in a bark hut.

Father Jean Baptiste de la Brosse was the last, as he is unquestionably one of the most remarkable, of the Jesuit missionaries. Born in France in 1724, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1740, and came out to French Canada as a missionary in 1754. There he remained until his death in 1782. For sixteen years he was identified with Tadousac and its environs.

"If," says a Canadian author, "the Micmacs of Acadia have faithfully preserved, in everlasting remembrance, the patriarch Maillard; if the ancient Abenaqui tribes of Maine still remember the martyr Rasle, the strong race which inhabits the lower St. Lawrence have not forgotten the Jesuit Jean Baptiste de la Brosse. Of all the missionaries who have exercised the apostolate in the Saguenay district and the regions of the gulf, his memory lives in the deepest veneration. His name is to be heard everywhere, in the wilds of Lake St. John, on the desolate shores of Labrador, in the flourishing villages which line the river-shores from Cacouna to the distant confines of Gaspé and New Brunswick."*

Another author† remarks that he baptized and confessed Frenchmen, Canadians, Acadians, Irish, English, Scotch, Abenaquis, Hurons, Malechites, Micmacs, and above all Algonquins.

His apostolic labors were certainly prodigious, and besides the wild journeys on snow-shoes over rugged heights and through pathless forests, there is record of preaching and teaching, and compiling books in the Indian dialects, and translating parts of Scripture into aboriginal tongues, sufficient to have occupied, one would fancy, a whole community. But it is not his glorious

* J. E. Roy, *Voyage au Pays du Tadousac.* † J. C. Taché, *Forestiers et Voyageurs.*

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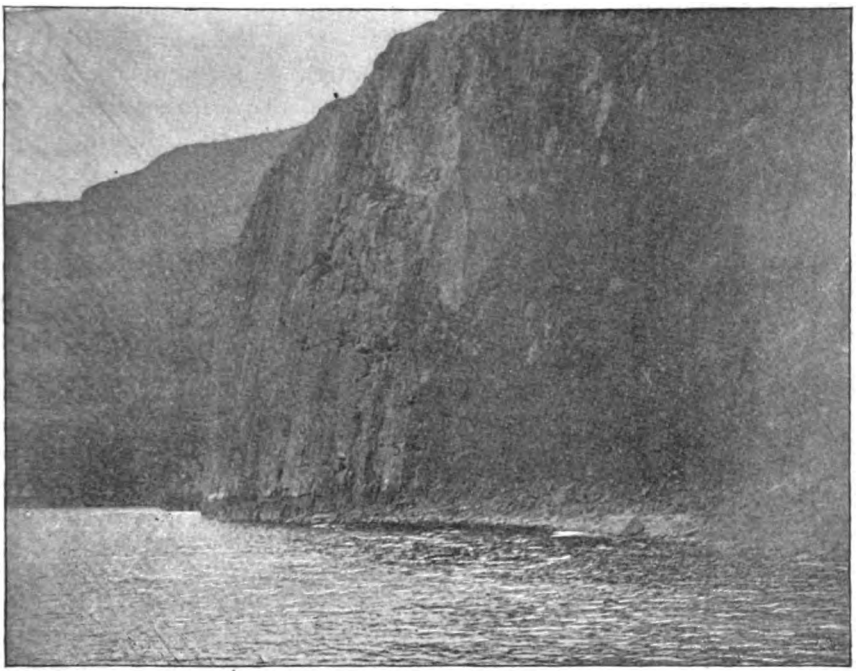
life, his heroic virtues, his beautiful and lovable character, which are here to be noted. It is rather that wonderful personality of his, with its halo of legend and romance, that belong to the present subject, because it has enveloped Tadousac in the same veil of imaginative interest.

That old story of his death, told many times in prose and in verse, takes possession of the mind in Tadousac and its environs. It is as much a part of the place as those desolate cliffs, still known as the Jesuits' gardens, though their aspect has changed



PASSING THOSE WONDERFUL PEAKS, CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY.

from smiling vegetation to arid dreariness. His figure is as plain to the mental eye as Point Rouge, reddening to crimson under an evening sky, or as the exquisite Saguenay, transfigured by sunsets or moonshines into more than earthly loveliness.

The little church is, as it were, his monument. There upon those self-same altar-steps was found, as legend tells, the prostrate form of Father de la Brosse when the bell of the mission chapel, the identical bell still in use, rang out its mysterious message of his death. The last evening of his life, again, the legend relates, was spent with the officials of the post. More

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cheerful even than his wont, the father arose at nine o'clock to take his leave, declaring that the next meeting would be in eternity, for at midnight he would be dead. He begged that, no matter what the weather, they would proceed on the morrow to Ile aux Coudres to bring thence the curé, who would celebrate his obsequies. And at that mysterious hour of midnight the prophecy was accomplished, and Père de la Brosse lay upon the altar-steps dead. The tidings were announced by the supernatural ringing of the bell. But not only did that bell ring of itself, but the bells of every mission at which the dead priest had ever labored. Everywhere the people, on hearing the unearthly tolling, said: "Our good father is no more." In the morning boats went to Ile aux Coudres and found the curé waiting on the shore. He, too, had heard the warning bell, and had received, moreover, a summons to proceed to Tadousac for the interment of his fellow-laborer.

This legend has persistently lingered in all the parishes of the lower St. Lawrence, and is passed from mouth to mouth, Indians being still amongst the living whose fathers attested having heard the bell. Yet, as regards the hour of demise and its circumstances, proof exists in the official register of the death of Father la Brosse; that he died, fortified by the rites of the church, at five on an April afternoon, the twelfth day of that month. The curé of Ile aux Coudres administered the last Sacraments and performed the obsequies.

Another pretty legend relates that some time before his death Father la Brosse was at the house of the Seigneur of Trois Pistoles, M. Rioux. As he was about leaving the mistress of the house, desiring to present him with a token of esteem, took from the chimney-piece in the great hall a silver goblet. Father la Brosse at first refused to accept so costly a present, but so pressing was his hostess, to avoid offending her he accepted the gift, with the remark that he would return it when he had no longer use for it.

Time passed, and one day the seigneur, entering the hall, perceived upon the chimney-piece the identical goblet which had been presented to the missionary. Calling his wife he said: "So Father la Brosse has returned the goblet." Astonished, she answered, "No." But her husband leading her to the spot, there was the silver goblet in its place on the chimney-piece. Soon after they heard that Father la Brosse was dead.

In the old church is a marble tablet erected by the clergy of the Archdiocese of Quebec to the memory of Father la

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Brosse, "who died in the odor of sanctity." A piece of his scalp and a fragment of the cedar coffin in which his remains were buried are also preserved there, as well as the confessional which he was wont to use. He was buried at the left side of the altar, and thither the savages used to come with their griefs and their vexations and their hopes, as they used to come to the good father himself. And it is related that they remained there prostrate and motionless awaiting the answer from the spirit world.

A tradition exists amongst the *habitants* of the place that a man one day discovered a cave in one of the cliffs. Entering, he came to a door, upon opening which a bright light shone out upon him. This they suppose to be the burial-place of the Jesuits, wherein they presumably remain in a species of immortality. At least their memory so remains at Tadousac. The little church with its contents is a precious reminder of them. There is the precious Bambino, presented to them by Louis XIV. of France, and the pictures on the wall donated by the same monarch. There are the wooden candlesticks carved by the missionaries, and the tiny, primitive stations which they brought from France. The bell in the turret—the same which rang in the original church—was supposed by the Indians to have been the gift of the sun-god.

The votive Mass which is said on St. Anne's day every year was promised in perpetuity, by Father Coquart, founder of the church, for the soul of M. Noequart, intendant of New France, who had been a signal benefactor of the mission. This year, as usual, the edifice was thronged to overflowing, and there was a numerous assemblage upon the steps and road outside, while the Mass was being celebrated.

A leaden tablet, found about ten years ago whilst repairs were in progress, and still preserved at the church, bears this inscription, in French, rudely cut into the metal:

"The year 1747, the sixteenth May, M. Cugnet, Farmer of the Post; F. Doré, clerk, Michel Lavoye, building the church, Father Coquart, Jesuit, placed me.

"I. H. S."

It is only on St. Anne's day that the old church is in use. A handsome, modern structure stands higher up on the cliff. Beside it is the charming little presbytery where lives the curé, M. Lemieux, so well and favorably known to all visitors to Tadousac.

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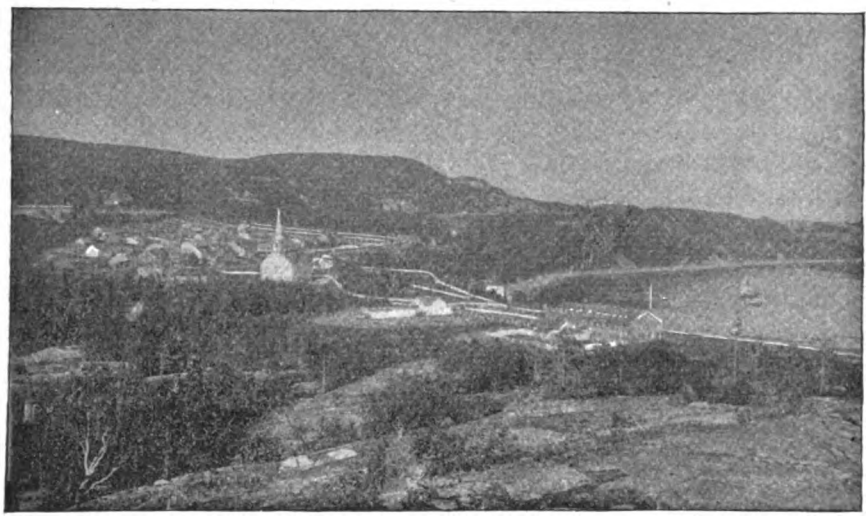
Tadousac has not grown much in the centuries that have flown since the mission of the Holy Cross was founded. Despite the constant efforts of the missionaries, the Indian population of these regions continued to be a nomad one. Few traces of them remain. Scattered fragments of a once numerous tribe have their habitations upon the cliff, and subsist principally, as do indeed the greater number of the other settlers, by hunting and fishing. The white porpoises which here abound —and it may be observed, in passing, that they are said to exist only in the lower St. Lawrence and in the River Nile—are



IT IS ONLY ON ST. ANNE'S DAY THAT THE OLD CHURCH IS IN USE.

greatly in demand, as they are valued at some thirty dollars or thereabouts. Trout and salmon fishing have each their season; a few seals appear in the autumn.

At Tadousac there are the government preserves for the culture of salmon. One of the fisheries still bears the ancient name of "*Le Pêche des Jesuites.*" It is most curious to observe the huge fish leaping in the artificial lake provided for them, until November sets them at liberty to return to the deep sea. It is said that after their release they frequently hover uncertainly about the weir, which they have learned to regard as home. In the neighboring lake of L'Anse l'Eau, a charming spot with thickly wooded and hilly shores, are the young salmon, delicately pink with silvery scales. They are under the especial care of the government inspector of fisheries, M. Catellier.

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Many other lakes abound in the neighborhood of Tadousac, all, it is said, excellent fishing grounds. But none of them surpass in natural beauty the little Lake Tadousac, clustering up among the mountains in a complete solitude. It is a gem of natural loveliness with its wild, lonely, verdant shores.

The village proper consists of one street, where are the few shops and dwelling-houses which constitute the primitive municipality, as well as some handsome villas occupied as summer residences. There is a hotel lower down upon the shore, and the large, square, white dwelling built by the Marquis of Dufferin for his own use whilst he was Viceroy of Canada. There is a drive, very bad as to the roughness of the road, but very beautiful as to natural scenery. It is known as the "Concession drive," and is religiously taken by every visitor to Tadousac. The boat from Quebec lands near the salmon fisheries, and the landing-place is a popular place of resort for summer visitors. There are many points of interest in the vicinity, impossible here to particularize, and it is but a few hours' journey up the Saguenay to Chicoutimi, passing those wonderful peaks—Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity.

It will be readily apparent that apart from natural beauties, which are very great, Tadousac is a place of the past. Its life and activity are a century old at least. It exists in the memories of a by-gone time. Its hills, its bay, its lovely Saguenay are all witnesses of a time and of events that have been. Tadousac is essentially an historic spot.

Anna T. Sadlier.

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# THE LATEST PHASE OF THE DRINK QUESTION.

## *A SUGGESTION TO C. T. A. SOCIETIES.*

DRUNKENNESS is a disease, and I can cure it." So says the Dwight physician, Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, who is either a signal benefactor of his fellowmen or one of the most phenomenally successful charlatans that ever duped a public. If his declaration is merely the empty boasting of pretentious empiricism, he will be remembered for some few decades as a notorious prince of quacks; if it is a truthful statement of scientific fact, he has a first mortgage on a fame that will endure through more than one century, and will entitle him to be ranked as a worthy compeer of Jenner and Pasteur and Koch.

Reserving for another portion of this paper any discussion as to the real merits of the double chloride of gold specific for inebriety, let us assume for the moment that it is a genuine medical discovery, that this Keeley cure will accomplish all that its advocates claim for it. On this assumption, it is obvious that the universal recognition of the remedy as a mighty force, making for the alleviation of human misery and the betterment of social conditions, can be a question only of time. That a truth will ultimately be accepted is as certain as that "a lie is a failure and will be so for ever." How would the general acceptation of this assumed truth affect the moral agencies now engaged in battling the evil of intemperance? Granting that the abuse of liquor degenerates into a disease; that habitual and periodical drunkenness are physical ailments, technically termed alcoholism and dipsomania, and that Dr. Keeley can effectively cure them, what import will a knowledge of these facts possess for our Catholic Total Abstinence Societies? Will the utility of these societies be impaired, will their work be superseded, and shall we possibly see the disbanding of these organizations as bodies whose "occupation's gone?" Will moral suasion have had its day, and the voice of the temperance preacher be stilled in the land? These questions certainly suggest interesting speculations, but upon their consideration, in this place at least, we shall not enter.

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## THE DOUBLE CHLORIDE AND C. T. A. SOCIETIES.

To turn from the speculative to the practical—what should be the present attitude of our C. T. A. societies towards this alleged cure for drunkenness? Putting aside all assumptions or suppositions, and viewing the Keeley treatment of inebriates simply in that stage of development which it has actually attained, what is the proper and rational course for the friends of total abstinence to pursue relative to the Keeley Institutes established throughout the country? Should that course be one of active antagonism, of contemptuous indifference, or of friendliness and cordial co-operation? As a help towards an intelligent and intelligible answer, it may not be amiss briefly to examine the methods which our societies have hitherto employed, and the results which they have succeeded in achieving.

Leslie E. Keeley
M. D. L. L. D.

In the excellent little *Manual of Total Abstinence*,* prepared by direction of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, the remedies for intemperance are said to be:

1. Avoiding temptations, such as saloons and keeping drinking company;

2. Taking and keeping the total-abstinence pledge;

* Published by the Columbus Press, 120 West 60th Street, New York.

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3. The practice of prayer, and the frequent reception of the Sacraments.

Of the clause, "keeping the total-abstinence pledge," it may be remarked that it embodies rather the end in view than a means of accomplishing that end. Keeping the pledge is not merely an aid to sobriety—it is sobriety itself; and its attainment would clearly obviate the necessity of employing any other remedy whatever. What shall be said of the remaining means mentioned in the *Manual*—avoidance of temptation, taking the pledge, prayer, and the frequentation of the Sacraments? As preventives of intemperance their efficacy will be questioned by none; as remedies, the experience of centuries has shown, and actual experience is daily showing, that, in a very large number of cases, these means are either unemployed, or if employed, are sadly inefficient.

That our Catholic Total-Abstinence Societies are doing magnificent work for God and country, and that their promoters, directors, and members are worthy of all honor, no sincere friend of the great temperance cause will hesitate to affirm; but, without seeking to minimize the good which they have effected, it must be conceded that their success has been, and is, a success of prevention rather than of cure. As safeguards, forestalling the making of drunkards, these societies and their methods cannot be too lavishly praised; as remedial forces for the reclamation of confirmed drunkards already made, those who know them best will admit their comparative impotence. Not that many of them cannot point with legitimate pride to members who have been rescued from the thrall of the demon of drink; but the proportion of such members to the number of drunkards who may properly be supposed to come within the scope of the societies' efforts is confessedly small.

## THE THREE CLASSES.

The public to whom the total-abstinence advocate makes his appeal, and whom he would fain enlist in his beneficent crusade against an admittedly terrible evil, may be divided into three classes: those who have never drunk intoxicating liquor; those who occasionally drink in moderation, but have not as yet become addicted to the practice; and, finally, those who are veritable slaves to the drink habit, who incessantly or periodically yield to the sway of an appetite which its victims pronounce uncontrollable, and which in any case is practically uncontrolled. The statistics of the C. T. A. Union and similar temperance

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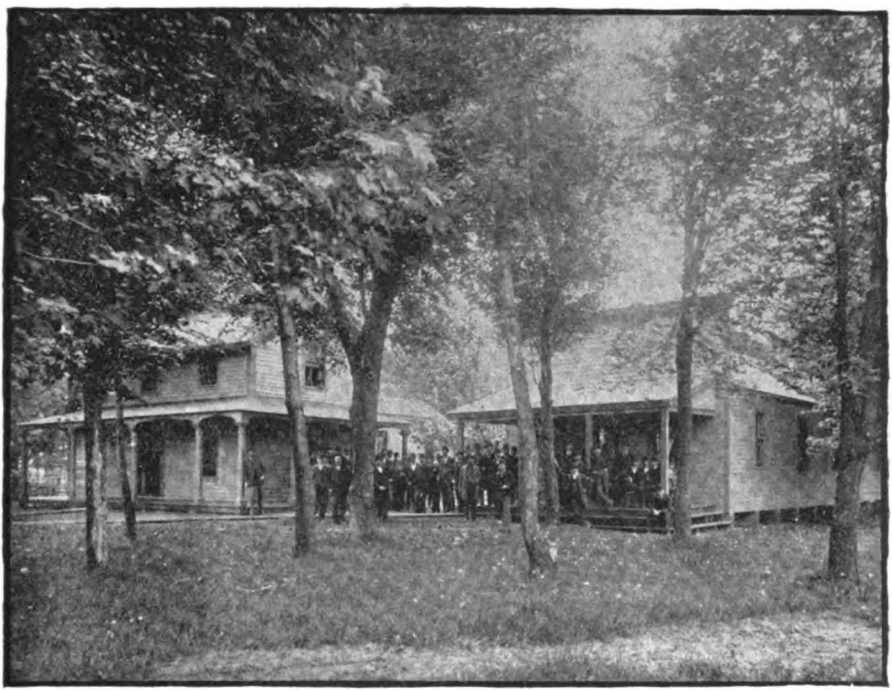
organizations will demonstrate that the great mass of those who form them is made up of recruits from the ranks of the first of these classes. Twenty-five or thirty per cent. of their members have perhaps been drawn from the second; while from ten to fifteen per cent. is probably a generous estimate of the number of those who once figured in the third—*i. e.*, former habitual or periodical drunkards whose reformation is thorough and permanent.

It is undoubtedly a matter for regret that a fuller measure



THE KEELEY LEAGUE CLUB-HOUSE, DWIGHT.

of success does not reward the efforts of the temperance societies to reclaim those who stand in saddest need of rescue; but the fact of their comparative failure to do so is no argument against their methods, nor should the statement of the fact be regarded either as a condemnation of such societies, or a disparagement of their work. Even were these associations unable to point to one member drawn from the second or third class mentioned above, to a single moderate drinker or confirmed drunkard of whom they have made a total abstainer, they would still have a more than sufficient *raison d'être* in the un-

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deniable magnitude and excellence of the results which they have achieved, and are achieving, among the members of the first class. Prevention is always better than cure; and no specific for drunkenness, however infallible we may suppose it, can do away with the need or lessen the importance of societies which, in thousands on thousands of cases, render recourse to any specific unnecessary.

### A REMEDY NEEDED FOR THE THIRD CLASS.

On the other hand, it is obvious that a remedy potent enough to remove the craving for alcohol which both the chronic and the periodical, or "spree," drunkard assert to be too strong for them to overcome, would be an invaluable ally to total-abstinence reformers. It is generally admitted that this craving or appetite for liquor grows with indulgence to be a terrible force, and that if, eventually, it does not actually destroy the will power, it weakens it to such a degree that in a vast number of cases the appetite is virtually irresistible. The overthrow or destruction of the appetite in any given case would mean the practical removal of the drunkard from the third, and heretofore largely irreclaimable class, to the first, among whose members our societies are achieving their greatest success. Nor would the good offices of the societies be supererogatory in such a case, for it is quite conceivable that, even with the craving banished, the former drunkard, swayed by the memory of that habit which had become second nature, or influenced by old associations and unpropitious environments, might in time relapse unless buoyed up, supported, and encouraged by just such moral aids as a total-abstinence organization affords. And the benefits conferred would be reciprocal, for the enrollment of such a member would prove for the organization an added element of peculiar strength. Better material from which to mould an efficient member of a total-abstinence society and a zealous propagator of total-abstinence principles cannot well be imagined than a man who, once a confirmed drunkard with all the hideous experience which that term implies, has been freed from the insatiable craving for alcoholic stimulants, is no longer dominated by the terrible appetite for drink, and feels no more inclination for liquor than he felt previous to his taking his first glass.

### WHAT DR. KEELEY CLAIMS.

Now, it is precisely this transformation which Dr. Keeley

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professes his ability to effect. He claims that his treatment utterly destroys the appetite or craving, leaving the patient, so far as any desire for drink is concerned, in just that condition in which he was before he took his first step on the downward path to ruin and degradation. The double chloride of gold cure, says its discoverer, bursts asunder the chains which for years have held the drunkard in the most abject slavery, and restores to him his freedom and his manhood. The claim is assuredly an astounding one; and it is not at all surprising that, when first made, it was universally scouted as preposterous, or that it is still so scouted by those who have not taken the trouble seriously to examine the grounds on which it rests; but for any one, however sceptical, who undertakes such an examination there are in store, to say the least, some unquestionable surprises. As a simple matter of fact, not a week passes without witnessing men legally convicted of capital offences on evidence far less conclusive than that which proclaims the genuineness and efficacy of the Keeley cure for drunkenness; and a thorough scrutiny of the vast array of testimony in its favor would extort a verdict of endorsement from either the most intelligent or the most ignorant body of twelve honest citizens that ever sat in a jury-box.

The writer is quite well aware that not a few readers will probably characterize the foregoing sentence in some such terms as "the rhapsodical rodomontade of a ranting enthusiast." Two years ago he himself would have pronounced the characterization to be an appropriate one; but we live and learn, or at least *may* learn if we so desire. To the sapient critic who, instead of investigating the Keeley cure, has contented himself with prejudging it—who, starting from the principle that it is sheer nonsense to suppose inebriety curable by a drug, has arrived at the strictly logical conclusion that the double chloride of gold is the worthless nostrum of a quack, it may be mildly suggested that critics presumably as sapient as himself have, within the past century, triumphantly demonstrated the absurdity of scientific theories which have nevertheless been reduced to very commonplace facts. Less than a hundred years ago a great many clever people said of Fulton: "Poor fellow, what a pity he is crazy!" Still later, an English writer, in so important a publication as the *Quarterly Review*, disposed thus summarily of another question: "As to those persons who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, . . . we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice." The impossi-

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bilities of one generation are the actualities of the next; and the moral is that one may be premature in denouncing a novel theory as well as in accepting it. But this is a digression.

### THE KEELEY CURE COURTS INQUIRY.

It has been said that surprises await the sceptic or the doubter who looks into the Keeley cure; and it may be added that, if the investigation be honest and thorough, all incredulity

as to the validity of the claims made for the remedy is sure to be dispelled. The experience of one investigator may, in this connection, prove interesting. Although Dr. Keeley has been treating inebriates for some fourteen or fifteen years, the general public knew very little of him or his cure until about two years ago. In the latter part of 1890 vague rumors of marvels that were being wrought by a country doctor in the little village of Dwight began to spread in Chicago; and Mr. Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, became interested in the matter.

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Reporters were sent to the village on the prairie; Dr. Keeley, his patients, and his "graduates" were interviewed; and the *Tribune* gave publicity to the facts ascertained. Then ensued some direct correspondence between the Chicago editor and the Dwight physician.

WE QUOTE MR. MEDILL:

"He [Dr. Keeley] proposed that, in the interest of medical science and fallen, debased man, I should send him five or more of the worst drinkers and opium-eaters that I could procure, and if he did not rid them of their over-mastering appetite for alcohol and opium he would personally pay all their expenses at Dwight, charge nothing for his own services, and publicly admit that his remedy was a failure; but that if he cured them, as he claimed he could, and I myself was to be the judge that they were cured, then I should pay the cost of the cures."

Considering this proposition an eminently fair one, the editor at once accepted it.

"I lost no time in hunting up five of the worst and most confirmed and irreclaimable drunkards to be found in Chicago who could be induced to make the pilgrimage to Dwight. They were all past middle life and had been hard drinkers for many years, and some of them had had more than one experience with delirium tremens. After each had been a month at Dwight he was discharged cured and sent back to me clothed in his right mind; the hankering for liquor completely obliterated; the blotches and rum-blossoms were gone; the red, watery eyes had become bright, and the physical health of all seemed completely restored. The poison had been expelled from their systems, and they looked as if a miracle had been performed on each one."*

Mr. Medill was convinced, and the *Tribune* editorially endorsed the Keeley Gold Cure. The Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette* and the Chicago *Herald* also investigated the cure, and became satisfied of its efficacy. The confidence inspired by the countenance of these important journals, whose standing precluded the idea that they were merely the hireling advertisers of a quack medicine, gave an impetus to the movement of drunkards towards Dwight that soon necessitated the establishment of branch institutes in different parts of the country.

* Joseph Medill, in a letter to *The Banner of Gold*, August 20, 1892.

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ITS WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

Of these branches there are at present in the United States more than one hundred; and shipments of the Keeley remedy have been made to England and Scotland, France, Germany, Canada, China, Japan, and Australia. To the double chloride of gold cure, in a word, may now be applied the dictum of a distinguished American: "It is a condition which confronts us —not a theory."

Of the pathology of drunkenness as a disease, and of the question of medical ethics involved in Dr. Keeley's refusal to make his formula public, we have little or nothing to say. Ample information concerning the former may be obtained by forwarding a postal card to the Keeley Company, Dwight, Illinois; while the latter subject is one which may safely be left to polemical physicians, and, moreover, one to which the general, non-professional public is supremely indifferent. The one important question concerning the Keeley treatment is: Does it cure the drunkard? The statement of its author that it does, in ninety-five cases out of a hundred, is corroborated by fully one hundred thousand men who say: "Each of us has been a drunkard, and the Keeley cure has saved us." Some of these thousands underwent the treatment three, four, and five years ago; and it has yet to be shown that more than five per cent. of those treated relapse into the drinking habit. The United States government, about a year ago, emphasized its endorsement of the cure by ordering that the Keeley remedies should be introduced into the seven national and twenty-one state homes for disabled soldiers and sailors.

In view of these facts, we respectfully submit that it behooves our Catholic Total Abstinence Societies, as bodies thoroughly in earnest in the practically philanthropic work of reclaiming the inebriate, to recognize this latest phase of the drink question. If an unprejudiced investigation convince them that the Keeley cure effects a tithe of the good claimed for it, it is their duty to give it their sanction and co-operation. Face to face with the besotted drunkard, let them in the first instance counsel, and if need be facilitate, his treatment at a Keeley Institute; and when the physical craving for alcohol has been destroyed, the liberated slave will readily enroll himself as an active and energetic soldier in their ranks.

A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

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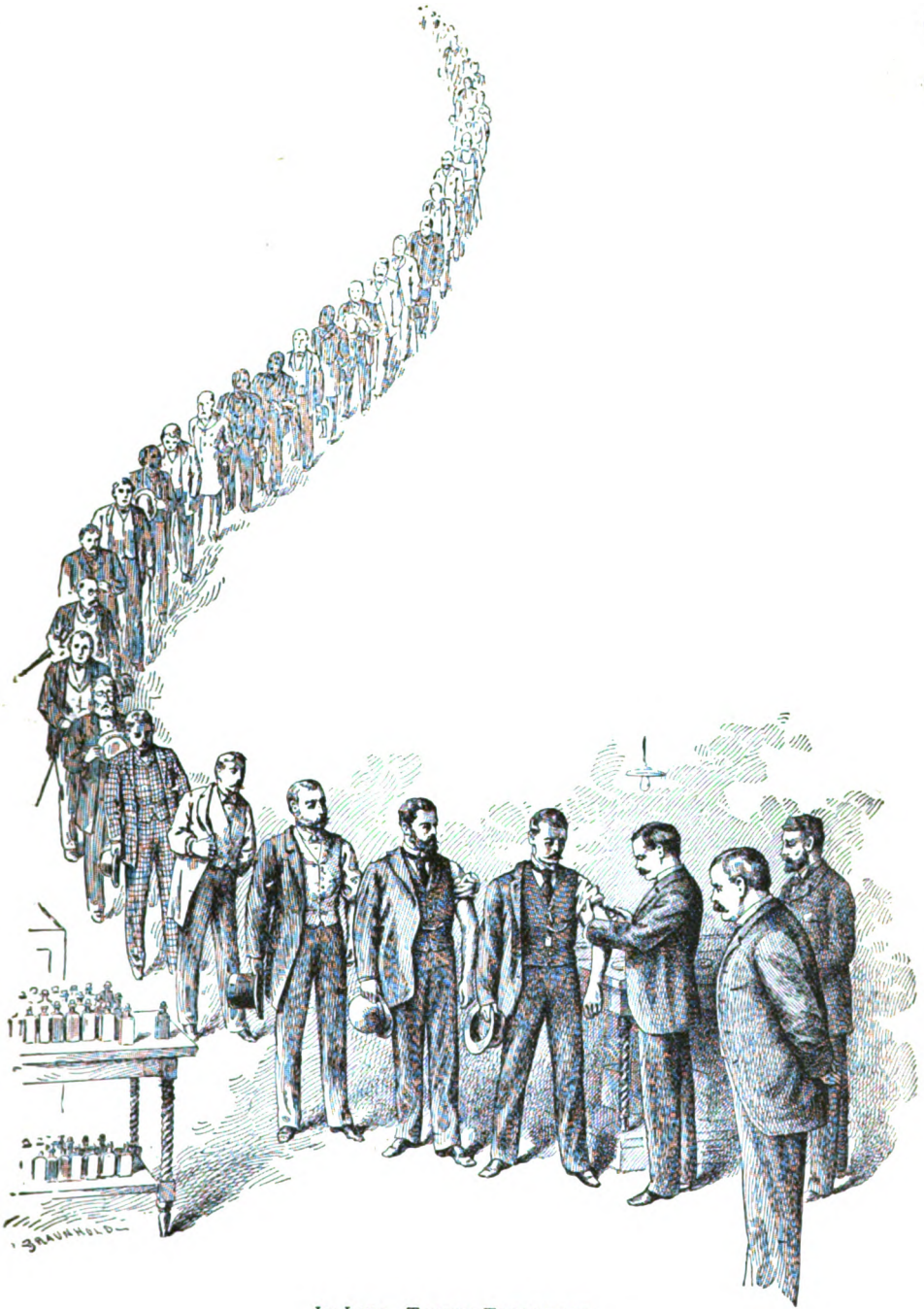

IN LINE—TAKING TREATMENT.



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# THROUGH QUIET WAYS.

AH, no! It does not give me pain to talk about my past years. They hold for me no regret, except that they have been so unfruitful. When one is sixty, my dear, the past is less past than the future, for time moves in a circle, and the coming years are daily bringing me nearer to my early ones.

My father was an ardent and enthusiastic scholar; he was graduated from college with honors, and sailed away to continue his classical studies on other shores. Greece was his destination—Greece, which was then claiming the notice of the world, not only by her ancient grandeurs which enthralled my father's mind and imagination, but by her struggle for freedom that enlisted his sympathies.

Three years of early manhood my father spent in Athens —three years the history of which included a marriage, the reasons for which I never knew but that they were part of his enthusiastic service to Greece; in them love had no place. I was too young during my father's life to understand any allusions to this part of his career that I may have heard; too young, indeed, I now think sadly, to have understood him at all. Whatever brought about this early and mistaken marriage, it ended after less than two years, and his son, my half-brother, of whose existence I never heard until I was a woman, was claimed by his mother's family when my father left Greece, as he did almost immediately after his wife's death.

He went to Spain, having in view the study of Moorish antiquities. Here he met the force that changed his whole life—a force older than Athens, stronger than the conquerors of Spain; the force that lit the fire of Troy. He met the woman whom he loved and made his wife, and abandoning all his plans, he came back here, bringing the little Spanish girl as mistress of this New England house.

I have known but little of my mother, for the day on which I first opened my eyes to the light hers were closed for ever. The miniature of her that my father always wore showed her to have been very beautiful; but he rarely spoke of her, and the great-aunt who came to keep my father's house and bring me up never alluded to her at all, having a healthy John Bull

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dislike for anything foreign and Roman Catholic, and being not at all desirous of perpetuating the mother's memory in the mind of her little daughter. Once, I remember, my father raised my head and, looking into my eyes, said very tenderly: "You grow daily more like your mother, my child. Hers was the tenderest, the purest, the noblest nature I ever knew. If you will imitate her ever so little I shall be proud of having such a daughter."

My poor father! I loved him and revered him, but stood always a little in awe of the sad, silent man who lived among his books. I think I could interpret better now the deep, tender nature that got its death-blow in the young wife's death, gave up the cherished career because life had lost its object, and speechlessly bore the grief that years did not diminish. I think I could better now respond to the wistful look his eyes had following me as I moved about.

When my mother died, as I have said, my father's aunt came to preside over his household. Poor aunt! I can see her now—a tall, dignified woman, wearing her iron-gray hair brushed plainly around her clear-cut, rather sharp features, greatly affecting a lustreless black silk for gowns, that early associated in my mind authority with a soft rustling sound. Her mother, who I suppose was an admirer of Richardson, gave her the sentimental name of Clarissa, than which nothing could have been more unsuitable. Aunt Clarissa was a truly excellent woman, possessing strict integrity, really noble characteristics, and a wide-spread reputation for marvellous housekeeping; but she had strongly developed theories relative to the training of a child, and as she had never had an opportunity to test them till I fell into her hands, my childhood was not very like that of other children. She taught me my letters; she set me sentences to copy in her own legible, old-fashioned writing; she instilled into my infant mind the first principles of Calvinistic theology, and I remember at the age of five sitting for an hour daily in a straight-backed chair (lest an easier one make me grow crooked) with my basket of patchwork at my side, sewing very tight and black little seams of "over and over." When I was eight years old my father took my teaching from Aunt Clarissa's hands into his own. Every morning I came into this library, which looked then almost exactly as you see it now, and seated in my little chair, beside my father's great one, did my lessons. He must have had strange theories of the education of a child, for he taught me much that children never

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learn, and omitted studies with which most begin. I often try to draw in my imagination the picture we then made: I a little, pale child, with great, eager dark eyes, drinking in hungrily the teaching of the wise man who sat before me, his head propped on one long, thin hand, gently unfolding the lore that years of study had given him, and making it plain to my capacity.

Lessons done, I was free to ramble in the fields, peopled for me by creatures of my fancy or the heroes of past ages; for excepting Hark, my beautiful Irish setter, I rarely had companionship.

The sea lies not far off; if you listen you may hear its distant roaring now, and its infinite solitude, and yet unceasing life, was my delight. Beside its breaking waves I dreamed of Spain, and the girl whom they had borne to the new land to be my mother.

On Sunday Aunt Clarissa took me with her to the Congregational meeting-house in the heart of the town, though my father never went with us. When I was twelve my father said one day: "Aunt Clarissa, henceforth I do not wish the child to go to church on Sunday; you will leave her with me."

Aunt Clarissa flushed. "I know what that portends, Austin," she said; "I feared it always, for her influence is strong over you still, though she has been dead twelve years."

"That is enough, Aunt Clarissa," said my father very gently, but with great firmness. "Henceforth my little daughter stays at home with me."

Accordingly from that time, on Sunday mornings, I went into the library and took my chair as on other days, and my father began teaching me truths of which I had never heard, but which I immediately absorbed; and he always ended with a story of saint or martyr—a lovely legend in prose or rhyme which delighted me—and changed Sunday from the dreariest day of the seven into one to be looked forward to through all the week.

This, though I did not know it, was my introduction to my mother's faith, and in the following winter my father took me with him for a visit to the city, in the course of which he and I, side by side, received Catholic baptism. Poor Aunt Clarissa was truly grieved; but no one ever dared oppose my father, for underneath his gentle quiet lay strong resolution. After that on Sunday mornings my father and I together rode through the peaceful streets to hear Mass in the distant church, with its congregation of simple fishermen.

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So the days of my childhood flowed on until I was sixteen. Then my dear father died. His end was like his life—uncomplaining, noiseless, self-forgetting. Only when the end had really come he turned his head on the pillow, lifted his eyes, and with his last breath cried joyously, "Mercedes!" They consecrated a second grave beside his young wife, and laid him there, and Aunt Clarissa and I lived on alone in the old house.

Although I missed my father sorely, and his death was a great grief to me, nevertheless I think that when the first bitterness was past, the three years that followed were the happiest of my life—not the best, the happiest.

I had a beautiful chestnut horse, mounted on which, with Hark running on before, I rode the entire country over, rejoicing in nature's beauty, and my own abounding youth and health. I had my little flock that came to me for catechism on Sundays; I had a part in Aunt Clarissa's housekeeping cares; I revelled in the well-filled library my father left—I was in the mysterious joy of dawning womanhood, tinged with just enough girlish curiosity and dread of the future to add a zest to the pleasure of a present which seemed to promise nothing but joy for coming years. And so unconsciously I waited the disposition of my life.

At last there came to me a summer; I suppose that it comes to every woman, and though it be in winter it is always summer-time.

I never told any one of it; I would rather not say much about it even now.

They say people outlive the pain and passion of their youth and learn to look back with a smile of pity, quite untinged by pain, on past days of sorrow and their little objects. I cannot tell whether or not this is true, but it is not so with me. I am honored and crowned even now by that summer. He was the grandest man I ever knew, and from the time that I first saw him I saw that too. He never looked to me as any other creature might; no one was like him, and he like no one.

At first I did not understand what that meant to me. Our friendship was so pleasant and complete, and I rested in it. But there came a day of danger, not to me but to him, and then I understood. Even then I never dreamed of the possibility of his caring for me—I, so far beneath him in every way—and I quietly accepted the new knowledge, keeping on in the old friendship, knowing it soon must end, and learning every look

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and tone by heart to treasure up for all the empty, coming years.

But there came a day—such a day! The summer was in its glory, and the sky cloudless. I walked across a field and met him suddenly. The look in his eyes as he saw me told me something of which I had never even thought. I have been crowned invisibly from that day. I, so unworthy—but I had that look!

The rest of the summer was filled with the unalloyed joy, given to but few to feel, and was so pure I sometimes wonder if it were not worth the pain. In the autumn came the end; no matter how; I never speak of that. I had to choose between his good and mine, and there could be no hesitation. His good was my good, and his pleasure gave me peace.

He went away, and, though no word was ever spoken, each knew the other's heart. I never saw his face again.

There were dark days for awhile, and perhaps I nearly died —they said so. I suppose no one ever takes up his burden all at once; youth must cry out its good-by to joy. But I lived, and all was best.

By and by I could see why that summer came, to widen and arouse my sympathies. No one who had been blessed as I had been with the look of tender eyes could ever again be indifferent to any human thing. And so you see, my dear, if ever in all my life I have been of use to any one, it was he who made me so, and to him the praise belongs.

After a while a good man offered me, not only his home but his love. He told me that he had loved me from the first glimpse of my beautiful face. I could not understand until I remembered that he had met me during that summer, when perhaps my face was beautified by my intercourse with that noble soul. Even my looks I owed to him.

There was no merit in being constant to that hopeless memory. No woman who had known whom I had known could ever be the wife of another man. And so, my dear, I never married. It is best as it is; but can you believe that even now these withered hands sometimes stretch out into space, as though to meet again the grasp of a hand that clasped them forty years ago? Forty years ago—for I am sixty now.

There, my child; wait just a moment and I will go on. Yes, that is right; give me your hand, dear child. You are young, and there is a bright future awaiting you. Now I can tell you

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how bright my life has been, though then I thought all light eclipsed.

For two years that followed I have nothing to show. I hope they were not quite wasted, however; one has to be very patient with a young girl struggling to adjust herself to her first sorrow, even when that girl was one's self. I gave up all my pleasant rides and walks. The delight I had in nature all ceased. I could only see the suffering and death of the little creatures I had thought so happy, and I no longer found peace among them. It is not to all people, nor in all moods, that Nature shows herself the kind and tender parent. There are times when the silence of the frowning hills overweighs the spirit; when the unchanging monotony of the sea seems cruel and relentless; when the pitiless march of Nature, absorbing and destroying all the helpless creatures in her path, terrifies one with the sense of his own littleness and the hopelessness of his own future, and one seeks to fly from Nature, as from the vast, implacable destroyer of the race. Such condition is abnormal; as the healthy balance of mind and nerve readjusts itself, we come back to Nature for the healing she holds ready in her bountiful hands.

I resumed my life in field and woods, and especially in my favorite point on the shore, where, in a sort of natural chapel in the rocks, I listened to the sermons gulls and sun and air preached to me, and let the great ocean's healing touch and monotone rebuke, give health to the soul of the ignorant girl, who had known so little how to suffer.

Aunt Clarissa's death helped me to regain my balance, entailing, as it did, upon me the entire care of my considerable inheritance.

Labor was not God's curse upon our first parents, but the remedy of Infinite Wisdom and Mercy for the sorrow they had brought upon themselves.

I was twenty-five years old when Aunt Clarissa died; though there had never been sympathy between us, and consequently no strong love, our life together had been peaceful, and her death severed the last tie of kinship, leaving me singularly alone.

In a world of so many millions it is needless for any one to be truly alone, however, if one recognizes, in the midst of the hunger for ties of blood natural to humanity, the larger family ties of adoption of which St. Paul speaks. To be loved it is but necessary to love, and I found many who could both give and receive.

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But the uneventful calm was not to last long; how well I remember the day that marked its close, thirty-five years ago!

I had gone to my favorite nook in the rocks, and was watching the approach of the tide, my book unopened in my lap, the September warmth enfolding me like a caress. Hark, lying with the sunshine on his bronze back, suddenly raised his head and growled. I looked behind me, and saw, coming across the sands, a man unlike any who had ever crossed my path. He was dressed like an Englishman, but no Englishman ever wore his clothes with the airy grace of this stranger, and he had a cosmopolitan air that made his nationality difficult to determine. He was slight, lithe in his movements, his dark face handsome but worn, his eyes long and restless. As he approached he took off his hat, showing that his hair lay in curls around his small, shapely head.

To my surprise he came straight up to me, and looked at me long without speaking, until my nerves, which were not weak ones, began to flutter.

At last he spoke, but then as if rather to himself than me: "And so she does not know me—how could she? I wonder if she knows that I exist? Did you ever hear of Theon?"

His voice was softly modulated, yet I began to fear him. I shook my head.

"You have mistaken, sir. I am not the person you seek."

"You are the person I have sought from the East to the West," he said, smiling. "I could not mistake the description of you they gave me in the village. Did your father ever speak to you of his first marriage and his other child?"

I could not answer; seeing me tremble, he sat down and tried to soothe me. I cannot recall the words, but he told me the story of my father's early youth in Greece, and made me understand that he was my brother.

It must have been long before I could grasp the meaning of what I heard, and in that time I had come to feel how different from all other Austins my brother was, and how strangely the consequences of the mistaken, loveless marriage of my father's boyhood were to involve my life.

I had risen to conduct my brother to his father's house, but he remained lying on the sand looking up at me.

"By the way, I have children," he said. "I left them in New York till I could find the home of my ancestors—or themselves," he added, laughing. "I did not expect such luck as to find of my father's family only a young and beautiful sister. I

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don't crave family love myself; it hampers and bores one. Do you mind children?"

"I love them," I answered. "Are they young—are they girls—are they motherless?" I asked all at once.

My brother laughed again, his low, musical laugh. "They are two girls, I forget how old—I think one is four and the other two, but I am not sure; and they are motherless. I am not enthusiastic over them myself, but I believe my children are called handsome. Their mother was a young English girl whom her family disowned for marrying me, and she died when the younger child was a baby." So saying my brother arose, and I silently led my father's son beneath this honest Austin roof, which for six generations had sheltered honest gentlemen.

A week later the children came, two lovely creatures: the elder, Mary, a fair English child, with great, serious blue eyes; the younger, a dark-eyed gypsy, warm, impetuous, generous, not yet named though she was past two years old. Her I called Dorothy, the gift of God, and took them both to my heart, where they have nestled ever since, its warmth and comfort.

When I asked my brother's permission to bring them up in my own faith he laughingly accorded it. "These things are for women," he said, "and the old church is more picturesque than your New England vagaries. Do what you like with them; the children are yours."

I soon learned that my brother held all things lightly, and could never be made to see that right and wrong were more than personal prejudices better cast aside.

The division of the estate justice demanded I made, in spite of the protests of my former guardian and present adviser, and after the proof of the identity of my brother had been established.

By a happy provision of my father's will this house could not pass into other hands than mine, being left to me in trust during my lifetime, and thus I have kept a home for myself, and my darlings while they needed it.

My life was greatly changed by the presence of my two dear children, who gave me all I craved in love and care, but my brother was rarely with us, finding the life of such a place too humdrum, and spending months in the great cities on each side of the water.

It was ten years after his arrival, and the children had grown into tall, beautiful girls of fourteen and twelve, when the crash came.

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I learned then, in one dreadful day, that except for this home left me, and a few hundreds, I was beggared. My poor brother had spent his portion, and involved mine; it was the fever of gambling in his blood, and all had gone down before it—honor, fortune, all—as it must where that fatal passion seizes a man in its grip.

He came back to us then—we had not seen him for three years—and we gathered up the fragments of our broken fortunes, and with the help of a little school I opened made enough for four that which would once have scarce sufficed for one.

The life he had led had wrecked my brother's health, and I could see that but a little time was given me to try by tenderness and care to rouse in his breast a little sorrow for his misspent years, and his injustice to the children. He was unfortunate in his luxury-loving nature, that could not understand the meaning of duty as we of sterner mould know it. He was not an Austin, but a Greek, and in the difference I hope lies the pardon. He only lived three years, and the night before he died he spoke to me words of repentant gratitude that give me hope that perhaps human love helped him toward a knowledge and fitness for the Divine.

Mary, Dorothy, and I had enough for our simple needs; indeed, at seventeen and fifteen years fortune is a very vague term, and they were happy in their youth, and health, and beauty, and the consequences of their father's errors, I rejoice to know, never fell on them.

It seemed to me like a fond and foolish woman that now my darlings were mine altogether, and that nothing could come between us any more—as though such splendid young beauty and goodness could have been meant for an old woman's selfish enjoyment. When the baby was twenty, no more beautiful, yet contrastingly beautiful, girls could have been found in all the country—Mary, fair, and calm, and gentle; Dorothy, dark, and brilliant, and impetuous; and I gloated over both my treasures. But there was never such a girl as my baby.

The first awakening from my selfish dream was when I had to give up Mary to the life of self-renunciation that she had chosen, for she wished to give herself to her suffering fellows, under the guidance of St. Vincent de Paul; and of course when my heart had cried out at the parting, I gave her gladly, proud that my dear girl could walk where her feeble aunt would not have had grace to tread.

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Dorothy and I were lonely without "the other third," as Dorothy called her; but Dorothy was too charming to be allowed to be lonely long, and I—well, it always seemed to me one could not wish for much, having Dorothy—I soon found that others shared my opinion, for the old house was not far enough away from the haunts of men for my girl to be hidden, and she soon had lovers, to whom, to my great delight, she seemed indifferent.

I am not sure what I wanted for Dorothy, but I am sure I rejoiced in my selfish heart when I saw that she was not in haste to leave me.

And every day she grew more lovely, till she was twenty-four and Dorothy Austin still, lighting up the old house and the old aunt's life with her gracious young presence. Then appeared the lover I feared; the handsome, gallant young prince that even I could not help owning was worthy to win the love of my dark-eyed princess. But through a long and dangerous summer of tennis, and riding, and moonlight rowings Dorothy seemed heart-whole, and I was just beginning to think that if she went safely through such temptation as this I might count her mine for ever, when a fortunate piece of eavesdropping opened my eyes and saved me from allowing my girl to ruin her life.

I had gone to my room early with a headache, but had come down again for the coolness of the east room, thinking that Dorothy and her friends were on the river, and had seated myself behind the jalousie blinds, when I heard a voice, Dorothy's, speaking; and the first words held me spell-bound.

"There is no use in urging me," she said. "I will never marry you and go to Alaska, and leave auntie here alone—never!"

Then I knew that she was with John Arnold, who held a government commission to go on a geological survey of Alaska, and who was to leave in a month.

"But you love me, Dorothy; you have shown it at last," he replied; "and now that you are mine, you have no right to separate us."

"If I loved you ten times better than I do," my girl answered bravely, "I would still say good-by and God speed. I owe all that I am to auntie; she has had disappointment and sorrow enough. Mary is gone—I am all she has, and my father has made her almost poor. My pain I can conquer; yours will be cured by time. I will stay here, and she shall never guess I even thought of another life. I love you better than

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you will ever know, and my future must be as God wills; but the only mother I ever had shall not be asked another sacrifice of her unselfish, loving heart for me."

I crept away stunned to my room, in need of quiet, and to think. Not that I could hesitate; I must save my darling from such a sacrifice, but I had to learn the thought of being without her, and plan a means of circumventing her generous resolve.

So the next day I took her in my arms and told her what I had heard, and that I loved and blessed her more than before, if I could, for her devotion; but that I had only waited till she was safe in some good man's hands to go abroad, as I had all my life longed to do; and that when I was alone the income, scanty for us all, would suffice for the carrying out of my plans. In vain she clung to me and declared she would never leave me; John and love and I were too strong for her, and I had the happiness of giving my girl to the man she loved but had tried to sacrifice to me. John had to sail in a month, which perhaps was well, for in the hurry of preparation there was no time for thought, and Dorothy could not see what her loss cost me.

There was a quiet nuptial Mass in the village church, a breakfast, a last clinging kiss, a whirr of carriage-wheels, and I had given my Dorothy, my gift of God, away!

The old house was leased then, and I went to Rome—I had to or Dorothy would have guessed how I deceived her—but I longed to sit here in the house where all my life and theirs had passed, and wait till somehow, in life or death, we met again.

The home-longing was too strong for a long absence. After two years I came back, and since then, for these past ten years, I have lived and waited, and Dorothy has never come. John was given further commissions, and now they live on the Pacific coast, and she sends me little January blossoms, which show me her love and how far away she is. Her little daughter bears my name, and as she is happy I am content. You see, my dear, what a useless, humdrum life it has been—not worth telling. Yet through it all, so safe and full of blessedness, I almost feel that it is wicked to hunger so for Dorothy.

I hear the postman's whistle, my dear; will you see what he has brought me? From Dorothy? My dear girl! My hands tremble so I can scarcely open it. Oh, my dear, my dear! Let me cry a moment—oh, my dear, my dear! It is so sweet to

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cry for joy! She is coming, my darling is coming, this very week! Before another Sunday her head will be here on my breast, and my arms will be around her, and I shall hear her voice again. O my daughter, my gift of God!—the years have been so long without you.

See, I can speak quietly now. Come with me; we must go at once and put flowers in my girl's room—her own little room, where I used to go to tuck her in bed when she was not as old as her babies are. I am glad that blessed letter came to-day; it ends the simple story I have told you. I shall see Dorothy again, and nothing more can come to me.

Ah, my dear, such a worthless life, so disproportionately blessed! Perhaps when we step out of the darkness into the light we shall see the meaning of our lives, merged in love; like the flame of a lamp seen through a corrugated white globe, in which flame and shade alike seem colorless till the light shines through the glass, and then some unperceived tinting of the globe discovers itself, for behold the flame is living red.

MARION AMES TAGGART.

*Plainfield, N. J.*

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## WHAT ARE WE DOING FOR NON-CATHOLICS?

WE live in an age of apostolic life, energy, and zeal. Although idolatry is now extinguished among civilized nations, yet the time is similar to the days of St. Paul. Material prosperity advances with rapid strides, and intellectual strength increases daily. The rich become richer, and the poor poorer as the times advance. As St. Paul went forth into just such a state of society, so are we called to meet this mass of people who either have no religion at all, or who at best have but a fragment of the truth.

There is the same class of men who are always inquiring for something new, like the men of Athens. There is the same class of men who have no God in the world, but are given up to self-indulgence. There is a large class of men and women who keep the natural law written on their hearts.

### THE PAST.

The particular movements which produced this state of mind on religious matters are worth considering.

Three hundred and fifty years ago there came the great deluge of apostasy and rebellion against the church. It flooded the western world; it rolled up in threatening billows to the gates of the Vatican. It demanded the overthrow of the church, or else its subjection to the state. Like thunder from a clear sky came the answer—the great Council of Trent and its famous decrees of reformation. The echoes of that great reply to infidel demands still come back to us in the legislation of the church, and will until the end.

Calmly, then, the church went on her way with renewed life and vigor, strengthening the faith of her members; instructing them more thoroughly than for many generations before in the reasonableness and necessity of Catholic truth.

Those who left the old ship of Peter, in a very short time were wrangling among themselves on the fundamental doctrines of faith. Before fifty years had passed they were split into a hundred sects, each making war on the others. To protest was their life. Founded on principles of contradiction and of opposition, they could exist only by fighting.

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To-day this revolt has worked itself out. It has had its day. Like the torrent which sweeps down the mountain side in the spring, and is dried up by the summer sun until no sign of moisture is left, so calm reason and faith in a higher power have dried up the passions of men, and the awful day of ruin and desolation is closed.

## THE PRESENT.

Round about us to-day stand a crowd of people hungry for the word of God. Their hearts are deeply religious, but they have no sense of the supernatural, and with mere natural religion they are never satisfied. They need a revelation from God; they know not where to find it.

They must be brought to investigate the truth, the beauty, the goodness, and the divine authority of the Catholic Religion. There is in many of these people a deep-seated, ingrained prejudice against us; it is for us to break down its walls. To these and to all others who are non-Catholics we are sent.

Here, then, is the urgent work of the day in the religious world. The time has passed when Catholics can sit down calmly and fold their hands while men are perishing by hundreds of thousands for the want of the Catholic faith. The time has passed when Catholics can be content merely to hold the faith and teach it to the favored children of the faithful. No longer do we dread the axe, the gibbet, or the hangman's rope; no longer do men drive us to mountain fastnesses and caves of the earth to practise our religion; no longer reigns bigotry so supreme over men's minds that they will not listen to us.

The day of aggressive spiritual warfare is again at hand. The time has come for action; the hour has struck, and we are called upon by God to sally forth from our strongholds and preach to unbelievers the faith once delivered to the saints.

There has as yet been no organized plan of campaign. It is for us to arouse ourselves to the task, for we alone can exclaim with St. John, "We *know* that we are of God."

This is the providential mission of the Church in the United States—the conversion of the people; this is the work laid down by her Divine Master. It has been the work of Catholics in every age, and it must be their work in this.

Little has yet been done. The comparatively few converts who come to us every year are not, as a rule, the fruit and result of the labors of evangelic and apostolic men and women who have devoted themselves especially to this work.

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Many have come to us in spite of us—we must confess it with shame and sorrow. They have come after months of solitary study and thought, in spite of discouragement; in the face of awful obstacles they have made the sacrifice.

It is the grace of God pure and simple which has led them on; they have been assisted by no earnest work of ours. But now the time has arrived when we are able to say to such souls who are timidly standing without: "Here are we the messengers of Christ; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

It was a thin, small stream that flowed under the virgin hands of Bernadette at Lourdes; but it became a great stream whose waters are spread in all the earth. So the few heroic souls who have come to us are the earnest of a great flood of conversions; they are the first-fruits of a harvest of converts who shall in a few years be gathered into the fold by the zealous apostolic laborers whom God is sending forth into the field to reap.

The man who is not alive to this work, or in earnest about it, is dead to the day in which he lives; is not alive to the providential lesson of the hour. Almighty God will ask of this generation, when they stand before him in the day of judgment: "What did you do to teach the Christian truths to the non-Catholics who lived with you when you were in your trial-state?" It is for us to make answer now. Let us arise in our might, the might of truth, conscious of our strength, confiding in God, and go forth to win the battle fighting against error.

## THE FIELD OF THE HARVEST.

The last census shows the population of the United States to be a little over sixty-four millions. Of this great multitude scarcely one-seventh profess the Catholic faith. We are not in the field to discuss the reasons why there are few or many who are annually lost to the church.

We know our numbers, and that which concerns us is, What means shall we take to gain the remainder? This remainder of the population, fifty-six millions, is made up of two classes: those who are and call themselves Protestants, and those who are of no religious belief at all.

This latter class is growing larger day by day. The uncertainty of teaching in non-Catholic pulpits drives daily great numbers into unbelief. Pleasure, vice and its attractions placed within the reach of all, are likewise doing their share in making

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unbelievers. We stand as a small body indeed, but we shall never forget how the church went forth in the fourth century into a world of pagans, and with what results. But we have before us an audience to-day that is ready, eager, and anxious to listen to what we have to say. They have heard of us from our enemies long enough; that their tales concerning us were fables, they are certain.

Now, what is the truth concerning us? is the question which we are called upon to answer. The American people are fair-minded, ready to look at both sides of a question before they make up their mind. No longer will they submit to be blinded by passion, nor will they let the incubus of any bugbear rest on their minds.

## WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

### *Example.*

Some will, no doubt, urge that we should first sanctify our own people and make them what they ought to be. This is no doubt a pressing need, and it is certain that of all the obstacles in the way of the conversion of our country none is greater than the scandalous lives and shocking example of some bad Catholics. Intemperance and saloon-keeping are Catholicity's deadliest foes. We profess a pure and perfect religion, and unbelievers are aware of our profession; and the non-practising Catholic is not the weakest enemy to the spread of truth.

One thing that attracted men to the Catholic Religion in the early ages of the church was the examples of soberness and charity which Christians manifested in their lives.

The heart thrills with joy when one contemplates a vast multitude of good Catholic families in harmony and peace, dwelling together. Into these households never comes the demon of discord, but the angel of peace continually abides within them. There daily arises the sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving from the family altar. There mutual forbearance prevents wordy quarrels and unseemly disputes. There temperance and sobriety reign, and kindness and gentle influence rule where harshness and evil-speaking would quickly make a household of Satan. From these families comes forth no child to fill a drunkard's grave, a felon's cell, or the murderer's chair. From such families come forth the men and women who love the Law of God, and respect the law of the land for God's sake.



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This, then, shall be the first means of converting unbelievers, by showing ourselves by our example to be the true disciples of Jesus Christ.

### BY TEACHING.

The next means of advancing the Catholic Religion among our non-Catholic brethren is by teaching it to them. There is every opportunity for Christians to meet unbelievers. They are with them in business, in work, and in recreation. Questions are asked everywhere about our faith, and we all ought to be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in us. If we would take such an active interest in our religion that these people would be moved to question us about it, how great is the good that could be accomplished!

When a mission is given in the parish to which we belong, we could easily ask our non-Catholic friends to go with us. Converts are often made in this way, as well as by invitations to sermons and lectures likely to interest honest inquirers.

### THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS.

The Press of this country is busy. It daily pours forth tons of worthless and evil literature to satisfy the depraved intellectual palate of the reading public. There is much also that is good, very good, which is constantly being put into print.

But when we contemplate the possibilities that are before us, and the good that can be done by the spread of first-class Catholic literature, we are fired with enthusiasm for the task.

A little band of half a dozen, who are willing to give themselves and all that they have for the glory of God, could, in a very short time, flood this country with good Catholic literature at a reasonable figure.

There need be no difficulty about the books, pamphlets, and leaflets proper for the purpose. There are plenty of them now in existence. What we want is organized effort and a little money to bring down prices to missionary standards and to secure local distribution.

### MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS.

This is to be the work which will make a noise in the world. It will be the trumpet-sound of the advance-guard of the hosts of the Lord coming to take captive and bind with the sweet yoke of Christ the sinner and the unbeliever. Let us, with the approbation o the bishop and at the request of the pastors, go

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into the smaller towns and there, in halls hired for the purpose, speak to unbelievers all the words of Christ. To meet their difficulties, their needs and wants, God must raise up men fit for the work. These we shall see coming forth, even as St. John the Baptist, St. Francis and St. Dominic did in their days, bringing the good tidings of peace. These people we must meet also in private and talk with them kindly, and bear with their ignorance or prejudices concerning the truth, distributing missionary literature everywhere.

This is the work which is about to begin in the coming autumn. We hope at some future day to chronicle the success which shall meet its first advances.

## PRAYER.

"Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you."

That is to say, whatsoever we ask concerning salvation shall be ours.

Let every Catholic, then, who desires the conversion of his country pray daily for that end. Prayer can avail when naught else is of any use.* St. Monica prayed seventeen years, and the world and the church gained a St. Augustine. Let a million of faithful souls put their prayers up to God daily, and what shall we not be able to do? "It is time now to arise from sleep; the night is far spent; the day is at hand: let us cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light"; let us go forth, then, in our might of truth, with the strength and courage of our conviction; and by example, teaching, preaching, and prayer convert to the faith the greatest country in the world. Never went missionaries to a land more easy to convert. Never came they before a more fair-minded audience. We cannot fail. "God wills it," and it shall be done.

ARTHUR M. CLARK.

*Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York.*

*A postal card addressed to A. M. Clark, 120 West 60th St., New York, will secure a printed prayer for the conversion of America, nearly a hundred thousand copies of which have already been distributed.

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OF THE
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OF

## MEETING THE SPIRIT.

OH, saddest law! that when the soul is dull,
And the quick body keen,
We ride unknowing over sacred ways
With mad and brutal mien.

Lips that are tender as the prayer they speak
Ask often our release
From the barbaric gloom of cruelty;
But still our crimes increase.

Prayers from ourselves must also reach the home
Where wondrous God must be,
A thousand times in humble, hopeful cry,
Before our souls are free.

Then, as though flames by which we read this life,
Our souls stir, rise and reign.
We weep for those we loved, we strike our hearts,
Remembering their pain!

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

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THE VIA ANGELORUM.

## WHERE THE SPIRIT OF ST. VINCENT LIVES.

"THE late Archbishop Hughes was wont laughingly to say that when he wanted a good work started by the Sisters of Charity, or even a building erected for charitable or educational purposes, he had only to hint it to the sisters, and forthwith it sprang into being before his very eyes, almost like Aladdin's palace. He knew full well that somewhere or other the good sisters would find friends to provide the 'wonderful lamp.'"

This passage is quoted from a public journal of 1874. Archbishop Hughes! We have but to mention that name to the mothers or grandmothers of the present generation of Mount Saint Vincent girls, and the flood-gates of enthusiasm are opened wide and the waters of eloquence burst forth in a mighty tide.

Surely this great "Father and Founder of Mount Saint Vincent" made no wild comparison when in his genial and happy manner he gave voice to that remark, for, from the humble beginning of a little four-roomed frame house upon a barren rock,

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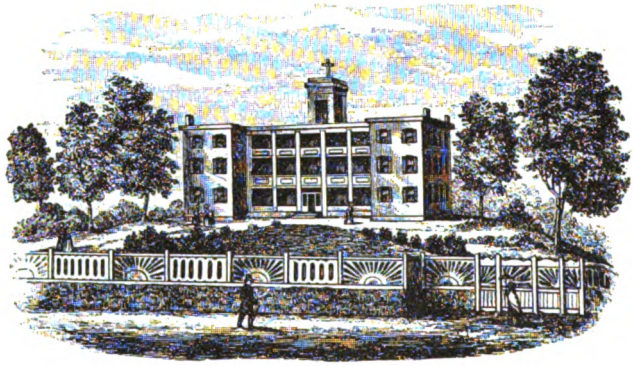
had arisen, upon the noble banks of the most beautiful river of our land, if not in one night, yet in the comparatively short space of twelve years, a very Aladdin's palace of learning.



FIFTY YEARS AGO.

To-day the magnificent pile known as the New York Mother House of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul stands as a monument to the generous aid and encouragement of the great archbishop, the zeal and piety of a devoted little band of heroic women, and the substantial help of the legions of friends who did indeed provide the "wonderful lamp."

It is not yet fifty years since, upon the eminence at One Hundred and Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, which is now included within the limits of Central Park, New York, there stood a small, old-fashioned house consisting of four rooms and an attic floor. The immediate prospect and surroundings were of a rather bleak and unpromising nature, though the distant view from the balconies and windows presented a delightful panorama of beauty and interest. Off to the south throbbed the great young city, while to the east and the west the view was bounded by the rippling waves of the Hudson and Long Island Sound. To the northward all seemed but wild wooded hill and dale.

On May 2, 1847, the then Bishop Hughes celebrated Mass in the southwest parlor of the little old house, thus consecrating the humble foundation of a great work. The occasion was, as may be imagined, a memorable one, and the small wooden altar upon which was celebrated that first Mass is still preserved in the new Mount as a sacred and touching memento of those early days.

In September of the same year the north wing was completed, and on the thirteenth of the month the distribution of

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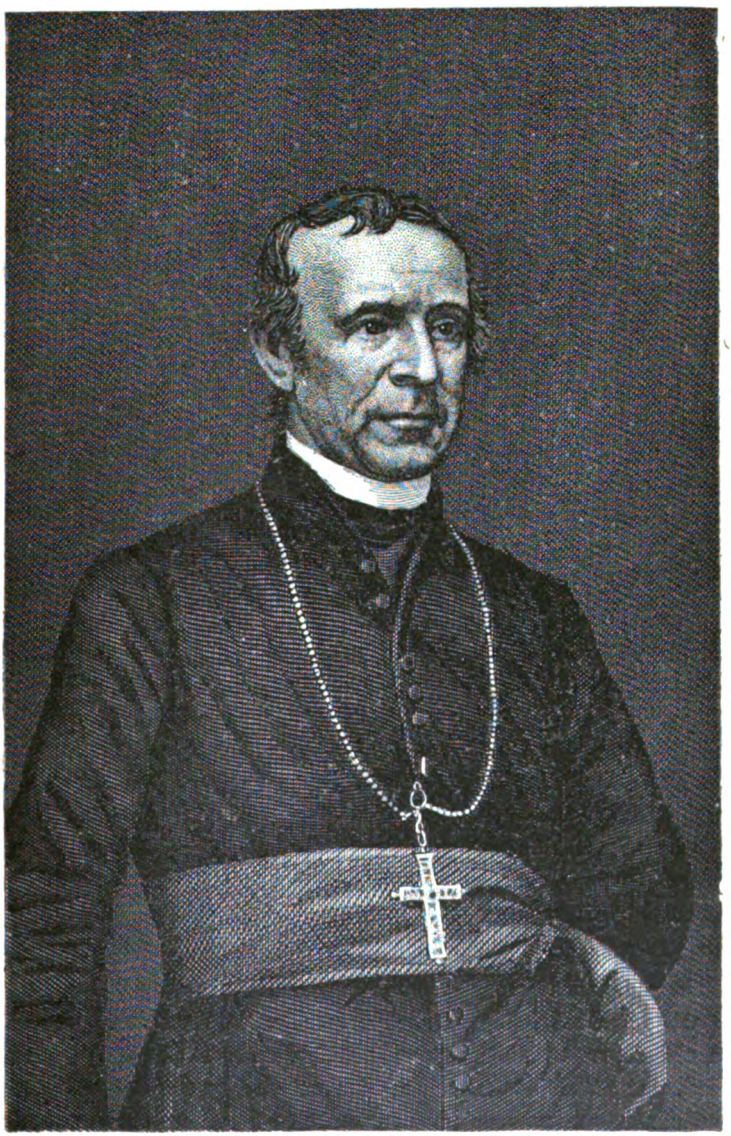
prizes of St. Joseph's Select School, New York, took place here. From that day, September 13, 1847, the Academy of Mount Saint Vincent dates its origin, as forty girls from St. Joseph's were then enrolled as pupils. Year after year wings and additions were made to the main building to increase the accommodation of the rapidly growing school. In the mean-



FATHER AND FOUNDER OF THE MOUNT.

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time the great city had been steadily creeping northward—that is, if New York can be said at any time to have crept—till one morning the sisters awoke to find it knocking at their very doors. What in those days seemed to many the wild visionary scheme of a great Central Park was about to be put into execution, and it was found that Mount Saint Vincent, being within the limits of the proposed pleasure ground, would have to abandon its rocky site and seek quarters elsewhere.

FOUNDED BY THE SAINTLY MOTHER SETON.

While casting about for a suitable location the merest chance directed the attention of the purchasers to the Fonthill estate, then the property of Edwin Forrest, the actor. In the midst of fifty-five acres of pleasure ground, on the banks of the Hudson, fifteen miles from the City Hall, the renowned tragedian had built himself a magnificent castle home—a castle constructed in the half-Norman, half-Gothic style, which, alas! for the reckless, improvident, but generous-hearted owner, was barely finished ere it became known as "Forrest's Folly." The entire estate was purchased by the Sisters of Charity on December 20, 1856, and on February 2 of the next year, the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, formal possession was taken. This was accomplished by placing in the grounds a statue of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

The principal genie of the "wonderful lamp" on this occasion was undoubtedly Mr. Forrest, who, besides presenting a large check as a friendly donation, may indeed, so we are informed, be said to have presented the grounds, as the castle, outbuildings, and various improvements were in themselves worth the nominal price paid by the sisters.

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On May 1, 1857, the new academy building was commenced, and on September 8 of the same year the corner-stone was laid by Archbishop Hughes. To attempt an adequate description of the site upon which the new Mount was now begun would require the genius of no common pen. That dear Washington Irving whose immortal words have done so much to perpetuate the charms of the historic and romantic Hudson—even he could pour forth no description too glowing to truthfully picture the scene.

"Before us," said the great archbishop, as he, a grand impressive figure, stood forth among the hundreds who were gathered together upon that memorable occasion—"before us spreads

THE MEREST CHANCE DIRECTED THEIR ATTENTION TO THE FONTHILL ESTATE.

some of the finest scenery of a river which, I may say without exaggeration, the world cannot surpass, and you may travel, as I have, many thousand miles without seeing its equal."

The famous archbishop, who well deserved his title of "Father

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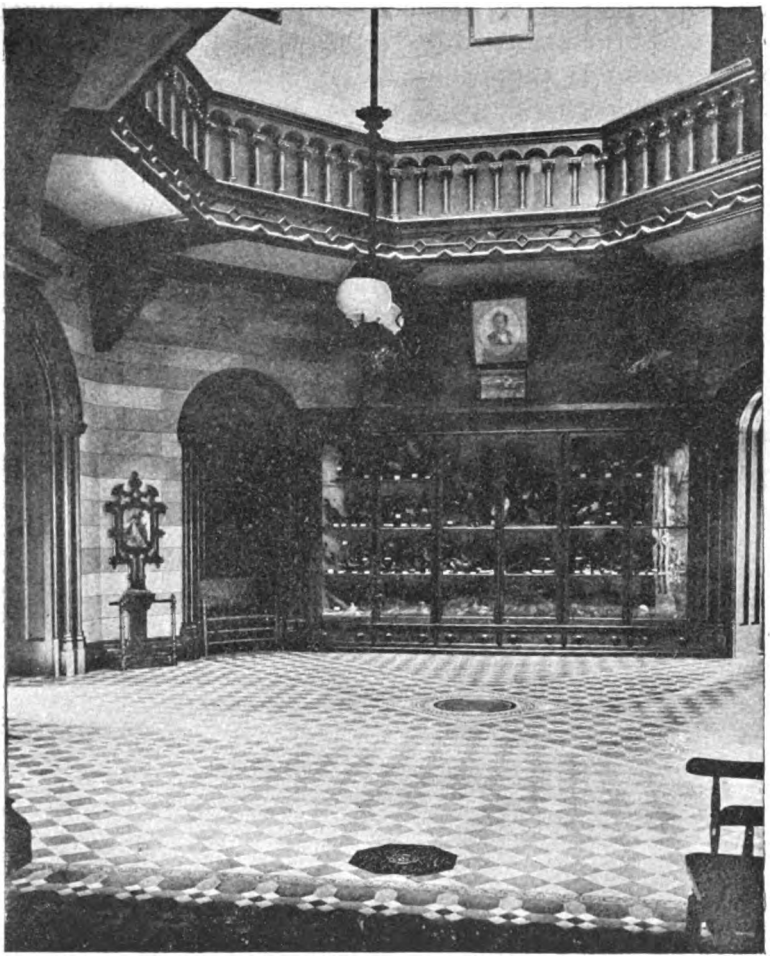
and Founder of Mount Saint Vincent," never lost or abated one iota of his early interest in or enthusiasm for the "Mount." His frequent visits were always joyous occasions to both teach-



IN THE MARBLE-TILED HALL.

ers and pupils, and in his great warm heart his children of the Mount retained their place till his very dying day. That his memory still lives in their hearts we have, as we mentioned before, but to breathe that magic name and the old grow young again in their enthusiasm. His successor, Archbishop (afterward Cardinal) McCloskey, was a hardly less warm friend and frequent visitor to the Mount. Along the foot of the magnificent terraces which lead up to the grand entrance of the Acad-

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emy is an extensive gravelled pathway still known as the "Cardinal's Walk," this having been a favorite promenade of the venerable prelate during his oft-repeated and long sojourns in the Castle. Upon the lawn stands the beautiful scarlet linden planted by his own hands in memory of his elevation to the cardinalate. Indeed, both Castle and grounds contain many spots hallowed by memories of the kind old cardinal. Among the pupils of to-day at the Academy the name of the present Archbishop of New York is, as it were, a household word, so familiar and welcome a visitor is he. Band after band of fair young graduates, upon whose brows his hands have placed the laurel crown, leaving the safe shelter of these walls, embark upon the stormy sea of life with the music of his gentle, sympathetic advice ever ringing in their ears. Certainly among the thousands of faithful hearts in the great archdiocese who pay a spontaneous and warm tribute of love to his Grace of New York, the

THE MOST HOME LIKE SORT OF A CLASS-ROOM.

convent girls of Mount Saint Vincent would we know be content to hold no second rank.

The Sisters of Charity in America were, as is almost universally known, founded by the saintly Mother Seton at Emmittsburg in 1810. As early as 1817 they were called to New York

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by Bishop Connolly, where their first duty was the care of the orphans.

At the time Mother Seton could spare but three to form the New York branch, viz., Sister Rose White and two others. To-

The Grand Study Hall.

day the New York community alone numbers little short of one thousand. It was not till many years later, when the New York band numbered thirty-three, that it was deemed desirable to form a separate and independent community. Of this community Sister Elizabeth Boyle, who had succeeded Sister Rose in the charge of the branch, was chosen first mother superior in 1846. To the four departed mothers who since then, in turn succeeding and replacing one another, have ruled the order and guided the convent school to the high position it maintains among the educational establishments of the United States, we can pay no tribute too great. Of the four, Mother Elizabeth Boyle, Mother M. Jerome Ely, Mother M. Angela Hughes (sister of the archbishop), and Mother M. Regina Lawless, each was a heroine and a pioneer in religion's ranks.

Mother Elizabeth is said to have borne a striking resemblance to the holy Mother Seton, so much so that they were

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often taken for sisters. In character no less than in countenance has she been compared to the blessed foundress. Her life, written by one of her most zealous and devoted daughters—the late lamented Sister Maria Dodge—reads like a romance, so full is it of revelations of her extraordinary, brave, heroic, yet simple character.

Mother M. Jerome's noble countenance did not belie her heart, and had we the space many and many a tale might we tell of this saintly mother's beneficence. Mother Angela is said in appearance to have been the feminine prototype of her illustrious brother. When we say that she also possessed many of his qualities of mind and heart we think we have said enough.

Mother Regina seems to have been loved with an ardor and enthusiasm beyond expression.

Of these four illustrious women Mother M. Jerome was spared to the community the longest. After being elected and re-elected for a number of terms, she was at length appointed to

HERE THE ARTISTIC SENSE IS CULTIVATED.

the position for life. Shortly after God was pleased to call her to her reward at the advanced age of seventy-two years. Many of the pupils can vividly recall the gloom which descended like

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a pall upon the school on that memorable April day, 1885, when the sudden solemn tolling of the De Profundis announced the death of this dear mother.

Mother Jerome was succeeded by Mother M. Ambrosia, who,

LITERATURE AND HISTORY CLASSES ARE CONDUCTED ON THE MOST LIBERAL PRINCIPLES.

after serving two terms, was in turn replaced by Mother M. Rosina, the present Rev. Mother.

We believe we are not permitted to speak of the virtues of living Sisters of Charity. Parents and pupils, however, acknowledge no such rules, and Mother's truly maternal kindness to and personal interest in each pupil under her care are daily recounted in glowing words. Charged as she is with the government of a thousand daughters in religion, orphanages, asylums, hospitals, schools, academies, etc., Mother's accessibility at all hours to her children at the "Mount" speaks much for a mind and heart, the one big enough, the other warm enough, to fulfil such a multiplicity of duties.

Of the little original independent community of thirty-three one is yet living at the "Mount"—Sister Francis Borgia, whose golden jubilee some eight or nine years ago was so joyfully celebrated by both sisters and pupils, and she seems to-day to possess faculties as bright and unimpaired as they must

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have been when she entered, a young novice, nearly sixty years ago.

We could mention scores of holy and talented women who, notwithstanding their humble garb, have shed lustre upon the order. But a few years ago there died one whose poetical gifts were only exceeded by her amazing charity and extraordinary humility. Sister Ambrosine looked upon herself as the least worthy of all the community. Her poems and dramas have been characterized as the productions of a genius.

We would we might mention others, but our space is limited and we are obliged to hurry forward and visit this great institution.

Leaving the train from New York at the Mount Saint Vincent station of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the visitor is almost immediately in the grounds of the Academy, which extend completely down to the river's edge. Turning to the right and ascending some steps, we reach and cross the bridge which spans the railroad at this point, and connects the main grounds of the Academy with the large strip of private pleasure park, the bathing pavilions, etc., which border on the river. A sudden bend in the circuitous road reveals a scene which, especially on a first visit, is likely to call forth an involuntary exclamation of the most genuine admiration. We will imagine it is a day in June. Sloping towards us on either side are great expanses of smooth green lawn, girt round with

THE ARCHBISHOP PRESIDES OVER THE COUNCILS OF THE COMMUNITY.

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stately trees, and dotted with statues, fountains, and rustic retreats. To the left the stretch of verdure ends in long lines of terraces, at this season one blaze of floral beauty. Above

THE SOUL IS NEVER FORGOTTEN.

the terraces are skirted by the handsome driveway which, beginning at the other entrance of the grounds a quarter of a mile further on, sweeps around in many curves before it reaches the grand porte-cochère, or main entrance, to the Academy. The great building itself, with its central tower full four hundred feet above the level of the river, now rises before one in all its impressiveness. It is built of brick, and in the Byzantine style of architecture. The brick is, we must confess, rather disappointing. Constructed of stone like the handsome Castle, which Forrest built, it would be simply perfect.

Fonthill Castle with its towers and turrets and narrow slits of windows, in imitation of the Norman Gothic structures of the middle ages, would seem to lack but the moat and the drawbridge to present a complete picture of an old feudal stronghold. To the imaginative visitor the question comes: "Pray what ancient, warlike nobleman entrenches himself within those mighty walls?" An aged nobleman indeed, though hardly a warlike

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one, is spending the evening of his days in this quiet, beautiful retreat. We refer to that world-renowned scholar and historian, that cultured gentleman of the old school, the Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., LL.D., who has ever been a lifelong friend and benefactor of the "Mount." Though far advanced in years and still burdened with much private literary work, he is at present delivering a series of lectures to the pupils, who are indeed fortunate in being thus favored. The Rev. J. J. McNamee, the chaplain, also makes his home in the Castle, and has many warm friends among the pupils, past and present.

The ground-floor of this quaintly handsome building, which is open to the inspection of favored visitors, contains two valuable museums, one the "Arnold Collection" of minerals, said to rank among the first of the private collections in the United States, and the other the Cabinet of Natural History. "The John Gilmary Shea Collection" of antique coins is also an inter-

RUSTIC SEATS ARE SCATTERED BENEATH THE TREES.

esting study, and a decided advantage to the history classes, who with the young geologists are allowed frequent access to all these cabinets. Passing on now, however, somewhat hurriedly, as our time is limited, we leave the Castle, surmount a few more



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steps, and finally reach the front entrance to the Academy. Here another ascent, this time of fifteen feet, is called for.

Entering the vestibule, we find ourselves in the handsome marble-tiled hall. On either side of the entrance are two fine

THE DELIGHTS OF THE STUDY HOUR.

busts, one of the late Cardinal, the other of Archbishop Hughes. To the right and left run long suites of reception-rooms, furnished in severe conventual simplicity, though the walls are adorned with not a few famous works of art. We do not linger here, however, for opposite the main entrance two huge folding-doors are swung wide and we find ourselves in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, remarkable for its many beauties. Its sanctuary is a gem of grace and purity, and the white marble altars gleam in the soft light of the lamp which tells of the ever-living Presence there. The main chapel, itself more spacious than many a church, is further enlarged by wings on either side the sanctuary, one of which forms another and smaller chapel devoted to the accommodation of the domestics connected with the institution, the other being used for vestry rooms, etc.

Its architecture is of the delicate aerial Gothic style. The

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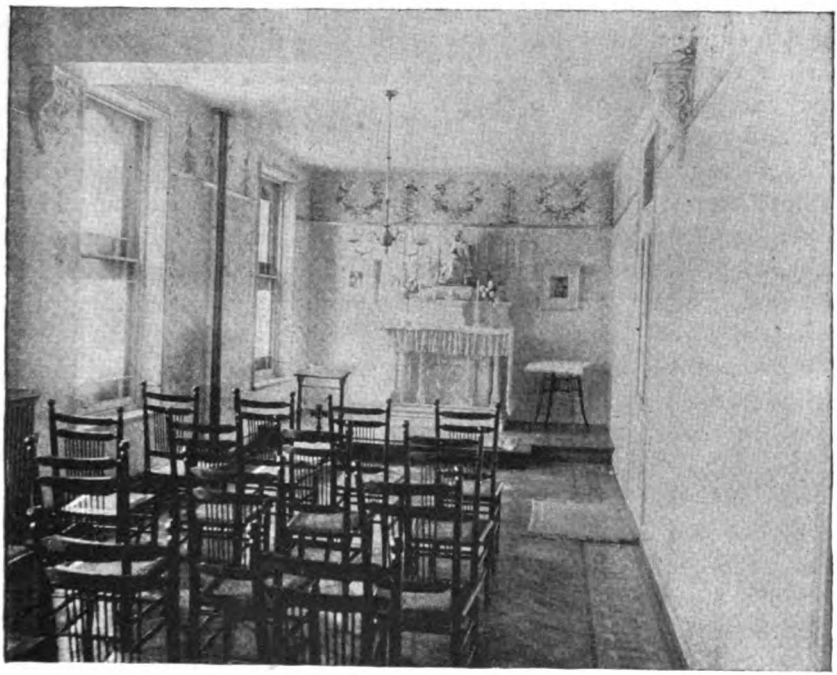
decorations and frescoes are enriched by some beautiful paintings. Among them we may mention Signor Brumidi's famous masterpiece above the altar, "The Angels of the Passion." Stained-glass windows soften and mellow the light of outer day.

Taking a lingering leave of this peaceful, holy spot, we pass through long, wide halls and corridors, encountering groups of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls—for it happens to be the semi-weekly holiday—who bow courteously and with well-bred ease of manner. They are mischievous looking, many of these maidens, beneath their demure smiles, and probably find convent life anything but a period of exile and misery. Yet glancing at their bright faces one feels instinctively the influence of that subtle charm, that air of refinement and simple innocence which the worldly-wise tell us has ever been known to distinguish



THE ORATORY OF MATER ADMIRABILIS.

the convent girl. "Plain living and high thinking"—that is the *régime* of her school-days; while purity and innocence, after all the brightest jewels in girlhood's crown, are here her heritage, and for this reason the ideals of the happy convent days are her guiding stars through life.

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After the chapel undoubtedly the next object of interest is the grand Study Hall. This apartment is magnificent in proportions, with walls and ceilings exquisitely frescoed. With floods of sunshine pouring in through many windows it is a most attractive spot. Here are given the commencement exercises, entertainments to distinguished guests, the dancing, elocution, etiquette, physical culture, and Delsarte lessons—in fact, it is the general assembly hall of the entire school. For purposes of recreation, promenading, impromptu plays, charades, and pantomimes, with which school-girls delight to while away the evening hours, this hall is invaluable.

Just above the Study Hall is the Music Hall, perhaps one of the most perfectly equipped in the country. Twenty-three music-rooms open into it, and instruction on piano, harp, violin, guitar, and mandolin, one, or in some cases all, play a prominent part in the education of the pupils.

Among the numerous class-rooms visited those commanding a river view seemed to us the most desirable, with perhaps the one exception of the graduates' room—the brightest, pleasantest, and most homelike sort of a school-room we ever had the good fortune to enter. Pictures, statues, flowers, growing plants, tables littered with books, revolving cases, even the suggestive sewing-machine in the corner—all combine to remind one of a cosy, elegant, home sitting-room. The three windows look to the east, commanding pretty woodland views, but lacking the grandeur of a western prospect. The library and art rooms, both fine-sized apartments looking forth upon river scenery, well deserve their names. They are spots so attractive that in them one might easily spend hours, and in the end come out of a dream to wonder where the golden moments had flown.

On the next floor are the dormitories and the suite of infirmaries, the latter presided over by the "dearest, gentlest, most kind-hearted sister in the whole wide world"—such is the unanimous verdict of all who have ever come under her tender ministrations. Even that species of malady known as homesickness has been known to yield to Sister A——'s treatment, and every school-girl knows that that is, in the beginning, the most obstinate of all complaints. A soft, cool hand laid lightly upon the aching brow; a sympathetic word or two; a quiet, darkened room; a something—a mysterious something—anything but medicine; a wide, comfortable lounge; a little nap, say forty winks or so, and the patient awakens bright and refreshed; a dainty supper, and the cure is complete.

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Across the hall is the science room, fitted up with all the latest known and most approved apparatus for a thorough course in the physical sciences. The sisters have been wise enough to

THE CARDINAL TOOK MORE THAN A FATHER'S INTEREST IN THE GROWING COMMUNITY.

take advantage of the favorable laws of New York State and have incorporated the Academy under the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, and have acquired thereby the power and privilege of conferring collegiate degrees. The scientific course alone, comprising a period of four years, could compare favorably with that of any college in the

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country. Not only are the pupils required to commit the text to memory, but their practical knowledge is ably demonstrated by their ability to perform unaided any experiment which may be called for in illustration of the text. At the public examinations, which take place two or three times a year, a pupil never knows just what particular experiment or experiments she may be required to perform. This method has excited the wonder, and called forth the well-merited approval, of many authorities on scientific questions. The literature and history classes are also conducted on the most liberal principles, and rendered even more interesting than they intrinsically are by courses of lectures from prominent professors and specialists. A comprehensive review of church history in its widest sense—that is, from the first century down to the present day—is, we think, one of the best features of the regular course. In these days of scepticism and general tottering of beliefs it certainly seems an inestimable advantage to the young woman going forth to take her place in society, that she is by such an education fitted to intelligently, and from a Christian stand-point, discuss many mooted questions which ignorance or bigotry, or both combined, have presented in a false light. It does the young girl no harm to know both sides of the question; on the contrary, the more thorough her knowledge, the more deep and enthusiastic is apt to be her love for that wonderful divine institution—Mother Church; who, after nineteen hundred years of persecutions, calumnies, dissensions without and within, stands to-day *unchanged* and *triumphant*, while empires have fallen, kingdoms have collapsed, and the entire world has undergone the most marvellous of revolutions.

Descending from church history heights we find that there is another study upon which the "Mount" particularly prides itself. Domestic economy forms a most important branch of the curriculum. Of course, of necessity much has to be taught theoretically, but the amount of practical instruction which is imparted could hardly be exceeded outside of the home circle. Here is a sample list of the requisites for excellence in this branch: "*Amiability*, neatness in person and belongings, skill in plain sewing, knowledge of the fundamental laws of plain cooking, etc." We might amend our list, and place sewing first, as truth compels us to admit that it generally plays the most important part in deciding the prize.

A very beautiful custom which is general throughout the school is that of making garments for the poor at Christmas-

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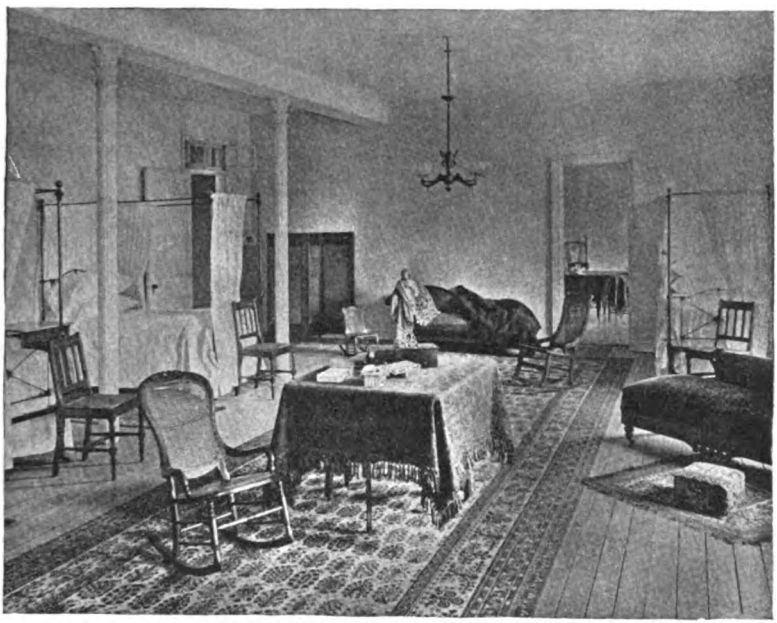
time. Every pupil who so wishes, from the most dignified young graduate to the smallest girl who is able to ply a needle, is furnished with the materials for the making of a dress. Nimble fingers or clumsy ones, as the case may be, stitch and stitch in spare moments, and who can say how many generous emotions have been stirred in young hearts, or noble impulses given to an after-life of Christ-like charity, by this same sweet and simple custom? One word more relative to the examination papers, works of art, etc., which the Academy has sent to the World's Fair, and we will continue our interrupted tour. To every visitor who came to the "Mount" between the sixteenth and twenty-fourth of March last the collection which was then on exhibition was of a most interesting and almost bewildering character. Though simply submitted as a specimen, and the work of but a few months, competent judges pronounced themselves amazed at the accuracy and general excellence of the papers, which embraced a variety of subjects; viz., ancient and



A LITTLE NAP, SAY FORTY WINKS, AND THE PATIENT AWAKES REFRESHED.

modern languages, logic, philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, and literature.

Leaving the science room, we next find ourselves in the oratory of Mater Admirabilis. This charming retreat has been

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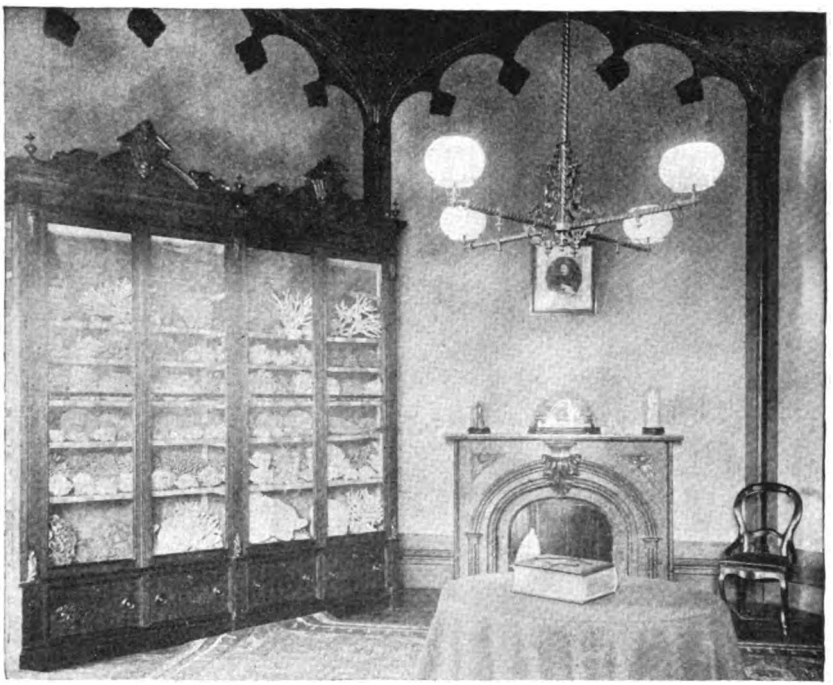
recently enlarged, the walls delicately tinted in palest blue, and decorated with clusters of exquisitely painted roses and lilies by the enthusiastic art students, who almost quarrelled in their eagerness to be chosen for this labor of love. Through the



THE FOX COLLECTION OF CORALS IN THE CASTLE.

beautiful stained-glass windows the rays of the setting sun threw a wonderful glory about the snowy altar and the image of the Virgin Child. Happy Children of Mary who own this privileged spot!

Before bidding adieu to the convent in order to pursue our ramble through the grounds a visit to the top of the tower was proposed. As we toiled up the steep and winding stair the great clock began to strike the hour with a booming and heavy vibration most startling. This tower-clock was first put in place on the feast of the golden jubilee of Pius IX., and struck fifty times to celebrate that joyous occasion. The prospect from this height is superb. To the south, beyond the intervening hills and dales, woods and meadows, the great, many-million-spired metropolis can be distinctly viewed. The beautiful harbor, the statue of Liberty, the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge, even the white

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mist in the distance indicating Staten Island, are all on a clear day distinctly visible to the naked eye. Far off in the east sparkle the limpid waters of the Sound, with the gentle slopes of Long Island beyond. In the immediate neighborhood, almost at our very feet, nestles historic Yonkers, the beautiful "Terrace City" of the Hudson. Somewhat back of the city, which is a succession of hills, rises the greatest hill of all, bearing as its crown of beauty that stately edifice now in rapid course of erection—the new Diocesan Seminary of St. Joseph. Some miles to the north and the east of this hill we catch a glimpse of the famous eminence upon which the great Revolutionary battle of White Plains was fought. To the north lie Tarrytown, with its Sunny Side and Sleepy Hollow; Tappan Zee, with its famous memories of André, and, in fact, the whole of Westchester County, universally conceded to be one of the most interesting in memories of the great struggle for independence. Away to the

ACROSS THE HALL IS THE SCIENCE ROOM.

northwest the beautiful river widens out till, the outlines of the Palisades lost in the soft purple haze of the summer day, it becomes a miniature sea dotted with white sails outspread to catch a favoring wind. A light-house far out on a tiny island

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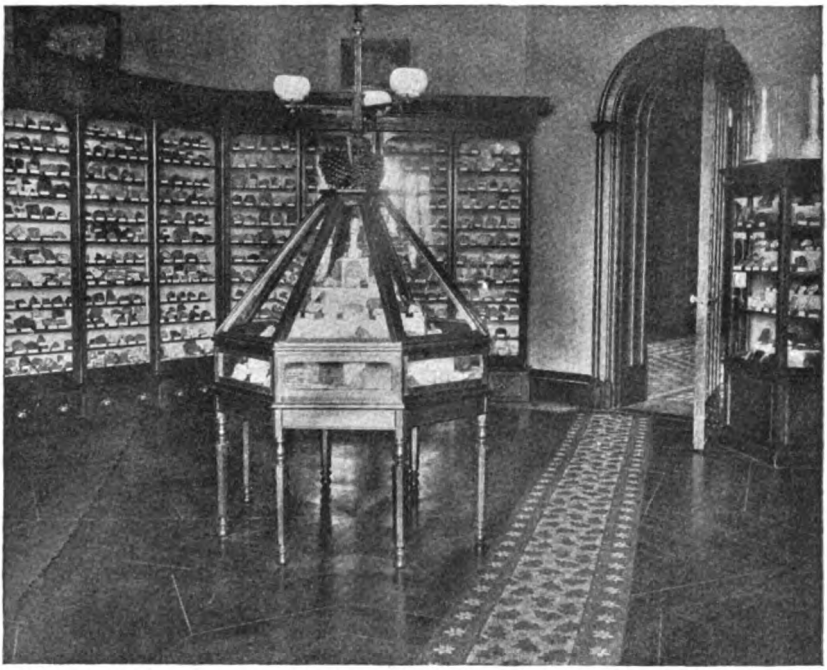
opposite Tarrytown helps the illusion. From the west the near-by Palisades look across in calm, proud grandeur and complete the picture.

Taking leave of this scene of beauty and descending many



THE ARNOLD COLLECTION OF MINERALS.

steps and stairs, we are introduced to another scene of an entirely different kind. In the Kindergarten class-room, amid sunshine, birds, and flowers, and all the delightful devices of that delightful system, twenty dear little girls, some not more than three years of age, are playing at class. We would fain linger here as by far the most attractive spot in all the big Academy, but the afternoon is waning and we have yet to finish the tour of the grounds. So, with the pleasant echo of innocent childish prattle yet lingering in our ears, we go forth.

Wandering along the winding roadway, we perceive on the right a wild, romantic-looking ravine, while to the back of the house at the left rises a large pleasure enclosure known as the "Play-ground," or the "Hill." Here, as well as among the groves further on, are enjoyed picnics, parties, games, tennis, croquet, etc. Rustic seats are scattered beneath the trees, while three beau-

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tiful shrines, one of the Sacred Heart, one of our Lady of the Fountain, and one of St. Anne, are each well worth a visit. Emerging from the rustic gate which forms the entrance to the "Hill," we stroll along between great gardens on the one side and orchards on the other. Stone walls mark the barriers between these precious gardens and orchards and the pupils' promenade. Alas! stone walls may *mark* but not always form efficient barriers between school-girls and tempting orchards. Legend hath many tales connected with them.

The stone cottage which we next reach was built by Mr. Forrest to be in keeping with the Castle. At present it is used by the sisters as a boarding-school for little boys, principally brothers of the convent girls. Passing quickly by, we turn to the right, and in the midst of a large grove of stately trees reach the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. This is an exact imitation on a small scale of the world-famed original in France. A little lake, in whose clear bosom are reflected the blue skies and the flickering shadows cast by the leafy branches above, and in whose midst a fountain ever plays, is crossed by two rustic, vine-grown bridges which lead to the miniature island upon which the grotto stands. Within is an exquisite statue of our Lady, before which kneels Bernadette in attitude of reverential awe. A tiny lamp signifying some pious intention perpetually burns before the shrine, while flowers—hothouse offerings and wild-flowers—deck the grotto in abundance. Sinking upon a rustic prie-dieu at the entrance to the little cave, the wild beauty and the calm stillness of the surroundings induce a revery upon the past and the present. How many hundreds of fair young girls have crossed these rustic bridges, have poured forth their joys and their sorrows, have confided their hopes and their plans to this Immaculate Queen and loving Mother! Perhaps with no spot in the beautiful convent home are so many tender memories connected.

From out the long list of graduates who fondly claim the "Mount" as their Alma Mater so many distinguished names stand forth that special mention would be invidious. Her daughters have come from the North, the South, the East, and the West. From stern Montana to far-away Texas, from California's Golden Gate to New York's great port, they have flocked to this far-famed convent on the Hudson. Beautiful Salt Lake City is not unrepresented, Cuba and South America contribute their quota of Spanish Americans, while many can even recall the dark-skinned, raven-haired maiden from far Hindostan, who

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still keeps up an uninterrupted correspondence with her old teachers at the "Mount."

Some to-day bear honored names in the literary world; three or more are successful physicians; many preside over palatial homes and fitly adorn the highest social circles in their respective cities; multitudes are simple, happy wives and mothers, potent yet unobtrusive agencies for good in the world around them, while no inconsiderable number have "chosen the better part" and consecrated their young lives to the service of the "Master." All alike, whether maid, nun, wife, or widow, look back with grateful, swelling hearts to their simple, happy, girlish days within the convent walls. All alike join in a tribute of love to the gentle religious whose lives, so pure, self-sacrificing, secluded, and humble, afford the noblest, most far-reaching object-lesson attainable. Well may our great Leo say, as he did during a recent audience, that the religious orders shine like stars irradiating the firmament of the church.

MARION J. BRUNOWE.

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## INSTITUTE FOR WOMAN'S PROFESSIONS.

EACH life, in its harmonious development, is the bearer of a special message, which, shaping its own, in turn moulds and directs others. That very message in its highest, holiest form, embodied in the world's Redeemer, has been continually transmitted to individuals and nations in widening circles from age to age. Divine and human agencies, thus blending, lead on to the fulfilment of God's designs.

Glancing over the world, even casually, it is evident that work lays a heavy tax upon every living man and woman. The means for this draft are at hand: work and tools being ready, now for the workmen. Here they come trooping along, axe and spade, book and pen in hand, and

> "Clamorous Labor knocks with her hundred hands
> At the golden gates of morn."

Brain furniture, energy, and a dogged determination to carry the day at whatever odds—these are the weapons in demand, and in use too. Here is typified

THE SPIRIT OF OUR MARVELLOUS AGE.

All prizes are not yet taken. The bid of the most worthy bears away the highest.

In the world's great workshop many a living diamond in the rough awaits some skilful lapidary that, being cut and chiselled, they may become fit ornaments for the crown of the great King. Would you become one of these lapidaries? Here, then, is your opportunity.

In a previous article an Educational Bureau and Journal were suggested as admirable aids for our Catholic teachers already in the field, or about to enter it. A wider and still more efficacious means for the elevation of woman, and, as a result, for Christian civilization, may be found in an undertaking of which the Bureau shall be the herald and advocate. For this purpose what would be thought of a *Catholic Institute for the professional training of women?*

A similar venture in Italy, under the patronage of Queen

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Margherita, proclaims its own merits, after several years of successful operation.

This need not be so difficult a matter in our country, where woman already has an assured position above that of her European sisters. Being in the hands of able, zealous workers, pledged heart and soul to the enterprise, it must not be regarded as a venture, but rather as a certain success from the beginning. Its need is a foregone conclusion.

The day has passed when almost any one of fair ability, with some study and a few hints, may become teacher, accountant, nurse, seamstress, etc. These and other avocations have been so reduced, or rather elevated, to a science, that only experts can command good positions.

SKILLED LABOR, THE FRUIT OF SPECIAL TRAINING,

is everywhere in demand. Instruction may be obtained in schools making a specialty of each branch. We have our normal institutes, schools for trained nurses, cooking schools, etc. This is well, but by a combination of such instruction our proposed end will be best attained.

An extensive course of study can be pursued, while the more practical side of woman's education is not overlooked. Will she be less a linguist, scientist, or mathematician for knowing how to care for the sick, to prepare and serve meals as a lady, to make and mend her own garments, to furnish a house from cellar to attic—better even than that, to plan and, as an architect, to design the same? Indeed, as the mistress, is she not more likely than the master to know what the comfort and convenience of the family require? The laundry, too, must receive its share of attention, so that in future Monday may not be such a bugbear to the lords of the mansion.

Do you, then, intend us to become servant-girls?

Primarily, no; yet I'd rather run my chance for comfort in a cottage with a capable housekeeper than with the wealthy mistress of a marble palace on the avenue totally ignorant of domestic affairs.

Through this very ignorance, frequently, more goes out at the back door than comes in by the front; then some cloudy day this same fine lady may find herself minus a roof over her head. Luckily, however, the star of Common-sense is now in conjunction with our planet, and domestic duties, so long at a discount, are to-day nearly at par.

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Under proper management the Institute may be able to offer its advantages to those of limited means. To this end, let such as receive its benefits in a co-operative way control the financial affairs, subject to a board of directors, who may or may not be stock-holders. The main point is to take hold of this affair "at the business end," weigh well its object, the means for promoting the same; then, "being sure you are right, go ahead."

THE NORMAL DEPARTMENT

will be the central sun for the diffusion of knowledge, from which shall radiate the different departments, as Christian Doctrine, Science, Art, Literature, the Languages, Commercial Course, Domestic Economy, Sanitary Instruction, Pharmacy, Political and Social Ethics, etc. Each, under the care of able directors and their assistants, will develop the range of instruction.

The beginning, no doubt, will be in a small way, but from a few departments must spring others, these being the parents of many more. Each, working out its own special line, may also proceed on the mutual-benefit plan; not that every student can become proficient in all the branches—time and ability could hardly meet such a draft; universal geniuses are rarely found, and we are dealing with the general run of mortals. However, while mastering special studies, general information may be gained in others without detriment to the former, like salt or sugar dissolved in water, which gives the needed flavor by simply filling spaces in the fluid without overflowing the vessel. Thus, by an interchange of duties in one or other of the departments daily for an hour or two, scholarship need not suffer, a valuable lesson in economics will also be gained, with greater ability to meet the absolute demands of future life.

Another marked advantage results from this co-operative plan in education.

Being daily and hourly in touch with cultured minds and earnest workers, each will catch the infection from her neighbor. Negative and positive influences, acting together, work wonders. Profit-sharing, or industrial partnership, among some or all of the members, will create a revenue which, as already hinted, may be turned over for the benefit of America's less favored daughters.

Mentally gifted, the advantages of our Institute will be to them a priceless boon. Persons thus deserving are often met;

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then if wealth, talent, or influence be in our hands, they are but God's instruments to be used for these his children.

Education in its fullest sense becomes the universal solvent for life's many problems.

To accomplish this work, brains, energy, and prudence are needed, with that courage which foresees difficulties, yet fears not to grapple with them. All these must be balanced by the soundest and most practical views.

A tone and character will then mark the enterprise, inspiring that confidence which is the backbone of success in every undertaking. By this very confidence all dealings between man and man are gauged; "indeed, few realize how far it controls individual and national prosperity. Be it ever so little weakened, or even suspected, all business is at once paralyzed; it is valued above capital, since, as some one asserts, more failures result through loss of capital than of cash." That man's word is as good as his bond, and his bond is as good as gold, is the highest praise given a man of the world.

Our Catholic teachers must gain and hold this confidence. Let them feel their own power and follow it up steadily, and their cause is gained. Failure to do this has hindered success that should have crowned enterprises truly deserving.

We talk much about the elevation of the races—

THE UPLIFTING OF HUMANITY.

Let us begin at home, and do some of this uplifting in our own souls. Sacrifice of time, comfort, and means will be needed, with a generous rousing up from tepidity—an awakening to active, even heroic service. The motive, too, must be high and holy, for our cause is sacred.

The welfare of the individual, hence of society, demands this earnest, united effort on the part of our teachers, whether secular or religious. The latter not having the same opportunities to see the actual workings of our schools, need the more to avail themselves of every possible means for reaching the highest standards; thus sending out pupils thoroughly trained for any position their natural ability and its culture can command.

Even in this enlightened age many imagine every girl sent to a convent passes through a sort of chrysalis state, to see if therefrom could be evoked another nun, Sister of Charity, etc., influences being especially exerted for this end. Those people forget, or perhaps never knew, that a true religious vo-

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cation comes FROM GOD ALONE, and can be resisted only at one's peril. If secured through human means, from human motives—nay, by less than anything but a purely divine call, it must and will soon fail for lack of such inspiration.

The great truths, grand in their simplicity, underlying all knowledge, whether relating to the spiritual or material forces of life, must first be mastered. With such equipment our thorough-bred teachers are ever ready to respond to the demands of this exacting age. They are in dead earnest; with them no hesitation through fear of failure; sure "they can do what they will, if they will do what they can"; or, as Napoleon more forcibly puts it, "Nothing is impossible to him who wills."

BUT THE BUILDINGS—

will they erect themselves? Hardly. Look at Jackson Park as it was a year ago—a rough, sterile spot of earth. What is it to-day? The one centre of attraction for the civilized world, covered and adorned with buildings—marvels of the architect's taste and skill. Pluck and a high resolve to let the world see what the world can do have accomplished all this.

The same and even grander motives will initiate and carry on our enterprise. But where are the funds? Do you think God's treasury so near bankruptcy that he cannot honor a check drawn in his name for a cause so worthy? For remember only in that Name will the work begin, continue, and be consummated.

Did not Miss Caldwell give three hundred thousand dollars to found a Catholic university for the higher education of the clergy? If a woman can do this for men, cannot one or more men be found to do as much for women?

*Here, then, is the challenge!* Who responds? Great donations are of course acceptable, but small ones also. How many important undertakings have been founded and sustained by the pennies of the poor and by the widow's mite! Scholarships, too, will greatly aid the work. As church and college should move in parallel lines, what has been done again and again for the one can still be effected for the other—an object no less worthy.

Our Rome will not be built in a day, but none the less earnestly will we do our share towards its completion. Let the buildings be plain and substantial, elegance yielding to utility; the designs such that additions may be made from time to time without destroying the architectural effect. The beauty of



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our educational institutions should rather appear in the work accomplished than in costly piles of marble, gilded and frescoed. Above all, let not a stone or brick be laid *unless there is a dollar to back it!*

We see universities for men all over the land; how many for women? Not one on the plan proposed. To our Catholic women, then, will be due the honor of giving birth to such an enterprise. Organized, united effort must prevail, increasing each one's power in a manifold ratio; an independent spirit will be awakened, giving more workers and fewer drones.

### THE STATUS OF WOMAN

marks a nation's civilization; her elevation its enlightenment; her degradation its barbarism. History tells the tale too forcibly to admit a doubt.

Nor is mere mental culture sufficient for true civilization. Egypt, Rome, and Greece, in their palmiest days, were schools of wisdom for the world; yet woman remained but woman still—wholly ignored in works for the advancement of humanity. One factor, most potent of all, above all science, art, or philosophy—Christianity—was wanting. That, personified in the Virgin Mother of the world's Redeemer, loosened the shackles of woman, making her what she is to-day—better still, what she will yet be—the co-equal and true helpmate of man.

Check, dam them as you may, by grinding servitude, coarse and brutal exaction, yet all the more forcibly will nature's floodgates burst open; and a vent given, that longing for truth in its myriad forms will, through the training afforded in the Institute for Woman's Professions, find a glorious mission in works of wisdom, zeal, and charity, big with blessings for coming generations. The church will then have and hold its true status among the people.

### BUT WHO IS TO TAKE HOLD OF THE AFFAIR?

You yourself who read this article; though it be in ever so small a way, what of that? Your word to another, and that to still another, with whatever material help is at command, will avail much. Let suggestions come in, and objections too, if need be; these overruled, the worthiness of our cause will appear only the more clearly. Courage will never falter while remembering this is God's own work, inspired by him, begun and carried on only for his glory and for the welfare of humanity.

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As to plan and range of studies, the resources, financial and otherwise, must place the limit.

Many who read this article know persons well fitted to give the needed aid. Then put them in touch with this affair, encourage, urge them to lend hand and heart. Able and willing, the response must soon come—Here am I at your service! Whatever may result from these efforts will be the outcome of the spirit animating them. Behind the enterprise should be only live, earnest workers—minute-women, ready at the first call. If you really wish to do anything, are in dead earnest about it, ways and means will never be wanting.

Let the desire be an inherent, sacred part of daily life, and though the heavens fall, you will never waver from that determined course, making your name and labor noble for evermore.

In working out our plan it may be well to note some of the errors and follies that do not make for success in woman's work. Springing so suddenly into a broader and more varied field of labor, let her bear in mind that it is not in the much-doing as in the well-doing that success is reached. Inclination and ability must coincide in her elected line of work—capacity and choice be the cause and sequence of her student life.

A score of little talents count far more in the long run than one or two brilliant gifts used but seldom. This need not by any means imply superficial knowledge. Ability and opportunity are correlative; demand and supply the weights preserving equilibrium in this progressive age.

SUCH ARE THE AIMS AND SENTIMENTS

that must prevail in our Institute. The number of branches taken, or "courses finished," are not unfrequently questionable signs of a young lady's education. What can she do and be for the little world in which her lot is cast? Is she fully equipped and ready to respond to calls from any quarter? Is she in touch, body, mind, and soul, with the needs of humanity? Has she that culture which, as Matthew Arnold says, is "the knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world"—and we may add with the power of a well-trained mind to make it of constant service?

A young lady often fails as a teacher by missing the line for which she is best adapted, thinking little more is necessary than to pass an examination, secure a certificate; then pluming her wings, an appointment is sure to follow. But will the position and its occupant be mutually adapted? Here is the danger-line.

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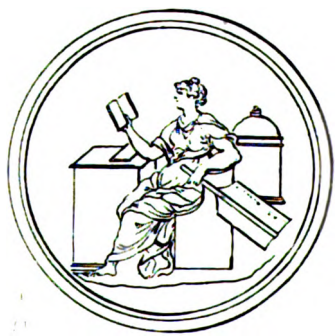
If kindergarten work is her *forte*, though holding a dozen diplomas from our foremost academies and colleges, that is her destined pathway. Do not indulge the fatal idea that a little mere elementary knowledge will suffice for those buds of promise. Far from it. In no other grade of school-work are required more varied talents, fertility of mind, or tact and ingenuity, with high and broad views of life as means to a far greater end. The whole future depends upon the first moulding of that plastic child-life. As Aristotle says: "It is not a small thing how a child is trained from its earliest years." However you may fall short in other lines, fail not here, since the result will leave a broad margin for correction and extra labor.

With the exceptional opportunity given our Catholic women at the Columbian Exposition, especially through the Auxiliary Congress, they have now their future to make or mar. Let nothing within the range of possibility hinder their earnest efforts to open a path clear and straight for themselves and for their posterity; then shall unchanging tradition, in coming time, note the fact that in this, our glorious year of jubilee, through *the Institute for Woman's Professions*, they were the true benefactors of their race and creed.

F. M. EDSELAS.

NOTE: Should this appeal meet a deserved response, the location of the Institute, with further suggestions for securing funds, etc., will be promptly submitted to the interested parties.



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# THE LAND OF THE SUN.

## ON LAKE CHAPALA.

"I HAVE a letter here from my friend Don Rafael," said Philip, coming in from the post-office that evening with his hands full of letters and papers. "He says that instead of sending carriages to meet us at the railway station nearest to his hacienda, which involves a long and dusty drive, he would suggest that we take the boat on Lake Chapala, and let him meet us at a point very much nearer his house. What do you all say? The lake is well worth seeing for itself."

Dorothea turned to Russell. "That is the lake you said we ought to see, is it not?" she asked. "Let us go that way by all means. I care more for seeing the lake than for the hacienda."

"If we go to the hacienda at all, we must follow Don Rafael's suggestion about the manner of reaching it," said the general. "But how and where do we get to the lake?"

"The best way to do so," answered his son, "is to go by rail to a place near here called Atequiza. There we can get horses and ride a distance of four leagues to Chapala—a town on the lake, where we will take the boat."

"Four leagues—twelve miles," said Dorothea. "That is a short distance."

"It will depend on how you are mounted whether it will seem to you long or short," observed Russell. "But one thing is absolutely certain—after you reach the lake you will be repaid for any fatigue you have undergone. When will the boat be at Chapala?" he asked, turning to Phil.

"To-morrow evening," that young man answered. "Therefore it will be well if we leave here to-morrow morning. All in favor of the motion will please say Aye!—the ayes have it. I will go at once and telegraph to Don Rafael that we shall be with him Thursday night. And you will get up early to-morrow morning, in order to take the train at nine o'clock. Remember that I am in charge of this party now—*vice* Mr. Russell, superseded."

There was no failure or delay the next morning. The party

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assembled punctually for an early breakfast, and were at the railway station some time before the train was prepared to depart. The morning was as bright and exhilarating to the senses as morning always is in this Land of the Sun; and while Mrs. Langdon and Travers strolled up and down the wide platform, they commented on its brilliance and then laughed at themselves for doing so.

"I wonder what takes the place of weather—that inexhaustible subject with us!—as a topic of conversation in this country," Travers observed. "I have not yet discovered what it is; and there seems a great hiatus in conversation where the weather ought to be. From force of habit I remarked to a Mexican acquaintance yesterday that it was a fine day. He looked in surprise first at me and then around at the day, shrugged his shoulders slightly, and asked: 'Why not?' The question found me unprepared with an answer. There was, indeed, no reason why that particular day should not be fine in a climate where every day is fine. But such brilliant sameness of weather sometimes cuts the ground conversationally from under one's feet."

"Come, you loiterers!" cried Philip—"unless you prefer to walk to Atequiza. Mexican trains give scant warning before they start."

"By Jove! I had forgotten that we were going to start at all," said Travers, hastening to place his companion on the train.

A few minutes later it moved off, with the accustomed indifference to any heedless mortal who might be waiting some signal of departure, and sped out over the shining plain. It is a short run to Atequiza, where the white arches and clustered buildings of the hacienda from which the station derives its name are in sight, a mile or two distant across the green expanse of spreading fields. A tramway from the hacienda to the station is equipped with a car so small and prettily finished that it looked like a toy to charm a child, as it stood with its sleek mule beside the station.

"Hacienda de Atequiza," said the general, reading the name inscribed upon it. "I suppose this is a private affair."

"Belongs to the hacienda," said his son; "but since we are going there to obtain horses, we shall take advantage of it." He walked up to the driver, exchanged a few words with him, and returned saying: "It is all right. The car, he assures me, is ours; so we will take possession at once. *Vamonos.*"

They entered, the mule was transferred in leisurely fashion

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to the other end of the car, the train moved away, and they also moved off across the level fields toward the hacienda. There they were informed that the horses and guide desired could be obtained; but the horses were unfortunately in the fields, and getting them was a work of time. Of interminable time it seemed to the group who, after they had seen everything surrounding the great, dusty courtyard in which they found themselves—the large mill that looked like a fortress across the plain, the granaries, store-rooms, work-shops—were forced to spend at least two hours seated under the arcaded corridor of the *casa grande*, watching with an interest that finally began to flag the strange world of activity around them.

At length Miss Gresham, yawning in a manner expressive of infinite weariness, delivered herself of a consideration that had already presented itself to the minds of the others. "If *this* is a specimen of a hacienda," she observed, in clear, distinct tones, "and the one to which we are going is not more entertaining, I really think the best thing we can do is to return to Guadalajara."

"Not without seeing the lake," said Dorothea, quickly. "I, too, begin to have doubts about the hacienda—"

"You need not have," said Philip, coming up at the moment. "There are haciendas and haciendas. If you fancy that we are going to one like this, you will find yourself greatly mistaken. The difference is that the owner and his family do not live here, while Don Rafael always resides on one or the other of his haciendas. But here come the horses at last—rather a sorry lot, I regret to say. But we must take what we can get, and be thankful. Now prepare for a rather warm and dusty ride as we cross the hills."

The horses were indeed a "sorry lot"—the halt, the lame, and the blind being represented. "We cannot flatter ourselves that our cavalcade, as a whole, presents a very imposing appearance," remarked Travers, when they were all finally mounted, "but there is at least no reason for one to suppose that he presents any better appearance than another, and *that* is generally a solid comfort to human nature."

"So far from finding comfort, solid or otherwise, in it," said Dorothea, "I should not so much mind the blindness of my horse, if I were not also afflicted by seeing the lameness of yours. But let us start, for, mounted as we are, I begin to think that twelve miles may prove, after all, a considerable distance."

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Before they had accomplished a fourth of it the whole party were distinctly of the opinion that it was a very considerable distance indeed. Even had they been well mounted, it would have been impossible to ride fast under the vertical rays of the sun which poured directly upon their unshaded way, a winding trail crossing a high, barren ridge, covered chiefly with stones and cacti. Their guide, a lean, brown old Indian, marched ahead, stick in hand, and two small boys followed, prodding now and then the lagging animals. They rode mostly in single file, and there was little said by any one until, on gaining the summit of the ridge, there was a simultaneous exclamation from several voices at sight of the lake spreading in blue, shining beauty afar.

"It looks very near," said the general. "We can't be more than an hour's ride from it."

"Much more, I am sorry to say," replied his son. "We shall do well if we reach it in three hours. Do you see a white speck yonder by the lakeside? It is the church-tower of the town of Chapala. There we are bound."

"This view of the wide, green, beautiful valley beneath us is almost refreshment enough, after the desolate hillsides we have been looking at for an hour past," remarked Margaret.

"I fancy we shall want more substantial refreshment than that before we reach the lake, if it is still three hours distant," said Dorothea. "Mr. Russell, will you please tell this small imp near me not to strike my horse again without my permission, or I shall certainly strike *him*. I will not have the infirmities of age abused in such a manner. This poor beast is doing all that he possibly can do."

Russell conveyed the desired warning to the too zealous attendant, who, after stating in reply that the horse was well able to go faster but was afflicted with an incredible laziness, fell back and proceeded to devote his attentions unrebuked to the steed of Miss Gresham.

Onward proceeded the cavalcade, gradually descending lower, and finally leaving the trail on the stony hillsides for dusty, well-travelled roads, where the usual trains of laden burros come and go. The green fields of the wide valley, which looked so beautiful from above, now spread around them, they passed picturesque Indian villages, thatched huts under spreading tropical shade where dusky faces looked curiously at them, and finally called a halt near a clear, rushing stream for rest and refreshment.

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How lovely is water in a sun-parched land! This bright rivulet, its banks clad with green rushes and the roots of spreading shade-trees, was more delightful to the eye and ear than words can express. To the palate it was less agreeable; but claret cooled therein proved refreshing to parched throats, and made it possible to do justice to the contents of the lunch-basket. An hour or two of mid-day heat was loitered away here, and then the word was again "To horse!" When Dorothea regained her saddle, she looked wistfully across the valley toward the church tower of Chapala, still a very distant point. "I think it must be a mirage," she said. "We don't seem to approach any nearer to it."

"Oh, yes, we do!" replied Travers. "I can now perceive that it is a tower. When we saw it first it might have been anything else. But we have still a considerable distance to journey before we reach it. Let no man tell me that it is not farther—much farther—than four leagues from Atequiza to that tower."

"I shall not be the man," said Philip, "for I think myself that it is farther. Leagues in this country are very elastic. But one thing is certain, we shall not reach there unless we start—so, forward! Miss Gresham, may I put up your parasol for you?"

"You may," replied that young lady from behind a double thickness of tissue veil, "for this sun is enough to turn one into a Mexican as far as color is concerned."

"Into nothing half so good-looking," said Dorothea, glancing disparagingly at the members of the party. "We burn red and ugly, while a Mexican only takes a richer bronze from the sun."

"That is because we are not children of the sun," said Russell. "Therefore he treats us less tenderly."

Two hours longer riding through a valley constantly growing more luxuriantly green, more suggestive of unlimited richness in its varied products, over level, dusty roads, past wayside shrines and villages, brought them very near the flashing line of water, until suddenly, from a slight eminence, they saw the town of Chapala lying below them—a charming picture on its green promontory stretching out into the blue lake, its beautiful church tower forming a perfect point in the landscape.

"It looks like an absolutely ideal spot!" said Margaret Langdon. "One might fancy that one was in Arcadia, shut out by encircling mountains from the world."

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"It is not, of course, as ideal as it looks," said Russell, "but nevertheless I found it once, for two or three weeks, a very Arcadian spot. A perfect climate, absolute quiet—"

"Yes," said Travers, "I should fancy the quiet might be absolute enough to satisfy any one in search of that article. What else did you find?"

"There are times when a man wants little else," the other replied. "But in point of fact there are boating, fishing, bathing, glorious scenery, and unlimited opportunities for work—everything, in short, except modern luxuries and society. And both of those things I have accustomed myself to dispense with for long periods."

"Until you have grown to enjoy dispensing with them," said Travers. "*Eh bien!*" with a slight sigh, "I can understand it. The passion for solitude grows upon one, and some day I too shall break away from the complexities of modern existence and take a deep draught of simple, primitive life."

"One feels as if the draught here might be as deep as one pleased," said Mrs. Langdon.

So talking, they rode slowly along through the golden light of afternoon, until finally they found themselves in the streets of Chapala. The little town did not altogether disappoint the expectations raised by its appearance from afar. Its streets, lined by the usual flat-roofed adobe dwellings, were moderately clean, and along them ran merrily a stream of bright water to which Russell called the attention of the general. "If you were to put your hand into that you would find it as warm as the water of Aguas Calientes," he said. "It flows from the hot springs which gush forth at the foot of the mountain. Very hot springs they are, and of great medicinal value. It is only a question of time when this place becomes a great health and pleasure resort."

"The wonder is that it should not be so already," said the general, looking around with deepening surprise and admiration.

Certainly a more beautiful spot could not be conceived. Beside the little town lying on its wave-washed promontory rose a bold and splendid height, the mountain from which gushed forth the hot springs of which Russell spoke, while before them spread the romantic beauty of the lake, a noble expanse of water, with abrupt, mountain-clad shores, save where the rich valley across which they had journeyed opened inland. The town narrowed with the promontory to a point, and at this point, within a few yards of the water, stood the church, with

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the tall, slender tower that had shone before their eyes all day. Opposite was the hostelry to which they were bound, and where they now dismounted, more tired, they all agreed, than if they had ridden three times the distance on good animals.

Very quaint and altogether Mexican was this inn. A low, broad passage that led from the wide street door to an inner court, around which were grouped all the domestic offices, kitchens, stables, etc., was evidently sitting and dining room in one. Wooden benches were placed along the sides, and several of the distinctively Mexican and very comfortable chairs, formed of bamboo and pig-skin, were grouped around the entrance. At the farther end a long table was a stationary feature. From this passage-way on both sides opened chambers not more scantily furnished than is usual in Mexican inns, and scrupulously clean—the small single beds being not harder than one finds them in more pretentious places. But everything had a very primitive flavor. While the party sat around the doorway, talking, resting, and watching evening shadows lengthening over the scene beyond, the horses were led through from the inner court to be watered at the lake a few rods distant, and then led back again. Supper, when ready, was placed at one end of the long table, and lighted somewhat dimly from a lamp suspended above. Taste rather than sight convinced the hungry travellers that what was placed before them was thoroughly eatable. Excellent coffee, good bread, fresh fish from the lake with every bone carefully removed before cooking, made a supper fitting for and creditable to Arcadia.

Afterward, since there was glorious moonlight making all things bright as day, they sauntered forth to admire and enjoy the picturesque beauty of the spot. A few yards distant, at the point of the rocky promontory, the steamer lay—a boat of about one hundred tons, conspicuously displaying her name, *La Libertad*, on her side.

"I am certain of one thing," said Phil, "that none of you ever before saw a steamer that had been transported hundreds of miles on mule-back. That is the case with this boat, which was brought by an enterprising Scotchman more than thirty years ago from California to San Blas, and thence over the mountains here."

"I suppose you mean that it was brought in sections," said his father.

"Naturally. But it was a plucky undertaking. She has had a very chequered history altogether, *La Libertad*—so called pro-

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bably from the fact that she was confiscated from her owner in the name of liberty during the wars."

But in the face of the wonderful beauty of the night the history of *La Libertad* did not excite the interest it might else have done. Mrs. Langdon and Dorothea, attended by Russell and Travers, strolled down to the edge of the softly lapping water and stood lost in admiration of a picture so lovely that they were tempted to declare that they had never seen it equalled. Before them spread the lake, a sheet of shining silver, while the mountains on its shores, clearly revealed by the brilliant radiance, were yet so ethereal and unearthly in tint that they looked like hills in a dream. On one side the lake seemed completely enclosed by these heights that rose immediately from its margin and formed a frame, with their crests against the hyacinth-blue sky, for the silver water washing their feet. In reality, however, it extends many miles beyond its seeming end in this direction—the irregularity of its form causing the deceptive appearance. On the other side it stretched away into remote distance, a shining expanse that finally melted into the sky, together with the misty heights which lined each shore. Near at hand a dark, bold shadow was thrown over the water from the mountain that rose immediately above the town —the abrupt and rocky face of which, owing to the humidity of the air, was covered with a wealth of tropical vegetation. Below, the town lay bathed in moonlight—its rows of flat, Oriental houses with their barred windows, and its church with the graceful campanile, suggesting a blending of Italy and the East.

"But it is neither," said Russell when Dorothea for the hundredth time spoke of this; "it is Mexico—a country as picturesque as either, but with a most distinct character of its own. Don't forget this; don't try to fancy that you are on the shores of the Lago di Garda."

"Why should I?" she asked. "Chapala is as beautiful and more romantic, more wild, more full of the charm of nature, more out of the beaten path of humanity. But it *is* like Garda—I see you have thought of it yourself! Only one looks in vain for the high peaks of the Tyrolean Alps with their crests of snow."

"You must remember that we are in the tropics, and more than six thousand feet above the sea. If we had the altitude of Garda, these mountains would present a more imposing appearance."

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"I do not see how any one could wish them more beautiful than they are," said Margaret, looking at the exquisite heights, for which it was indeed impossible to desire any change.

"I begin to think it the most idyllic spot I have ever seen," said Travers. "This is where I shall erect my hermitage when I have grown even more weary of men and women than I am at present. And that such a time will come I have always known with great certainty."

"When it comes there may be compensations on both sides," said Dorothea. "I speak for the men and women whose society you will abjure. And apropos of men and women"—glancing around quickly—"what has become of Violet and Phil?"

Travers indicated two dark figures wandering at some distance away, along the silver-flooded shore. "Yonder they go," he said, "absorbed, no doubt, in contemplation of the beauties of nature. I can fancy Phil quoting, 'On such a night—'"

Dorothea cut him short with a reproachful look. "You promised me," she said in a low voice, "that you would try to open his eyes."

"Not by an heroic operation, however," he answered with a laugh. "That sometimes results in life-long blindness. But if you like we can follow and join them. It is in such places and times as these that the fair Violet likes best to weave her spells."

"Why not say webs—spider-like webs for foolish flies?" asked Dorothea severely. "But since I have brought one fly within reach of them, I presume I must take care of him; so let us go."

They, too, strolled away, leaving Mrs. Langdon and Russell to pace slowly back and forth for some time, saying little to each other. The infinite loveliness of the scene seemed to silence both, and they had long since reached that point in friendship when to be silent together expresses a sympathy deeper than words can express. What indeed were words in face of the divine glory of the night, of the mystical shining beauty of the lake, of the steadfast mountains with every stern outline softened by flooding radiance, of the vast, tranquil majesty of the whole picture?

The scene when they came out to embark the next morning was hardly less beautiful. The lake lay sparkling in the sunshine, and its surrounding heights clothed in green near by wore, as they receded away, the divinest tints of color which imagination can conceive. The atmosphere was like an elixir of

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vitality, so fresh yet so balmy. In the mere act of breathing life seemed to become a thing of greater worth. "What an air!" said the general, expanding his lungs. "And this is the month of December, and we are more than six thousand feet above the sea! Where else will one find a climate so perfect?"

"Nowhere else, I think," answered Russell. "And I have known many lands."

From the point which served as a wharf they embarked on board the steamer. It was small and certainly not luxurious in appointments, but very clean and comfortable—the cabin airy, and the decks surrounding it, though narrow, affording room for promenade, and well provided with seats. The general expressed himself as very much pleased. "It is much better than I expected," he said. "To tell you the truth, I had the gravest misgivings concerning the kind of craft we should find."

"If anything this is too civilized," said Dorothea. "I looked for something more primitive."

"Like that, perhaps?" asked Russell, indicating a very primitive craft indeed lying near them.

"That is certainly more picturesque," she answered smiling.

"The whole scene is wonderfully picturesque," he said, leaning over the rail by her side. "That mountain rising over us, the mass of tangled tropical growth below it, the exquisite tint of the water in its shadow, that boat with its crew, the town as it lies in the sunlight. What a paradise for a painter! Ah, we are off! Adieu, Chapala."

He waved his hand to the pretty spot as the boat slowly steered around and moved out into the lake. "But I shall come back again some day!" he added, as if to himself.

"What a delightful thing it must be," said Dorothea, regarding him with her bright glance, "to feel absolutely free to go and come where one will, when one finds a pleasant spot to stay in it as long as one likes, and to go back across the world to it if one desires! Mr. Russell, you are the most enviable man I know."

"Because I am a globe-trotter? That is a distinction shared with many people nowadays."

"No; because you have kept your life unfettered. Because you can do as you please."

"Ah!" He shrugged his shoulders slightly. "To do as one pleases is not, after all, the extreme felicity that one is apt to imagine until one has tried it. Sometimes it is very difficult to

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please one's self. Yet I confess that any fetters upon my freedom would now be very irksome to me."

"Of course they would," said she with an air of positive conviction, "and in your case I should never think of placing them upon myself."

He looked at her smiling. "You forget," he said, "how in all ages men have found compensation for such fetters. But see what a picture opens as we advance into the lake!"

The scenes around them were at this moment wonderfully beautiful, and seemed to grow more enchanting as the boat advanced on her leisurely voyage. Crossing the lake, she took her way along the right shore, giving on one side a near view of the forest-clad heights rising boldly and abruptly from the water's edge, on the other the broad expanse of the lake, varying from fifteen to thirty miles in width, framed by mountains wearing the softest and most exquisite colors—tender purples, delicate blues, varying in tint according to distance and the lights and shadows thrown upon them.

"I had no idea that there was such color in the world!" said Margaret Langdon, as she sat with her eyes fastened on the changing beauty of the distant shore. "How would you describe the tint on those hills at this moment? It is neither azure nor mauve, but a tint suggesting both, and far more beautiful than either; while as for those still more distant heights, they are like enchanted mountains, wearing colors never seen elsewhere, so tender, so magically fair."

"It is an enchanted and an enchanting scene," Travers, who sat beside her, answered. "I do not think that in the way of atmospheric effects and color I have ever seen anything equal to it. And what a day!—what a sky of turquoise blue, what floods of sunshine, and what a divine air! I fear Chapala will make me as much of a Mexican enthusiast as Russell."

"It does not seem possible that any place can be more charming," she said, still watching like one entranced the wide expanse of blue, sun-kissed water, the dream-like heights and exquisite distance.

"Come now on the other side," said Russell, stepping out of the door of the cabin at this moment and addressing them. "We are approaching Las Palmas—the most picturesque spot on the lake."

"Is there a superlative yet before us?" asked Travers, as they rose and followed him to the other side of the deck,

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where they found the rest of the party absorbed in admiring the charming spot which the boat was now approaching.

Nothing could be imagined more picturesque than the scene. Over the rocks that lined the shore the water was plashing and breaking in sparkling waves, immense trees with great gnarled roots that in themselves would have made a picture spread their green canopy of shade over rocks and water, while a little higher, under the clusters of feather-palms which gave a name to the place, was the Indian village—low houses thatched with palm-leaves grouped around a tiny chapel. Behind, in close proximity, rose the hills, which here receded a small space from the water's edge, and a wealth of luxurious vegetation made this the greenest, shadiest, most sylvan nook conceivable.

"Oh, how I wish I were an artist—to stop and set up my easel and paint it!" cried Dorothea. "Could anything be more ideally picturesque? The water, the rocks, those splendid trees with their spreading roots, the tropical growth, the houses, the people. Look at that group in the nearest doorway! Oh, please somebody ask the captain if there is time enough for us to go on shore!"

"There might be time enough," said Russell. "But you get a better effect from here, with less fatigue."

"Oh, I am sure it is *much* better to be satisfied with the effect from here," said Miss Gresham with fervor.

The captain settled the point at this instant by sheering off; and soon the beautiful place, with its palms and rocks and mountains, was lost to sight as the boat rounded a point which shut it off.

And so the day went on—a journey through enchanted scenes, leisurely enough for perfect enjoyment. They sat on the decks idly talking, watching the fairyland-like beauty of the distant shores, the varying yet ever exquisite outlines of the mountains, the play of light and color on the water, and the successive villages embowered in shade at which they paused.

A fairly good dinner was served at noon, while they were still the only passengers. Later other passengers came on board, and by evening the decks were full.

"Here you see the provincial class of Mexicans exclusively," said Russell. "People who have never travelled and know nothing whatever of what we call the world. Yet see what good manners they possess—how quiet they are and how courteous."

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"They are a very friendly and sociable as well as a very courteous people," said General Meynell. "The more I see of them the better I like them."

"These are very provincial, however," said Dorothea. "How refreshingly unconventional of that girl to comb and arrange her hair in public!"

"And of the elder woman to join the captain in a draught of tequila from his bottle," replied Russell laughing. "But that is what I remark—they are middle-class people; yet if we compare them with the same class in other countries they seem refined by contrast. Look at the manners of those young men in talking to those girls; how quiet, respectful, and graceful they are."

About the middle of the afternoon they stopped at a village where they took on some passengers, and then suddenly the boat put about and steamed directly across the lake. "Now, what is this for?" inquired the general. "Are we going to call at some of the towns on the other side?"

"No," answered Philip. "The boat calls at them on her return voyage. We are now going to enter the current of the river. You know we leave the lake presently and go up the river—the Lerma, or Rio Grande de Santiago—but first we follow it for some distance across the lake."

"Why should we follow the river so long as we are still on the lake?"

"You will see in a little while. Meanwhile, have you observed all day these fragments of vegetable matter which are floating about on the water?"

"I have remarked several times that there seems to be a great deal of such matter, uniform in size and shape, and looking like parasites torn from trees by floods."

"There have been no floods—at least not since last summer—and this vegetable matter, as you will soon perceive, is what makes it necessary to take the course of the river across the lake. It is rather an extraordinary river on the whole, inasmuch as it carries its banks along with it, and you will be able to perceive all the processes of their formation."

"Here—in the lake?"

"In the lake assuredly."

And truly in a little while the boat entered a clearly marked channel between two floating banks of the same vegetable growth which they had already noticed on the lake. But in-



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stead of being in small, detached fragments, it was now united in large masses. "It is brought down by the river in great quantities—a kind of aquatic plant—which is Nature's first step toward the formation of islands and marshes," said Russell. "You will, as Phil says, see all the steps of this formation as we advance."

Indeed it was soon evident that the marsh was forming fast. Larger and wider grew the floating banks, composed at first entirely of the aquatic plant mentioned; but presently, as this became firmer and had existed longer, a luxuriant growth of marshy grass appeared on the expanse thus formed, together with shrubs and even trees which had been at some former time swept away with their roots from the solid earth where they had originally existed, and, entangled in the masses of vegetable drift, were not only living but finding sustenance.

"How extraordinary it is and how interesting," said Margaret. "See the undulations of that grass as the waves carry it up and down. How singular to think that it is all afloat!"

"Well, for my part," said Dorothea, "I wish that something could be done to check this innovation on the part of the river. It may be interesting to see the formation of its banks, but it will spoil the lake—at least this end of it."

"There is so much lake we can afford to lose a little of it for the sake of the novelty of this effect," said Russell. "As we advance it becomes more picturesque."

As they advanced the banks ceased to float so obviously on the water, and had more the appearance of marshes covered with long, waving grass, reeds and many other plants, a very luxuriance of verdure, while beyond them the lake gleamed in the sunshine and the frame of azure mountains seemed to take more beautiful tints every moment. "By Jove, what a paradise for a sportsman!" said the general. "If only I had my gun with me!"

"I should rather call it a paradise for water-fowl," said Travers. "Evidently very few guns are ever heard here."

The multitude of birds disporting themselves on the water seemed to justify this opinion. They were of every kind, especially wild duck and snipe, and abounded everywhere.

Presently the sun began to sink toward the horizon, and what a picture, a series of pictures, was before them then! The banks had here grown solid enough to bear trees with beautiful feathery foliage, the marshes—for such they still remained—were

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vividly green, and boats were seen here and there pushing through the grass and wide-leaved plants. Gleaming water caught the light, still beyond was the open lake and the solemn encircling heights now turning softly purple in the sunset glory, while against a sky of gold deepening to crimson the delicate foliage of the trees on the banks were outlined with exquisite effect, and the whole scene was like something altogether enchanted and mystical—a semi-aqueous world where only the distant heights had firm and solid foundation.

After this beautiful picture the rest of the journey seemed somewhat dreamlike. The richly-toned twilight gave place to silver moonlight, the wide poetic marshes to walled banks and cultivated fields; presently the boat paused at a landing where two large carriages and numerous dark figures of men and horses made a group against the wide-spreading distance.

"Here we are!" cried Philip cheerily. "Yonder is Don Rafael. Our day on Lake Chapala is at an end."

CHRISTIAN REID.

## IN JUNE.

WITH June roses all a-budding,
And vesper bells a-ringing,
And the summer air resounding
With a melody of praise,—
With the flowers sweet up-springing,
While cathedral chimes are singing,
With loving acts of fealty
Our hearts to Thine we raise.

HELEN M. SWEENEY.

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# THE PROPER ATTITUDE OF CATHOLICS TOWARDS MODERN BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

## III.

THE Scripture difficulties which are brought before us in the pages of modern criticism are for the most part of a large and sweeping character, for which no accommodation in the way of "*obiter dicta*" can be considered to the purpose. It may be well to indicate here some of the principal of these difficulties in order to give a general notion of their character, and to offer, not indeed an adequate answer, but some suggestion as to the sort of way in which I conceive they should be met.

### THEORIES OF ANTI-SCRIPTURAL CRITICISM.

A most prevalent and generic form of anti-Scriptural criticism is one that insists upon having found a human key to the development of the Jewish constitution. According to Wellhausen and the modern school generally, the Pentateuch, or rather the Hexateuch as including the Book of Josue, in its present form is the outcome of a post-exilic sacerdotal movement tending to substitute what he calls "the priestly code" for the primitive institution, with the object of offering under the prestige of antiquity an effectual resistance to national disintegration. The theory is based upon an analysis of the Pentateuch legislation, in which he finds the more distinctive sacerdotal enactments attributed to Moses to be more recent both in language and character than the rest of the legislation, and in some cases incompatible with it. We are familiar with an analogous theory in the region of Church History. Critics have frequently attempted to find an adequate explanation of the development of Papal authority in the fifth century in a policy of imperial centralization. Up to a certain point the criticism in both cases may be just. Believers in the Divinity both of the Scriptures and of the Church may admit without difficulty a human element working in subordination to the Divine dispensation, whilst they reasonably refuse to find in it the one adequate explanation of the phenomenon. That the books of the

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Pentateuch are of a heterogeneous character; are in part reproductions of older documents; that there would seem to have been an interest involved in, and an opportunity given for, their late invention; do but constitute at most a suspicion based upon a probability, which those who have grounds of credence distinct from the intrinsic character of the document may be permitted to put aside. When such an ingenious scheme of likelihoods is set before us, we should endeavor to see to what extent it admits of harmonizing with the church's position. For instance, God might inspire a reproduction of a certain character from ancient sources, but not a forgery. God might sanction the development and emphasis of certain elements of mosaic teaching that had found but little expression in the original codification as unsuited to the then conditions of life, but which had been preserved by oral tradition—a tradition which might also preserve their right to supersede the larger allowance of the law as it was at first formulated. According to the literary sentiment of the day, such portions of the teaching of the Lawgiver as corresponded with the conditions of the writer's times would be naturally invested with the emphasis of the *locutio directa*, provided it involved no false narration of facts. Some such reconciliation, whether necessary or not, would anyhow seem to be possible. With regard to the irreconcilably adverse portion of the theory, whatever its scientific likelihood, we must recollect that there are few detailed records of fact which have not to run the gauntlet of various adverse scientific likelihoods; "*verisimilia non tamen vera*," to transpose St. Jerome's dictum. Neither is there anything unscientific in our proceeding, if we acknowledge, as we are bound to do, that theology is a science. So precisely do sister sciences—astronomy and geology, for instance—bear themselves with regard to each other's apparently antagonistic likelihoods. I remember an account of the ascent of a famous mountain in which a traveller gave a minute description of a certain guide and a certain horse, and, if I recollect rightly, of a certain conversation. A reviewer was able to produce an almost fac-simile account from a well-known guide-book in which the same guide and horse figure, and much the same conversation is recorded, and proceeds to draw the very natural conclusion that the traveller had copied the guide-book. The traveller, however, stood to it that what had been related was in every detail a personal experience, and that the resemblance to the guide-book, however strange, was a coincidence pure and simple. There was nothing impossible in this, and our know-

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ledge of the traveller might be such as to justify, nay to extort, our fullest acceptance of the statement.

### A SECOND THEORY.

Another very common way of treating Scripture is to insist upon assimilating it to other primitive records. Its uniqueness is thus supposed to be lost. Abraham was a sheik, nay many sheiks of the same name or a similar one. Various events in early Jewish history read like the echoes of events in other histories. Which is the voice, which the echo?—or are both echoes mutually reverberant?—and so Scripture passes into a myth or a commonplace.

This is an argument to which modern ethnological studies have given a vastly increased impulse and sphere. But what real cogency has it against the truth of Scripture? That man is an animal does not even tend to prove that he is nothing more. There is a likelihood that every product of the garden of humanity should have an analogous growth; that even the growth from a Divine seed should but differentiate itself, without manifesting a character wholly alien from its neighbors. Did the Jewish Tabernacle designed by God altogether lose its unique character because surrounded by Gentile tabernacles? or the rod of Aaron when it became a serpent and contended with serpents? As when God became man he was of necessity made like unto us, so when he bestowed upon us his word it was of necessity assimilated to our word. If there are many echoes in the hall of time, there must needs be a voice; and where can that voice be if not with us?

### THE OBJECTION FROM SO-CALLED DEFECTIVE MORALITY.

Another very common objection is that the morality taught in many parts of Scripture—in Ecclesiastes, for instance—is defective, and that the moral type apparently presented for our approval in such characters as Josue and David is anything but the high one it ought to be.

This objection has its roots in a false appreciation of the position claimed for Holy Scripture in the ethical and religious education of mankind. The Scripture, indeed, affords the principal material for such education, but it is not itself the teacher—it is not even an ethical primer. It is not an organic whole, and thus is, so to speak, without a continuous self-consciousness. It requires to be interpreted, supplemented, and combined by

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the Pentecostal action of the church in order to possess this character.

As to the moral motives appealed to, Holy Scripture appeals to every motive that is in itself good and honest whether it be high or low, for it addresses itself to the whole of human nature. The most exalted self-sacrifice, the wisest self-interest has its *rôle* in Scripture. As to the characters which it presents for our approval, there is something at least in all of them to love or admire, and we are not required to accept them all as perfect. No doubt the Old Testament Scriptures represent a system of ethical accommodation on the part of God to the weakness of humanity, and of uncivilized humanity; but all relations between the Creator and the creature involve an accommodation, a dispensation:

> "Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity."

To conclude with

AN OBJECTION OF A VERY DIFFERENT TYPE.

Much stress is often laid upon the difficulty of supposing that a highly developed civilization, such as we find in ancient Egypt for example, should have arisen and culminated within the period allowed by Biblical chronology. To this it may be answered with Bellink, as quoted already, that an indefinite space of time may be allowed without offence to Scripture veracity, inasmuch as the Bible has, properly speaking, no chronology.* Then it must be also remembered that, supposing the truth of what is an article of the Christian faith, the Fall of Man, we are not called upon to account for the evolution of high civilization from primitive barbarism. We know not how much of primitive civilization, the civilization of those who had walked with God, was carried with them into exile by our First Parents, and in what proportion it was inherited by the various scions of their line. To the general assertion of primeval savagery we may safely retort that degeneration is as ascertained a phenomenon as improvement; that there is as much to be said from a scientific point of view for the theory that existing savages, whether capable of development or not, are in a condition

* Enumeration in the Bible so often obviously expresses not accurate chronological sequence but an emphatic selection, or some particular note which the number allegorizes, or sometimes even a merely rhythmic balance, that we are often unable to depend upon the accuracy of a chronology which as far as form goes may be precise enough.

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which is in part the result of degeneracy. Moreover, there are many instances when this theory has been confirmed by the traditions of savage life, and by the relics in savage lands of a higher civilization. (See Mott *On the Origin of Savage Life*, 1878.)

These are, I conceive, fair specimens of the Scripture difficulties contributed by modern criticism—difficulties, we must admit, for the most part unknown to earlier apologists. I have no wish to undervalue them, and I am keenly alive to the varied scholarship required for their effective handling. I have not attempted to do more than draw attention to their general character, and indicate the line I think the answers should take. It is obvious that in view of such objections theories such as that of "*obiter dicta*" hardly tend in any appreciable degree to reduce the exposed area.

## THE PRINCIPAL POINTS ESTABLISHED.

And now I can well conceive that many who have read me thus far may be somewhat puzzled as to what precise theory I am suggesting. Am I maintaining the traditional opinion that in Scripture there is no assertion at all of what is untrue? Am I opposing the theory of "*obiter dicta*" precisely on the ground that it admits the existence of such untrue assertions? or, on the other hand, am I objecting to it as too narrow in its admission of error? I will endeavor at all costs to make myself clear. "*Mallem enim quam aperte non intelligi aperte convinci.*" Let me, then, begin by enumerating the principal points I have pretended to establish or at least to recommend. I have insisted, 1. That no definition of the church has decided the question against "*obiter dicta*"; 2. That the adverse consensus, however formidable in its external volume, lacks the precision and completeness which alone could rule that theory out of court; whence it follows that its author was justified in regarding it as outside the area of Catholic prohibitive obligation. I have proceeded to bring out in detail the various modes of dealing with Scripture difficulties which have prevailed at different times and in different degrees within the church: the system of allegorizing; the mystical sense, at times, in the opinion of St. Augustine and others, usurping the literal; the interfusion of the poetical or pictorial element in the historical, etc. —all tending to show that the Fathers' theory concerning inspiration was "*in fieri*" rather than "*in factum esse*"; whilst their attitude was always dominated by the principle that granting the inspiration, its largest amplitude was to be assumed in

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default of proof to the contrary in the particular instance—a principle at once accounting for the predominance in early times of such a theory as that of verbal inspiration, and opening the door to the possibility of future critical development. I have proceeded to point out that numberless assertions in Holy Writ take a form incompatible with an acquaintance on the part of the sacred writers with much that we know; again, that various statements, though assertive in form, may be regarded as really nuncupative rather than assertive, introducing a character or fact with the note popularly attached to it whether truly or not. Nay, I have gone further, and insisted that statements corresponding with opinion and not with fact, where the two conflict, must necessarily from time to time occur wherever a Divine message is delivered through human agents to ignorant men, on pain of laying a disquieting and misleading stress upon indifferent matters. I am well aware that such a view is open to serious abuse in its application to particulars. Moreover, I cannot pretend that it is possible to confine it to what are commonly considered minute matters. No doubt these will always be unimportant and "*obiter*" as regards faith and morals, and the general sequence of relations between God and his people; but in themselves they may often appear large and imposing. A heathen temple—the Pantheon, let us say—is transformed into a Christian church; the images of the false gods are removed; the tabernacled altar and the crucifix are erected, and the Madonna and saints appear upon the walls; and yet there still remain various traces of the ancient non-Christian symbolism, not evil in itself, but in various degrees inadequate or mistaken. These are not removed, for they are quite harmless, and some of them are so embedded in the structure that they could not be removed without a serious shock to the building. May not this simile be applied in its degree to the structure of the Mosaic cosmogony as recorded in Genesis? May not this be regarded as a result in part of an inspired purification of a prevailing heathen cosmogony—the Chaldean, perhaps—on the lines of an all but lost primeval tradition? If so, it would not surprise us to find sundry presentments and sequences of events not in accordance with fact, but forming an integral portion of the furniture of the popular imagination, and as such, supposed rather than asserted. Obviously such a statement as, *e.g.*, that of the lodgment of a portion of the divided waters above the firmament would have a quite other stress were it a new assertion, and not a piece of the old frame for a new picture.

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## A TRADITIONAL DICTUM OF THEOLOGY.

It is a traditional *dictum* of theology that all the "*res et sententiæ*" directly asserted in Holy Scripture are true. Concerning the "*sententiæ*," the moral and doctrinal portions, there can be no dispute within the church. As to the "*res*," the facts stated, I conceive that the *dictum* may be maintained if we make the scholastic distinction between "*res*" and "*realitates*"—between the fact which is the main object of assertion and the circumstances with which this is clothed and in which it is realized. Amongst these last there may be room for dislocations and inaccuracies. They are *obiter* so far as they are recognizable as beside the main current of the assertion, but they are not, so to speak, the offspring of wholly uninspired intervals; rather their freedom of deviation is restricted by the same preventing hand which secures the absolute accuracy of what is really important. The question resolves itself into one of wholes and emphasis. It was the instinct of uncritical times to find a whole wherever a passage could by itself be made to yield a meaning; and to lose all distinctions of emphasis in the one distinguishing emphasis implied in a Divine authorship; but this has gradually yielded to the exigencies of critical development. At first there was the inspiration of words, then of facts and doctrines only, and now it may be that some such further stage as I have just indicated may be reached. Whilst maintaining that a development in this direction is not precluded by authority, that in fact a door is open, I must again insist that amongst Catholics the presumption must ever lie in favor of the truth of every, even the most subordinate, assertion in Holy Scripture, until, everything considered, it has ceased to be probable; and this condition of things will continue until she speaks who is the representative of Him who shutteth and none openeth, openeth and none shutteth.

## THE THEORY OF "OBITER DICTA."

As regards the theory of "*obiter dicta*," or uninspired minutiæ, whilst defending its tenableness from a Catholic point of view—the main point of its author's contention—I have suggested, on the one hand, its extension to matters not in themselves minute; on the other, its limitation to statements which either the form or circumstances of the human author should exceptionalize. I have felt it my duty to bring out the full weight of the opposite opinion within the church, and at the same

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time the irreconcilable character of much of the deliverance of modern criticism. If we are in any respect required to take a new departure it is necessary that all our luggage should be presented on the platform, if only that we may know what we must take with us and what we may be permitted to leave behind.

### A LAST WORD AS TO THE ATTITUDE OF CATHOLICS.

It remains for me to say a last word as to the attitude which I think Catholics should maintain in view of modern Biblical science. Speaking generally, I would suggest a little more confidence in science—a little less confidence in scientific men. Of science, of accurate knowledge, we cannot have too much; let it prevail, a very sea clipping the rock upon which we of the faith are standing, as closely as it may. We welcome it as a most important element in the interpretation of Scripture, though not the only one, and as a factor in the integration of theological thought. But for the "*dii minores*" of science, the angry Æoluses who do so cast the water about, and would fain cover us with the foam of their onset until we are drowned or pass for drowned, they gauge nothing—neither our position nor their own. We must possess our souls in patience, and, making allowance for the subsidence of the foam-bells, endeavor to ascertain where the line of steady water will ultimately rest. Some of us, oppressed with the sense that the tide is on all sides gaining, may be tempted to remove our position far from the water's edge to some safe platform aloof from the stress of conflict. But surely such policy argues a lack of faith. If we cordially recognized that no ascertained truth of science can be really antagonistic to our position as believers; if we remembered that the God of reason is also the God of faith, we should not be in such a hurry to escape from a conflict which must ultimately result in harmony and is its necessary prelude. "Gentlemen," exclaims Lacordaire in one of his famous "Conferences," "God is not afraid of your reason; he made it." "If the literal sense of Scripture seems to contradict reason," says Henry of Ghent, in words I have already quoted, "we must seek for another meaning until one is found in accordance with reason." To conduct this search effectively we must remain at the point of contact without shrinking from the pressure. Often, because it looks as if your favorite breakwater was being gradually submerged, you are tempted to fancy that on all sides there is the same defeat, forgetting that

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"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be in yon smoke concealed
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field."

It may well be, however, that, on this side or on that, we shall have to yield some point of "*extra fidem*" Catholic tradition; but it is precisely that we may be able to yield rationally and fruitfully, without letting drop anything that is precious, that we must carefully abstain from running away. It may be objected, no doubt, that we are thus double-dealers who would fain run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, but we accept no such situation; on the contrary, we hold that it is the vocation of Science, in spite of the humors of her workmen, to trim and point the basis of that monument of which it is our privilege to be the guardians.

Although so much has been said of the conflict of reason and faith, how often is it apparent that neither reason nor faith has gone down into the battle. Outside the Catholic Church, in nine cases out of ten, the conflict is between two different forms of the "*Fides Humana*"—the one founded on the pious traditions of the nursery, the other on a youthful enthusiasm for certain great names, and certain isolated achievements attaching to a particular school of science. There is an opposition either real or supposed, and the weaker goes to the wall. Where a Catholic finds himself seriously the worse for scientific difficulties it is not so much that his scientific pursuits are at fault, as that his theological development, his intellectual hold upon the truths of faith, has not kept pace with his scientific development: his theology is the theology of a child, whilst his science is the science of a man, though perhaps of a very young man.

The Catholic student, like his neighbor, is exposed to the action of the *Zeitgeist*, which, though scientifically inclined, is assuredly anything but strictly scientific. Its movement in the scientific plane is not the laborious march of proof and disproof, but rather a headlong sweep of experimental pursuit, rewarded now and again by brilliant successes, and sublimely regardless of hiatus and "*non sequitur*." It claims for itself the right exercised by other great world-movements, like that of democracy or free trade in the political sphere, of dispensing itself from answering inconvenient questions or accepting the injection of scruples, however reasonable. It accounts it a sufficient reply to

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the most serious refutation to pronounce the argument not up to date—as though logic could ever become obsolete—and with a nod pronounces sentence of superannuation upon the most illustrious names and the best accredited systems. In vain the reactionary criticism of such works as *Scepticism in Geology*, or Professor Virchow's critique on Darwinism, or the lucubrations of the Irish Astronomer Royal; pure reason is powerless to give it pause, or to stay for an instant the triumphant energy of its onward rush. Now, all this is very attractive and exhilarating, but we must call things by their proper names. A young Catholic who should abandon himself without reserve to this movement would hardly have more right to invoke the name of reason in his justification, than he would have to dignify by the same name his preference for the seductions of the "free and easy" to the claims of the home-circle.

It is frequently objected that the Catholic man of science is overweighted and hampered in his scientific pursuits by the exigencies of his religion. Of course a Catholic does carry weight, and his liberty is controlled in various ways. But it is not so much his freedom of investigation as his freedom from investigation that is controlled. He is bound to be rigid and exacting in his scientific method, to maintain cautiously all the reserves of doubt. He is precluded from that facile abandonment to the prevailing wind of doctrine which is so characteristic of our modern scientific world. He has ties analogous to those of a man with a family, or the captain of a ship laden with important merchandise. When tasting "the joy of battle with his peers" he is never without a sense of responsibility; he can never afford to amuse himself—"*cantabit vacuus.*" At the same time I think it may be maintained that, even from the point of view of science, he is not without compensatory advantages. The bane of modern popular science is its unordered diffusiveness, the incompleteness of its view of life, its lack of sobriety, and of that sense of proportion which would enable it to bring its various subject-matters into focus. The Catholic man of science, on the other hand, possesses as his birthright an intellectual system in which all things of earth and heaven find their place—and it is better to have some system, even if in certain respects imperfect, than no system at all. Nothing tends so much to sobriety and circumspection as to have something to defend, and something one feels to be worth defending; whereas "*bombinans in vacuo*," one may indeed weave a rope of superior strength and admirable workmanship, but it is loose at

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both ends. Unless one can take a truth home, so to speak—if one has a home to take it to—it is apt to remain a waif and stray like its discoverer.

A Catholic man of science may be a specialist, but he is bound to be—nay, he can hardly fail to be, something more. He must know something of all the territories of science, their outlines at least, for he has a theology which is more than co-extensive with them all, and which has a word to say of each, though it be only, as is commonly the case, to assure the student that here he is within his right, and that his way is clear. Still, it may well be that from time to time such student is disturbed by the notification that though the route is not declared "*de fide*" impassable, yet that he may not walk therein with safety to himself or to those whom he would fain conduct; that, in fact, he must refrain from making this or that statement that he would like to make, or that at most he must ventilate it as a mere hypothesis. In such a case he must remind himself that in the interests of traditional truth the church is bound to be conservative of ancient forms; that she is entrusted with higher and more imperious interests than those of scientific development. Thus, although in the particular instance the action of authority may possibly be mistaken and productive merely of vexatious delay, the scientist whose Christian name is Catholic will not be the man to say as much, or even readily to suppose it. In the end science will hardly be the loser, inasmuch as the truth in question will get itself the better, because the more circumspectly, stated.

Such I conceive to be the proper and natural attitude of the Catholic scientist. He will be too loyal on the one hand to faith, on the other hand to science, to believe that their last words can be otherwise than in accord.

H. I. D. RYDER.

*Oratory, Edgbaston.*

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## THE PROSPECTS OF HOME RULE.

JUST prior to the opening of the present session of the British Parliament some anticipations were indulged in, in these pages, regarding the probable nature of the still unrevealed Home-Rule Bill and the course which the Irish representatives of either party were bound to take when the provisions of the measure had become public property. The event has justified these anticipations in a very large degree; and it is now in order to consider the actual bill and the position which the proffer of the measure as a high legislative arrangement has created for the friends of Ireland as well as for the enemies of her autonomy.

There was a strong suggestion of being "willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," in the attitude of those who claim to be followers of Mr. Parnell, but at the last moment their spokesman, Mr. John E. Redmond, yielded to the inevitable and announced his adhesion to the bill, so far as its principle went, but his hostility to certain clauses of it. This was what Mr. Sexton, on behalf of the majority, had done in other and happier terms. Hence there is practically no difference between the party and the section represented by these two gentlemen, and consequently not the shadow of an excuse for the perpetuation of a campaign of dissension amongst Irish Nationalists. And still this sorry work goes on, to the shame of decent Irishmen everywhere, and the delight of their enemies in corresponding ratio.

It would really seem as though when Home Rule has been finally gained in Ireland the country must make up its mind to the prospect of a perpetual feud, like a Corsican vendetta, amongst the Nationalist members, more bitter, spiteful, and malignantly personal than the ancient one between the Orangemen and the Roman Catholics in Ulster. This is an alarming danger, and by no means a shadowy or groundless one. It is due in no small measure to the writings of a knot of hopelessly irreconcilable *littérateurs*, who seem to be so blinded either by self-opinion or partisan fury as to be incapable of realizing the magnitude of the mischief they are doing; and it suggests a very grave fear for the future of the country were there no moral opinion strong enough in it to shame this system of almost harridan vilipending into silence.

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The fact that the Northern Orangemen have broken out into premature revolt against Home Rule ought to be a warning to factious Irishmen of the National side. There are difficulties of no slight dimensions to be faced and overcome, outside their own ranks, without the superaddition of internecine strife; and to this task the best energies of all Nationalists ought to be directed, instead of the maintenance of an unholy war on platform and in press, and daily exercises in the purlieus of English epithet, for the mere pleasure of belittling men whom the very same writers, previous to the split in the National party, had been constantly lauding as models of patriotism, genius, and virtue. Those who have been long engaged in this evil industry seem to have utterly forgotten that in every happy hit they made they were demolishing their own reputation, not to say for mere discrimination and judgment, but for sincerity, consistency, and good faith in public life. If the better sense and better taste of the great mass of the Irish people do not awaken to the danger of a continuance of this dishonoring quarrel the result must prove irretrievably disastrous, not only in the immediate future, but in the era succeeding the advent of Home Rule. The quarrel will go on from one generation to another, two parties will be created in the country whose hates will be as deadly as those of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and their quarrels cannot but have a blighting effect, by distracting the general mind from questions of public utility and fastening its eyes like those of a tettered mendicant upon its irritating sores.

Those who know the genius of the Celtic race will easily comprehend how such a result as this is possible. In the remote districts, where the Celtic element is strong, the old tribal and clannish sentiment still lingers, although the sept or tribe has long been broken up, disintegrated, and dispersed. The political views, the shibboleths, the nomenclature of an epoch become household words and fireside gods in every hamlet, to be gossiped about in the winter evenings, talked over at fairs and "patterns," and fought over when the hour of jollification succeeds that of the bargaining and haggling in the market-town on a Saturday. Then the national weapon, the blackthorn, is sometimes used to illuminate obscure points of discussion; and arguments of this kind are as tenacious in the memory as the subtle perfume which will keep clinging around the fragments of the broken vase. And there are many memories of this evil kind in Ireland to-day, it is to be said with regret, as *souvenirs* of the past couple of years' war of incivility—too many, far, for Ireland's peace.

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The sense of responsibility is, however, a very moderating influence; and with the power with which the concession of Home Rule will invest the Irish nation may come the feeling that the dignity and the safety of the country are concerned in the behavior of the people when its destinies are entrusted to their own hands to make or mar. The thoughts of all must then be turned to the promotion of the country's welfare. They owe it to themselves and to the sympathizing nations who have watched their struggles for freedom, to prove that they are fit for the duties of citizenship.

If this subject is dwelt upon with what may seem undue seriousness, it is because of the necessity which exists for showing that the fears of those Ulstermen who object to Home Rule are groundless. As for the mob who fly to brickbats and bludgeons to emphasize their objections, the process of argument is thrown away upon them. They have served one useful purpose in demonstrating that the intolerance which they affect to dread is a thing of actual existence with themselves, and that their impotent revolt arises more from a dread of the *lex talionis* than from an excess of loyalty or love of civil or religious liberty.

No patriotic Irishman ought to lose his temper over their bit of mock tragedy. They may be left to the imperial government, whose function it is to preserve order, to deal with. It is to be remembered that the Ireland of the future, administered under a system in which all Irishmen will have an effective voice, is not entirely a homogeneous Ireland, but one in which a large alien element has to be conciliated, and for the satisfaction of whose legitimate claims the majority of the Irish people, through their accredited parliamentary representatives, have given a solemn pledge and public undertaking before mankind. Tolerance to this alien minority in the past has been Ireland's pride and boast—tolerance even in the face of provocation to a contrary course. There should be more than tolerance in the future; there should be a spirit of generous forbearance, for the sake of Ireland's welfare and good name—coupled with an unflinching determination to compel the power which is primarily responsible for the infusion of this discontented element into the Irish body-politic to make them respect the law.

Those who call up spirits from the vasty deep may find the demons whom they invoke very undesirable servitors, altogether unmanageable, and quite heedless of the timeliness of their work. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Balfour have been experimenting in this



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way, and if they have been successful beyond their expectations, they are to be congratulated on their escape from results which might have been more startling than agreeable. Both these responsible leaders of men lately made some daring flights into the region of heedless rhetoric, and even ventured into the forbidden ground (in Tory minds) of justifiable rebellion. The sacred right of revolution as the *ultima ratio* of the oppressed is one for which Tory statesmen always entertained an academical admiration. Like Mr. Lowell's political myth, they were always "friends of freedom's cause, as far away as Paris is." So long as revolution and political assassination were confined to Rome or Paris or Madrid, they were viewed with the serenity becoming a great constitutional party—gentlemen of England, sitting at home at ease—who never dreamed that such lessons would be brought home to their own doors. When they found that their recent incitements to rebellion in Ulster were taken seriously and acted on in Belfast, in the way peculiar to the lower order of "loyalists" in that city, and that one of these zealots actually made his way over to London with the intent to assassinate Mr. Gladstone, matters assumed a different complexion. Word was sent out in hot haste that the ardor of the "loyalists" must be abated.

The incipient rebellion was nipped in the bud. It might have been exceedingly inconvenient for the Tory leaders if any harm had befallen the venerable Liberal leader. The English masses are behind Mr. Gladstone, and the English masses have sometimes rough-and-ready methods of dealing with political obstructionists when their sluggish blood is once stirred, as those who remember the incident of the Hyde Park riots, some thirty years ago, will agree. To surmise what might happen had such a life as Mr. Gladstone's been sacrificed, on the promptings of Sir Henry James and Mr. Balfour, is less difficult than agreeable; and the Tory leaders have shown that they are in nowise deficient in the better part of valor, in putting the brake upon the headlong zeal of their inconveniently zealous followers in Ulster and elsewhere. Hitherto the Tories have been posing as the saviors of society, and the sole upholders of law and order. All their coercion acts were based on this pharisaical assumption. They have now flung the mask aside, and the note of reprobation which their inflammatory policy has evoked throughout Great Britain has been so emphatic that they shrink in alarm from the consequences of their unscrupulous propaganda.

The progress of the Home-Rule measure itself in the House of Commons has been, so far, as satisfactory as the most san-

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guine of its friends anticipated. Its second reading was taken on the night of Friday, April 21, after a debate in the course of which the opposition showed their horror of that policy of obstruction which at an earlier period they had denounced as something like high treason, by a very servile imitation of the tactics of the late Messrs. Parnell and Biggar. It was necessary to apply the closure before the flow of dilatory dithyrambic was stopped; hence the Irish party enjoyed the spectacle of their hereditary enemies flagellated with the rod which they had cut for others' backs. Defeated in their attempt to strangle the bill by prolonged talking, the opposition leaders resorted to the expedient of "amending" it out of all original shape. A large number of "instructions" to the committee, cunningly devised to strike at the root of the bill, were set down by Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Randolph Churchill, and other experienced tacticians; but, to their intense chagrin and surprise, these were all brushed aside. Speaker Peel, although a Unionist, has a deep sense of the responsibilities of his office, and he clearly could never allow the discussion of motions intended to kill the principle of the bill. He set the whole lot aside offhand; and the conspirators were driven back upon their second line of defence —a dogged opposition to the bill in committee, clause by clause and line by line.

To meet this obstruction the government have had to apply the closure remorselessly, and the consequence has been a series of stormy scenes in the House of Commons, with some exciting episodes between individual members. Both sides are working hard to keep their followers ready for emergencies, but the government forces have gained steadily, their majorities ranging in the division lobbies from forty-three to fifty-two.

There is now no division in the Irish ranks. They have closed up dutifully in face of the general enemy, and now present an unbroken front, to the great satisfaction of all true friends of the Irish cause. If they maintain this commendable attitude through all the other stages of the debate, there is no doubt that the bill will be ready to be sent to the Upper House before the usual time for the prorogation, for Mr. Gladstone has intimated that the government are not averse from the consideration of amendments on those clauses of the bill which deal with the all-important questions of the financial relations of the two countries and the retention of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament. These will require very delicate handling and the coolest of tempers for their settlement, and it is satisfactory to note that the extreme Irish press is beginning to

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realize the gravity of this subject, and to speak about it with that sobriety which is becoming. If all go well to this point, the House of Lords will this autumn be face to face with one of those crises which menaced its very existence; and though the Ulster malcontents and the English Tories confidently look to the hereditary legislators to give the bill a summary quietus, it is quite safe to predict for them a very dubious frame of mind when the problem presented for their consideration assumes the sinister shape of a contingent "happy dispatch."

But the auguries all point to a speedy settlement of this memorable struggle, on lines fairly satisfactory to the great bulk of the Irish people. Should the peers reject the measure this year, in all human probability they will have to reverse their verdict in the next, or else go down before the strong wave of popular discontent. The people of Great Britain are weary of the long-protracted Parliamentary war. They want some time to attend to their own affairs, and this they cannot have so long as Ireland blocks the way. They are quite willing now to "let the Egyptians go."

The dawn of Ireland's regeneration seems, then, close at hand. A little interval of patient vigil appears to be all that separates her from the hour of triumph. Patient and unflagging determination is still demanded as equipment for the final struggle, but the issue is no longer doubtful. Her entrance into the ranks of emancipated nations will be greeted with a world-wide "All hail" because of her unparalleled constancy. She stands unique amongst them all, as one who, often overthrown, was never conquered. She would neither barter her faith for gold, nor renounce her birthright for cord or steel. In her darkest hour she never veiled her face in despair. The morning rays of freedom which must soon light her horizon will stream over a depopulated and martyr-strown land, but she will arise to the task of rehabilitation with a spirit ennobled and purified by suffering, and a courage exalted by long battling against an apparently inexorable destiny. It will be her effort to falsify the predictions of the croakers that she would fail to rule where she triumphed as a combatant; and it should be her pride to heap coals of fire on the heads of those who dread that, because she was persecuted by their progenitors in the past, she would become an oppressor in the future. Thus she will confound her enemies and justify the sacrifices her heroic children have lavishly made; for it was not to gain a tyrant flag they dreamed and died, but a spotless ensign of freedom, tolerance, and unity.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

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## LOVE RULES.

THERE is no truth in all the earth;
  Fair hope has raised a pirate sail;
There is no under-soul of mirth,
  If love can fail.

Vain are the visions of the heart,
  Mere mocking ghosts of idle acts,
If, like false dealers of the mart,
  True love retracts.

Hate is the ruler of the days,
  The builder of the land and sky,
The sightless guide of trackless ways—
  If love can die.

The night is master of the sun;
  The stars an unavailing blot;
The cosmic plan is all undone—
  If love reigns not.

But life is good—the heart is fair,
  Despite the chatter of the schools:
Therefore through earth and sea and air
  Love rules! love rules!

J. J. ROONEY.

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## BISHOP VINCENT NOT A GOOD METHODIST.*

HY does the *Forum* style John H. Vincent, of this city, "Bishop," when John H. Vincent, writing of Francis Satolli, refers to him as "Mr."? Simply because the editor of the *Forum* believes that the courtesies of civilized life should not and must not be eliminated from public controversy because of the introduction of a spirit of rancor by any individual controversialist who wishes to write himself down a bigot. The editor of the *Forum* deserves public thanks for his gentlemanly rebuke to John H. Vincent. He did not wish to say in so many words: "The prelate to whom you refer in the article I am publishing is an ecclesiastic honored with an exalted and extraordinary rank, and dignified with a high title by the first power on earth from which spiritual titles emanated. He has a perfect right to be addressed by that title when spoken to or spoken of. You hold a spiritual title of a like nature, and you expect the title to be acknowledged. Although some may question your title, I concede it out of courtesy; because I conceive that even if I became for the time being a controversialist, I ought not therefore to sink the gentleman." The quip is very neatly administered, and its timeliness no less than its dexterity will command the admiration of every person of good breeding.

However, this is not a question that concerns the public. The point for the consideration of the flock of Bishop John H. Vincent is not his *noli episcopari* singularity, or his want of controversial courtesy, but his own consistency as a spiritual guide with the long-established principles and oft and openly avowed convictions of the powerful and intelligent community in which he is a titular pastor. The question for them is, how shall their children be educated, not Bishop Vincent's want of good manners. His hatred of the Pope, even if manifested in the most Christian spirit, could not settle the question. By shaking his pastoral staff at Monsignor Satolli he will not compel them to send their children to schools where the opinions and the talk of the infidel, the anarchist, the enemy of all order

* *The Pope in Washington.* Bishop J. H. Vincent. *Forum* for May.

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might find echoes on the lips of the uninformed children, and mayhap in some cases in the covert cynicism of the teacher.

"Mr." Satolli, says this episcopal Chesterfield, "represents a new and temporary policy, and not a new principle." Hitherto it has been the fashion to present the church of which the Apostolic Delegate is a distinguished plenipotentiary as the one institution that never changes its evil ways; now the offence is that it can change its policy with the changing times. But the truth is that in this respect there has not been, nor can there ever be, any change in the church's policy. To educate the young first of all in the fear and love of God has from its very beginning been its guiding principle in every state in which it obtained a foothold. "God first, everything in due order afterwards," has been its motto. This in old monarchical countries was reduced to a formula unhesitatingly accepted by every government: "Fear God and honor the king." Such was conceived to be in old-fashioned times the kernel of Christian citizenship.

Bishop Vincent does not make it clear what additional dangers threaten the American nation and people from the fact of the Pope being, as he puts it, in Washington as well as in Rome. No matter where the Head of the church may be located, he must be the same formidable and dreadful power to Bishop Vincent. The spiritual authority which his Holiness wields is neither magnified nor diminished by the fact of its locality. So far as we believe, were it Leo XIII. himself who were in Washington, instead of Monsignor Satolli, he would be heartily welcome. It is not very long since there were many vague rumors of an intention on his Holiness' part to seek safety and shelter outside Rome, and it was freely stated at the time that among the powers which voluntarily proffered asylum to the illustrious tenant of the Vatican was that of our great Republic. Whether the offer were really made then or not, there is every reason to believe that did the occasion actually arise it would be heartily made. So much for Bishop Vincent's *gobemouche* note of alarm.

Locality cannot alter the dreadful condition of things which Bishop Vincent depicts. "Mr. Satolli represents," he says, "the subjection of the individual intellect and conscience to the Pope, his bishops and priests," and other things frightful in non-Catholic eyes. This is the old-fashioned way of elusive argument. Bishop Vincent begs the question in magnificent style. Other

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bishops not less renowned than he have treated it, however, in a different way: they condescended to argue it. Bishop Vincent will hardly deny to such a prelate as the late John Henry Newman the possession of intellect and conscience, and passing by the fling at the "bishops and priests," who, so far as the world knows, never claimed what Bishop Vincent attributes to them—here are some of his words about intellect and conscience—two widely different things—and subjection to the Pope. Having quoted Cardinal Turrecremata, Cardinal Bellarmine, and Archbishop Kenrick as authorities, Cardinal Newman says:* "It seems, then, there are extreme cases in which Conscience may come into collision with the word of a pope, and *is to be followed in spite of that word.*" The italicized passage sums up the conclusion of the cardinal's learned arguments, which were written in reply to Mr. Gladstone's famous attack on the Vatican decrees in 1876; and he quotes most appositely the famous decree of the Lateran Council: "Quidquid fit contra conscientiam, ædificat gehennam."

But this is not the Conscience of the popular conception, goes on the illustrious Oxonian. With a very large portion of the public it is the right and freedom of Conscience "to take up this or that and let it go again; to go to church or go to chapel; to boast of being above all religions, and to be an impartial critic of each of them." This is not the conscience of John Henry Newman, nor is it, he says, the conscience of the Anglicans, Wesleyans, Presbyterians, and other non-Catholic denominations. "They mean," he says, "what we mean—the voice of God in the nature and heart of man, as distinct from the voice of Revelation." Does Bishop Vincent really believe that Catholics are such very slaves as he postulates? Does he think that Catholics can juggle thus with that precious spark of the Eternal, trying at once to cheat God and themselves?

Now, it is this very thing called Conscience which Bishop Vincent assails when he turns from the irritating presence of Monsignor Satolli and delivers himself on the school question. He touches the conscience of his own flock no less than that of Catholics.

Bishop Vincent is a devout believer in the blessings of "the enlightened individual conscience"; he must also be a believer in the aggregate one—at least that of his own

* *A Letter addressed to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's recent Expostulation.* By J. H. Newman, D.D. Benziger Bros.

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people. His enlightened individual conscience speaks this way; those of his flock, through the press, speak that:

| "THE METHODIST." *Editorial.* | BISHOP VINCENT. |
|---|---|
| "Our object in this article is to say squarely that in our judgment the denominational schools of the land, as compared with the purely secular or state school, are on moral grounds incomparably the safest." | "The Republic must maintain the American school." |
| "Our state institutions as a general thing are hot-beds of infidelity not less than of vice. That unbelief should be fostered and fermented therein is not unnatural. The restraints of religion are removed. The pride of intellect is stimulated; science, falsely so-called, usurps the place of the Bible. Doubt is engendered; and finally unbelief, full blown with all its arid negations, comes to be the fixed and settled habit of the soul." | "The public school is the hope and stability of the nation." |
| "We have said, and we thoroughly believe, that our church should invest ten millions at least in the next ten years in denominational schools. Why? Because we believe that this system is the American one and the only safe one." | "The nation may well distrust an ecclesiastical system that is afraid to trust its youth in the atmosphere of an American public school." |

Nor could Bishop Vincent, unless he undergoes a change of heart, stand on the same platform with the Episcopalians. They in General Convention—

"*Resolved.* That the bishops and clergy be most earnestly requested to bring this subject to the attention of the members of this church; that they remind the people of their duty to support and build up our own schools and colleges, and to make education under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church superior in all respects to that which is afforded in other institutions."

It will not be out of place to repeat with emphasis a few sentences from the *Christian Union*:

"The time has fully come for a vigorous war upon the popular notion that religion can be excluded from any system of education. Theology can be; religion cannot be."

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"The secularization of the public schools is false in psychology. It assumes that a child can be divided up like a tenement into different rooms, part developed and part left undeveloped. This is not true."

"The secularization of the public schools is false in philosophy. It assumes that religion is a something apart from life. . . . This conception of religion is wholly pernicious."

"The secularization of religion is false in pedagogics. It renders true education impossible. . . . Take imagination out of the school-room, and the child can learn only symbols; have imagination in the school-room, and you leave therein goodness, God, religion."

These utterances may well be placed in opposite sides of the scale, and it remains whether the title of bishop will suffice to equipoise an overwhelming consensus of opinion on the opposite side from the body on whose behalf Bishop Vincent assumes to speak. An article in a magazine will not dispose of this great question. Bishop Vincent cannot ride off on a side issue, crying out that the Pope is in Washington. That is not the question for the Methodist body, or any Christian body of any denomination. The question is one of the gravest character for individual parents, for individual families, for the state as a whole, for its future peace is largely dependent upon its solution. Therefore it behooves every conscientious man and woman to look to it, and that speedily.

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## THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

**Inquiry into the Treatment of the Aged Poor.**—For some time the harshness, and even cruelty, of the British Poor-Law system has been in process of realization by the English people. While a large proportion of the working classes, especially of the agricultural laborers, has for old age no better prospect than the work-house, the ruling classes have been unable to discover any better way of encouraging thrift and independence than the making of these work-houses as repellent as possible. The desire to reform this state of things has been the motive for Mr. Chamberlain's movement in favor of pensions for the aged poor to which we have so many times referred. While there seems to be no prospect of legislation this session, the movement has not been altogether ineffectual, for the government has appointed a Commission of Inquiry into the Poor-Law system so far as it affects the old; and this is but a foreshadowing of a wider revision, which all parties have come to recognize as necessary. It is worthy of note that upon this commission no clergyman of the Established Church has been appointed, although they claim to be more intimately acquainted with the system than any other class. Perhaps they are the most to blame for the present state of things.

**Catholic and Protestant Treatment of the Poor.**—An article in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine* enables us to make a comparison between the manner in which the poor are cared for in Protestant and Catholic countries. The writer of the article admits, or rather maintains, that while the Austrians neglect the study of political economy and set at naught its principles, yet they have succeeded where the English have failed, and have solved, successfully on the whole, problems which are still puzzling English brains. The poor-law system is a model not of the harsh and undiscriminating niggardliness which is its characteristic in England, but of that discriminating generosity which is looked forward to as likely to prevail in the future. This system is not uniform throughout the country, each town and

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district having the power to frame for itself special regulations, and consequently somewhat wide differences in the mode of treatment are found. It has been necessary for the purpose of comparison to take a single place: it cannot be inferred, therefore, that throughout the whole country precisely identical regulations are found, although a common spirit animates the whole. The system adopted in the capital, Vienna, serves for an illustration.

**The "Fathers" and "Mothers" of Orphans.**—In Vienna a distinction is made between the sturdy beggars, confirmed idlers, and men whom temporary misfortune has reduced to want. The care of the poor is delegated to a regularly constituted department of the municipal government. The burgomaster appoints two hundred and thirty-three persons whose special office it is to watch over young boys, and who are styled "Fathers of the Orphans," and similarly fifty-four women, called "Mothers of the Orphans," to watch over young girls. No child is under any circumstances sent to a work-house, but if destitute is placed under the care of one of these "Fathers" or "Mothers." Everything is done to encourage and to compel these officials to be in reality what their name implies, and to bring about a personal bond of union between them and their charges. No guardian may adopt more than five children, and for the welfare of these he is personally responsible. "He must visit them, see that they are kindly treated, that they are properly fed, clothed, and taught; and that they are being fitted, so far as in them lies, to make their way in the world and to become worthy citizens." While they are very young the custom is to board the children in families; afterwards, for the sake of closer supervision, to transfer them to orphanages; and for the support of the children the city is willing to spend more than for that of the grown-up men in the work-houses.

**The Austrian System of Education of Poor Children.**—One of the most remarkable differences between the English and the Austrian (or shall we say between the Protestant and the Catholic) systems is the care which is taken that no stigma shall attach to the children on account of their destitute condition. They do not go to separate schools, but attend the national schools on terms of perfect equality with their companions. One of the saddest things in England is the way in which the upper and richer classes have appropriated to themselves the scholastic foundations of Catholic times even to the exclusion of

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those for whom they were intended, and even now that the nation devotes vast sums every year to the education of the poor, such education stops with the elements. In Austria the road to the university is open not merely for the children of the poor, but for the children of the destitute: special scholarships are provided for their competition, the university itself being in full sympathy with public opinion on this point, and admitting them to all lectures and examinations without the payment of any fees. At the same time the Austrian authorities are too sensible to encourage the pursuit of what is nowadays respectable misery by leading poor scholars to look down upon manual work as something degrading. This is what has been brought about in England by the progress of education; a large class of half-starved clerks having come into existence who are too genteel to work with their hands, and who pass through life with barely sufficient to eat and to wear. On the contrary, the Austrian system, under the influence of Catholic principles, aims at making the children sober, industrious working men and women. The boys are carefully taught some handicraft, while the girls are prepared for domestic service, laundry work, or any suitable calling. As a result it is a rare thing in Vienna to find in a charitable institution a man or woman who has been brought up at the public expense; while in London it is a saying that the child who is born in a work-house always returns there to die. So that the more generous policy in the end proves also to be the more economical.

**The Care of the Adult Poor.**—Passing now to the men and women of the pauper class, for them also are appointed guardians called Fathers of the Poor, and to these the destitute have a right to apply for advice and help. In some towns of Austria for every four families there must be a separate guardian; but in Vienna it has been found impossible to secure the services of the fifteen thousand honorary officials who are required under that arrangement. For every street or small district, however, there is a guardian. This guardian, if he fulfils his duty, must be personally acquainted with every individual living there, even in advance, so that when misfortune happens he may be able at once to decide how the case is best to be met. For merely temporary relief he is provided with funds to alleviate it. Doubtful cases, and the cases of people who require help for any lengthened period, must be referred to the officials of the public institutions. In England work-house officials treat all the poor more or less as crimi-

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nals, whether the poverty arises from unavoidable misfortune or from vice and idleness. The administrators of the Poor Law in Vienna take infinite trouble to adjust the treatment to the merits of each individual case. Instead of the casual wards of Great Britain, *asyls* are provided, where a bath, supper, bed, and breakfast are provided free of charge for any one between the ages of eighteen and sixty who is in temporary destitution. Workmen in search of work during the day find in these *asyls* a shelter at night. Special precautions are taken to prevent abuse, and unless a man soon finds work or gives undoubted proof that he is in a fair way to obtain it, he is moved on to the work-house.

**The Model Work-House of Vienna.**—For the whole city there is only one work-house, and in the year 1889 its inmates averaged no more than one hundred and sixty-six. The smallness of the number does not arise from its being made prison-like and uncomfortable; on the contrary, the amount of freedom allowed to the inmates would, as the author in *Macmillan* says, "make the very hair of our English Bumbles to stand on end." The food is good, the rooms pleasant. Beyond certain rules necessary to secure punctuality and order, there are none of those petty restrictions which render the lives of English paupers intolerable. A certain amount of work has to be done; but on Sundays and holydays there is no work at all, and on one day in the week they are always free to go out in search of employment. In fact, this latter regulation affords the explanation of the smallness of the number of work-house inmates. All who enter are given to understand that they have not come there to stay—that they are expected to find work within a short time. The care of the authorities does not stop there. Every effort is made by them to put them in the way of obtaining employment, the officials being in constant communication with the chief employers of labor, and keeping a register of the work-shops where additional hands are required. In this way the willing and industrious find opportunities of returning to an independent life, while for the idle and intractable a forced labor colony is provided, to which those who would themselves be willing to remain in the work house are sent, whether they like it or not. Here the sternest prison discipline prevails, and the order of the day is that he who does not work shall not eat. The knowledge of the destiny awaiting the evil or the nothing-doer exercises a most salutary influence; for while there is no disgrace attached to the going

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into an *asyl* or the work-house, the being sent to the labor colony is looked upon as the same thing as being sent to prison.

**The Treatment of the Aged Poor.**—Great, however, as is the contrast between the English and the Austrian methods of treating destitute children and able-bodied men and women, a still greater difference exists in the treatment of the aged poor. More than a hundred years ago the statesmen of Austria fully recognized the fact that, however industrious the members of the working-classes might be, it was practically impossible for any except the best paid of them to save money enough to provide for old age. Having recognized this fact, and also that this inability did not spring from any moral defect, but from the economic condition of the country, they proceeded to deal with it in a way diametrically opposed to that adopted in Protestant England. Here, it is the deliberately adopted policy to drive the aged poor into the work-house, to render the arrangements there as disagreeable as possible, to separate husband and wife, and, above all, to attach to the pauper every mark of shame and disgrace. In Austria, on the contrary, the law recognizes that at sixty every man has the right to claim from his native town or commune a pension equal to one-third of the average daily wage he had received during his working years. No disgrace or shame is attached to the receiving of such a pension; on the contrary, it is regarded in exactly the same light as a soldier's pension—not as a charity, but as a reward of past services. The guiding principle of the Austrian Poor Law is that the old and feeble have a right to be supported by the young and vigorous, and that there should be the old and feeble is as much a part of God's providence as that there should be the young and vigorous. For a more particular account of the various ways in which the aged poor are provided for, we must refer our readers to the article itself. Suffice it to say that while in London pauper parents are shunned as if they were lepers, in Vienna there is no such feeling; on the contrary, a visit to them in the institutions in which many of them are accommodated is regarded as a pleasure. The main point which deserves attention is the way in which the love of our fellow-men, which is so marked a feature of Catholicism, is carried into practical effect in the life of a Catholic nation, in contrast with the way in which the love of worldly goods, which, as Dr. Newman says, was the motive of English Protestantism, has steeled the hearts of the successful in the pursuit of those goods toward those who have been unsuccessful.

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**The Strike at Hull.**—The strike at Hull forms a contrast to the recently concluded strike of the cotton operatives in Lancashire on account of the violence and disturbances which have already characterized the former, although it has only lasted a few weeks, while during the latter, although it lasted four months, no trouble of any kind occurred. This is due to the fact that the Hull strikers are unskilled workers whose places may be supplied by inexperienced men, and that there was no difficulty in finding such men. When the strikers saw their places in process of being filled by outsiders brought from London and elsewhere, they were unable to control themselves, and by their misdirected action have alienated that sympathy of the public which is an essential element of success. Moreover, the cause of the conflict does not commend itself to the general public, for the contest was begun for the purpose of excluding from work the men who did not belong to the union. Public opinion is so far in favor of Trade-Unionism that it will not tolerate efforts to put the unions down, but when these organizations themselves begin to tyrannize, the love of fair play and freedom makes people in general take the opposite side. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the present troubles is the unprecedented step taken by the president of the Board of Trade in calling a conference of the parties to the dispute, and in framing at that conference a plan of settlement. This is looked upon by many as an unwarrantable interference of the state with private concerns, and as an advance towards that state socialism which all individualists feel bound to resist. For "the detestable system of *laissez faire*," as Cardinal Vaughan calls it, still has its defenders and will have for many a day.

**Conciliation and Arbitration Boards.**—Disheartening as is this recrudescence of the strike policy of the New-Unionism, especially in view of the declamation both of masters and men in condemnation of this barbarous method of settling disputes, some consolation is afforded by the recently-issued report of the London Labor Conciliation and Arbitration Board, which shows that had it not been for the growing feeling for better methods the strikes would have been more numerous, and that by the action of this board many disputes have been settled, which would otherwise in all probability have led to conflicts. Some time ago we gave an account of the constitution of the board and of its methods of procedure. It has now been in operation for two years, and more than seventy trade unions have taken part in its proceedings. Moreover, no fewer

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than eighteen similar bodies have been formed in different parts of the United Kingdom. The success of the plan is to be attributed to the sensible and practicable rules by which its action is governed. Some of the promoters of the movement are in favor of power being conferred on the boards of conciliation to examine witnesses on oath, and for making their awards legally binding on all parties. The president of the Board of Trade has introduced a bill into Parliament to promote conciliation and arbitration in labor disputes. It is rather tentative in its character, not going so far as to confer the desired powers. It provides for the appointment of conciliators or boards of conciliation by the Board of Trade. It proposes to register these boards and their decisions, and to give publicity to their proceedings, but leaves recourse to them quite voluntary. The only advantage conferred by the bill is that it gives state recognition of what is now being done by voluntary action.

**The Belgian Constitutional Crisis.**—The power of working men has been strikingly shown by recent events in Belgium. For a long time the question of the revision of the constitution has been discussed. It was admitted by all parties to be necessary, and the preliminary steps to carry it into effect had been taken. The necessity for revision appears from the fact that so restricted was the franchise that only twenty persons in a thousand were permitted to vote, and the whole electorate numbered only one hundred and fifty thousand persons; and this in a country which had France for a neighbor, in which universal suffrage has long existed. But although every party admitted the necessity of reform, no agreement seemed possible as to the precise character it should take; at least no project was able to secure the requisite two-thirds majority. Every proposal but one had been rejected in turn, and it looked as if the *status quo*, although pronounced indefensible by all, would be maintained through the combination of a sufficient number to secure the rejection of every proposal. Here the working-men intervened, and by ordering a general strike and by manifesting their determination not to be defrauded of an admitted right, they secured the passing of M. Nyssen's reform, which establishes manhood suffrage, modified, however, by the granting of two votes to every man over thirty-five or married, and a double vote to certain classes of property-holders.

**Attitude of Catholics toward the Reform.**—The daily papers leave the impression that Catholics as a body were opponents



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of all reform; but this is far from being the case. There was, it is true, a number of opponents who were also Catholics. For the Catholic Church, being the large body it is, embraces, of course, a certain number who are content to act as ballast, and by their dead weight to secure stability. This, although not a brilliant is a useful service, provided there are others who have the power to move, and the light to move in the right direction. In the case of Belgium the ministry which accepted the proposal was thoroughly Catholic, and the only party which voted against it was that of the Anti-clerical Liberals, headed by M. Frère-Orban, who has been for many years the chief opponent of the church in Belgium. In fact, even the followers of M. Woeste did not vote against the successful proposal; they merely abstained from supporting it. Therefore, it is unfair to attach to Catholics as a whole the discredit which attaches to only a few, and it is too much to ask that each and every one of the faithful should be a miracle of political sagacity. It is worthy of notice that through all the agitation the king has maintained his popularity—in fact, that popularity has contributed materially to the peaceable settlement of the question. Should the settlement so far arrived at be accepted by the Senate (of which there is but little doubt), and should it be permanently acquiesced in by the labor party, Belgium will have the unexampled privilege of possessing universal suffrage controlled by conditions which at once secure stability and are not alien to the democratic principles of which it is the expression.

**The Rejection of the German Army Bill.**—The rejection of the Army Bill by the Reichstag has been a foregone conclusion ever since the adverse report of the committee appointed to consider the bill. This rejection is due to the action of the Catholic party. From the first introduction of the measure its fate depended upon the Centre. It shrank from adding to burdens already nearly intolerable, and was unwilling to increase the number of soldiers—a number which is even now overwhelmingly large. This year the French army has risen to 2,500,000, the German to 2,417,000, the Russian to 2,417,000, the Austrian to 1,050,000, the Italian to 1,514,000, the Swiss to 212,000, and the Belgian to 128,000. A thousand of millions of money are wrung in taxes to support these armies. It would, therefore, seem that the Catholic party has deserved well of the country for having refused to increase the army and the expenditure.

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## TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IT has been remarked that the clergy of a literary turn do not often venture into the dramatic field, but that whenever they do they leave their mark. Some of the best plays of secondary rank on the English stage are the work of clerics—"Douglas," for instance, "Fazio," "Bertram," and a few others of that epoch. Of late it has not been the fashion for the clergy of any denomination to write much for the stage—a fact which may not be altogether of advantage to the cause of art. We are reminded of this fact by the republication of two admirable dramatic works from the pen of Rev. Clement William Barraud, S.J. These are the tragedies of "St. Thomas of Canterbury" and "St. Elizabeth of Hungary."* The reverend writer styles these historical dramas, but the first-named work possesses all the elements of a tragedy, and the second is hardly less deficient in these essentials. Father Barraud has followed the line of the Elizabethan dramatists in the arrangement of his dramas, as well as in his phraseology to a considerable extent; and the latter tendency somewhat mars the work, as modern English has long discarded many of the forms he uses. But this is a small matter: all writers have their own literary *penchants*. In the unity of his plan and his method of working it out he shows a true conception of the capricious tyranny of Henry II., his brutal domineering spirit, and his overmastering ambition, which would make of the church his vassal and menial, as he had made the nobility his servile tools. The meek and patient spirit of Becket, no less than his unflinching resolution to support the rights of the church, are developed in many passages of real dramatic power. The sombre course of the tragedy is agreeably relieved by the introduction of the character of Sir Andrew Merivale—a light-hearted, laughter-loving noble, who goes to the headsman's block, like Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Raleigh, with a smile and a jest on his lips. As an acting drama, however, "St. Thomas" is inferior to "St. Elizabeth," as the latter play is full of stirring incident and powerful "situations" throughout. The noble personality of St. Louis and his saintly

* *St. Thomas of Canterbury* and *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*. Historical dramas. By Clement William Barraud, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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spouse is thrown upon the sheet, so to speak, with splendid effect, by contrast with the conspirators who plotted for the Landgrave's throne whilst he was absent in the crusades. There is nothing more powerfully effective in any drama that we know of than the dying despair of the usurper Heinrich, Louis' brother. Deep pathos is lent to the work by the sublime resignation of St. Elizabeth on parting from her brave little son, Hermann—a character more naturally drawn, to our thinking, than that of a somewhat similar one in Shakspere's "King John"—the boy Arthur. As a whole this drama is eminently suited for dramatic representation, and there is no reason why it should not be seriously taken up by the dramatic aspirants in our colleges. These plays were published by Father Barraud twenty-five years ago, he explains, and the object of their reappearance now is to advance the interests of a school with which he is connected. They are certainly deserving of a prominent niche in the temple of modern dramatic literature.

There is always something refreshing in the perusal of good pictures of English rural life, so quaint are the ways and so odd the dialects of the agricultural populations. In the story of *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter*,* by Tom Cobbleigh, the charm of this slow, antiquated form of civilization is strongly realized, so happy is the author's way of conveying it. The book is one of the cheap, handy series just now being issued by Cassell's Company—the sort of volume which one could conveniently put into a side-pocket before starting on a short railway journey, and finish before getting to the end of it. There is a delicate humor in the description, and the soft Somersetshire *patois* in which the dialogues are given lends a flavor to the picture. There is much fidelity to nature in several of the characters, notably that of "Gentleman Upcott"—a sort of rural squireen, vain, boastful, and poor in everything but pedigree—and his natural enemy, the crusty old Miller Biddlescombe. Though the plan of the work is simplicity itself, there is a strikingly dramatic situation at the end—and a very natural one withal. The glimpses of field and farm life, and sylvan beauty, in which the work abounds, but only as the appropriate setting of the picture, are really fresh and unconventional. Tom Cobbleigh's style is decidedly pleasant, and he is very likely to be popular.

A pretty literary trinket is a white-and-gold-covered opusculum, entitled *Women of the World, with a Search-Light of Epi-*

* *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter.* By Tom Cobbleigh. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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*gram*,* by Alethe Lowher Craig. It contains an index of heroines, beginning with Cleopatra and finishing with Mlle. Titiens, an index of authors, and then an index of women again. Its motive is the application of some proverb or epigram from a famous writer indicative of each woman's life or character; and the cynical-minded will find some diversion in the mode in which the—shall we say author?—has distributed her apothegms. To the Countess de Murat, for instance, she gives Balzac's saying that "Woman's virtue is, perhaps, a question of temperament"; and to Charlotte Alington Barnard Voltaire's sarcasm on his own writings as well as others: "The best written book is a receipt for pottage." There is food for reflection in the little volume all through, however; and this is more than can be said for a great many bigger volumes.

Finland is a sort of *terra incognita*, in regard to its literature, but now that the Muscovite novel is fast coming to the front, it is well to know that the Muses keep a branch establishment in the old Hyperborean duchy. Messrs. Cassell, through the medium of one of the "Unknown" series, makes us acquainted with the Finnish novelette.† The author presented writes under the *nom de plume* "Juhani Aho." He gives us four little stories or sketches, of which the longest bears the title "Squire Hellman." They are hardly deserving the name of stories; they are rather character sketches with a little bit of incident and background by way of furnishing. Squire Hellman is a village tyrant, a petty landlord, a speculator, a usurer, a bully, a coward, and a very objectionable individual as regards personal habits. Save for the fact of its coloring, one would think that the writer was depicting a bit of Irish life, so closely does his squireen resemble the genuine Hibernian one in many respects; and to add to the *vraisemblance*, there is a land-grabber thrown in, with the addition of an eviction scene. Simplicity in everything appears to be the literary goal of the Finland novelist. The whole story of Squire Hellman is that that worthy makes a scene at a meeting of tax-assessors, abuses everybody, and flings a quid of tobacco at the bailiff. For this legal proceedings are begun, out of a joke, and the bully gets so terrified that he consents to give a little *déjeuner* to the offended parties along with an apology; the feast is made to swell into the

* *Women of the World, with a Search-Light of Epigram.* By Alethe Lowher Craig. Baltimore: Cushing & Co.

† *Squire Hellman*, and other Stories. By Juhani Aho. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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dimensions of a banquet, in order to mulct him soundly, and the jokers all get drunk while Squire Hellman gets savage. With such slender materials is the novelist from Finland satisfied; and if the novel-readers of that distant place are satisfied also, they are to be congratulated on having escaped the contagion of latitudes where the jaded literary palate demanded such stimulants as Balzac, Daudet, and Zola could supply ere it could rouse itself. The writer, we are told, has been to Paris, and takes Zola for his model in his style. We are glad to note that his success in the effort has not been very brilliant.

A cynic of an audacious turn is John Oliver Hobbes, as he reveals himself in the tale entitled *A Study in Temptations.** The writer possesses a brilliant fancy, and a knack of using his antithetical powers in startling ways at times. He does not stop at such trifles as anachronisms when they serve his purposes, and he scorns the conventional ways of finishing up his work, leaving his readers' imagination to shape his ends after he has done the rough-hewing. This "study" opens with a prologue which has little apparent relevancy to the body of the story, and ends in a way which would have delighted the heart of Edgar Allan Poe. There are a number of female characters in the story—all of them odd, but all of them powerfully drawn, and all addicted to the writer's own habit of using singular and striking metaphor. One of the oddest of these characters is a clever and volatile actress who, while loving her elderly husband, conceives a passion for a young Oxford student, and agrees to elope with him for purely Platonic purposes, goes with him part of the way, and then abruptly breaks off the engagement, and, returning to her husband, promises to be a good girl for the future. Other strange and wonderful actions and sayings are to be found in the book; but they are redeemed from any suspicion of evil intent by the general impression which the whole thing leaves—that the writer is only having a scornful laugh at everything and everybody, even including himself, when he uses Ingersoll and Zola as influences on character, just as Shakspere used cannon in *Hamlet* and *King John* —that is to say, a little before their time.

A story of Mexican life in Aztec times entitled *Txleama*,† by J. R. Knowlton, is one of those productions which give a key to the exclamation of the suffering Job, "Oh, that mine enemy

* *A Study in Temptations.* By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *Txleama.* By J. R. Knowlton. Boston: J. G. Cupples Company.

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would write a book!" Its only conceivable use is to fill a gap on a bookshelf. It seems a mild sarcasm upon the Aztecs.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer is one of those who believe that the first artists were "the grand old gardener and his wife." She thinks it wrong to limit the arts of design to the three graces—architecture, sculpture, and painting; she would add the art of landscape gardening. There is no use quarrelling about definitions. Landscape gardening is only painting under another name—using the covering of Mother Earth for canvas, and the flowers and trees for pigments—a sort of gigantic fresco-work turned upside down. She discourses learnedly on the theme in a volume entitled *Art Out of Doors*,* and shows that she has as good a notion of "the house beautiful" as any professor of Early English or Cinquecento, as far at least as the outside is concerned.

Max O'Rell is always entertaining, if he be not always safe as a guide in national characteristics. A new volume from his pen, with the title *English Pharisees, French Crocodiles, and other Anglo-French Typical Characters*,† is just out. Friend Max is a shrewd fellow who has a comical knack of taking things by the wrong end, but he is never ill-natured. In his address to Brother Jonathan he tells that vague personage that he is a dear friend and a delightful fellow. Who could refrain from reading his book after this neat little introduction? The blunders of such a vivacious personage are just as entertaining as his accidentally accurate hits, and he laughs at those who point them out, or tries to heap coals of fire on them as he does with George Augustus Sala. "He is as full of blunders as an egg is full of meat," writes Sala. "Sala is the brightest literary man alive," rejoins Max, and laughs immensely at his home-thrust; but he is mistaken if he thinks the veteran story-teller likely to take this otherwise than *au grand serieux*. It is idle to expect Max to mend his ways in jumbling up his "types." He is too long addicted to the English habit of ticketing the best Irish wit as English goods, and crediting Ireland with the rubbish, such as Sir Boyle Roche's, to expect any amendment. In classifying Sheridan and other such Irishmen of Irish genius as English, and flinging at poor Paddy the imaginary personage full of bulls and Yorkshire vowels who stands for the Irishman in the

* *Art Out of Doors.* By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *English Pharisees, French Crocodiles, and other Anglo-French Typical Characters.* By Max O'Rell. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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English "comic" papers, he only proves the ingrained character of a vicious early training; his error arises from sheer ignorance, not from any spirit of pure "cussedness." He intends only to amuse—not to pain; hence he is forgiven.

Another volume of the same series is a story of English life by Mrs. Parr, under the title of *The Squire.** It is one of the old-fashioned style of novels, conventional in plot and pleasant in narrative, without any pretensions to brilliancy. There is a strong suggestion of the late Anthony Trollope in its flavor, *minus* some of that writer's virility in putting disagreeable things —a fault which a good many readers will not be unwilling to condone.

We are sorry to see B. L. Farjeon falling back on the ghost story. Knowing how pleasantly he can write on topics which need no supernatural explication, it is a pity that he should deem it essential to dramatic effect to introduce such an old and often clumsy device. He makes, too, a large draft upon our credulity when he asks us to believe that "the harmless necessary cat" has power to turn hobgoblin when defunct. A spectre tabby plays a very important part in his new novel, *The Last Tenant*,† and the cheerful adjuncts of a murder and suicide, discovered and perpetrated mostly through the agency of the uncanny feline, and related in the author's most delightfully breezy manner, fill up the bill. Midsummer ghost stories are a new *divertissement;* in less progressive times they usually delayed their advent until the winter festival season. But the world moves along, and we must move with it, whether we will or no; and we must fain be content.

The Messrs. Benziger have just issued a pretty little volume of *Five o'Clock Stories*‡ for children. They are touching and instructive little anecdotes, told in a way likely to win the hearts of the children and set them thinking on deeds of bravery and devotion performed in olden days for God's love and for humanity—some of them legendary, some having a real foundation. They are sure to be acceptable to the world of little people for whom they are intended.

Some useful as well as amusing facts and anecdotes pertaining to past Irish Parliaments§ are given in a work by J. Roderick

* *The Squire.* By Mrs. Parr. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *The Last Tenant.* By B. L. Farjeon. Ibid.

‡ *Five o'Clock Stories; or, The Old Tales Told Again.* By S. H. C. J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

§ *Annals, Anecdotes, Traits, and Traditions of the Irish Parliaments,* 1172 *to* 1800. By J. Roderick O'Flanagan, B.L. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

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O'Flanagan, B.L., an Irish gentleman who has often given the world some readable things in various walks of Irish life. A good series of historical sketches of the early parliaments of the Pale in Ireland, as well as the more representative ones of later centuries, occupy the first half of the volume, and these will be found of much value to students in search of authentic information on the legislative transactions of those nebulous parliamentary days. The anecdotes and personal sketches which abound at the end of the volume are not all trite. But the author will hardly make his book popular in Ireland by referring to Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the '98 leaders as "traitors" engaged in "abominable" plots. Few men of his cloth in Ireland were ever able to grasp the meaning of the sacrifices made by such "traitors," or realize the nobility of their characters.

It is easy enough to speculate on a subject which admits of no demonstrable test, and some people take a keen delight in this sort of harmless amusement. In a work called *The World of the Unseen:* An Essay on the Relation of Higher Space to Things Eternal,* by Arthur Willink, we are invited into the world of conjecture and asked to agree with certain postulates concerning the spiritual nature of things divine and hidden, and many other abstruse questions which in old times exercised the minds of heretical Christians and earlier believers in a supreme power. The work contains a good deal of theosophical jargon, and seems the production of a person in a very puzzled state of mind, who has nothing more useful to do than reveal his bewilderment to a practical and somewhat unsympathetic world.

From the press of Longmans, Green & Co. we have a very valuable text-book on biology† by Mr. John Bidgood, B.Sc., F.L.S. It is a comprehensive treatise on the whole life of the animal and vegetable kingdom, full of clear and practical information, and eminently suitable for the use of advanced teachers.

Taking into account the unique significance of the celebration at Chicago, it is rather surprising that so little poetical work of a class befitting the theme has as yet appeared. It is not for lack of genius that such a dearth has prevailed; there are many amongst our aspirants for the bays who are qualified to essay the task. Mr. Louis James Block is one of those who makes a bid for fame, in a work which he has dedicated to the

* *The World of the Unseen.* By Arthur Willink. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† *A Course of Practical Elementary Biology.* By John Bidgood, B.Sc., F.L.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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women of America, and to which he gives the Spanish title, *El Nuevo Mundo.** It is a composition in four parts, of about thirty cantos each, following somewhat the construction of the ode in its metre. The verse is stately and full of masculine strength, while the method and phraseology would seem to indicate that Shelley's style had left its impression on the writer's mind. That unreasoning hatred of the church and creed whose soldier Columbus was, which blinds so many of our best intellects, leaves its serpent trail, we regret to note, over this otherwise admirable work, and so lessens its value immensely as a literary offering at a great shrine. The true poet is a man of larger ken; and until Mr. Block is able to emancipate himself from the fetters of a wretched narrowness he cannot hope to rise to the level of true poetic excellence. To give a metrical rendering of vulgar slanders and hackneyed shibboleths is surely no noble ambition. Apart from these too-often recurring blemishes, one cannot deny the merit displayed throughout the poem, or the dignity with which the lyrist has treated his theme.

A fine allegorical work, full of rich glow and passionate fibre, is called forth, probably, by the same event, from the pen of Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood. She calls it *Dream of the Ages*,† and presents it to us in a multiform robe of verse, sparkling with rich fancies. Very facile is the flow of her lines, somewhat sensuous in its richness, rapid and dazzling in its change of sentiment. Many of the ideas show great power of crystallization and poetical epigram. Now the measure is light and vivacious, anon grave, stately, and sonorous. The mutations which have swept over this continent in the past centuries are gone through in a series of fine allegories, and a number of pictorial illustrations of some merit are interspersed, but they seem to impart weakness instead of strength to the song, so vivid is the word-painting.

A very timely and helpful work has just been published by Rev. Peter J. Cullen, rector of St. James's Church, Liberty, Mo., under the title *A Guide to the True Faith.*‡ To those who have had little time to study the genesis of a belief in a divinity from the earliest times down to the Christian period, it is invaluable for its succinct retrospect; to the student of Christian

* *El Nuevo Mundo.* By Louis James Block. Chicago: Charles Kerr & Co.

† *Dream of the Ages.* By Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Washington, D. C.: The *National Tribune.*

‡ *A Guide to the True Faith.* By Rev. Peter J. Cullen. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

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polemics it is still more valuable. Clearness of statement and felicity of style are conspicuous marks of the little volume throughout. It is published under the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Gibbons and Most Rev. Dr. Hogan, Bishop of Kansas.

Christian Reid's story *A Little Maid of Arcady* * is now presented as a book, in a very tasteful binding. The tale is a powerful one, dramatic in its unfolding, artistic in its treatment, and full of good purpose. The writer's well-known mastery of the art of description is revealed in several fine scenes, and the knowledge of human nature, as exhibited in the different characters, is no merely ancillary aid to the production of a work which deserves high rank amongst the best efforts of our day. The character of the "Little Maid" is a very fine creation.

A story on that thrice-told tale, the French Revolution, is essayed by Mrs. Corballis, under the name of *Raoul de Bérignan.*† As far as the plan and incident of the narrative are concerned, it is natural and simple enough; as to the style, it is conspicuous for the absence of any—somewhat like the Doric order of architecture.

## I.—DONN PIATT'S POSTHUMOUS NOVEL.‡

This is a posthumous work. We could wish that it had been published while its author, an amiable, scholarly, and Christian gentleman, was yet living, that he might repent of having written it, and himself burn it at the stake. We think he would surely have done so after seeing, under the light of friendly criticism, how unworthy it is of his honored name. It has been a disagreeable task to read enough of it to pass a just judgment upon it. We judge it to be unfit for publication. It offends good literary taste, being sophomoric in style, with wretched attempts at humor that are only successful in being vulgar. It offends the social proprieties and Christian morals. For the justice of the former charge we cannot do better than refer our readers to an article in *Belford's Magazine*, February, 1889, evidently from the pen of the present author, then its literary editor, wherein he reviews and vigorously damns such novels as *The Quick and the Dead.* How he himself could afterwards deliberately sit down and compose a novel based on the expo-

**A Little Maid of Arcady.* By Christian Reid. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

† *Raoul de Bérignan.* By Mrs. Corballis. London: Burns & Oates.

‡ *The Reverend Melancthon Poundex:* A Novel. By Donn Piatt. Chicago: Robert T. Belford.

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sure of alleged adulteries passes our comprehension. That it outrages Christian morals is sufficiently shown by his taking the characters of his story from real life, and attributing to persons, some dead and others still living and well known in the community, shocking crimes of which they have never been accused. Even if the author knew, by private information, the truth of these things, it is a most revolting sin against Christian morals to divulge them. True, he does not give the real names of the persons whose right to enjoy their publicly unsullied reputation he has so ruthlessly trampled upon; but, though the fictitious names he uses were only A, B, and C, we venture to say he has so distinctly pointed out the originals thus traduced that any reader at all acquainted with notable social events of the last twenty years would not fail of recognizing the persons intended.

The publisher, who is also the owner, has thrust upon the literary table a book which every self-respecting man, who also should feel that the defence of the honor of his fellow-citizens is the defence of his own, ought to fling into the gutter.

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## 2.—A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN UPPER CANADA.*

A monumental work of more than ordinary interest is the volume which testified of the late jubilee of the Archdiocese of Toronto. The story of the Catholicizing of Canada is surrounded by all the halo of romance, but its facts so far have been hidden away from the ken of the outside world. It is one long epic of heroic daring, of sublime endurance, of steadfast constancy to the pole-star of Catholic faith; and in this noble volume the names and deeds of many famous actors in the drama are recorded in a lasting shape. It was produced upon the occasion of the silver jubilee of his Grace, Archbishop Walsh, its editor being Rev. J. R. Teefy, of St. Michael's College. The research, assiduity, and erudition demanded for the production of such a work were great indeed, and deserving of the highest praise. Its value is enhanced by the introduction of many portraits of notable personages connected with the archdiocese, and many other engravings. The work is produced in a very high style of art by George T. Dixon, of Toronto.

* *The Archdiocese of Toronto and Archbishop Walsh.* By Rev. J. R. Teefy. Toronto: George T. Dixon.

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# EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE eyes of the whole world were riveted upon Chicago during the past month. Conformably to the prearrangement, the great Exposition was opened there on the 1st of May, by the President of the United States, under circumstances of memorable impressiveness. For a week previous to the ceremony preparatory *fêtes* had made New York a scene of brilliancy and international pomp. The war vessels of the United States and the great maritime powers of Europe and the South American Republics joined in a grand demonstration in honor of the event, and were reviewed by President Cleveland.

It is no exaggeration to say that no such marine spectacle was ever before witnessed on American waters. To behold all those gigantic agencies of destruction marshalled in a common demonstration in honor of peace and progress was something to cause the world to marvel. To add to the suggestiveness of the paradox, the armed men of all the ships, save the Spanish, in answer to an invitation from the New York authorities, landed and paraded the streets. They made a gallant show, and were received by the thronging multitudes with the most unaffected enthusiasm.

To show how completely time has effaced all bitter memories, the English admiral's ship displayed, in the course of the nocturnal illuminations, a portrait of Washington in outlines of light, and the bands of the United States armaments played the English national anthem over and over again with noble emulation. These are strange incidents, but they are acceptable as gracious auguries for the future relations between Great Britain and the mighty Republic which was once her sadly misgoverned colony. The flight of such birds of war to the shores of peace may be taken as the augury for the foundation of that new empire of civilization which may have its beginning at Chicago.

In the high political world the theme of intensest speculation has been the visit of the German Emperor and Empress to his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. The interview lasted for a considerable time, and was not brought about until a programme of the topics for discussion had been arranged with Cardinal Rampolla. Those who profess the art of political clairvoyancy

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have given detailed versions of what took place at the important meeting, but all these may be taken for what they are worth.

It must be borne in mind that the ostensible object of the kaiser in visiting Rome was to do honor to the King of Italy, but in fact what the emperor desired above all things was the passage of his Army Bill; and if all the world infers that his object in visiting the Sovereign Pontiff was to endeavor to procure some support from his Holiness for his bellicose preparations rather than the spread of the gospel of peace, Kaiser William ought not to wonder. He belongs to a dynasty which has always endeavored to rule through the Prussian grenadier, and if he finds that sitting on bayonets is an uncomfortable operation he is not likely to find much relief from a journey to the Vatican. The saintly prisoner there has shown him a better way of winning the obedience of his subjects, if he would only profit by it.

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The true significance of the Columbian celebration for the people of the United States was happily pointed out by the Papal Delegate, Monsignor Satolli, in the course of a singularly felicitous address on Sunday, May 14, at West Hoboken. The archbishop's visit was connected with the ceremony of unveiling the statue of St. Aloysius at St. Michael's Monastery there, and in order to do honor to the occasion the Passionist Fathers had invited a very large number of distinguished guests. The deep sympathy with American sentiment with which the delegate is imbued manifested itself all through the major passages of his discourse upon St. Aloysius, especially in the prelude dwelling upon the discovery of America and its important results.

The progressive spirit of American civilization is an influence that thrills the whole universe, and in no department of modern polity is that spirit more active, more effective, more stimulative to still nobler effort than among American Catholics. Monsignor Satolli has seen how sensitively the Catholic Church is in touch with the people here, and his impressions shine vividly through his address. His presence as the special representative of the wise and practical Pontiff, Leo XIII., is a proof that even so far as the Vatican that influence is profoundly felt, and those who are charged with the high duty of guiding the destinies of this mighty nation must feel that with such counsellors as allies and helpers they are laying the foundations of future peace and prosperity broad and sure.

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# NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*Manual of the Holy Family.* By Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F. *New Month of the Sacred Heart.* From the French, by a Sister of the Visitation, Baltimore. *The Devout Year.* By Rev. Richard Clarke, S.J.

DAILY INVESTIGATOR OFFICE, New York:

*The Conquest of Mexico and Peru.* By Kinahan Cornwallis.

M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin:

*Annals, Anecdotes, Traits, and Traditions of the Irish Parliaments, 1172 to 1800.* By J. Roderick O'Flanagan, B.L.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

*The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170.* By W. M. Ramsay, M.A.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

*The Roman Vesperal,* for the use of Catholic Choirs and School Children. By Rev. John B. Jung. *History of the Church.* By Rev. J. A. Burkhauser. Third edition.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

*May Blossoms in Honor of the Blessed Mother of God.* By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Fifth revised edition. *A Marriage of Reason.* By Maurice F. Egan.

BURNS & OATES, London:

*The Primer of Church Latin.* By René F. R. Conder, B.A. Oxon. *Saturday dedicated to Mary.* From the Italian of Father Cabrini, S.J., by Father Clark, S.J.

RUGBY PRESS, Philadelphia:

*Tusculum Periodicum Latino-Græcum.* Ser. I., fasc. I.

CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

*Homes in City and Country.* By Russell Sturgis, John W. Root, Bruce Price, Donald G. Mitchell, Samuel Parsons, Jr., W. A. Linn.

HAMILTON PRESS, Topeka:

*Eighth Biennial Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture.*

LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:

*L'Eglise Catholique et la Liberté aux Etats-Unis.* Par le Vicomte de Meaux.

CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

*Prince Hermann, Regent.* (*Les Rois en 1900.*) Translated from the French of Jules Lemaitre by Belle M. Sherman. *Under the Great Seal.* By Joseph Hatton.

## PAMPHLETS.

*De Juridico Valore Decreti.*

*Questions and Objections concerning Catholic Doctrine and Practices.* Arranged by John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto. Boston: Pilot Publishing Company.

*Fifteenth Annual Report of the Providence Public Library.* Providence, R. I.: The Providence Press.

*First Annual Report of St. Raphael's Italian Benevolent Society.* Rev. Fr. P. Bandini, 113 Waverley Place, New York.

*Advice to Parents.* By a Priest of the Diocese of Kansas City. Kansas City: John A. Halmann.

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# THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Regents of the University of the State of New York granted an absolute charter February 9, 1893, by virtue of which the CATHOLIC SUMMER-SCHOOL has a legal existence as a corporation, under the laws of the State of New York, and is classified within the system of public instruction devoted to University Extension. By this charter from the Board of Regents many advantages are secured for students preparing for examinations, besides the legal privileges which could be obtained in no other way. In the official documents relating to the charter ample guarantees are given that the object for which the Catholic Summer-School was organized shall be steadily kept in view, and the good work continued according to the plans approved by its founders and trustees. The recent election of Right Rev. F. McNeirny, D.D., Bishop of Albany, to fill the place formerly occupied by Hon. Francis Kernan in the Board of Regents, is a further indication that Catholic Educational Institutions will have an official protector.

The official prospectus of the Catholic Summer-School for session of 1893, to be held at Plattsburgh, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, July 15 to August 6, gives the list of trustees as follows:

Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., *President*, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, *First Vice-President*, New York City; George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., *Second Vice-President*, New London, Conn.; Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., *Treasurer*, Worcester, Mass.; Warren E. Mosher, *Secretary*, Youngstown, Ohio; Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Pittsburgh, Pa.; John H. Haaren, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., *Chairman Board of Studies*, New York City; George E. Hardy, New York City; William J. Moran, *Secretary of Executive Committee*, New York City; John P. Brophy, LL.D., St. Louis College, New York City; Brother Azarias, De La Salle Institute, New York City; Rev. F. P. Siegfried, Overbrook, Pa.; William R. Claxton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Walter P. Gough, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Thomas P. Joynt, New London, Conn.; Rev. John F. Mullaney, Syracuse, N. Y.; Hon. John D. Crimmins, New York City; Major John Byrne, New York City; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Boston, Mass.; J. M. Mertens, Syracuse, N. Y.; Hon. John B. Riley, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

An impartial observer has declared that New London, Conn., was in August, 1892, the scene of an experiment watched with more than common interest by Catholics of the entire country, and the successful outcome of which was greeted with hearty applause by all having at heart the cause of higher Catholic education. The results of that experiment show beyond the possibility of a doubt that the project for a Catholic Summer-School meets the unqualified approval of the Catholic body throughout the United States, and is on the high road to a well-merited success. Within a year it has developed from the embryo state, and is now firmly established. The venture has been successful beyond the most sanguine hopes of its promoters.

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OBJECT OF THE SUMMER-SCHOOL.

Briefly stated, the object of the Catholic Summer-School is to increase the facilities for busy people as well as for those of leisure to pursue lines of study in various departments of knowledge by providing opportunities of getting instruction from eminent specialists. It is not intended to have the scope of the work limited to any class, but rather to establish an intellectual centre where any one with serious purpose may come and find new incentives to efforts for self-improvement. Here in the leisure of a summer vacation, without great expense, one may listen to the best thought of the world, condensed and presented by unselfish masters of study. The opportunity thus provided of combining different classes of students for mutual improvement will be most acceptable to professors and lecturers who wish to have an appreciative audience to enjoy with them the fruits of the latest research in history, literature, natural science, and other branches of learning. All these branches of human learning are to be considered in the light of Christian truth, according to Cardinal Newman's declaration: "Truth is the object of knowledge of whatever kind; and truth means facts and their relations. Religious truth is not only a portion, but a condition of knowledge. To blot it out is nothing short of unravelling the web of university teaching."

THE SESSION OF 1892.

It has been estimated that the audience present for each lecture given at New London averaged through three weeks about five hundred; and the total number of people attending during that period was about fifteen hundred. Each day of the session of 1892 brought new representatives of the clergy and laity, many having changed their plans for summer vacation to make a trip to New London. The Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D., Archbishop of New York, made a personal visit and gave his blessing to all connected with the Summer-School. The Bishop of Hartford, Right Rev. L. S. McMahon, D.D., expressed on several occasions his unfailing interest in the movement, besides attending many of the lectures. So far as his official engagements would permit, he was delighted to be with his "fellow-students" at the Summer-School.

THE SESSION OF 1893.

The citizens of Plattsburgh, New York, are preparing to give a royal welcome to the Summer-School for the session of 1893, extending from July 15 to August 6 inclusive. Very Rev. T. E. Walsh, V.G., has kindly consented to arrange for the religious services in his magnificent new church, where a series of eloquent discourses will be delivered morning and evening on the following Sundays: July 16, 23, 30, and August 6. Right Rev. H. Gabriels, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg, has manifested an active interest in the success of the Summer-School from the day of the first meeting, and accompanied the committee appointed to visit the beautiful islands of the St. Lawrence in search of a site. By his permission the sisters of the religious communities devoted to teaching in his diocese are authorized to attend the lectures. Besides giving his counsel to the officers of the Summer-School at the meeting held April 6 at Plattsburgh, Bishop Gabriels has written this letter for publication to the Chairman of the Board of Studies:



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BISHOP'S HOUSE,

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., April 25, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER MCMILLAN: I take great pleasure in assuring you that the Catholic Summer-School will be most welcome in the diocese of Ogdensburg. Since the announcement that it is to be permanently located on our great Catholic Lake of Champlain, I have received warm congratulations from many parts of the United States and Canada on the honor and benefit which we shall derive from the establishment among our people of this powerful means of progress in religion and knowledge. You have for its success my fullest sympathy, and, where it can be of any good, my hearty co-operation.

With best wishes I am

Yours in Christ,

✠ H. GABRIELS,
*Bishop of Ogdensburg.*

THE BOARD OF STUDIES.

Five trustees constitute the Board of Studies, as follows: Rev. Thomas McMillan, Chairman; Rev. F. P. Siegfried; Brother Azarias; John H. Haaren, and George E. Hardy, Secretary. To this Board has been assigned the task of arranging the list of lecturers for the session of 1893. With a view to sustain the interest of all who attended the session last year at New London, it was decided to select an entirely new list of subjects for the coming session at Plattsburgh. The following lectures are to be delivered during the

FIRST WEEK, JULY 17 to 21.

Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University, Ind., five lectures on Science in relation to Religion.

Rev. J. A. Doonan, S.J., of Boston College, Mass., four lectures on Mental Philosophy.

Other lectures assigned are: Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D., of the Paulist Fathers, New York; subject: Authenticity of the Gospels; Thomas H. Cummings, of Boston, Mass.; subject: Columbus and the Discovery of America; Helena T. Goessmann, of Amherst, Mass.; subject: Indebtedness of America to Isabella the Catholic; Agnes L. Sadlier, of New York; subject: Women of the American Revolution; Donald Downie, of Montreal, Canada; subject: New France and Old France.

SECOND WEEK, JULY 24 to 28.

Brother Azarias, of De La Salle Institute, New York, five lectures on Educational Epochs.

Richard Malcolm Johnston, of Baltimore, Md., five lectures on Studies among Famous Authors.

One lecture from each of the following: Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, New York; subject: Catholic Educational Institutions; Rev. Daniel J. O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, Vt.; subject: Lake Champlain and its Discoverer; Rev. W. Livingston, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.; subject: Life and Lyric Poetry of Longfellow; George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., of New London, Conn.; subject: Genius and Society.

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THIRD WEEK, JULY 31 TO AUGUST 4.

Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, five lectures on Ethical Problems.

Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, of New York, three lectures on Science and Miracles at Lourdes.

Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., editor of the *Catholic School and Home Magazine*, of Worcester, Mass., two lectures—on Celtic Literature and Irish Writers in English Literature.

Also lectures from Brother Potamian (Dr. O'Reilly), of the College of the Christian Brothers, London, Eng., on Electricity and Magnetic Phenomena. Rev. L. F. Kearney, O.P., of Somerset, Ohio; subject: What we owe to the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY COMMITTEE.

To provide more adequately for the interests of women at the Summer-School a committee was appointed to act in conjunction with the Board of Studies. For the year 1893 the members of this committee are: Miss K. G. Broderick, Miss A. T. Horgan, of New York; Miss E. A. Cronyn, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss E. Gaffney, of Rochester, N. Y.; and Miss E. A. McMahon, Secretary, 223 Gold St., South Boston, Mass., to whom all information for the Women's Committee should be sent.

It is suggested, on behalf of the committee representing women's interests in the Catholic Summer-School, that each Reading Circle throughout the country at the earliest possible time devote one meeting to a talk about the coming session at Plattsburgh, and to secure the attendance of at least one representative. Some from Circles already firmly established can tell how the obstacles which arose at the start were overcome: others from Circles yet struggling can find solutions for various questions, and encouragement to persevere. Those who are anxious to organize, but may not know how to begin, will receive the necessary information. All will be sharers in the enthusiasm which such a meeting will develop, and will return to their homes with renewed energy to continue the work of Reading Circles.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

In addition to the course of lectures on Educational Epochs to be given by Brother Azarias, at the Catholic Summer-School, it is proposed to hold a series of conferences on Method and the application of the principles of Method to the teaching of the various subjects in the school curriculum. These conferences should be of practical interest, and free from any formal limitations; so as to allow scope for short, lively, and pointed talks. There should be a free interchange of views, and teachers should not hesitate to give the results of their experience.

Those desiring to participate will confer a favor on the undersigned by communicating with him, indicating the topics in which they will be most interested, and conveying such advice and information as will conduce to the success of the conferences.

J. H. HAAREN,
*Chairman Committee on Teachers' Conferences,*
390 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Besides the fourteen lectures every week of the session it is arranged to hold

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a series of receptions on Friday afternoons as follows: Sunday-school Teachers July 21st, Rev. Thomas McMillan, Director of St. Paul's Sunday-school, New York, presiding; Catholic Editors and Writers July 28th, George E. Hardy, Chairman of Press Committee of Catholic Summer-School for session of 1893, presiding; Catholic Reading Circles August 4th, Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, President of Catholic Educational Union, presiding. Points for discussion to be furnished by Warren E. Mosher, Editor of the *Reading Circle Review*. Authors' Night July 27th, on the occasion of lecture by George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., on Genius and Society.

Notable articles of special interest to all intending to go to the Summer-School will be found in its official organ, the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, published at Youngstown, Ohio.

The editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD has kindly consented to give the use of the plates for the reproduction of the article which is appended to the Prospectus, entitled "The New Home of the Summer-School at Plattsburgh."

Much of the material for the Prospectus has been selected from the able article on the Catholic Summer-School, its beginning and its prospects, by George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., published April, 1893, in *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

The railroads in Trunk-Line territory making reduction of one full fare and a third to Summer-School are: The Delaware & Hudson; Addison & Pennsylvania; Allegheny Valley; Baltimore & Ohio (Parkersburg, Bellaire, and Wheeling, and east thereof); Baltimore & Potomac; *Bennington & Rutland; Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh; Camden & Atlantic; Central of New Jersey; *Central Vermont; Chautauqua Lake (for business to points in Trunk Line territory); Chesapeake & Ohio (Charleston, W. Va., and east thereof); Cumberland Valley; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; Elmira, Cortland & Northern; Fall Brook Coal Co.; *Fitchburg; Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville; *Grand Trunk; Lehigh Valley; New York Central & Hudson River (Harlem Division excepted); New York, Lake Erie & Western (Buffalo, Dunkirk, and Salamanca, and east thereof); New York, Ontario & Western; New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk; Northern Central; Pennsylvania; Philadelphia & Erie; Philadelphia & Reading; Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore; Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg; Western New York & Pennsylvania; West Jersey; West Shore; Wilmington & Northern.

Information concerning the Catholic Summer-School may be obtained in three places: Write to Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio, for tickets and railroad rates. Ticket for full course, 42 lectures, $5.00; ticket for ten lectures, $2.00.

On matters relating to Board of Studies, write to Rev. Thomas McMillan, 415 West 59th Street, New York City.

For boarding arrangements, write to William T. Burleigh, Secretary of Local Committee, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

* * *

* Only for business originating at, or destined to, stations on the direct lines of these roads between Troy, N. Y., and Montreal, Can.

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Corpus is in Oxidized Silver Plate.

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RT. REV. FRANCIS SILAS CHATARD, D.D.,

*Bishop of Vincennes.*

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## THE BRUTE-SOUL.

ANY one who will attentively study matter and its properties will often see many wonderful things. Some of these will astonish him, and perhaps overthrow all his preconceived notions. They will set him to theorizing, make him think that after all matter is not inert; that inertness is an idea and nothing more. He will perhaps throw over the atomic conception of matter, and regard material substance as a collection of simple essences with power to act—a force. Yet whatever theory one may adopt as most fitting in his view to explain phenomena which, after all, cannot be adequately explained, there are certain things he cannot ignore, which are fixed facts, and laws that induction has made known to us from the study of the facts. These facts and laws are: first, that matter does not *move* unless a force moves it; "if matter moves," says Professor Tyndall, "it is force that moves it"; second, that chemical action produces movement in particles and new combinations; third, that in these changes heat, and electricity and light sometimes also, are evolved; fourth, that endosmosis and exosmosis, absorption and exhalation, are constantly going on, and in a regular manner, with fixed law; fifth, that the same can be said of expansion and contraction; sixth, that all these movements "may be reduced to a push or a pull in a straight line" (Tyndall, *Familiar Science*); and, should there be an apparent contradiction from objects moving in a curve, this is, as we all know, from a contrast of forces, the resultant being the diagonal. Whatever, therefore, be our theory of matter, it cannot be said

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to enter practically into our consideration of it, for we have to do with its constant and unvarying manifestations, to which all experience bears witness; such, for example, as inability to move of itself—inertness, impenetrability, gravitation, etc.

In the lower order of matter, in what is inorganic, we notice most markedly the existence of these facts and laws; even in crystallization, so beautiful and so wonderful, we can to some extent explain what occurs to bring about these delicate formations.

### WHAT IS THIS SOMETHING?

But when we come to organic matter, then we begin to find what passes our comprehension; we recognize the existence and the application of the laws of matter, under which we can class the greater part of the phenomena. But there is something more than that. There is peculiar development of matter which is not chemical action; there is something back of matter which gives rise to new combination and development; there is something which moves matter, and is a principle of movement. It exists in the vegetable, in the animal, in man; it is self-moving. What is this something? It is not matter, for it shows a tendency to act of itself with a purpose, avoiding what is hurtful and seeking what is beneficial—to act, as we may say, intelligently. This is seen even in plants; it is observed yet more markedly in the lower forms of life; it is evident in the higher forms of the brute creation. We therefore exclude from the idea of it all notion of matter; we conceive of it as free from all composition, as being a simple essence, which, not being matter, is bound down to matter and has its sphere limited to matter, taking it up, appropriating and developing it, according to the tendency given by its Author.

Does this imply that such simple essence is in any sense material? The question is not an idle one. One comes across every now and then the proposition: "The brute-soul is material." St. Thomas Aquinas and others who follow him have this phrase, or the equivalent of it. We must see, however, what they mean by it; for unless we understand the mode of speech of these writers and theologians, we shall undoubtedly be led astray. Fortunately St. Thomas is very clear in telling us what he means. San Severino, who explains this wording of St. Thomas, quotes him as saying: "Everything whose being is in matter must be material." Hence, as the soul of the

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brute has its being in matter, he styles it material; moreover, as its actions show what it is, and those actions are material, it is material too. Again, as it owes its being to matter as a condition, and ceases to exist when the matter of the body is destroyed, it follows that it is material. Yet in speaking in this way St. Thomas does not intend to teach that the soul of the brute is composed of matter. On the contrary, he says it is not. San Severino shows this very pointedly (p. 374, vol. ii.), and that it is indivisible, or simple; and he quotes St. Thomas as saying that the soul of the brute can, in some manner, be called a spirit, as that word signifies an invisible substance with power to move. He holds, however, to the idea of material in the sense, first, of the soul of the brute being educed from the potentiality or possibility of matter; second, of its action being bound down to matter and inseparable from it; third, of its ceasing to be when the body it animated is destroyed.

## HOW DOES IT COME OUT OF MATTER?

According, therefore, to St. Thomas, the brute-soul is simple and cannot be perceived by the senses, but comes out of matter, and ceases to be when the matter is destroyed. How does it come out of matter? What is to be understood by the phrase "it is educed from the potentiality of matter"? This is an interesting question, and suggests others. Let us see whither our thoughts will lead us. To understand the above phrase, or proposition, it is well to recall the definition of creation given by the scholastics: it is an act by which something comes into being from nothing of itself, something is made out of nothing, nor did the subject, in which it is, previously exist —*ex nihilo sui et subjecti.* This, of course, requires direct actual exercise of Divine Power, and is called properly creation. But where the subject, in which the soul is to be, previously exists, *i.e.*, matter, determining the action of the soul which comes into being only for it, the act, by which this brute-soul is, has not the name of creation. We confess that this way of looking at the manner in which the soul of the brute, of everything that moves itself, comes into being does not claim our unconditional acceptance.* The brute-soul is acknowledged to have simpli-

* Why should this be predicated of the brute-soul and not of the human soul? Is not the mode of production the same?

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city, and, in a certain sense, the nature of a spirit. It would appear that the only part matter could have in the existence of the vivifying principle, the soul, is that it is in a fit condition to receive it and be developed into a composite substance, body and soul. The reason is that matter cannot give what it has not—simplicity, self-movement, life; it is inert. Therefore, if anything exists having simplicity, movement, life, or power to produce a living organism, it must come from the act of the Creator, willing its existence. That act was one in the beginning, entitatively, as the metaphysicians say; but its multifold effects are in time, and are conditioned on the state of matter; terminatively the act is multifold—but still the direct act of the Creator.

This view is more or less held, as those familiar with this matter know, by a number of able metaphysicians. In the manner in which we have here put it, it seems to us to lead the way to reconciling the conflicting thoughts of those who do not believe in evolution and those Christian writers who do believe in it. Although we are not of those who agree with the latter, but hold, with Agassiz and Virchow, that not only is Darwin's theory not proven, not only that the missing link is wanting, but that the theory itself of man's evolution from other lower animal life is unsound; in our judgment it is possible to conceive a mode of coming into existence which to some extent justifies a Christian in holding to the theory of evolution in a modified sense; the manner in which it is understood by Darwin and the materialistic and pantheistic schools of to-day being excluded. We therefore here endeavor to explain evolution in a Christian sense; as coming, that is, by the will of an omnipotent Creator—God. St. Augustine, in treating of the six days of creation, advances his theory of the potentiality of matter. In the beginning God created heaven and earth; that is—as the Council of the Vatican has it—the spiritual and the material. That act, as the African doctor explains it, gave to matter a power to develop the germs of everything that is material. All this was contained in this initial act. In process of time the different orders of beings were to come into existence. This theory we can admit. But the theory does not explain how this potentiality of matter becomes actual. Is it by an inherent efficacy of matter, or is it by the placing in relation with matter a principle which causes matter to take on peculiar development? We feel persuaded that, had St. Augustine lived at this day, he would have answered: matter cannot produce or cause spirit to

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exist; for it cannot give what it has not. But, he would go on to say, matter by general laws having by successive stages reached certain conditions adapted to animal life—the anima, the spirit, or the soul, by the antecedent act of the Creator calling spirit into being from the beginning, sprang into existence from nothing to act in matter, to take it up, to develop it, to be its form, the substantial form by which it is what it is—an insect, a reptile, a fish, a bird, or a man—each requiring its own substantial form, distinct and differing from the rest.

## THE FORM IS NOT OF MATTER.

This form is not of matter. There is possibility of its existence in matter; and if it is to be only sentient and not spiritual or intellectual, it will be in a certain sense material, inasmuch as its operations are limited to matter. We go further: we think St. Thomas would, did he live in these days, change his wording so as to remove the danger of his words being taken in a material sense, and say that the soul of the brute is educed from matter as a subject by divine power. That he meant it is clear to us, as we have shown above. In this sense, then, can the assertion that the theory of evolution is true be tolerated, namely: God having brought matter to such perfection as to render animal life possible, directly calls into being the soul which can take up and develop this perfected matter, so that the existence of such form or soul seems to depend on and follow from the condition of matter, while in reality antecedently it was directly willed by God and called into being by him from nothing, *ex nihilo sui.*

It will be seen at a glance that this theory, or explanation, denies the passage of one species into another. Such a thing has never been proved. If it appear otherwise, this comes from a want of knowledge of the possibilities of the form. The form which animates the larva of the gnat has a possibility of developing matter in the various stages of its existence; in like manner the form of the butterfly has its threefold possibility of development. But such forms remain material in the sense of being bound down to matter. Being material they do not and cannot pass to the intellectual order of being; and therefore, as Professor Dana has said, when it comes to man it is necessary for God to call into being a special existence, man's form, his spiritual soul, which, if we understand eduction from

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matter to be the possibility of matter being made to form the human body, might be said to be educed from the potentiality of matter, in the sense explained above. This, however, by no means excludes the absolute act of the Creator, without which the soul even of the brute could not exist, for the very simple reason that matter has no such qualities as simplicity and self-movement to impart. While, therefore, we would not quarrel with the Christian who explains evolution in this way, we feel it is much the safer, as the hypothesis of evolution has not been proven, to say that no species ever passes into another, even in such a way, but that every species is a separate creation of God, willed in the beginning and in time called into being by the direct act of God giving existence to the form which did not exist before, but which God now makes take hold of the matter. He has prepared for it. When evolutionists succeed in proving that one species passes into another, then it will be time to take up the question, and show that a higher form has been added to the simian body to make it the body of a human being. Such a passing of species they have not proven, nor, in our humble opinion, will they ever be able to prove it.

FRANCIS SILAS CHATARD.

*Indianapolis.*

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## THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE,

NOW from their turret gray and old,
Where call the swallows in the gloom,
The tender bells of eventide
Float out across the night's perfume;
The music from their throbbing throats
Stirs through the shadows like a flame,
And all the drowsing world grows glad
With love for holy one they name.
"Ste. Anne!" their mellow voices cry:
"Ste. Anne!" "La bonne Ste. Anne!"
"Ste. Anne!"

The far dim stretch of meadow grass
Is all a-glimmer with the dew,
Its shining drops fall soft as tears
When slips the evening zephyr through.
From out some mesh of soft brown blades,
A last, late thrush pipes low and sweet;
And once again the faithful bells
Their sacred melody repeat.
"Ste. Anne!" they murmur in reply:
"Ste. Anne!" "La bonne Ste. Anne!"
"Ste. Anne!"

Along the river's winding length
The tide is running fleet and white;
It drowns the reeds along the shore,
And hides the sandy bar from sight;
Vague sadness freights the misty air;
Night settles like a thing of woe;
And in their watch-tower high and still
The bells are swaying soft and slow.
"Ste. Anne!"—the faint notes break and die:
"Ste. Anne!" "La bonne Ste. Anne!"
"Ste. Anne!"

J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

*Woburn, Mass.*

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# A RECENT CONVERT'S PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

## I.

RELIGIOUS pilgrimage in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century doubtless appears to many as much of an anachronism as the revival of a mediæval miracle play. The substitution of a grip-sack and a Cook's ticket for the ancient staff and shell certainly seems to destroy the halo of romance which surrounds the pilgrim of former days. Though there was no organized American pilgrimage during the recent celebration of the Episcopal Jubilee of our Holy Father Leo XIII., there was at least one American pilgrim who reached the Eternal City. And though he travelled there in the company of the English Catholics and as a member of their pilgrimage, he nevertheless saw things with American eyes. How did such an old-world institution as a religious pilgrimage appear to a present-day Yankee, with two hundred and fifty years of New England Puritan ancestry behind him? To answer the justifiable curiosity which prompts that query is the object of the present paper.

Divergent in outward appearance and details of dress and custom as a modern pilgrimage may be when compared with those of former times, the underlying principles and motives are the same. To a Catholic who understands his faith there is nothing more incongruous in a pilgrimage to-day to shrines and holy places than there was five centuries ago. The dull brown robe, the staff and scrip and shell, may lend a picturesqueness to the ancient pilgrim which his modern successor lacks. But picturesque appearance is not piety; and though the present-day pilgrim pays his way, not begs it; though he travels in a prosaic railway carriage, instead of plodding along the highway with weary feet; still he may make the journey with the same faith, with the same desire for spiritual benefits, with the same reverence for holy places and holy things, and with the same blessings as his reward. Therefore to a devout Catholic there can be nothing strange in a modern pilgrimage. It is perfectly natural.

But some may be inclined to ask if there are not too many conveniences and comforts in modern travel. The ancient pil-

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grim could justly consider his journey a penance, and have some merit for bearing the necessary hardships in the right spirit. Were there any substitutes in this modern pilgrimage for the peas in the shoes of old? Yes, decidedly. It might be supposed that Messrs. Cook & Co., the tourist agents who managed the practical details of the railway travel, would have followed an ancient device and would have boiled our peas for us. But they did not quite succeed in doing so. With the very best of management and organization, five or six hundred people could scarcely travel together in one company, even in these days, without there being quite enough to try the temper and endurance. Sometimes we had extremely uncomfortable railway carriages, sometimes friends or families were separated and lost one another; luggage disappeared; one could perhaps find no room at a hotel, and was obliged to sleep where he could; twice a night was spent in a train which had no sleeping berths; meals were irregular and sometimes practically unobtainable. Of course an Englishman is an Englishman even on a pilgrimage, and he does not put up with inconveniences or mishaps in travelling with the equanimity with which his American cousin usually meets such things. The insular feeling would come out occasionally as he expressed his opinion of "these foreigners," assuring you that "if we were in England this wouldn't have happened." But grumbling does not suit a religious pilgrim, and was reduced to a minimum.

The English pilgrimage was undertaken at the request of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, and was organized by a committee of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, of which the Duke of Norfolk was chairman. The archbishop had outlined in his advent pastoral some of the objects for which the pilgrimage would be undertaken. It was to be a great public profession of faith in Jesus Christ and the supremacy of his vicar, who is the source of jurisdiction and the centre of unity in the church. It was also undertaken in order to obtain, through the prayers of St. Peter, a great outpouring of grace upon England. The pilgrims were to remind the apostle in their prayers of England's ancient faith, of her former obedience to his spiritual authority and the many pilgrimages to his shrine. They would beseech him to remember his own triple denial of his Master, and in pity obtain the gift of repentance for the nation that for three centuries has denied his faith. Again, the pilgrimage could be undertaken as an act of penance for sin. "According to the old penitentiaries, a pilgrimage to Rome was ranked

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among the greater canonical penances. Though a journey to Rome now is shorn of its former perils, there is still in it quite a sufficient demand for self-denial and for acts of patience and of kindness to make it a real penitential exercise." A not insignificant object also was to show personal veneration for Leo XIII., and gratitude for all that he has achieved for the Church during his glorious pontificate.

### DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

The English pilgrims were accompanied by the Scotch. The latter had a most impressive departure from Edinburgh. They gathered with their friends at the railway station, and before taking the train sang with great fervor the well-known hymn "Faith of our Fathers," after which they fell upon their knees and received the blessing of the Archbishop of Edinburgh. The occurrence made a great impression upon the crowd of onlookers, which numbered about a thousand.

The English pilgrims met at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, on the night of Monday, February 13, for a special sermon and blessing upon the pilgrimage. The occasion afforded a splendid example of what has been accomplished in England in the matter of congregational singing. The church was crowded, and the volume of sound from the full, rich English voices was remarkable and inspiring. The congregation sang with great devotion the English hymn "God bless our Pope," and also the "O Salutaris," the "Litany of the Blessed Virgin," and the "Tantum Ergo" at Benediction. Indeed it seems to be quite the rule in England for the people to take all or nearly all the singing at Benediction, and the heartiness and earnestness with which they offer this form of worship to God would justify the strongest language that has been used in favor of the introduction of congregational singing here.

The next morning a special pilgrimage train started at eleven o'clock from the Victoria station. The Archbishop of Westminster had provided a book of devotions for the journey. It was divided into three parts, to be said publicly as convenience allowed—the first in the earlier part of each day, the second at noon, and the third toward evening. Prayers for the conversion of England found a natural place in each part. Three times a day, therefore, all the way to Rome and on the return journey, there was presented the unusual spectacle of a whole trainful of people saying prayers, repeating the rosary, and singing hymns and litanies together. In each railway carriage some one was

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chosen to lead the devotions, generally a priest, if one was present; but if not, a layman.

As the pilgrimage was not confined to the members of some sodality or other association of the specially devout, but was open to every one, a fear had been expressed that it might take on too much the character of a holiday excursion. But, happily, such fears proved unfounded. The whole atmosphere was one of faith and devotion: a most refreshing atmosphere to a recent convert from Anglicanism accustomed in the past to find, in almost any collection of members of his own communion, varying degrees of doubt regarding the Christian faith, from the openly expressed rationalism of some to the denial of the Real Presence by an "Evangelical" brother, or the refusal of a High-Churchman to give to the Blessed Mother of God the honor which is her due. A few non-Catholics, including one young Anglican parson, had joined the pilgrimage, but they all seemed to have the good sense and taste to conform outwardly and avoid giving any offence to their Catholic friends and fellow-travellers.

### THE ENGLISH PEOPLE NATURALLY CATHOLIC.

In the whole-hearted fervor of these English pilgrims, in their *con amore* adhesion to the Catholic faith and thorough-going loyalty to the See of Peter, was furnished one of the refutations of that wide-spread idea which the logic of facts and the more impartial study of history have pretty well exploded. It used to be said that the Anglo-Saxon race was inherently Protestant and anti-Catholic, and once free from the "Roman yoke," there was no possibility of its ever becoming Catholic again. Most histories of the Reformation published previous to the present generation, and some that are still read, give one the idea that England became Protestant almost in a day, as it were, and never had any desire to return to the ancient faith. The reason given for this was that the English people were really anti-Catholic by nature and temperament, and it was accepted as beyond dispute that England was to be Protestant for ever. But the truth, long obscured by those who had an interest in doing so, has been brought to light. Previous to the religious revolution of three centuries ago there was no more Catholic country on the face of the globe than England. Her loyalty to the spiritual authority of the successor of St. Peter was notable, and so proverbial was her devotion to the Blessed Mother that England was known far and wide as "Mary's Dowry." The Eng-

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lish people were then, as they are still at heart, naturally Catholic. The essential spirit of Protestantism, which is doubt and unbelief, is not, and never was, theirs. They have by nature and temperament the spirit of religious faith, *i.e.*, the Catholic spirit. They did not wish to give up their ancient faith. *They were tricked out of it.* Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, though of strong Puritan sympathies himself, is obliged in his effort to be impartial to admit this fact. He shows that even in the reign of Elizabeth *three-fourths* of the English people desired the restoration of the Mass and the ancient religion, and when they rose in large numbers and demanded that these things be given back to them, that consummate liar of a sovereign sent word promising them everything until they quietly dispersed to their homes. Then she seized the military fortresses all over the country, and proceeded, by driving out faithful priests, by vigorous persecution of stubborn lay Catholics, and by repressive laws, slowly to crush out the old religion and to prevent the rising generation from learning the faith of their fathers. But she could not put out entirely the light of Catholic faith. It never has been entirely put out in England. Catholic reaction after Catholic reaction took place in succeeding reigns in the effort to secure freedom for Catholic worship. But though they were all repressed, and in spite of the cruel penal laws against Catholics which were in force nearly to our own day, there has ever remained a faithful remnant.

## CATHOLIC REACTION IN ENGLAND TO-DAY.

And what is the state of things to-day? A Catholic reaction of gigantic proportions has swept over England. Though it has taken a different form from its predecessors, it is none the less powerful and real. It is a marvellous and striking proof of the fact insisted upon above, that the English people are at heart Catholic. In spite of three centuries of formal and violent denial of almost everything Catholic, the old smothered flame has at last sprung up. Ritualism has triumphed in the Established Church. Of course the reaction is not yet complete. The full Catholic faith has not been restored to the majority of Englishmen. But they are getting hold of it piece-meal. The first Tractarians stopped with the revival of the doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration and Apostolical Succession. Many now go on to accept Penance and the Sacrifice of the Mass, while some boast of believing in the Invocation of the Saints, the Cultus of

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the Blessed Virgin, and every Catholic doctrine except the supremacy of the Pope.

The spread of Ritualism has familiarized the majority of Englishmen, also, with what once stank in their nostrils as rank idolatry, viz.: the external symbolism of Catholic worship. Through both of these sources the rising generation is having its anti-Catholic prejudices removed and is being prepared to ask itself the natural question, "Is all this the real thing or only a simulacrum of the Catholic Church?" And multitudes will come to see, as many thousands of their fellow-countrymen have done in the past few decades, that out of communion with Rome it is impossible to be a Catholic or to be secure of having the Catholic faith. To believe some Catholic doctrines and to call one's self a Catholic, will not necessarily make either an individual or a church really Catholic.

Imitating the career of the High-Church party in the English Establishment, a strong party in the established Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland has begun to speak of its "National Church," to teach the Real Presence and other Catholic doctrines, and to call itself "Catholic." The Archbishop of Canterbury, perhaps with the vain hope of damming up the stream of converts to Rome, spoke sneeringly of the Catholic Church in England as "The Italian Mission." These High-Church Presbyterians in Scotland call the Scottish Episcopal Church "The English Mission." But all this does not seem to convince the English Ritualists that their Presbyterian cousins are really Catholic, any more than the loud claims of the Ritualists can ever convince the Catholic Church that while they remain outside the household of faith they really belong to it.

### CONSTANT STREAM OF CONVERTS.

The pilgrimage also furnished evidence for the disproof of another Anglican fiction most industriously circulated in these days by certain Anglican religious journals. It is thought to dissuade some from leaving Ritualism in order to become real Catholics by constantly reiterating the statement that conversions have ceased in England now; the Church of England is "becoming so Catholic" that her members are no longer leaving in any considerable numbers to seek communion with Rome. Of course the Establishment, with its large endowments and social prestige, is strongly entrenched, and some timid souls who fear to take the step which will cost so much may be retained in it by the assurance that others are satisfied. But, as a matter

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of fact, there is a continuous stream of converts at the present time. Undoubtedly Ritualism keeps back some of the present generation who refuse to go any further. But, just as many stopped short with the earlier Tractarianism, and even railed against Ritualism, claiming most violently that it was not the logical outcome of Tractarian teaching, so the Ritualists of the present who refuse to go on themselves are nevertheless preparing their successors for the next step which will bring them into the Catholic Church. Conversions in England do not make as much noise as they did. They have become so common that the secular press seldom prints an account of a conversion unless there are some very exceptional circumstances connected with it. But chance conversation with fellow-pilgrims and a very little inquiry served to show that many on the pilgrimage were recent converts. One lady had been received but three days before starting, and all could tell of friends, neighbors, acquaintances, or relatives who had recently been received into the fold. This only corroborated what had already been learned in England.

In all directions, not only from Catholic but from Protestant friends, one kept hearing of here one and there another who had recently escaped from the "City of Confusion" into the Catholic Church. In one single church in London (and that not a parish church) the writer knew of over a dozen converts received within two or three weeks. These included a lawyer (who gives up a lucrative business to enter the priesthood), a Protestant clergyman, two army officers, an officer of the navy, a university man from Oxford. All this received no mention in the public press and is nothing unusual, but simply represents what is going on all the time at the same place. One convert who was on the pilgrimage, and who is one of the most prominent Catholic laymen in England to-day, is the grandson of a rich and liberal English gentleman who gave the money to found Kenyon College, a Protestant Episcopal institution at Gambier, Ohio. His object was to found an institution which should oppose the spread of High-Church principles, which, as he saw, lead logically to Rome. A Ritualistic clergyman near London told the writer he was certain that when disestablishment came there would also come an inevitable split in the Church of England; for the laity and the Evangelical party amongst the clergy would insist upon making the prayer-book more Protestant still, as was done in Ireland. The "advanced" wing would never submit to that, and a separation

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would ensue. In the latter event he was confident that at least a very large portion of the High-Church party would be inclined to make its submission to the Catholic Church, or, as he expressed it, "try to make terms with Rome." He said that he was not alone in the idea, but that several acknowledged leaders of the Ritualistic party had expressed the same opinion to him.

But to return to our pilgrimage. We reached Paris on a Tuesday night and had an opportunity to exercise some of the virtues which pilgrims should cultivate, for there was considerable confusion, delay, and annoyance about the luggage and hotel accommodations. On the next day, which was Ash Wednesday, Mass was celebrated for us in Notre Dame, after which came the distribution of the ashes, and then a relic of the true Cross was exposed for the veneration of the pilgrims. All that day we travelled through rural France, getting a flying glimpse of the beautiful cathedral of Sens, and stopping occasionally at unimportant places. A never-to-be-forgotten incident was our incursion upon a little village called Nuits. We stopped there for half an hour to let an express train pass. Immediately after the train came to a standstill several hundred pilgrims invaded the village, stormed and quickly denuded of edibles the little buffet of the village inn, and wandered on to the village church. Nuits had never seen so many strangers in the memory of its oldest inhabitants, and the villagers stood aghast discussing in groups what this thing might mean. Especially did they wonder to see hundreds of "Les Anglais," who usually appear so godless and irreverent to continental eyes, streaming into the little church and paying devout visits to the Blessed Sacrament. A pilgrim stopped at a little shop which occupied the front room of an old stone cottage to buy some rather tempting-looking gingerbread. The shop-keeper made a few polite inquiries, and soon all the neighbors knew that we were Catholic pilgrims to Rome. They seemed delighted and heartily wished us God speed. The strong Catholic feeling of the country-people both in Italy and in France came out in one way on our return journey. They would beg for some little medal, picture, or souvenir that had been brought from Rome, and even the poor, who took thankfully the alms offered them, seem far more pleased with the gift of any little religious object from the Holy City.

The pilgrimage demonstrated the essential democracy of Christian brotherhood in the Catholic Church. It was composed

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of all ranks and classes, from the premier duke of England to Lancashire blacksmiths and farmers; but all were one on the pilgrimage, simply because they were brothers in the faith going on a common errand: to do honor to him who is the head of the church on earth under Christ. One interesting old pilgrim was a farmer over sixty years of age who, until he started on this pilgrimage, had never slept a night out of his own or his father's house.

On the *Calais-Douvres*, the steamer which took us across the Channel, I stood near a group of pilgrims who were conversing in lively tones; but the language sounded strange. It was not French, nor was it German; it did not sound like Italian or Spanish. Seeing a puzzled look on my face a priest of the party explained. They were of the Scotch pilgrimage, and from a part of the Highlands which never lost the faith. They were chattering in Gaelic.

The Duke of Norfolk, as chairman of the committee, was untiring in his efforts to promote the success of the pilgrimage. He was always ready most patiently and unwearyingly to answer the innumerable questions about the travelling arrangements from perplexed pilgrims. He was generally the last person to take the train, and often might be seen at the last moment carrying the luggage of some perplexed and belated woman, and finding her a place in a railway carriage. In consequence of one act of kindness of this sort he was left behind as the train moved off, and was obliged to follow later on a local express. The pilgrims were not inappreciative of all that he did, and their feeling took shape in the spontaneous and unanimous signing of an address which was presented to his grace by the Bishop of Nottingham as we were approaching the cliffs of Dover on our return.

After passing through the famous Mont Cenis tunnel, enjoying the magnificent views of the snow-covered Alps, and getting a hasty lunch at Turin, we arrived at Genoa early on Thursday afternoon. We had the rest of the day to look about that bright and beautiful city. One pilgrim had not seen it since he spent a week in one of its noisome dungeons. He had been a Papal Zouave, and when the King of Naples took Rome, instead of sending to their homes the English and Irish Zouaves, as had been promised, they were thrown into prison in Genoa until finally released by English influence. On Friday morning we started once more toward Rome. For some hours the train followed the curving shore of the beautiful Mediterranean. The

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sun shone brightly, and the turquoise blue of the water, the glimpses of orange-groves and villas, of crags and cliffs, and clouds of spray from the waves as they broke upon the rocks, made altogether a picture of nature not easily forgotten. A short stay at Pisa, sufficient simply for lunch and a hurried visit to the cathedral and its famous tower, and we were off again.

The journey was not without its minor incidents of a humorous nature. At Spezia, where a stop was made, an enterprising restaurateur had prepared a large placard which, as an example of an amateur attempt at English, is worthy of preservation. It ran as follows:

Diner Ready,
Thrii Francs.
Is wine incloed'd in thi iting.

The last sentence is meant to be declarative, not interrogative. It took a moment or two for some of the readers to realize that "iting" was phonetic Italian spelling for "eating."

A few more hours and we should reach Rome. Rome! One's heart beat quicker at the very sound. The Eternal City! The Holy City! The last resting-place of so many saints! One felt almost like getting out to push the slow-moving train. But at last, some three or four hours late, we arrived and were met at the station by quite a crowd from the English colony, and by a committee of the *Circolo di San Pietro*, including the Vice-President of the General Pilgrimage Committee in Italy.

In the second portion of this paper the American pilgrim will tell something of what he saw of Rome, of the Papal Jubilee, and of that "Roman superstition" of which he had heard so much from childhood and for which he kept a sharp look-out.

Jesse Albert Locke.

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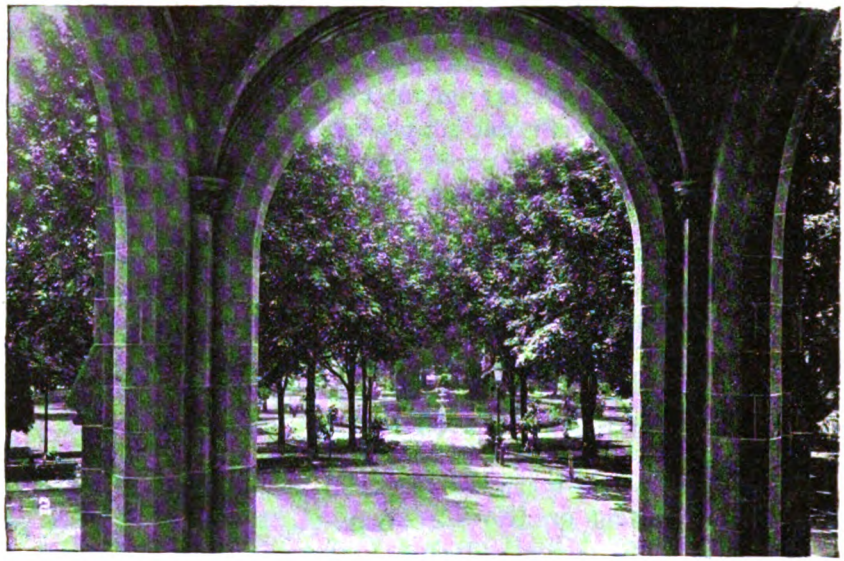

LOOKING OUT FROM THE CLOISTERS.

## THE SACRED HEART CONVENT AT MANHATTANVILLE.

ONE of the main arteries of New York City is the L road running up the West Side. It has carried the tide of population to the northern part of Manhattan Island as nothing else could. As the train glides along its aerial way, and swings around the long curve at One Hundred and Tenth Street, the upper city of Harlem spreads out before us as on a map. To the left lies Morningside Park with its terraced wall and grassy slopes; and directly north, on its own wooded height, rises the handsome building of the Sacred Heart Convent, its gilded cross flashing and paling in the changing lights.

A history of this house—its order the first purely teaching order introduced into the United States—is largely interwoven with the history of New York during the past half-century.

Fifty years ago! Who that knows the ill-smelling, ill-flavored, crowded Houston Street to-day, can realize that only five decades ago the site now occupied by *Puck* was once that of the

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school kept by the soft-toned nuns, and that the neighborhood was then "genteel" in the best acceptance of the term? It is difficult to believe, yet it is the truth. When in 1842 Archbishop Hughes applied to the famous teaching order, that was already firmly established in the South and West, there was sent to the Eastern mission a young woman whose name and fame are closely connected with the history of the order in the East, and the memory of whose pure and lovely nature still lingers round the convent like a sweet perfume—Madame Aloysia Hardey, who, as the daughter of Ann Spalding, was connected with the name that has become famous in our church history.

One word concerning her who achieved the present success. It is customary for the superior of the order to make a regular visitation to the branch-houses that have been established from the mother-house. In 1822, when on one of these visitations to Grand Coteau, Louisiana, Mother Duchesne, who was the foundress of the American mission, noticed in the little school a promising young pupil, Aloysia Hardey, who was chosen to recite the compliment usually rendered to the visiting mother. Shortly afterwards, at the age of fifteen, this young girl entered the novitiate of the order to which she was destined to add so much lustre as nun, superior, vicar, and last of all, at Mother Duchesne's suggestion, in 1872 assistant-general. When Archbishop Hughes applied to the mother-house in Paris for some one of the Sacred Heart Ladies to be sent to his rapidly growing diocese, the mission was entrusted to Mother Gallitzin, a convert from the Greek Church, and aunt to the famous and distinguished Father Dimitri Gallitzin, the valiant Russian missionary, who spent his beautiful life in spreading far and wide treasures of grace in the valleys of the Allegheny. She consulted Mother Duchesne as to the choice of a superior for this new, fertile field of labor. Unhesitatingly the Rev. Mother

Madame Aloysia Hardey.

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named Mother Hardey as one eminently fitted by natural and spiritual gifts to carry on to a successful ending the all-important work. Hers was a most beautiful character, firm of will, sweet and gracious, and she had a keen perception of the importance of the establishment of a Catholic educational institution in the heart of what she saw was destined to become the great metropolis. She builded even better than she knew.

These two ladies with a few others established themselves, as stated, in Houston Street in a private residence that just previously had been occupied by a day-school kept by a Protestant lady, Miss Seton. In one of the curious turns of the wheel of fate one of Miss Seton's pupils, Sarah Jones, became in later years a nun in the order that supplanted her school, and to-day, as Mother Jones, holds the generalship of the Eastern vicariate. The school was afterwards removed to Bleecker Street, and then Mother Hardey, desirous of a more retired situation, established herself in Ravenswood, near Astoria.

In the '40s it was thought by the rural-loving population of New York that the banks of the East River offered the pleasantest sites for comfortable homes. They built, on what was then a magnificent scale, houses in the purely Colonial style. To-day their ruined grandeur is pathetic. It was in one of these mansions, the largest even in its dignified neighborhood, that the Ladies of the Sacred Heart established their school for girls in 1844, but they found the little village, even for their purpose, too remote and inaccessible, and two years later they removed to their present magnificent site, Manhattanville.

Before leaving this subject, it is interesting to trace the history of that fine old "Mansion House" at Ravenswood. Soon after the black-robed, quiet nuns had left, the house passed from one owner to another, each change a step downward in the scale, until at last it was left entirely deserted; but always having an interesting fascination for the neighbors, who remembered it when occupied by its gentle tenants, when its echoes were wakened to the hum of study, the sound of girlish laughter. Once only was it lifted out of its deathlike sleep. A New York actress, Mrs. Mowatt, in a romantic mood, hired it for one night to be married there. In all its vicissitudes the nuns' cells and the chapel had been left intact. At that altar Mrs. Mowatt became Mrs. Richie, and for one night life stirred again in the old rooms ablaze with lights, heavy with the perfume of flowers. The next day the beautiful old place settled down again to its

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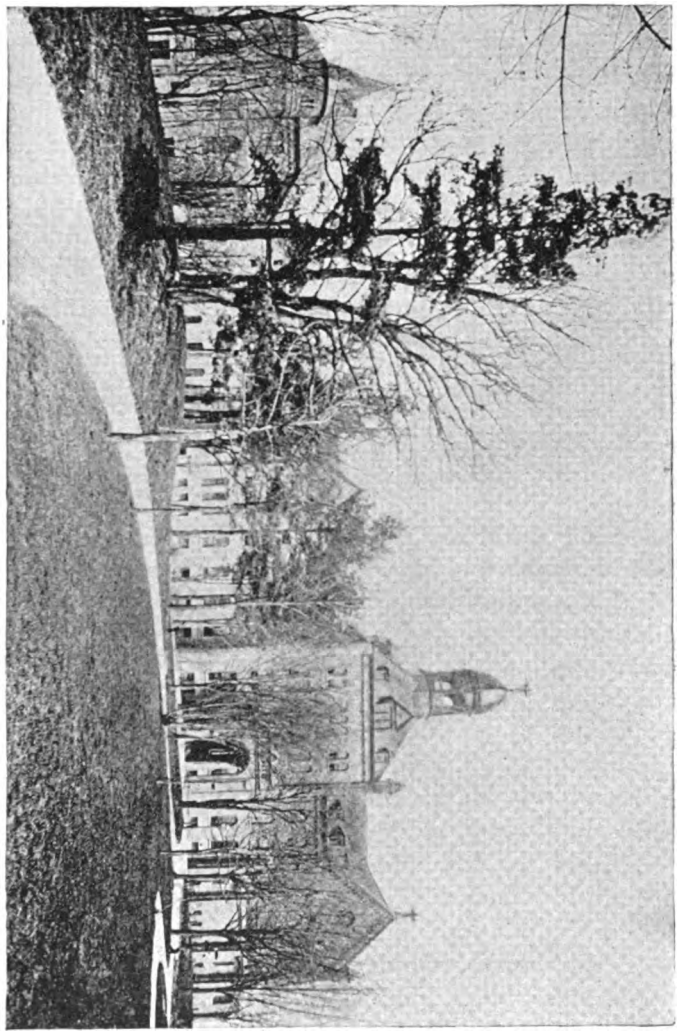
gloom and desertion, all the darker for its momentary brightness. Years passed on, until in 1885 the property was purchased by one of the most loyal and devout sons of the church, Mr. John Good, who, in 1887, was created count by his Holiness



"MANHATTANVILLE IS ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL."

Leo XIII., in recognition of his life-long devotion to the best interests of the church and his munificent gifts to religious and charitable institutions. He tore the house down and erected a rope-factory on the river's bank. Now the air is heavy with

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black smoke where once the untainted breeze blew freshly from the sea over the wide, grassy lawns. Again there is a hum about the place, but it is the whir of machinery, and in its busy activity we will leave it and return to those whose sometime presence there has made it of special interest in this article.

With the keen foresight for which she was remarkable, Mother Hardey had fixed upon the Lorillard estate as the permanent home for her convent. Although to-day the city has crept to its very feet and spread out far beyond it, fifty years ago it was remote enough to give an air of privacy and retirement to the school, and was yet within comparatively easy access of the town that had not yet reached the limits of Fourteenth Street. One of the nuns at the convent to-day distinctly remembers going to and from the city in a lumbering old stage-coach.

The Lorillard estate consisted of fifty acres, and was bought for one hundred dollars an acre. Some idea may be had of the giant strides of our Empire City when we consider that to-day each lot (sixteen to an acre) is worth five thousand dollars.

The nuns were now firmly established. The homestead was spacious enough for their needs, and could be added to as necessity demanded. The house itself stood on the spot now occupied by the convent's central hall and left and right reception rooms. Aside from the interest attached to the site as once being the property of one of our wealthiest merchants, it lays claim to a still deeper interest through its historic associations.

At the southern end of the grounds there may be seen to-day the mouldering remains of earth-works which are known to the pupils as Knowlton's Redoubt; these were originally thrown up by General Washington's troops during the Revolution, and under cover of the guns stationed there the American troops swept down from Harlem Cove and drove the English vanguard, with great loss, from Harlem Plains and within their upper lines of fortifications. From this redoubt Knowlton rode to his death, gaining, however, the first real victory of the war, since the battle of Harlem Plains was the first in which the Colonial troops held their own. Portions of this historic spot have been levelled in the onward sweep of city improvement, but the redoubt has been left.

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The fame of the teaching order, together with the gentle, magnetic power that Mother Hardey exercised over all who came in contact with her, soon filled the school and crowned every effort.

The years flew by. Our Union was passing through its most eventful period during the first decades of this "history of a quiet life," but the stout walls shut out all sounds of strife, shut in the lovely, peaceful calm that many a woman of to-day looks back to as the tranquil harbor from which she sailed into a stormy sea.

VIEWS ABOUT THE NEW CONVENT AFTER THE RESTORATION.

From this centre Mother Hardey established houses in every direction. Many places to-day speak of her energetic spirit. The beautiful convents at Albany, Rochester,

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Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, Detroit, Halifax, Montreal, and the two academies in New York City, are like monuments to this valiant woman.

In 1872 she was appointed assistant-general of the society, and from that time until her death in 1886 resided at the Maison Mère in Paris. From her early entrance into the convent until the peaceful close of her beautiful life she was indefatigable in working for the best interests of her order, her church, and her profession. Her wide experience and unusual gifts specially fitted her for the life she graced so well. Her memory is loved and revered to-day by her spiritual children, for she was the guiding-star of their lives.

She was succeeded as superior at Manhattanville by Mother Jones, a woman of high literary qualities and remarkable executive abilities, whose government has been marked by great moderation and prudence. It is a curious fact that Mother Jones's sister, Catherine, is also a "Mother" in religion, being superior of the Sisters of Mercy of the Episcopal Church.

In the history of this house there is no more memorable occurrence than the disastrous fire that happened August 15, 1888. Fortunately the sad event took place during the summer vacation, when there were but sixty pupils in the school; but it might have proved serious to the one hundred and forty nuns who had gathered there to make their annual retreat only for the ready presence of mind of Mother Jones, who seemed able to see to everything and every one at once. So complete was the destruction that only the front wall of the main building was left standing. The cost of the buildings destroyed was estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the library, consisting of fifteen thousand volumes, was lost entirely; the records of years were swept away, and there were consumed relics that had been gathered together during forty years. Many of the nuns accepted Brother Anthony's kind offer and took refuge in Manhattan College; others, with Mother Jones, remained at Mr. Ottendorfer's magnificent country-seat near them on the Hudson. Here the school was reopened in the fall while waiting for the rebuilding, which was accomplished in the incredibly short space of eleven months. A newspaper of the day, in noting the fire, passed the remark: "No longer will the large gilded cross be a marked figure in the landscape, for its ashes are buried in the ruins." But it rose from its ashes, and to-day once more it carries its triumphant message to the thousands of Catholic hearts around it.

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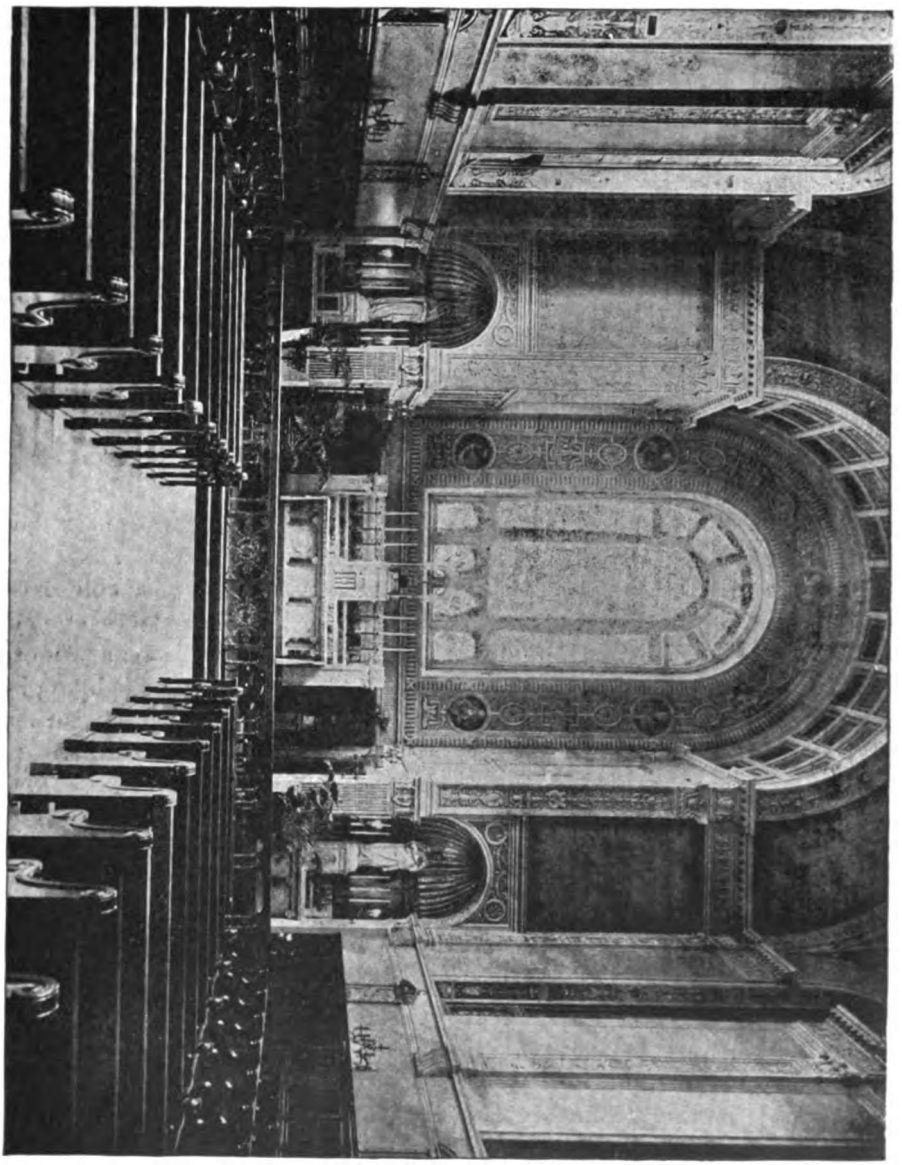
While the walls were actually warm the work of reconstruction began. Mother Jones having a special devotion to St.



The entire Chapel and its Fittings were Gifts of old Pupils.

Isidore, promised that patron of good weather a window if the work could be pushed. It was certainly remarkable that only ten days of that winter were too stormy to work, and in the

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beautiful chapel is a window containing the pictured saint—a memorial to her faith and his efficacy.

For fifty years the city has been encroaching on the limits of the famous school, and the property has so increased in value that the nuns were offered by the municipal government four million dollars not to rebuild. But Mother Jones, wise in her generation, refused any offer that would remove the convent from the vantage point of its superb situation. As "Manhattanville, New York," it has a prestige that nothing else could quite supply. Some day, and perhaps not in the far distant future, the city streets will so surround the house that the academy will perforce become a day-school, as happened to its branch-house in West Seventeenth Street. In rebuilding, Mother Jones so planned that any streets now a possibility would run on either side of the house, and leave it unmolested save, in exchange for its beautiful rural surroundings of to-day, bricks and mortar would hem it in. May that day of vandalism be long in coming!

Manhattanville is always beautiful, but the impressions made on one visiting it for the first time are very remarkable. It was my good fortune to visit it just between lights on a cold November day. Outside, the bare earth, and leafless trees etched against the crimson bars above the Palisades; inside, an atmosphere of peace and calm, broken now and then by girlish laughter and chatter as the pupils hurried to and fro with visiting friends. An exquisite pastel portrait of Archbishop Corrigan smiled a welcome from the wall of the reception-room. The soft, sweet voices of the nuns scarcely broke the silence—only melted into it. A little chat, and a bell summoned us all to chapel.

The first impression is, that it is the abiding place of "that great peace that passeth understanding," and as the eye takes in the delicate tints, the rich ivory tones of its flat corniced columns; the oaken stalls, pews, and floors, the latter polished to a perilous degree; the richly stained windows, a sense of gratitude is felt that all this loveliness belongs to the Sacred Heart. The style is pure Renaissance. The architect, William Schickel, received but two directions from Mother Jones: "Make it simple and make it religious"; and ably has he fulfilled the injunction. The central chancel window represents our Lord, a stately crimson-robed figure, the face being a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." The rich Renaissance

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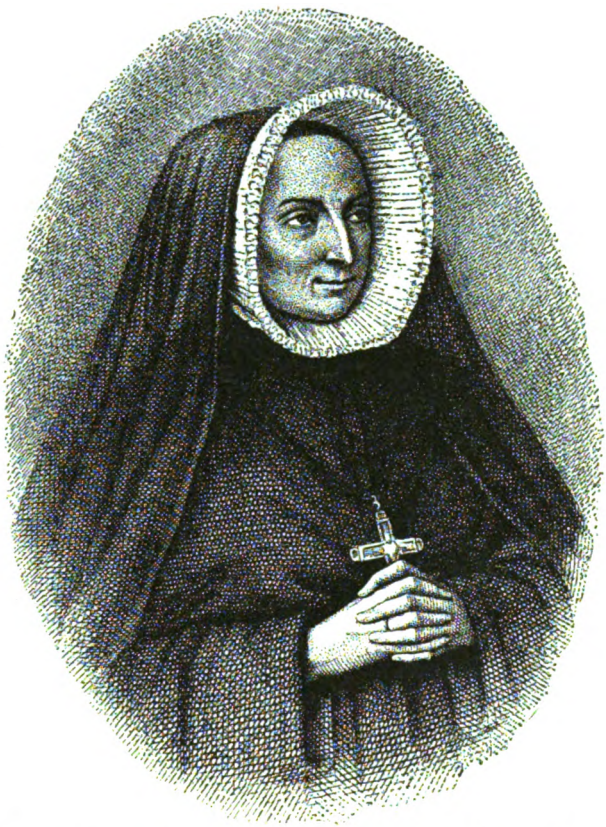
border surrounding this window (Mayer, Munich) is considered the finest specimen of its kind in this country. When the news of the dreadful fire was flashed over the country, the many friends of dear old Manhattanville came forward with ready offers of help and encouragement. The entire chapel and its fittings were gifts of the old pupils. The Misses Bovier, daughters of



Madame Sophie Barat, the Foundress of the Sacred Heart.

the late Michael Bovier, of Philadelphia, gave the altar; the Misses Drexel, of New York, donated all the wood-work; Miss Lucy Drexel, now Mrs. Dahlgren, the organ; Count Loubat's gift of five thousand dollars paid for the ceiling (decorated by Joseph Tiffany), and Eugene Kelly's gift of five thousand dollars—altogether made the chapel what it is, one of the finest in the United States.

One last look at the chapel and we will leave it. It is vesper

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time; only a few lights are lit on the sides, the beams falling on the black-robed, motionless figures in the stalls. Up in front the white robes of the postulants break the sombre shadows, and look like marble statues of kneeling nuns. Suddenly a soft flutter, a pattering sound of footsteps, and the pupils file in two by two. They are led by the Children of Mary, decorated with their blue ribbons. They all wear the school uniform of black, and upon their heads they have white net veils which fall in graceful folds on either side of the face. A most ordinary countenance would look well under that cloud of misty white, but to these bright young faces aglow with health and color, some of them remarkably beautiful, the effect is most artistic. There are at present two hundred pupils in the school, and now as ever it maintains its reputation as one of the best-equipped institutions in the land.

Among the earliest pupils were Martha and Lilly Washington, collateral descendants of the Immortal. Since it is impossible to name all the prominent graduates covering a space of more than fifty years it may be well to mention but a few: Mary Gwendoline Caldwell, the chief benefactress of the Catholic University at Washington, and Lina, Baroness Hedwitz, her sister; Sarah Brownson, daughter of Orestes A. Brownson, who afterwards became Mrs. Taney (her daughter is now at Eden Hall, a branch-house of Manhattanville; Brownson's son's daughter is a graduate of Manhattanville); General Schuyler's great-granddaughter; three lineal descendants of John Alden of Puritan fame, two of whom joined the community; two of Mr. Riggs's daughters, of Washington; a daughter of the Chilian Secretary of State; Inez Arosemena and sister, daughters of the President of Panama; Lina, daughter of Baron de Trobriand; two daughters of Dr. Andrews, of Baltimore, who have endowed a chair in the University at Washington in honor of their illustrious father.

The three archbishops of New York have had representatives at Manhattanville—Angela, niece of Archbishop Hughes, sister of Mrs. Eugene Kelly; the three nieces of Archbishop McCloskey: Theresa, who married Mr. John Kelly, Lizzie and Mary Mullen; Archbishop Corrigan's sister Catharine, who will always be remembered as the first and only pupil who took, in 1853, the prize of excellence; Mary Blennerhasset, niece of the historic Blennerhasset; Julia Griffin, niece of Gerald Griffin; Judge White's daughter Lucy, and Lilla, his grandchild; Lilly

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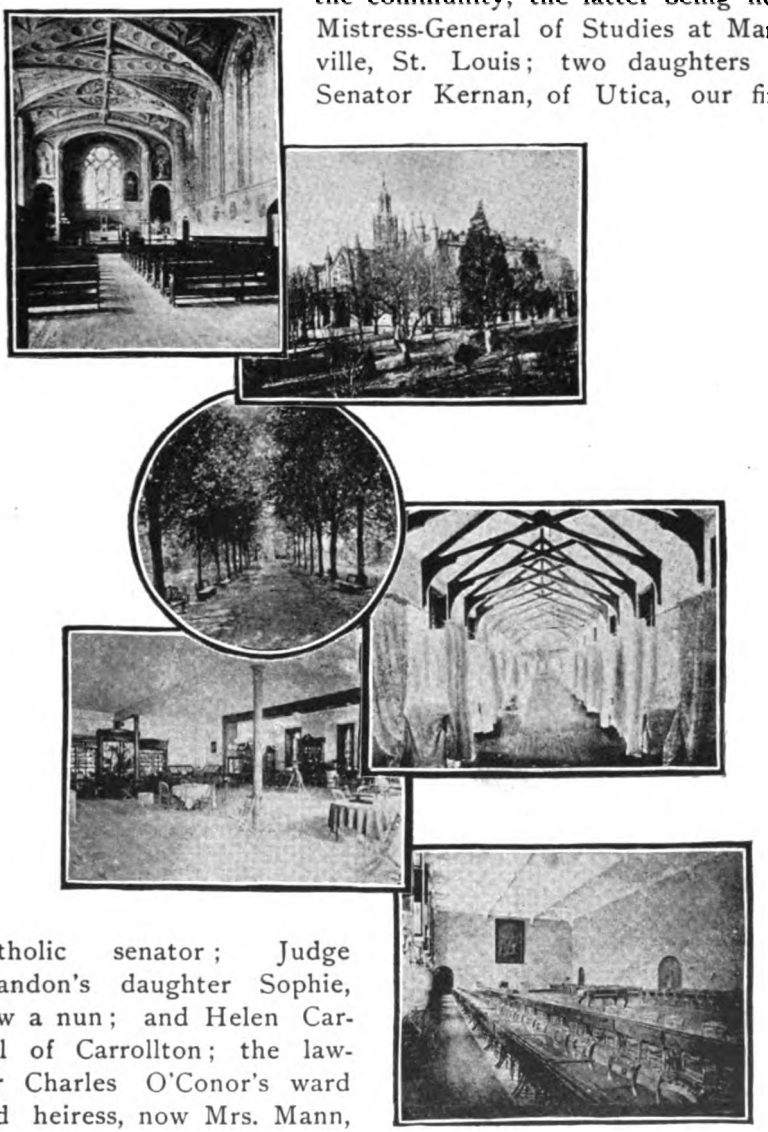
Lalor, wife of John D. Crimmins; Lucy Brady, wife of Judge Donohue; Katherine and Lilly Garesché, both of whom entered the community, the latter being now Mistress-General of Studies at Maryville, St. Louis; two daughters of Senator Kernan, of Utica, our first



VIEWS OF THE OLD CONVENT BEFORE THE FIRE.

Catholic senator; Judge Grandon's daughter Sophie, now a nun; and Helen Carroll of Carrollton; the lawyer Charles O'Conor's ward and heiress, now Mrs. Mann, of Washington; Jeannette, daughter of James Gordon Bennett, now Mrs. Bell; Blanche Willis Howard, who has since become famous as a writer, as was natural for the niece of N. P. Willis and daughter of Richard Storrs; the daughters of Mr.

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Coudert; General O'Beirne's daughter Gertrude; several members of the Hargous family; two sisters of Madame au de Barrios; three daughters of Marquis de San Carlos, whose aunt is now a member of the order: and the daughter of General Sturgis, now Mrs. McBride.

When the late Archbishop of Mexico, Mgr. de la Bastida, took refuge at this house during the Mexican revolution, the convent walls sheltered himself and the daughters of his enemy, President Comerfort, they being pupils at the school at the time.

Helen M. Sweeney.

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## PRINCESS—CONVERT—ABBESS.

RINCESS LOUISE, a great-granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, was brought up a Protestant of the Protestants. Her mother, Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I., married Frederick V., Elector Palatine.

It was chiefly owing to the influence of his wife, a clever and ambitious woman, that Frederick put himself at the head of the German Protestants and wrested the crown of Bohemia from its lawful owner. His reign, however, was not of long duration, and he was driven out by the imperial army after the battle of Prague. Frederick was one of the authors of the terrible "Thirty Years' War."

One of her sons, Prince Edward, became a Catholic, and was driven from the palace and country and forced to take refuge in France. His mother said: "Never let his name be mentioned before me—I have a horror of him." A certain Père Meret, who was acquainted with Prince Edward, contrived to gain access to the Electoral court.

Princess Louise was well educated and tried her hand as an artist. Père Meret was highly cultivated, and was well acquainted with the art treasures of Europe and able to give the princess many useful hints, and he was able to mingle with his art-instruction hints on a far more important subject and to give the princess letters from her brother Edward. Gradually the light of faith dawned on her soul; the father instructed her, and she was ready to become a Catholic.

But when the electress heard of it her fury knew no bounds. Père Meret was promptly dismissed from the court. A strict watch was kept on Princess Louise by day, and when she was in bed her attendants took away all her clothes, even her shoes and stockings.

But the princess was not to be defeated. In her studio she made use of life-sized models, and often had them clothed in costumes. She took care to attire one of these lay figures completely in a peasant's dress. One night she managed to gain possession of some keys, and then, clothing herself in the peasant dress of her model, she escaped from the palace and walked

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some distance till she met a cart which had been sent to meet her. She made her way to the Ursuline convent at Antwerp, and was there received into the church by the Bishop of Antwerp.

There she remained until carriages with a suitable escort arrived from France, sent by the Queen of France, Anne of Austria.

Princess Louise would make no delay in Paris, to see any of its grand places or people, but went straight to the Visitation convent at Chaillot, then looked upon as "the country," though to-day it forms part of a busy, fashionable quarter of Paris.

Here she passed a considerable time, spending her days between the religious exercises of the nuns and her painting. As a princess she had the right of living in the cloister and following the rule. She was the first in the choir and refectory.

In this convent she received confirmation from the Archbishop of Paris. The mother superior of the Chaillot convent was a remarkable woman, and to her was owing the spiritual formation of the princess.

Marie Louise de La Fayette became a maid of honor to Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII. of France, and the beautiful girl of eighteen came to court with the fixed resolution in her heart that she would as soon as possible become a religious.

If she stayed at home she felt sure her parents would never consent, and her best chance would be to come to court.

Marie was *spirituelle* as well as pretty, and attracted the attention of Louis XIII., who came daily to pay a formal visit to his queen, from whom he was in reality estranged. These visits were exceedingly dull, and Marie's conversation amused and interested him. She began to influence the king, and the jealousy of Cardinal Richelieu, the prime minister, was aroused.

A struggle for supremacy over the king was always going on between Richelieu and Anne of Austria. There were parties on both sides, and the queen's party looked on Marie Louise de La Fayette as a pillar of strength.

When, therefore, the young girl announced her vocation, and that the Visitation nuns in the Rue St. Antoine were ready to receive her, there was great joy in the Richelieu camp and great dismay in that of the queen.

This dismay took the shape of disbelief in the vocation.

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The form of the remonstrances remind us irresistibly of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer":

"*Do God-a'moighty knaw what a doing a taakin o' mea?*"

Religious vocation was a good thing, but it was impossible that one who pleased, amused, influenced the king *could* be called to forsake the court and shut herself up in a cloister. They recked nothing of the peril in which the young girl of nineteen was placed.

God's grace was powerful and Marie Louise faithful; she wrested a consent from the king, and that very same day she entered the convent. Two days afterwards the queen and her ladies came to see her.

The novice mistress said afterwards: "I knew she was an elect soul when, without a moment's demur, she went before the queen in her postulant's dress—a 'kerchief crossing her chest, her hair folded back under a linen cap.

"My dear," exclaimed one of the court ladies, "what folly to dress like that!"

"No," said the beaming postulant, "I left folly behind me in the world."

Later on came the king and his courtiers, and the superior, with a quaking heart, asked his Majesty if he wished to pass into the cloister. The king replied that he would not for worlds enter the enclosure.

He remained outside the grating, while Marie Louise was at the other side. The reverend mother was with her, but at a distance; and outside the grating were his courtiers, also at a distance.

The interview lasted three hours, the king standing the whole time, and of course every one else doing the same. It was not lost time. Then and there the generous-hearted girl brought about the reconciliation of the king and queen. From the convent the king went direct to the queen.

For twenty-two years they had been married, but without children. The following year a prince, afterwards Louis XIV., was born.

The remainder of Marie Louise's religious life corresponded with its beginning, and she was the loved and honored superior of the house when the Princess Louise fell into her hands. She gradually led her on in the way of perfection, and at length Louise petitioned to be received into the Visitation order. But the enlightened mother superior saw in her no vocation



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for the daughters of St. Francis de Sales. She thought that Louise was called to one of the ancient orders of the church, where she could lead a life of greater austerity than at the Visitation and for which she had sufficient health.

Finally the princess entered the Cistercian Abbey of Maubisson, made a fervent novitiate and was professed.

She left twelve of her pictures to the nuns of the Visitation, one of them being a likeness of Mother de La Fayette taken under difficulties, as nothing would induce the mother to give any sitting for it.

She painted the portrait of the Queen of France, Anne of Austria, and this she gave to the Abbé Montagu, "grand aumonier" to Queen Henrietta of England, wife of Charles I. The abbé was proud of his present, which he said was made by two great princesses—one by her hand, the other by her face.

On her departure she made the Visitation nuns a present of a big bell, of which the convent was in great need.

This bell was "baptized" with much ceremony, the Queen of England and the brother of the King of France, the Duke of Orleans, being sponsors. It was named Henrietta Mary Philip Augustin.

Both bell and convent perished in the great Revolution, and on the site of the fair gardens of Chaillot, trodden so often by kings and queens, and by one greater than princes, St. Vincent de Paul, the spiritual director of the convent for many years, now rises the Trocadéro with its pleasant grounds, so well known to all visitors to Paris.

The abbey of Maubisson had a remarkable history. It was flourishing and fervent when Henry IV. seized on it as an abbey for Madame d'Estrées, a relaxed nun and sister to the notorious Gabrielle d'Estrées.

During her rule it became a scandal and by-word, till Louis XIII. sent soldiers who carried Madame d'Estrées off in her bed, as she would not rise.

The abbey was reformed by Mère Angelique of Port Royal, in her palmy days when she corresponded with St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal, and wished to become a lowly daughter of the Visitation.

Mère Angelique did not stay long at Maubisson, but sent one of her religious, Mère Marie des Anges, to continue her work, and then Maubisson escaped another dreadful peril, for gradually Mère des Anges was infected by Jansenism and would

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gladly have taught it to her religious. Fortunately the evil was stopped in time, and when Princess Louise entered the abbey it was a house of strict observance and free from any taint of Jansenist heresy.

In course of time Princess Louise was elected abbess. She was a model to all her religious. She kept the severe Cistercian rule in all its rigor, wearing the coarse habit and sleeping on wood like the others. Her narrow cell was the same as the rest. She rose at 2 A.M. for Matins, kept all the fasts and observed all the penances of the order.

She would never seek any exemptions or accept any distinctions, save those which actually belonged to her office.

She was the "servant of all," and nursed the sick with her own hands, and in this admirable way she continued to live until her death at the age of seventy-two, thus corresponding to the end with the wonderful graces God had bestowed on her in calling her to the true faith and to religion.

"AUTHOR OF TYBORNE."

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# THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF BAYOU SALÉ.

IN the autumn of 1869 I was troubled with an affection of the lungs that my physician warned me would eventually turn to consumption if I did not seek a change of climate. My father, a lawyer of considerable note in a Massachusetts town, urged me to follow the advice of the doctor, and suggested Louisiana as a proper place for me to go in search of a favorable climate. "I was there one winter, some ten years ago, and I can assure you, Henry, there is no more delightful winter city in the world than New Orleans," said my father.

My preconceived notions of the climate of Louisiana did not tally with those of my father; but on a matter of fact I could not gainsay him, for naturally he, having spent a winter in New Orleans, would know more about the climate than I possibly could. The objection I raised to my going South was the unsettled condition of the country, and this objection applied more particularly to Louisiana than to any other section of the States lately in arms. And this I urged with all the force of language at my command, so opposed was I to the journey proposed to me.

When my father had taken some minutes in which to consider my objection, he said: "I cannot deny that there is a great deal of truth in what you say, but I am persuaded that any fears you may have for your personal safety are groundless—"

"I am not afraid!" I interrupted in anger.

"Patience, Henry, patience!" commanded my father gently. "I am well aware that you are not a coward; but you have, and should have, such a proper care for yourself as would make you desirous of avoiding brawls and the occasions of them. Now, and you yourself acknowledge this, the only trouble in the State to which for particular reasons I desire you to go comes from the misrule of the government appointed over it. As you are not engaged in politics, I do not see why life should not be as placid for you in New Orleans as it would be in Boston."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "if there is an object for my going to New Orleans aside from my health, which can be regained as well there as elsewhere South, then the whole aspect of the af-

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fair of my journey is changed, and I am perfectly willing to do as you desire."

My father stroked his beard, which he was old-fashioned enough to wear exclusively under his chin, and asked meditatively: "Has your mother ever told you the particulars of your sister Eunice's death?"

My sister Eunice had been dead, at this time, some five years. She had died suddenly, of heart disease, whilst I was pursuing my studies at college. Apart from this, I replied, I had been told nothing.

"You have never heard the name De Cimar, I suppose?" my father further interrogated.

When I replied that I had not, my father proceeded to tell me that Eunice had been engaged to be married to one Lucien de Cimar, the son of a wealthy planter in the parish of St. Mary's, Louisiana. "He was in every way a desirable partner for Eunice," he explained; "they were of one faith and mind, and sincerely attached, and I did all that lay in my power to forward their marriage, when the war broke out and Lucien entered the Confederate army. Eunice was always a fragile girl, subject to heart troubles, and she steadily sank under the separation, till the day we heard of Lucien's death before Richmond. The news killed Eunice, and I grieved over not only the loss of a daughter but the loss of a son, for such was my feeling towards Lucien."

My father paused, visibly affected. I had never before seen him in such a state, and under circumstances so novel I was dumb, and beginning to feel very uncomfortable, when he broke the silence to say: "I am under obligations to Lucien's father for many kindnesses received. He and his daughter are living in New Orleans in poverty; and I want you, Henry, to hunt them up and ascertain if it is not possible for me to be of some assistance to them, and I trust to your tact to perform this in a way that will not hurt their native sensibility, which is considerable. If I could spare the time, I would go with you, but, as you know, I cannot."

I was young enough to enter fully into what struck me as being a somewhat romantic piece of business, and within a week after the conversation I have just related I was on my way to New Orleans, carrying with me a letter of introduction to M. de Cimar.

No stranger, paying a visit to New Orleans at the era in which the events of my narrative took place, could have been

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otherwise than disheartened by its appearance. Business there was almost none; the people had a depressed, hopeless look about them; the militia, of whom there were a plenty, were offensive; and a walk up Canal Street oppressed one with the sensation of a foreboding storm. My own personal feeling was so aroused by what I saw that, had it not been for my mission, I would have speedily turned my back on the city and shaken its dust from off my feet.

I did not immediately seek out the De Cimars, but waited to give myself time to recuperate from my journey and to test the climate. A week I found sufficient for both purposes, and I can give evidence in my present robust state of health that Louisiana's climate is all my father claimed it to be.

My method of proceeding to make the acquaintance of the De Cimars was as follows: I wrote a note to M. de Cimar stating who I was, that I would be in New Orleans for the winter, enclosed it with my father's letter of introduction, and despatched both to his residence on Royal Street. Within twenty-four hours I received a quaintly worded answer, written in a feminine hand, to the effect that M. de Cimar would be felicitated by my giving him the charming company of my honored and highly-esteemed father's son at dinner on the fourth of October. "The dinner will be with precision at five," said the note. And the note further stated that M. de Cimar was disconsolate that a variety of circumstances prevented his making over his house in its entirety to my most respectable self. When I became acquainted with the Creoles, I was fain to acknowledge that this note was not altogether the piece of humbug I supposed it to be at the time of its receipt.

On the evening on which I had been invited to dinner, I presented myself at the house on Royal Street when the clock was on the stroke of five. An old house of large proportions, its deep vaulted windows opened onto balconies, its doors were ponderous, its roof tiled. Whatever had been its original color, time had mellowed it to a delicate and pale sea-green, which contrasted well with the faded emerald green of the jalousies, and the age-subdued colors of the escutcheon painted on the wall over the entrance. A house that inspired one with a feeling of gentle awe, but it looked like a client who has lost an important and long-contested case.

When I had rapped with the shield, bearing a rampant and crowned lion, that formed the knocker, the door was opened by a gaunt negress perfectly black, clad in a black gown and wear-

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ing a white turban of some soft stuff. I handed her my card, and in a voice that I can only describe by saying that it was cultivated she asked me to follow her to the *salon*, and she would inform her master and mistress of my presence. Her dress as I followed her down the long and gloomy corridor made a swishing noise, the wind that blew in through some open door I could not see sent a cold chill through me, and I was glad when she ushered me into the *salon* that opened on a court-yard brilliant with the metallic green of a dense foliage and the vivid hues of a profusion of flowers.

The *salon* itself was a large apartment that in its time had been handsome. But now its walls, frescoed after the manner of Watteau, were dim; its floor was bare and unpolished, and beyond a half-dozen chairs and a stringless harp, it was unfurnished. The room was giving rise in me to the feeling of depression inspired by the corridor, only in a lesser degree because of the bright court-yard, when the door opened to admit a young girl supporting an old man who carried a cane. Like the maid who had admitted me into the house, she was dressed in black. But her sombre garment was relieved by her yellow hair, which she wore in a coil low on her neck, as well as by the water-lilies she wore in her belt. If anything, she was excessively pale; and her eyes were bright and black.

I was the first to speak by way of announcing myself, using the French tongue to do so. "Ah!" the old man exclaimed, "you speak the French?" And holding my hand, he turned to his daughter and said in French: "This is Marie, Lucien's sister; and, Marie, this is M. Rutherford, the brother of Eunice: Eunice of whom we have spoken so often, Eunice who was espoused to my son."

She looked me frankly in the face, and said: "I would have recognized you; you look much like the picture of your sister Eunice. Ah, *that portrait! it was lost when we vacated Bayou Salé during the last year of the war.*"

"And you! you would have known her, she is so like my son," cried the old man eagerly.

I had never even heard of his son till the other day, much less seen his picture even if my father possessed one. I turned red in the face, and blundered out some words to the effect that I was not quite sure that I would. Fortunately at this juncture the gaunt negress announced dinner, and, still talking of his son, M. de Cimar led the way to the dining-room.

An oval room frescoed in now dingy silver and blue, with,

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on one side, great windows that looked out on the court-yard. In the embrasure of the central window was set a square table with covers for three. The table-linen exhibited traces of deft darning, and although the service was of fine porcelain, the various pieces did not match and were evidently the remains of different dinner-sets. The knives were of ordinary steel, the forks of iron, and the spoons we used were of pewter. One handsome piece of silver and gold there was on the table in the shape of a candelabra of four branches, bearing candles commercially known as "sixes."

During dinner I learned that the maid who had announced it, and who served it, was the only servant of the house and that her name was Lucia. Her history was to me a strange one, though no doubt it was that of many of her class. She had been a slave, maid to Mme. de Cimar, and afterwards to Marie de Cimar. She had been several times to Paris with her mistress, and had received an education beyond what is usually given to women of her class, bond or free. Through all their troubles she remained steadfast to the family, and at present, M. de Cimar assured me, was what she had always been, a devoted servant and a trusted friend. This last he told me whilst we were taking our coffee, the maid having withdrawn from the room.

Lucia's presence had annoyed and constrained me in a way I could not comprehend at the time, and now that I had heard her praises, I essayed an awkward compliment: "The maid is very happy in her mistress," I said.

She did not appear to hear me, and her father said: "Monsieur may reserve his compliments. Mademoiselle has lived a retired life; she has not the *bel esprit*."

Gently as he spoke these words, they were no less a reproof.

She looked up quickly, and her eyes darted a glance at her father, which I was young enough to interpret as a plea for him to spare me. "My father," she said, "tell M. Rutherford how nearly he came to losing us."

The old man gazed about the room dreamily, then touched a glass of curaçoa to his lips with a nervous hand, and said: "We were to have left here in October, but we have had a respite. We shall leave, though, after a time."

"You desire a more cheerful house?" I queried.

She stared at me aghast. "A more cheerful house!" she murmured.

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"We have no desire to leave," began M. de Cimar; then paused for a moment and said inconsequentially, "You should try a glass of the curaçoa with your coffee, monsieur."

I was about to follow his advice when his daughter said to him, "At least, my father, when we leave here we go to Bayou Salé."

"I have heard of your beautiful plantation," I ventured, my hand resting on the little flask of liquor.

He nodded his head, a weary look on his face that he could not conceal. "Were it still beautiful," he said, "I should insist on monsieur staying with us. It has fine air."

"And the fine air will do you good as always, my father," Marie said hopefully.

"Yes, yes!" he cried in a querulous tone of voice; "but never before have we returned to Bayou Salé in December; and you forget, my daughter, that we go never to return to the Rue Royale," he said with a groan he tried to stifle.

She sprang from her chair and was quickly at his side, whispering some words of consolation in his ear.

"Monsieur," he said feebly, nervously fingering the fringe of his doily, "pardon me; I am an old man, and there have been many changes—but we are quite well; and then the house—yes, monsieur, you are right! it is not cheerful, and the Rue Royale is of the past, quite of the past."

Towards the end of this speech his voice sank almost to a whisper, when, suddenly recovering himself, he began to speak of a long visit my father had once paid his plantation; from that passing to anecdotes of persons more or less noted in the New Orleans of before the war. In this last he showed himself to be a brilliant and sprightly narrator, fascinating and charming me. As much as he interested me, I did not fail to notice how he delighted Marie, nor the pride she felt in him that showed itself in her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

It was while he was deep in the story of a duel fought with rapiers in the Elysian Fields that we went to the courtyard to sit by the fountain and smoke: he his cigarettes, myself a cigar. It was there that he proposed to Marie that she sing to us, Lucia to accompany her on a banjo.

A red moon was rising in the heavens, the scarlet stalks and scarlet flowers of the night-lilies blooming in the basin of the fountain gleamed in the light of a lamp that hung from a balcony; and black Lucia sat on the bronzed rim of the fountain's basin and thrummed her banjo, and Marie sang to us old and

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liquid Creole songs long since forgotten by all but such as she.

A weird scene that in an after time connected itself with the most memorable night in my life: The cold fascination Lucia's face had for me! A gaunt face and black, in violent contrast with the white, soft folds of her turban.

The city clock was tolling ten when I took my leave. "You will come again, monsieur?" asked M. de Cimar, my hand held warmly in his. I assured him that I would—how gladly I did not permit myself to say. And before I left the court-yard Marie found occasion to say to me: "You will come, monsieur? You have made my father happy to-night, and he is not often that."

"You make me feel as if you thought me incapable of appreciating your goodness. I wish *much* to come again," I answered.

Her frank eyes looked steadily at me for a moment. "It is well," she said with a smile, and returned to her place beside her father.

Lucia, carrying a candle to light the way, preceded me into the long, gloomy corridor. As we neared the front door she stopped, and, slightly hesitating, said, "Monsieur, I have a message for you from my mistress."

The chill, clammy air of the corridor had struck to my very marrow, but Lucia's words suffused me in a happy perspiration. All I could reply was that I felt myself highly honored; and who can say what romantic notions danced through my youthful brain, for nothing appeared too strange to me to happen in that strange house.

What Lucia next said upset me from the top of the high ladder on which I had perched myself. "The master spoke of his plantation of Bayou Salé?" she asserted rather than asked.

I shook my head in assent, and she continued: "He does not know it, but the plantation is no longer his. This house has gone, he has to leave it in December. Probably monsieur has friends at the city hall?" she asked with a disdainful toss of her head.

"I have not," I replied with emphasis.

"That is good," she returned; "but from some one you would hear it, and mademoiselle, she desires you not to contradict the master when he speaks of *my* plantation."

"It is not from curiosity—but how is it with M. de Cimar?" I asked.

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"The master is old, and his health is not of the best," she answered, and with this rebuff opened the door for me and, courtesying, bade me good-night.

This woman Lucia annoyed me. I could not get her out of my head. All that night my sleep was broken, and whenever I woke it was of her I thought. Not without reason, as I now know. Always, always shall she be associated in my mind with my most appalling and with my sweetest memories.

During the two months in which the De Cimars remained in the city, though I paid many visits to the house on Royal Street, I gained no further insight into their affairs, nor did I find out any way in which I could assist them, without presuming on the confidence they reposed in me, till the evening before the day on which they were to start for Bayou Salé. I had all along trusted to my being able to gain Marie's love in return for my own, and on this evening I speak of I asked her to be my wife. She told me frankly that that could never be. "I am disconsolate that you have spoken," she said, "for now you will not come to see my father at Bayou Salé."

We were in the court-yard standing by the fountain when these words were spoken.

"Marie," I asked, "no one ever comes here that I know of, but is there any one you like better than me?"

Her frank eyes met mine, and before she spoke I knew there was some one. "It is almost hopeless for us," she said. "I mean for the one who loves me and whom I love. His father's place adjoined ours. It is gone too, and he is here in New Orleans studying law."

I thought it strange I had never met him, and I said so.

"He never comes here now; it is of months now six since I have seen him," she said in English. Returning to French, which she almost invariably spoke, she told me that her father thought it best for them not to meet till he made himself a position. "His name is Avallon, Claude Avallon; and by day he studies the law, and at night—he must have bread, monsieur—at night he serves the tables at the Cinq Amis."

Her eyes still looked into mine, but there were tears in them that I would rather she had shed than try to laugh them away as she did.

"Marie," I said, "I am glad you have told me this; I shall not trouble you again. But cannot you let me help you? You look on me as a friend?"

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"Always, always!" she replied. "You help me, oh, so much! when you make my father happy with your visits. But will you come to Bayou Salé, as you promised him?"

I told her that I would, and asked her what I had long wanted to know: how it was that they were going to Bayou Salé if the plantation was no longer theirs. Then she told me their story. The house and lands of Bayou Salé, as well as the town house, had been sold for taxes. But outside the gates of Bayou Salé was a house that had been given to Lucia. "Father," Marie continued, "thinks the plantation house untenantable, and he pays Lucia a small rent for her house. We have an income from some English shares. It is not large, but it is very regular."

"You have said that I shall always be your friend," I stammered. "Is there no way in which I can help your father—I fear that he needs a friend, badly."

Her eyes did not meet mine now as she said: "Monsieur, you jest; but what sort of a jest is this? My father needed a friend, and you came; shall we go to him now? He is looking this way, as if he wondered why we stay so long."

Unhappy as I was when I left the house on Royal Street that night, I had a consolation in knowing that I had solved the problem how to aid the De Cimars. As soon as I reached my hotel I telegraphed my father to send me a case of law documents he had at home, none of them of any particular value. I took care, however, to add that I would return him the case intact, and that I would write and explain what I wanted with it. To further make sure that I would receive the case, I sat down and wrote him immediately after I had telegraphed.

The next evening about nine o'clock, when, as a rule, an eating-house is more or less deserted, I went to the Cinq Amis to take my dinner.

The five friends were not of the brotherhood of the rich, or, if they were, it was an eccentricity on their part to frequent the eating-house that bore their name; for, apart from its being neat and clean, it had a meagre look. There was indeed an array of tarnished chandeliers, but oil-lamps gave light to the room. The tables and chairs were of cedarn wood, but they were cut, scratched, and otherwise defaced. The floor was cleanly sanded, but its timbers were warped and loose in their joints. The flower-vases were cracked and chipped, but *they* were beautiful with fragrant roses.

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The only occupants of the room, besides the proprietor and the waiter, were two old men, evidently Creoles, who sat at table discussing a half-bottle of red wine and two bowls of bouillon. The proprietor bustled about to provide me with a seat and hand me the bill of fare. It was not a long bill of fare, and it did not interest me, for my mind was occupied with the waiter who was now bringing coffee to the two old men.

"Do you know one Avallon?—Claude Avallon?" I asked.

Instantly his face beamed with smiles. "Yes, yes, monsieur!" he whispered excitedly. "And monsieur has heard of my *bon garçon*, my *beau chevalier!*" he pursued, pointing to the waiter engaged in lighting the cigarettes of the two old men. "Ah, monsieur! his father, M. Claude's father, he scatter money in this place—" Interrupting himself, he snatched up a handful of rose-leaves and sent them fluttering in the air. "Monsieur wishes that M. Claude serve his dinner—of course monsieur wishes his dinner, it is his hour; breakfast when the sun is over one's head, and dinner when the moon is high. Ah, old Periot knows the customs of monsieur! I go to call M. Claude, and, monsieur, permit me to recommend the red-snapper; he is—superb! and for *you*, monsieur, there is Chablis most excellent; everything monsieur wishes he shall have!" And, having made this magnificent promise, the little man trotted over to where Avallon was clearing away the empty dishes of the Creoles, now talking in subdued tones over their coffee and cigarettes.

I did not desire an elaborate dinner, much less did I desire it to be served by Avallon. But, with M. Periot beaming on me from the other side of the room, I had not the heart to refuse the first, and, with Avallon waiting at my side, I could not well avoid the second. A gentleman served at table by his successful rival in love was an episode more suited to an opera bouffe than to what, up to a month or so ago, had been a most prosaic life. It did not strike me as being at all a comical episode. I only saw the wretchedness of one who was truly what M. Periot had designated him to be, a *beau chevalier*, reduced to such a shift for a living, and the misery of a gentlewoman's starved existence.

Avallon asking me with what would I be served roused me from my unpleasant reflections. "Anything—dinner—I leave it to you," I said hurriedly.

"If monsieur would so prefer?" he hesitated.

"I do so prefer, M. Avallon," I answered.

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He looked surprised at being addressed by his proper name, but without a word set about getting the dinner, and presently served me with an excellently cooked meal. I made several attempts during dinner to engage him in conversation, but without avail. At last, overcome by the thought that I was allowing the man she honored to be my servant, I pushed back my plate and said bluntly: "M. Avallon, I did not come here to-night for my dinner, I came to talk with you."

He drew himself up with a movement of repulse, and I hastened to say: "I come as a friend, monsieur, not as an enemy."

"Having nothing left to give, I have no friends; and having nothing left to take, I have no enemies," he replied, in a cold, even voice.

"You will permit me to gainsay that," I replied; "I wish to be your friend, and you forget Mlle. de Cimar."

In a moment he was all humility. "Monsieur comes from mademoiselle?—I know they left the city to-day for Bayou Salé. She is well, monsieur?"

"I do not come from her; I come for her," I replied; then, seeing he shook his head in doubt and that he looked troubled, I hastened to assure him that she was in good health. "If you will be so kind as to take a glass of wine with me, M. Avallon," I went on to say, "we can talk over what has brought me here."

"Pardon me," he said, "monsieur forgets that he has position, and that I have none."

"You think M. Periot will object to your sitting at table with me?" I questioned, not with much tact, I confess.

"Sometimes old men who were friends of my father, and who are almost as poor as myself, come here for their bouillon and *demi-tasse*, and when there are no other customers I sit to talk with them," he responded coldly.

We were quite alone, for M. Periot, satisfied that I was doing justice to his bill of fare, had gone out on the sidewalk to converse with a comrade. Seeing this, I said, "Then I entreat you, M. Avallon, sit with me," and with gentle force urged him into a chair.

"I have not told you my name," I said when we were quietly seated over our wine, and handed him my card. He greeted me by name and rested the tips of his fingers on the back of my hand for a moment, and I proceeded: "You will pardon me for hurrying over details; I wish to say all before we are interrupted."

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He bowed his head in assent, and shortly as possible I told him the object I had in view when I determined to visit the Cinq Amis. I had heard that he was studying law; my father was a lawyer with an extensive clientelle, and I was his assistant, sojourning in New Orleans for my health. I needed a secretary to transact business I could not very well at present attend to myself. I had much copying to do, and if M. Avallon would accept the post of secretary to myself, he would take a load off my mind.

He gazed at me in surprise. "It is very good of monsieur," he exclaimed; "but I am a stranger to you!"

"You will pardon my bluntness," I responded, and it did hurt me to say it, "but if you are worthy to be the husband of Mlle. de Cimar, you are more than fitted to be my or any man's secretary."

Avallon stretched out his hands to me and faltered, "I thank you from my heart, monsieur."

"And you accept!" I cried, carried away by his emotion. "No doubt M. Periot will regret to lose you, but that cannot be helped; this is not your place."

He looked at me in that gentle, appealing way Creoles sometimes assume, and said simply: "He is a good man, monsieur; but for him I would have starved. Permit me to call him in; he will be rejoiced at my good fortune."

Avallon was right. The little man fairly overflowed with congratulatory expressions of joy; and when, after appointing the following day for Avallon to come to me, I offered to pay my bill, he positively refused to take the money. "No, no, monsieur!" he exclaimed, pushing away the hand that held my pocket-book; "you insult my honor; you are my guest, and the guest of M. Avallon," he added with a profound bow.

Since then Avallon and I have taken many dinners at the Cinq Amis, but I am not sure that I have ever recouped M. Periot for that night's exuberant hospitality.

Up to the arrival of the case of manuscripts, I had difficulty in finding employment for my secretary. But shortly after I engaged him in copying the useless documents business of such importance arose as to make it unnecessary for me to find excuses to keep him employed.

I got to like my friend Avallon very much. He was a simple-hearted fellow, frank and hopeful. He spoke very often of Marie, and I was glad to hear her beauty praised, her vir-

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tues extolled—for I loved her much. Not that he did not make me suffer, as certainly he did.

When M. de Cimar urged me cordially to spend the month of January with him at Bayou Salé I had gladly agreed to do so; but now that the time had arrived for me to go there I would as gladly have stayed away, and it was only the promise I had made his daughter that induced me to keep my word. As it was, when I bade Avallon good-by, I was quite sincere in the wish I expressed that he were going to Bayou Salé rather than myself.

It was noon when the train reached Berwick Bay, where I was to take the conveyance M. de Cimar had sent to carry me to Bayou Salé. The conveyance proved to be an ancient spring-wagon drawn by a very good mare, the driver being an old negro whose white wool informed me that he was still more ancient than the spring-wagon. His name was Vestre, and he was exceedingly garrulous. Before we had gone a quarter of a mile he had informed me that he was Lucia's father, and besides had given me a deal of information concerning his wife and children, dead and alive. Vestre further said that I had a ride of seven miles before me; "An' mighty long miles they is over this heah road," he added, eyeing ruefully the meandering stretch of rut and gully over which we jolted. "We got ter pahs through Marse Lucien's ol' plantation, an' I ain' goin' ter lose no time gettin' tha', fur I don' pahs tha' after sundown," he declared, whipping up the mare to as steady a trot as the road would permit.

"Is the road through the plantation worse than this?" I inquired.

"No," Vestre answered, "the road's putty good tha', boss."

"Why don't you want to pass through the plantation after sundown, if the road is good?" I asked, my curiosity aroused.

"Nothin' in perticler," said Vestre evasively; then asked, "Is you got hants up Norf, boss?"

"Hants! What do you mean?" I laughed.

"Folkses comin' out er grabes, an' showin' theyse'ves, an' groanin', an' playin' music, an' all so'ts of foolishness," said Vestre with a very serious air.

"Ghosts!" I exclaimed in contempt. "You don't mean to say you're afraid of ghosts, Vestre?"

"I don' know whether I is or no; all I knows is, Vestre

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ain' puttin' hisse'f where he kin fin' out," he declared in a tone of ponderous gravity.

"Then you have never seen the ghosts, Vestre?" I asked, endeavoring to be as grave as himself.

"I ain' foah a truf—but heaps has," he responded solemnly. "Them peop' what bought er house an' place guv'ment tucken from ol' marse, they's skeert fit ter die an' done lef' er parish, an' now plantation's foah sale—ain' no one goin' buy it, les' ol' marse kin, an' he cain't. Lucia, she seen 'em, an' moah other peop' than they's grains on er yeah of coahn."

Although I put no credit in Vestre's story, I viewed the old plantation house when we drove by it with an interest I would not have felt had it not had the reputation of being haunted. It was one of those white Grecian mansions, with a portico supported by great columns, that are common in the South. Many of the panes of glass in its windows were shattered, its walls were mildewed and over-grown with lichen, and the great magnolias before it, from which hung long, silver-gray mosses, added to its forlorn and desolate appearance.

If anything could have made me contented with my visit it should have been the warm welcome given me by M. de Cimar; but it was what Marie said to me after dinner, when we were together alone, she and myself, on the little gallery, that sank so deeply into my heart, making me happier than I had ever been before in my life; happy by reason of her happiness, the cause of which brought me pain. "My friend," she said, "I know how kind you have been to M. Avallon, and I am grateful, yes. How you must love the good God, M. Rutherford, to be so kind to Claude when your heart is pierced for me who am so unworthy."

They were much more comfortable, it appeared to me, in the little house a stone's throw from the Bayou, an hour's sail to the gulf, than they had been in the blighted house on Royal Street. Undoubtedly M. de Cimar was much more contented, and I think would have been perfectly so had it not been for the annoyance his inability to dwell in the plantation house caused him. "I could not keep it in repair, and Marie thought it best for us to live here," he said to me one afternoon; adding, "I hope, my friend, you find your room sufficiently commodious."

I assured him that I had been made perfectly comfortable, and then, supposing it would be matter for laughter, told him what Vestre had said about the plantation house being haunted.



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To my surprise, M. de Cimar listened to my story with grave attention.

"It is not all folly, this story Vestre has told you," he said slowly when I had finished. "Here is what has happened; interpret it as you please. Last winter M. Goupil, my man of affairs in New Orleans, wrote to me at this place that a family named Sypher were about to be my tenants on the plantation. It annoyed me that I had not been consulted, but my age and feeble health have so withdrawn me from the world that I quite forgave him after I had talked the matter over with Marie, perceiving that he had but desired to save me annoyance." (I trust you will understand without my going into details that M. Goupil was in the conspiracy to keep all knowledge of the loss of his estate from M. de Cimar, and that in pursuance of this course he was obliged to present the new owners to the sometime proprietor as tenants.) "Though, had I been consulted," he continued, "I should never have consented to these people dwelling in the house of my fathers. When Lucia—you remember Lucia?"—I nodded in assent—"when Lucia heard of the coming of these people she was more hurt, I believe frankly, than I was myself. My daughter, who at times puzzles me, on the contrary, took it very calmly. However, that has nothing to do with what I relate to you. I never saw my tenants; but they came, and not long after they had settled in the house strange stories got abroad, carried by the servants. There had been, a long time before, a grotesque story of a ghost attached to the house, to which I had never given any heed. Now, the servants declared to having seen the ghost, fled the place, and refused to return. Then the people themselves said they saw it and left Bayou Salé, without, it is needless to say, ever forwarding any rent to M. Goupil. Not only did all these persons solemnly assert that they saw the ghost, but I myself saw it!"

After a pause, to permit me to recover from the incredulous surprise I exhibited, M. de Cimar continued: "Before telling you how that was, let me say that, as Vestre told you, these persons asserted that they were annoyed by cries and groanings, and that at times they heard instrumental music, though in the house there were no musical instruments of any kind. I heard none of these things, but some time after the tenants left the place I strolled up the avenue and let myself into the house; I always carry about me the key of a side entrance. I wandered from room to room, mourning over the past I confess, till I reached what had been one of the guest-chambers. There,

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to rest, I seated myself on a packing-box dimly outlined in the starlight. Curious to see how the room had been left by the tenants, I struck a match. My friend," here he leaned forward and laid his hand on my knee impressively—"my friend, during the time it takes for a match to burn out I saw the figure of a woman floating in mid-air."

He paused, withdrew his hand from my knee and leaned back in his chair, gazing thoughtfully into space.

"What did it look like, this figure?" I asked doubtingly.

"Pardon me," he said, shaking his head, "but I cannot tell you. When I had recovered myself sufficiently to get out of the house, I hurried home as fast as I could; but the night was damp and I had an attack of lumbago from which I have never entirely recovered."

"Are these reports about the house still current?" I asked, much astonished that a man cultured and erudite as was M. de Cimar should not only give heed to them but himself be deluded. His delusion, however, I set down to his being an old man, his brain disturbed, perhaps, by the many troubles he had gone through.

"They are," he returned, "and but a few nights ago they received fresh confirmation in the persons of a man and his wife who passed on horseback through the plantation on their way from Cote Blanche to Pointe Chevreuil. They remained here overnight, for the woman was prostrate from fright; Marie did what she could for her—Lucia was away on a visit to a sister who lives some miles up the bayou; but when she left in the morning she was still a pitiable creature from fear."

"But what did they see?" I insisted, still incredulous.

"Their account was confused," replied M. de Cimar. "They heard the groans and cries, and they agreed in their statement of a woman who appeared and disappeared on the portico, 'like a flash of lightning,' as they expressed it."

He looked at me a moment as if deliberating what to say, and continued: "I have ever ridiculed stories of haunted houses, but what I saw I cannot deny. I would like to know what you think of it, monsieur? Give me your opinion."

I pondered for some minutes, then asked abruptly, "What does Lucia think?"

"Poor woman!" he ejaculated. "She is the most distressed one of all. We dare not speak of it before her, for when we do she weeps and worries Marie with her laments for the misfortunes that have befallen us."

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"M. de Cimar," I said, "all you have told me is very strange. I scarcely know what to think. I acknowledge, pardon my incredulity, that I am not convinced. I must first see the ghost myself."

He grasped my arm, and cried in a voice much shaken, "My friend, promise me you will not go there at night," and he pointed with a trembling finger in the direction of Bayou Salé house.

Fortunately I was prevented, by the entrance of Marie, from making a promise that would have destroyed my plans for the ferreting out of the ghost.

I had been at the little house by the bayou a week, when I took occasion to say to M. de Cimar that I feared I would have to cut short my visit. "My secretary," I explained, "is about some law business that needs my personal supervision, and it takes so long for letters to pass to and fro."

"If monsieur is not tired of an old man, why not have monsieur the secretary to come here? There is a room for him," he suggested timidly.

"If it would not incommode—"

"Say no more," he interrupted gleefully; "but write monsieur the secretary to come, in an instant!"

I could no longer play the part of a hypocrite, his confidence in me was so sincere. "Monsieur," I said, "perhaps you would object to my secretary. He is a fine fellow, he will be called to the bar in the spring, and I assure you his prospects are brilliant. My secretary, monsieur, is M. Claude Avallon."

He looked dazed at me for a moment. "I would rather monsieur had told me this at first; but I have given my word. Monsieur will do me the honor to say to M. Avallon that I invite him to my house," he said quietly, and turned and walked out of the room, and all that day he treated me with much stateliness. But Marie, when I told her that Avallon was coming to Bayou Salé, was overjoyed.

On the day Avallon was to arrive at Berwick Bay I got into the spring-wagon behind Vestre to accompany him thither to fetch my secretary to Bayou Salé. I was impatient to hear from Avallon's lips the important news I expected him to have for me, but my impatience to reach Berwick did not hinder my bidding Vestre stop before the dismal mansion of the De Cimars while I visited the premises.

"Marse, what is you' fustest name, if you kindly tell me, sah?" he asked, unwillingly bringing the mare to a halt.

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I acknowledge that I was snob enough to be delighted at being so addressed by Vestre. Hitherto he had called me boss. I had been long enough in Louisiana to discover that an old-time negro addresses those whom he considers worthy of his highest respect as marse; those whose positions are undefined to him as boss, and those whom he addresses as mister are, in his parlance, "white trash."

"My Christian name is Henry, Vestre," I replied with much condescension.

"Well, see heah, Marse Henry," he expostulated; "wha' foah you goin' foolin' roun' that tha' house foah? What Vestre done foah you ter want ter get him in troub'? Ol' marse, he pintedly say when you up stair' combin' you' haah—I seen you through er winder—he say, 'Vestre, you go straight ter Berwick, an' if you stop, comin' or goin', at Bayou Salé ol' place, you jest pack up er bag an' go up bayou ter you' son-er-law.'"

"But he can't send you away, you know, Vestre; you have no call to mind him," I said maliciously, for I did not think he was telling the truth.

"Look yeah, Marse Henry, an' quit you triflin!" argued Vestre. "When I'se 'bleeged ter min' ol' marse, I wahn't so perticler, but ol' marse he all broke up now, an' foah a fac', Marse Henry, I does my duty ter him, an' ol' marse he mighty kin' ter Vestre an' all he folks."

"Vestre," I said shamefacedly, "I beg your pardon—drive on."

"I t'anks you kindly, Marse Henry," responded Vestre solemnly, and chirruped up the mare and entered into a discourse which he did not break till we reached Berwick. And if what he told me is true then Solomon in all his glory was as naught to the De Cimars before the war.

I scarcely waited to greet Avallon before demanding, "Well, Claude, was the seizure made according to law?"

His eyes twinkled and he replied: "It was; but the sale was not advertised; neither M. de Cimar nor his lawyer, M. Goupil, were notified, and last but not least, my friend, the estate passed directly from the hands of the Provisional government into those of a bagger named Sypher."

Astounded that such things could be, I cried: "Then it was not legalized robbery, but robbery outright, and the estate is still in reality M. de Cimar's!"

"That is very true," he returned despondingly; "but how is he to get it? And if he had it, he has no capital to work it; and

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if he could work a little of the land even, how long before the whole would again be seized for taxes?"

"Jump in," I said, standing by the spring-wagon, "and on the way I'll try to answer your ifs."

"But instead of answering them," I continued, as we jolted over the road, "let us see how we are to get M. de Cimar in possession. That is first and foremost."

I talked on, but soon discovered that his mind was wandering off to another subject. "You are not paying attention," I accused.

"Presently—but do you think that he will now consent to our being betrothed?" he asked.

Although Avallon's eyes appealed to me, I answered pettishly that I did not know; he had best ask M. de Cimar; he would have many opportunities to do so during his stay at the Bayou.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," he said quietly. "You see I cannot wrap myself up in business as you are able to do."

I was about to give a sharp retort, but remembered in time that he knew of no reason why an allusion to his betrothal should give me pain.

I shall always believe that I was right in that I shirked being a witness to their meeting; although, meeting as they did in the presence of M. de Cimar, who scarcely consented to their being friends, their greeting must have been without effusion of any kind. Still, Avallon informed me, after so long a separation as theirs had been even to see one another was a supreme happiness. This, on the night after his arrival, he told me in my room, whither I had called him to talk over my plan for a night visit to the plantation house.

Save an occasional incredulous laugh, he listened without interruption to my relation of M. de Cimar's experience, and that of others, in the reputedly haunted house.

"Surely, Rutherford," he exclaimed, when my narration came to an end, "you are not a believer in this foolishness!"

"You have heard my story," I replied. "Are we to believe that an intelligent man, as M. de Cimar assuredly is, to say nothing of the number of others, white and black, who say they have seen and heard these things, have allowed their senses to delude them to an extent that, if true, would be more marvellous than any of the preternatural visitations I have related to you."

"Look here, Rutherford," Avallon protested, "what is the

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sense of your trying to bolster up an absurdity? You know you no more believe in it than I do myself."

"Then, how do you account for it?" I persisted.

"As you have been on the ground for some time, and have listened to the narrative of an eye-witness, how do *you* account for it?" he retorted.

Instead of giving him a direct answer, I asked: "Will you go out to the house with me to-morrow night, and we can see what is to be seen? Lucia is going up the bayou to-morrow."

"Of course I'll go with you," he began, and stopped abruptly. "Rutherford," he deliberated slowly, his eyes fixed on mine—"Rutherford, do you mean to say Lucia is the ghost?"

I smiled an assent, and he objected rapidly: "But what is her motive for scaring people—M. de Cimar in particular? I could understand a giddy girl acting so, but Lucia!—and, my friend, she'd give her life for any one of them all."

"That is the weak point in my theory," I responded. "I cannot account for M. de Cimar's fright otherwise than by believing that hearing these stories repeated over and over, they have worked on his brain. For I questioned Mlle. Marie as to Lucia's whereabouts on the night her father was attacked with lumbago, and she remembers distinctly Lucia's being in the house with her making over some old clothes. Of course my questions were put in a way not to arouse her suspicions."

"But what is her motive?" iterated Avallon.

"And you are to be a lawyer!" I exclaimed. "Lucia is but taking a coarse way, the only way she knows, of effecting what we have been working for this past month or so. She no more wishes strangers to hold the property of M. de Cimar than we do."

"*Bête* that I am not to have guessed it!" ejaculated Avallon.

"Remember, Avallon," I cautioned, when we parted for the night, "M. de Cimar is violently opposed to my visiting the plantation house. No doubt for preposterous reasons, but we must appear to agree with them."

The next morning Avallon, at my dictation, wrote to my father an account of the seizure of Bayou Salé plantation and my determination to throw the case into the courts. That he would approve of my action I was confident. Later on we saw Lucia start on an ostensible visit to her sister. I quite agreed with Avallon's suggestion that the bundle she carried under her arm was the ghost's wardrobe. The day for me was long, the evening interminably so; though I believe Marie and Claude

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were perfectly happy in one another's company, as they sat and listened reverently to the stories told by the old father.

At last M. de Cimar, assisted by Vestre, went to his bedroom, Marie bade us good-night, and we were at liberty to pursue the plan we had formed for laying the ghost; which was simply, as I put it, to catch Lucia at her tricks. It was a perfectly clear night, with a strong wind blowing from the gulf, when we turned into the cypress avenue that led up to the plantation house. The wind made pleasant soughing through the forest, from the salt marshes afar off came the call of the heron, and the night air was heavy with the pungent odors of the dense undergrowth of tropical ferns.

We talked but little on our way, for the blight that was on the place oppressed us; the blight that, though not visible at night, made itself felt by the weeds our feet crushed as we walked the once well-kept drive.

We were in sight of the mansion, its Grecian columns white and stately in the throbbing starlight, when Avallon broke off the air he had begun to whistle to grasp me by the arm and say, pointing to the house, "Look! look!"

"I see nothing," I began, and stopped short as a light flitted by an open window, leaving it in deeper darkness than it was before. I was about to remark that we were in time to catch Lucia at her pranks when a wild cry, a desperately human cry, came from one of the upper rooms of the house, followed by other cries fainter and feebler.

"She is in trouble!" I exclaimed, and it was who should be to her rescue first.

Breathless, we had almost reached the house when a woman passed out a side door, and came towards us staggering. Her head was down, a hand shielded her eyes as if to shut out a dreaded sight, and she uttered ejaculations of fear. She evidently did not perceive us, and, as we kept up our running, we were by her side in a moment.

Avallon had no need to put down her hand with gentle force for me to recognize Lucia. She was gaunt, I have said, and now her face was so drawn with fright that her cheek-bones seemed about to pierce their covering. She stared wildly at us and fell on her knees, clutching at my arm and crying in French: "Master, I did not bring her here! I did not! I did not! My God, my God! He is angry with me that I feign the voudou, and he sent her to torment me."

All our threats and appeals were of no avail to make her

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explain her words. She would but repeat them, and utter incoherent cries for mercy, and penitential ejaculations for her wickedness in having tampered with voudou.

We placed her on the trunk of a fallen tree, where she sat moaning while we discussed what had best be done. "You wait here for me while I take her home," said Avallon, "and we'll explore the house when I return."

I agreed to this, and spoke gently to the frightened woman, saying: "Come, come, Lucia, rouse yourself; M. Avallon will see you home." The poor dazed creature staggered to her feet, and, supported on his arm, I watched the pair till the heavy shadows of the cypress-trees hid them from my sight.

I waited impatiently for a while, and then curiosity got the better of me. I had a candle in my pocket, and I had better be in the house out of the chill dew, I thought.

It was with difficulty that I made my way to the side door through which we had seen Lucia come out, for it had grown very dark, masses of clouds hurrying from the southern horizon obscuring the stars. Once past the door I closed it after me to exclude the wind while I lit my candle.

I had but closed the door when the wind blowing in through a shattered pane of glass sent a cold chill through me, and stirring some dried leaves on the floor, blown in by some former wind, sent them fluttering with a swishing noise. Without an effort on my part I recalled my first experience in the gloomy corridor of the house on Royal Street. My present sensations were the same as then, only they were enhanced by the sense of a mystery I was about to probe.

I hurriedly lit my candle and found myself in what, from a row of bins ranged against the wall, I judged to have been a pantry. This impression was confirmed in me when, in passing from it, I found myself in a great dining-hall some twenty-five feet by fifteen feet. In the centre of one side of this apartment a wide staircase led up to a gallery that extended on three sides of the hall and was supported by white fluted pillars picked out in gold. Rooms with panelled doors opened into the gallery and into the hall.

Although I made a thorough search of the rooms on the ground-floor and of the hall itself, I found no vestige of its former occupants, save that on the floor where the dinner-table probably had stood was a broad, dark stain that a romantic or superstitious person would have said was blood, but to my mind was naught else than evidence of a spilt flagon of wine.

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Before ascending the stairs, I paused to listen if I could hear Avallon returning; but what I took to be footsteps was the dropping of the dew among the leaves of the trees.

The room at the head of the stairs was opened with difficulty, but it was there that I found the first traces of the house having ever been inhabited. A broken chair, some faded pieces of ribbon, and in a corner against the wall a dismantled harp with one string remaining. Again the house on Royal Street was recalled to my memory. I touched the string to twang it, and it was so old and brittle that it snapped asunder. I drew a long breath, and stood lost in thought, listening to the dew dripping on the leaves.

From one vacant room to another, finding nothing, hearing nothing but the constant drip, drip of the dew on the leaves.

I had reached the last room of one end of the gallery, and my hand was on the door-knob, when I drew back and leaned against the wall, but half consciously shading the flame of my candle to preserve it from the draught. I was not frightened, nor was I longer curious. I was filled with a feeling of rest and content; and as I listened to the music that came to me from behind the closed door my eyes were suffused, and my senses of touch and sight were in repose. I only heard.

The music died away, and with a wrench I pulled myself together, and tried to be angry at what I made an effort to call my folly. I could not be angry, and with all my might I harkened for the return of the music. But it would not come again, and now there was nothing but the drip, drip of the dew on the leaves.

I sighed when I found my waiting was in vain, and opened the room-door softly, as does one who enters the chamber of the dead. I was *not* frightened. I felt as I had felt when I heard the music, only that now I did not hear, I only *saw*.

I saw before me, raised from the ground in the air, her pale robe floating, her hands clasping a mandolin, her eyes on mine, her lips smiling on me, my sister Eunice!

Our eyes still met while the candle slipped from my nerveless fingers. I felt myself sinking, and instinctively I stretched out my hands for support as I fell to the floor. And while falling, a rustling noise was in my ears that I confusedly remembered was like the swishing of Lucia's dress in the gloomy corridor.

When I raised my head to look about me there was a bright

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light in the room, which did not seem strange to me, but my sister Eunice was not there.

"Eunice!" I cried; "Eunice!" And then I felt myself stifling for air. I have but a confused recollection of getting out of the room, and down the stairs, out into the open air, where I stumbled against Avallon, out of breath from running.

"How did you do it?" he cried.

"Don't speak so loud, Avallon," I whispered. "Do what? What have I done?"

"You don't know the house is afire?" he shouted, and turned me about to witness the flames. "See! see!" he cried.

"Hush!" I reproved, and said quietly: "When I saw Eunice, I let the candle fall; perhaps it set fire to the room. Let us go home, Avallon; the fire cannot hurt Eunice; besides she has gone away."

The flames were very bright; I had been cold and the fire warmed me, and I remember his looking at me with a white, scared face, but after that I remember nothing of what took place during many days.

As soon as I was able to be about the house, I had a long talk with M. de Cimar concerning that most memorable night. In answer to a question of mine in regard to Lucia he said: "Lucia played some clumsy pranks on the negro servants, she has confessed, in order to encourage people in believing the reports concerning the house. She did this, she says and so I believe, to keep the house from passing out of my hands. But for what she and myself and yourself have witnessed Lucia is blameless. I have compared her experience of the ghostly visitant with mine, of which no one but you and myself are aware, and they agree minutely. If it would not discompose you, my friend, I would be glad to hear your narrative."

I was beginning to express my regret for the burning of the house, when he surprised me by saying composedly that he had discovered his loss of the estate; and did not at all surprise me by the warmth of the gratitude he expressed for what Avallon and myself were doing for its recovery. "Now for your narration," he concluded. And I related what I have already endeavored to tell you without exaggeration or hyperbole.

"What do you conclude from this?" asked M. de Cimar when I had ended my narrative.

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"I conclude from it," I said solemnly, feeling assured of its truth, "that Heaven is pleased to see our families at peace and in harmony, and that Eunice is gratified at the course I have pursued in your and your daughter's regard."

"I have read your story with my old eyes, and witnessed the cost of your sacrifice—it helped to make you ill, my second son," he said affectionately. "But," he objected after a moment's pause, "why should Eunice visit Lucia?" And all that I could answer was, that I did not know.

Years after, in 1879 in fact, when Marie de Cimar and Claude Avallon were quite a Darby and Joan couple, living on their estates, which had been returned to them and made one on their marriage, I went to Avallon plantation to visit my god-children. One day, during my visit, Marie spoke to me of what I had seen and heard on the night her father's house was destroyed by fire—by the way, it was never rebuilt—and gave me her theory. The full-length portrait of my sister, as I have already related, was lost during the war. "It had been taken from its frame, carefully rolled up and stored away," she said. "When we returned to Bayou Salé we could not find it; but those persons who occupied the house for a while, could not they have come across it, and having no frame have tacked it up against the wall, and may not you and father and Lucia have been deceived by a portrait?"

"I do not say that we could not have been so deceived," I replied. "But your theory will not account for the music I and others heard. As for the music I myself heard, it was of numbers so delicious and liquid, of so fine and rare a quality, that to suppose I could have imagined it would be to rank me among the greatest of musicians."

Marie only shook her head incredulously.

I have given Mme. Avallon's theory because I wish to be perfectly honest and fair.

I do not believe in it. Do you?

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# WEST VIRGINIA, AND SOME INCIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

A FEW months ago I was asked for information about lands in West Virginia. Prior to 1861 a French gentleman had purchased a large tract of State land in that region. The evidence of title given to the purchaser was lost when his château was wantonly burned by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war. It was in the hope of identifying his lands, and obtaining legal proof of ownership, that he asked my assistance.

In 1856–7 I was resident in the State, and made some small surveys and maps of the coal-fields in parts of Kanawha and Boone counties. My place of residence was Manningsville, on Little Coal River, about twenty miles southwest of Charleston. In the first two years of the Civil War, 1861–2, I commanded a brigade under Generals Rosecrans and Cox. Later, in 1863–4, I was in command of the military district of the Kanawha. In this service I had traversed the region, embracing the Kanawha and its affluents, Coal River and its branches, the Elk, the Gauley, and New River—whose source is in the western territory of North Carolina. Thus I became acquainted with the topography of the territory; its lines of communication; its actual productions; and something of the natural resources of a country possessing the varied *matériel* of boundless wealth, but wanting means and method of development. Thus I was qualified, perhaps, to advise my French correspondent, though unable to satisfy his inquiries. I could tell him what I believed of the probably distant future of West Virginia, and, therefore, advise him to authenticate his claim. Its present value was inconsiderable; its future might not pay the cost of investigation, or it might ultimately be of great value: he could afford to wait.

I knew nothing of what might answer the purpose of a general land office in the Old Dominion or the new State of West Virginia. But supposing that the sale of State lands was of record in the proper office, either at Richmond or Charleston, I addressed a letter of inquiry to a prominent lawyer whose acquaintance I had made when he was a colonel in the "Confederate" service and I a prisoner of war.

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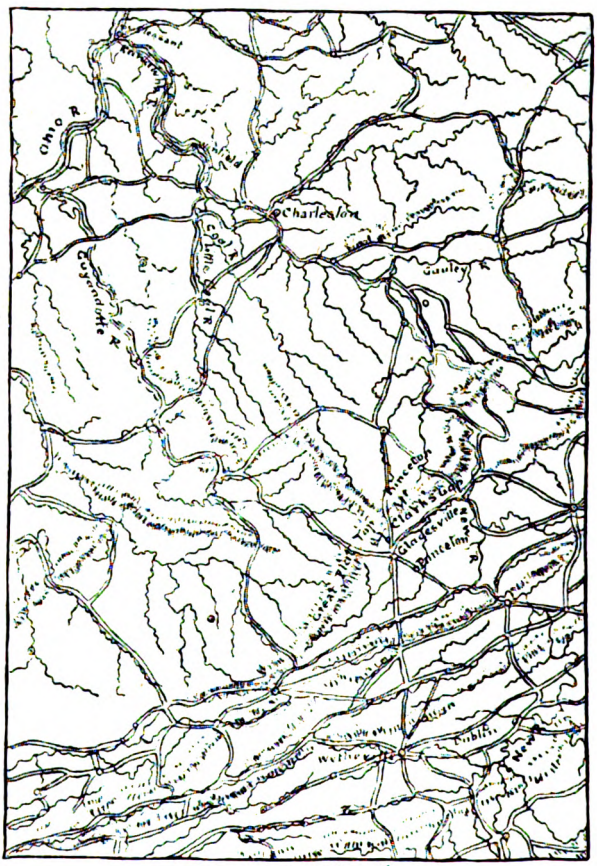
This interchange of letters revived my recollections of West Virginia, and of incidents that seem worthy of special remembrance.

I had been called to Cumberland, Maryland, to meet the department commander; and, with three members of my staff,




Western Part of West Virginia

was returning to headquarters at Charleston, when we fell into the hands of the enemy.

We had arrived at Point Pleasant—mouth of the Kanawha River—early in the afternoon, but the steamboat ordered to await us at that point had not yet arrived. Nor did she make her appearance until near sunset; when, without any further delay, we started on the return trip. We had accomplished about one-half of the distance between Point Pleasant and Charleston when it became so dark that the steamboat

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was compelled to "*tie up*" at the nearest landing. This, fortunately as I thought, was Winfield, where, three or four days before, I had left a competent force to guard the crossing of the river. I had refused a request to remove this guard, and so felt assured that no danger awaited us at that point. But in my absence a subordinate had removed the detachment which was stationed at Winfield, and had not advised me of the fact. A chance party of the enemy arrived at the crossing just in time to receive us; and so we were *en route* to Richmond instead of the headquarters at Charleston.

To avoid the risk of being intercepted, my escort travelled by rough and unfrequented paths through the mountains. On the third day of our journey we reached a military post not far from Princeton, in Mercer County, where my friendly enemy, the Confederate colonel, was in command. Exhausted by the privations and fatigues incident to such a journey, the prisoners and their escort alike needed food and rest. The colonel extended every civility that circumstances allowed, and the captives were entertained more as guests in misfortune than as prisoners of war.

It was on this painful journey through the mountains of West Virginia that I had opportunities for learning something of the real sentiment of its people on the war and its issues. As I have elsewhere stated, the people here, as in all other parts of our country, North, South, East, and West, were thoroughly imbued with sectionalism. That, and that alone, led any considerable part of the people of this region to espouse the cause of the Confederacy. For negro slavery, the one great factor in the industry, commerce, and social life of the extreme South, was the *cause;* which in no possible way could benefit the people of the vast mountain territories of West Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina.

If, in this journey to Richmond, I had positive evidence of loyal feeling for the Union, I also met with sectionalism, more frankly expressed because in accordance with the dominant power in the South. My friendly foe, the colonel, invited me to his quarters at a private house in the valley. On entering the drawing-room I was introduced to the mistress of the house, and was received with marked civility. There were present several women—chance visitors from neighboring houses—all of whom save one were at least civilly polite when the colonel announced me as General S——, of the United States Army. But that one said, loud enough for me to hear, "That is the way I like to see

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*them* come—as prisoners." It was so rudely spoken that I so far forgot the proprieties as to say, "Madam, I am only an accidental visitor; but you will probably see more of *them* soon, escorted by their own men." My friend hurried me to his own room; and, as the door closed behind us, said: "I hope, general, that you will not suffer yourself to be disturbed by such rudeness. A *lady* could not be guilty of it." He seemed so annoyed that the unwilling guest tried to make excuses for the rudeness of the lady (?).

But for the very unpleasant occasion of this journey through the mountain passes of West Virginia, I could have better appreciated their wild and romantic beauty. I have made many excursions among the mountains of New Mexico—the Rockies—whose great elevations are supposed to give grandeur of scenic effect. But those mountains are seen from the prairies, whose level is higher above the sea than the mountain-tops of Virginia. Thus the aerial perspective, which gives all shades of color between the dark browns and vivid greens of a foreground and the faint blue of the distant mountain—the ethereal beauty of the mountain scenery of Virginia—is almost wholly wanting in the rarefied atmosphere of Arizona and New Mexico.

But recollections revived by correspondence about land-titles in West Virginia were not confined to its coal-fields, its sea of mountains, its wild glens and romantic valleys; nor to my own experiences

"Of moving accidents by flood and field."

There were incidents of service that merit more than a mere mention in the annals of our Civil War, for they exhibit the quick perception and heroic action that sometimes avert a threatened disaster when circumstances would seem to compel submission or defeat.

It is told of Field-Marshal the Count de Saxe—perhaps the most brilliant soldier of the eighteenth century in Europe—who, unhappily, exemplified his own favorite maxim, "*Il faut faire la guerre gaîment*," that he was incautiously—perhaps accidentally—some miles in advance of the vanguard of his army, with only a small escort of dragoons, when a large body of the enemy interposed between the general and his troops. His case seemed hopeless. But a stone building—a mill whose lower story was used as a stable—was near at hand, and suggested a possibility which he was quick to apprehend. Having taken refuge in the mill, a few minutes sufficed to remove its roof, and from its timbers,

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and bricks from the chimney, to form a rude projecting gallery over the only entrance, and provide it with heavy stones taken from the walls, to be dropped on the heads of the assailants. This was an improvised *machicouli gallery;* and it proved an efficient means of defence. The assailants had no artillery at hand, and were kept at bay by falling missiles and the fire of the little garrison until the advance of his army relieved the incautious commander from peril.

An incident of the Civil War in West Virginia, not unlike that recorded in the history of the great soldier of Europe in the eighteenth century, has seemed to me equally worthy of note. It is true that the one is of a great commander where hostile armies were witnesses of his prowess; the other of a young lieutenant of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, with only a regiment within hearing of his rifles; but too distant to give assistance or to insure the certainty of ultimate relief.

In the absence of the captain and one of the lieutenants of Company C, Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, Lieutenant James L. Botsford was the only commissioned officer with the company when, serving as pioneers, or the advanced guard of the regiment, it was ordered to march. It was supposed that the main body of the regiment would follow when the advanced guard had attained the proper distance in front of the column. But the winding road through the mountain passes made it impossible to see whether the regiment had moved or not. Botsford was miles in advance when, coming upon a camp of guerrillas, he attacked and dispersed them. He was, in fact, some twenty miles in advance of his regiment, and turned back to rejoin the column.

But the regiment had halted on the summit of the Great Flat Top Mountain; and when Botsford reached the foot of its southern slope, the approach of night and the wearied condition of his men made it necessary to bivouac, though yet five miles in advance of his regiment. He therefore encamped at a place called "Clark's Hollow," or "Clark's Gap," and intended to resume the return march at two o'clock the next morning. But wearied by their long march in routing the guerrilla camp, it was daylight when the command was aroused to find itself—about seventy wearied men—surrounded by a Confederate force of *three hundred and fifty soldiers* and some *fifty guerrillas*, sent out from Princeton during the night. A demand for his surrender was promptly refused by Lieutenant Botsford, who followed his refusal by firing upon the enemy. The fire was



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promptly returned, by which one man was killed and perhaps a dozen wounded. Finding himself exposed on all sides to the enemy's fire, Botsford took possession of a "double pen" log dwelling near the roadside. The inmates were in bed, for it was yet early morning.

They were told to get under the beds, and the beds and bedding were hastily thrust into the door-ways and windows. Loop-holes were made through the "chinking" of the walls, and in a very few minutes the log-cabin became a fort. Repeated attempts to assault the fort were made and repelled. The commander and the men of heroic Company C were cool and determined, and the walls of *the fort* were nearly musket-proof. The contest was continued, with short intervals, for *two hours*, when the approach of the regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hayes—the late ex-President—rescued the garrison from further peril. Company C had one man killed and twenty-two wounded. Six of the wounded died within a few days after the combat. Its loss may be fairly stated as *seven killed* and *sixteen wounded*. The loss of the enemy was reported to be *forty-five*. Just how many were killed or died of their wounds was not known—or not reported.

The Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers was the *first* of the *three years'* regiments from Ohio, and second to none in the annals of our Civil War. There is no implied reflection upon any of the noble regiments from Ohio, or other States, in saying that it was distinguished for gallantry in the field. And the record of the fragment of its one thousand and eight, left at the close of the war, is worthy of note.

It has given a President of the United States; a justice of the Supreme Court; two governors and two lieutenant-governors of Ohio; a foreign minister and consul; and five or six members of the national Congress.

GENERAL E. PARKER-SCAMMON.

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# KNOW-NOTHINGISM IN KENTUCKY, AND ITS DESTROYER.

IN view of the attempted revival of the Know-nothing propaganda, whose vile spirit was thought to be dead these forty years, a sketch of the brave layman who dared to oppose and succeeded in vanquishing its abettors, may be thought opportune.

The author of the famous *Letters of a Kentucky Catholic*, though retired these eight or nine years to the privacy of his Portland home in Louisville, Kentucky, must not pass away from the busy stage he has so long honored without a last recognition of his services to the body politic and religious.

It was the sterling editor, Manly Tello, who remarked at the time of the publication of Honorable Ben. J. Webb's *Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky*, that "the author had unconsciously written his own biography, interspersed in the six hundred pages of this interesting chronicle." Come the next February, Benedict Joseph Webb—named after the sainted first Bishop of Bardstown—will have completed his eightieth year, having been born in 1814 in the mansion now occupied by the Bethlehem School for Negro Children, in the seat of the first Western bishopric. This house had been purchased by the Sisters of Nazareth from his father, Nehemiah Webb. His mother was Clotilda, or Cloe Edelin, a convert of German origin. The father was of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry, a Quaker by persuasion, but in his youth so fervent a convert to the faith that he walked eighteen miles to be confirmed by the venerable Bishop Neumann. Speaking of the girlhood of Miss Edelin, Father Badin afterwards said to her son: "Yes, Cloe was a good girl, but in those days she gave me a world of trouble." When asked why, "Yes," he answered, "she troubled my confessional every time I went to Pottinger's Creek!"

## HIS EARLY LIFE.

Benedict's first teachers were one Thomas Rapier and the Rev. John Hutchins—"a man," Mr. Webb used to say, "who filled for me the measure of my fancy." "I could read well," he also confessed to the writer, "at eight years old; and between that and my tenth year I had read *Don Quixote* and the

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*Scottish Chiefs*—the only books on the household shelf besides the prayer and meditation manuals, from which my father used to read a chapter every night after prayers." The Webb mansion was the temporary church from 1815 to 1819, when the cathedral of Bardstown was consecrated. "Though I had not reached my sixth year," continues the biography, "when these

HON. BEN. J. WEBB.

services came to an end, . . . their recurrence is a defined memory with me to the present day; as are also the forms, faces, and general appearance of Bishops Flaget, David, and Chabrat, and Fathers Badin and Nerinckx"—who celebrated Mass in his father's parlor. "At fourteen or fifteen, before I left home, I acquired a facility in understanding Scotch brogue from an old Scotsman, by name Conniky; and I would often call at his room, where we read together Burns's "Tam O'Shanter"—he interpreting, and I delightedly learning the rich dialect. Then I took lessons again from my old foreman, Granger, in the printer's office in Louisville where I learnt my trade."

The boy's education was prosecuted at St. Joseph's College,

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Bardstown, where he was instructed and admitted to First Communion by Dr. Francis Patrick Kenrick. It was the future great archbishop and theologian who was pastor of the cathedral when Nehemiah Webb died, and who consoled the bereaved family. "I can never forget," says Mr. Webb, "the kindness of his manner, nor the sympathetic tones of his voice." The youth of seventeen, as intimated, chose printing as a trade and was foreman in the Louisville *Journal* office. When in his twenty-second year, so well was he equipped for life-work, that he was commissioned, in 1836, to publish the first Catholic paper of the West, the *Catholic Advocate*, in conjunction with Dr. M. J. Spalding; Rev. George Elder, founder of St. Joseph's College; Dr. Reynolds, first Bishop of Charleston, and the Jesuit, Father De Luynes. From that early date till 1876, a period of forty years, Mr. Webb's connection with newspapers published in the diocese was never entirely severed. And though a scholar of the type of Judge Hardin and the later Zach. Montgomery, whose technical education was not so perfect as to have mastered the orthography of pesky English, no reader of his editorials, letters, biographies of Kentucky governors, and his history, need be told he wielded a trenchant pen and was master of a correct and classic style.

## THE BIRTH OF KNOW-NOTHINGISM.

But troublous times were to succeed the calm and fair development of the faith nurtured in the sunshiny days of the Catholic "second spring," and fostered by the promising religious leaders who now took up the apostolic burden falling from the shoulders of Bishop Flaget. The old Know-nothingism was, like the new, conceived in the jealousy of the church's progress. Its real birth may be traced to the Louisville Protestant League, on the west of the Alleghanies. Irritated by the evident forward swing of "Popery," championed by Drs. Spalding, Reynolds, McGill, and the Jesuit, Father Larkin, in the pulpit, and in the press by the editors of the *Advocate*, seconded by Mr. Webb, the Protestant ministers, whose names are yet recorded, banded themselves together to expose the "abominations of papacy." As usual, opposition only whetted the curiosity of the non-Catholic public to hear what the abused church had to say in its own defence, and impelled hundreds, in 1846 and 1847, to crowd the audiences in the cathedral, correspondingly diminishing the knots of listeners to the politico-religious harangues of the ministers. A year later, the hounding of the papal nuncio, Archbishop Bedini, was

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but another step forward in the march of persecution proceeding from words of despite to deeds of shameful violence.

According as the arena of combat was shifted, by the old-line Democrats allied with the Native-American party, from the religious rostrum to the field of politics, the bishops and Catholic clergy, prudently retreating from the unbecoming contest, left the brunt of the battle to be borne by enlightened laymen, and they, in Kentucky, hesitated not a moment in recognizing Ben. J. Webb as their leader. His greatness was thrust upon him, and with that modest but manly valor which characterized him he charged, single-handed, the serried column of Native Partisans.

FATHER LARKIN, S.J.

"Their idea," he wrote coolly in his history a generation later, "was to work in the dark through the institution of a secret order, whose leading principle should be opposition to Catholics as such. The Know-nothing leaders did not themselves know the extent and strength of the storm of public fury they had raised. They winked at the threat of violence at the polls should a Catholic or foreign-born citizen attempt to vote, but they were not prepared for the wholesale slaughter that followed." On "Bloody Monday," on the testimony of Bishop Spalding, "nearly a hundred poor Irish and Germans were butchered or burnt, and some twenty houses burnt to the ground—the city authorities, all Know-nothings, looking calmly on and now endeavoring to lay the blame on the Catholics."

## ITS DEEDS OF VIOLENCE.

The mob marched on the churches and were about to set them afire, when the bishop called on the mayor, and, presenting him the keys of the cathedral, demanded protection for the property. Curious to relate, the same insane idea that our churches are arsenals, which the younger Bishop Spalding had

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to answer two months ago at Peoria, was precisely the reason given in 1855 for the attempt at arson of our church property. It is a tradition in the German portion of Louisville that the sturdy Teutons on the evening of the bloody day armed themselves, and, forming in a solid phalanx, dared the cowardly assassins to attack them in their strongholds. Though they were no further personally molested, the next morning more than a hundred German families fled for their lives, and others were preparing to follow them out of the doomed city.

On the same morning, August 6, 1855, an editorial appeared in the organ of the sect, the Louisville *Journal*, "charging that the killing, maiming, and burning of the day before had been the direct result of the assaults made upon peaceable citizens by the foreign-born population; and intimating, too, that these assaults were instigated by the Catholic clergy of the city." The truth was that for days together, before and after the Monday of slaughter and arson, one might walk the streets without meeting a single Irish or German citizen.

"The one most responsible for the outbreak in Louisville," continues Mr. Webb, "was the late George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville *Journal*." And yet personally, Mr. Webb avows, "there never was a non-Catholic who had less of anti-Catholic bigotry." It was all a matter of policy, not of conviction, still less of principle. And to clinch the proof of it four of the leaders, George D. Prentice, Mayor Barbee, Gen. Hum. Marshall, and Judge Caleb Logan, afterwards expressed, in Mr. Webb's presence, "their sincere regret that they had ever had any connection with the movement" (*Life of Archbishop Spalding*, p. 186).

Mr. Webb told the writer the very words in which Caleb Logan, the real author of the inflammatory articles fathered by Prentice, expressed his after convictions: "Mr. Webb, I see now it was all wrong; but I didn't know it then."

## THE CONTEST IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

In a general view it might be explained that, outside of casual letters and light passages of arms, the controversy was carried on in twelve letters by Mr. Webb, to which the *Journal* answered in *Replies* to the number of eight. The latter are replete with wholesale assertions, calumnious generalizations, and that cunning *mélange* of lies tinctured with truth which form the stock in trade of bigoted libellers who dare not descend to particulars of persons or proofs. Mr. Webb's articles, while strong

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and uncompromising in their bravery and Anglo-Saxon aptness and bluntness, observe a congruity and a flow of diction which is beautiful in itself, moderate and modest without being cringing, and flatten out the heavy assertions of his adversary to thin tin-foil. Mr. Webb's first writings, collected in pamphlet form, are popularly known as *Letters of a Kentucky Catholic.* A copy

BISHOP REYNOLDS.

of the pamphlet, which is entitled *The Catholic Question in Politics*, lies before me. It was first published in Louisville, Ky., in 1856. It is introduced by a preface of thirty pages.

"For the first time," it sets out, "since the formation of our government, a party has appeared in the land which adopts openly and deliberately the policy of proscription on account of religious faith. Proscription, in any sense, has no affinity with republicanism. From its very nature it seeks the advancement of one portion of the people through the degradation of an-

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other. But when proscription is based on the idea that the religious convictions of men are just cause for its exercise against them, those who adopt the principle are guilty, not only of warring against the very genius of republicanism, but also of usurping the prerogative of the Deity. . . . "

Speaking of George D. Prentice, who was favorably known as a poet as well as an editor and politician, the author pursues:

"Formerly a votary of the gentlest of the muses, he has tuned his pipe to another lay: *Arma virumque cano*—war is now his theme; and the object of his highest ambition is to break a lance with the 'Papal Dragon.'"

Instead, however, of choosing St. George of Merry England as his patron, he was more probably inspired by "*Saint* Lord George Gordon," of Catholic Riot fame. Of course all the "patriotic" hue and cry against Catholics was based on not an iota of testimony going to fix the charge on a single bishop, priest, or layman, that he was "justly accusable of being untrue to his country." They, therefore, simply revamped the stale and odorous slanders, extinguished more by the perfume of Catholic civic virtues, nearly four centuries ago, than by a tilt at arms either literally or metaphorically.

Mr. Gladstone, in the happily past days of his frenzy, must have borrowed from the same source the identical charge, that temporal loyalty to the state was incompatible with spiritual obedience to the head of the church.

## THE WEAPONS OF THE CONFLICT.

When, now, the fanatics narrow their proscription to attempting to deprive Roman Catholics of the right of holding office under the Republic, Mr. Webb corners them thus: "Catholics are not all fools; and if they find themselves living in communities where they are looked upon by the mass of their fellow-citizens as either open or covert enemies, they will be compelled, for the sake of peace, to form communities of their own in different parts of the country, where, having popular majorities, they will be forced into the offices within the gift of such communities. Thus will be brought about the very state of things which the members of the new organization affect so much to deprecate."

And to show conclusively that the pretended principles and really revolutionary aims and deeds of baffled political tricksters is ever and always the self-same: ". . . The outcry

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raised by these men against the Roman Catholics of the United States is nothing but a sham, gotten up for the promotion of the political aspirations of a few unscrupulous demagogues and party hacks, the sum-total of whose interest in the institution of Christianity itself may be measured by the phrase, 'the loaves and fishes.'"

BISHOP MCGILL.

Then, if Catholics are unfit for office on account of their faith, "they are unfit to file a bill as lawyers, or bandage a broken limb as surgeons."

Turning to the other religious denominations, he reasons that if this kind of logic and the practical, *bloody* conclusions consequent upon it, are to be followed out, "Who may be the next to feel this rod of proscription? . . . Consider the evils of a war of creeds. Not the least will be the indoctrination of a large portion of our population, and particularly the young, with an insane hatred of their fellow-men. Very many of those who have been so influenced are not professors of religion; fewer still have a correct understanding of the eternal law of love, and most of these are practically unable to discern the distinction between a certain faith and the worshippers attached to it."

Here is an outline sketch of an old-fashioned Know-nothing: "Ignorant men, reared in the bush, and small-fry village politicians, at the cry of 'THE POPE! THE POPE!' have suddenly started forth, armed *cap-à-pie* with historical and theological weapons, and with every hair on their empty heads erect with inspiration! Some of these men, unused to so great a pressure on their limited modicum of brains, are already mad; and an indefinite number of them are but few degrees removed from the same sad state."

Finally, under the different heads: I. Religion; II. Civilization; III. Literature and Arts; IV. Political Institutions, a *résumé* is set forth of the benefits the church and her children have conferred on society and on this American Republic.

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It will be acknowledged a bootless task now to follow up the mazes of this long-drawn and sharp controversy, ever and anon repeated in the self-same words from the time of the apologists of the Roman Empire, down through the politico-religious revolutions of the close of the middle ages, to the more blessed times of the new and saner democracy, when the church, freeing the nations she had nursed at her bosom, blesses the aspirations of the peoples.

As usual, however, the opposition were always jumping the track and launching off into side-issues. No *political aggression*, as was charged, could be proved against individual Catholics, much less against the simple-minded bishops and clergy of the East or the West. And no aspersion of the loyal escutcheon of Catholics, in any accepted sense, could stand before the eloquence and martial skill of this provoked champion of liberty of conscience in a free land.

## THE OUTCOME.

That the *Journal* lost subscribers by its advocacy of the persecuting and libeling sect, itself acknowledged. The loss was not restricted to Catholics, nor was it confined to large-souled laymen. "All honor!" exclaimed Mr. Webb, in noticing the defection of non-Catholic ministers—"all honor to these conscientious preachers and true Americans! They have read aright the page on which is inscribed the charter of our constitutional liberties. Not only this, but they have read aright that higher page of God's law which inculcates the duty of charity. And not only this, but they have read aright that page of the book of common sense which teaches, as the experience of all times, that religions, or even preconceived opinions on matters of less importance, can never be uprooted from the mind by political disabilities on account of

BISHOP SPALDING, AS BISHOP OF LOUISVILLE.

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such faith. . . . Many of the preachers have severed all connection with the party. Let them do but this, and the very name of the political monster whom they served will soon become a myth in the land which he had hoped to govern, and, in governing, ruin." And in another passage, and in a prophecy which has proved true: "I speak to you not as a Catholic, but as an American citizen, when I say —and mark my words!—the days of your anti-republican faction are numbered. The handwriting is even now upon the wall which will consign its pernicious principles to the pit whence they had exhaled, as a dark cloud in the moral atmosphere, causing the true lover of his country to tremble for the safety of his hopes in the perpetuity of our institutions, and gladdening the political freebooter with the prospect of plunder in the general devastation which it threatened."

Such intrepidity, with truth and justice on its side, can never fail to win the ear of America. The real conspirators slunk away to their lairs when the men of brains and heart who had been betrayed by them into the unholy alliance abandoned the cause. So sincere was the pacification between the two principals of the warfare that the really magnanimous editor shook hands with the slayer of the Know-nothing dragon in the office of the *Journal*, and invited him to join the staff—the *Courier* being twelve years after consolidated with the *Journal*, thus founding the well-known Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Humphrey Marshall's wife and surviving daughters are Catholics. He and other participators had become thoroughly ashamed of the part they had played when, as the younger Bishop Spalding said recently: "In Louisville there was no market for real estate; no new enterprises were started; grass grew in the streets and hogs sunned themselves in the filth of the gutters; and this stagnation did not pass away until the awful storm of civil war had passed over it and purified the air."

Ben. J. Webb bore his honors meekly, as became the man he is; and he was, in a decade after the publication of his *Letters*, elected senator from the very district where he had upheld the loyalty of his fellow-Catholics. His record in the Kentucky senate for eight years will bear comparison with that of any of his compeers. It was during this period that he was commissioned by the State to prepare the famous literary biographies of Governor John L. Helm and his successor in office as chief magistrate of his native State of Kentucky, Governor Lazarus W. Powell.

It may be remarked, in this connection, that the senator

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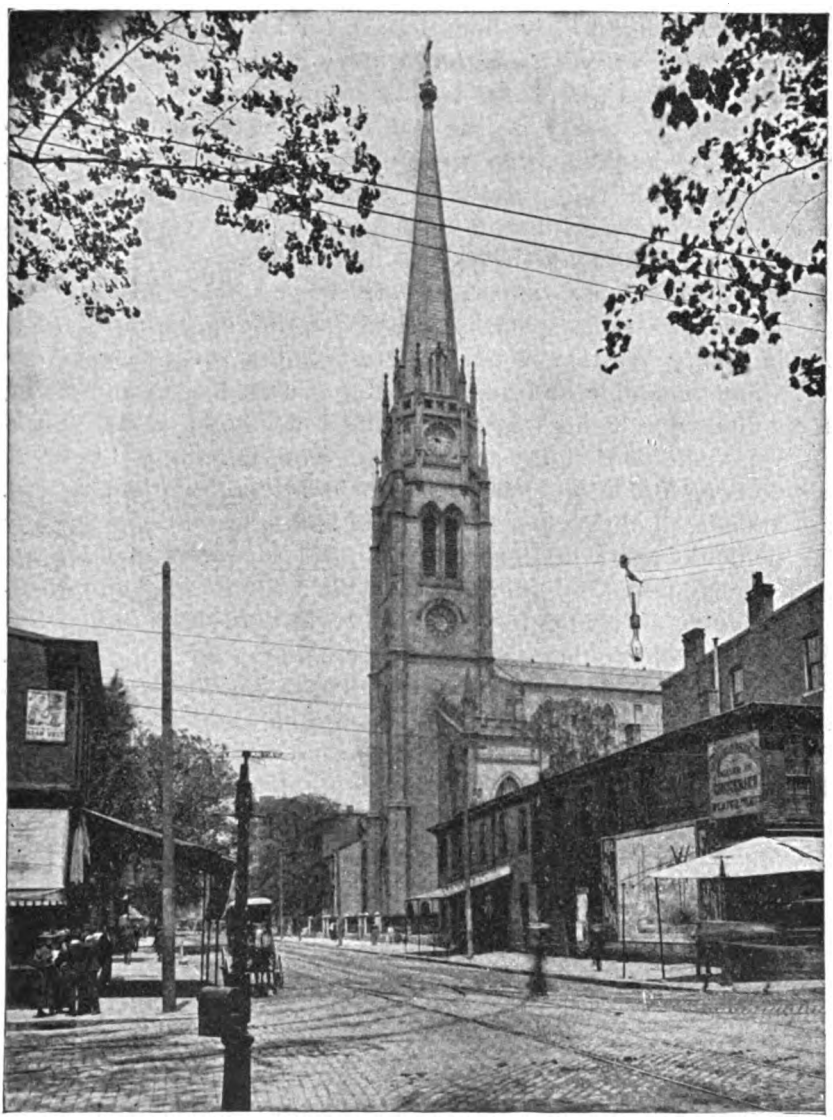
was not accustomed to appear in the rostrum without his address fairly written out, which he then delivered from the manuscript. He was a writer rather than a speaker, and this led to



LOUISVILLE CATHEDRAL.

his reacceptance of the editorship of the old *Catholic Advocate*, whose standard he sought to bring back to something of its ancient renown.

Senator Webb has been too noble a character to have ulti-

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mately succeeded in modern politics; and for the simple reason that he publicly declared he would use no money in his canvas for a position as city clerk in Louisville, about 1873, he was relegated to private life. To the glory of Catholicity did it please Providence to give him leisure for his monumental work on *Catholicity in Kentucky.* His life was the remote preparation for the work, and for twenty years preceding its publication, on the centenary of the church in the basin of the Ohio River, 1885, he had been writing the biographies to make its pages glow with the warmth of life. Friends have recognized in its descriptions of heroes and heroines in the pioneer days passages not unworthy the pen of a Newman.

Several Kentucky romances have flowed from his graceful and classic pen—one specially written at the suggestion of Honorable Henry Watterson, our cleverest Southern newspaper editor. The venerable and amiable octogenarian has been nothing if not literary, all his long and fruitful manhood years. Shakspere is yet his delight and solace. The beauties and sublimities of Scripture have claimed and held his adoring admiration, and transfused through his pure style that chasteness and piety which lift the mere littérateur far beyond the limits of mere human fame. John Wilson, the inimitable "Kit North," and Charlotte Bronté, Walter Scott, and the historical novelists, rather than the fictionists, are his favorites. He still receives his friends, smokes his short-stemmed pipe, laughs at a good story and tells a better, at his Portland home in Louisville, embowered in trees and inhaling the cool breath of the near-flowing Ohio. The old rhymes and delightful saws come trippingly from his lips, and he does not disdain Bill Nye and Artemus Ward.

THOMAS J. JENKINS.

*St. Lawrence, Ky.*

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# THE LAND OF THE SUN.

## AT THE HACIENDA.

IF the arrival at the hacienda was like a dream in the white moonlight of the night, when the great mass of buildings was all made up of silver lights and dark shadows, and the lamps gleaming in the pillared courts and lofty apartments only served to show dimly their vast spaces, it was a very striking reality in the brilliant sunshine of the next morning when the members of the party, emerging from their various apartments, found themselves on a wide arcaded corridor surrounding the four sides of a court fit for a baronial castle.

"Oh, how delightfully mediæval!" cried Dorothea, as she looked around at the great open paved space where a thousand men-at-arms might have manœuvred with ease, at the immense, fortress-like walls, at the long vista of corridors shaded by orange-trees, and at the belfries of the chapel which rose above the roof of the house against a sky of dazzling lapis-lazuli.

"Don't let Don Rafael hear you call his residence mediæval," said her brother with a laugh. "He might not understand that you mean to flatter it. There *are* Americans who would not use the term in a flattering sense—and with these Americans Mexicans are more familiar than with those who admire the antiquity of their dwellings and customs."

"If he thinks we are uncultivated modern barbarians, able to appreciate nothing but a steam-engine, I hope you will be kind enough to undeceive him," replied Dorothea with dignity, "since I, for one, cannot possibly restrain my admiration for this splendid, picturesque place."

"Here he is now," said Philip, advancing to meet the elderly gentleman, of aspect as picturesque and dignified as his house, who came toward them. A tall, well-knit figure, set off to advantage by the costume of the country, a clear-cut, bronze face with an eagle eye and partially gray hair, the bearing of an hidalgo and the manner of a courtier, such was Don Rafael de Vargas in his own stately home. In very good English he welcomed the party again, told them that his house was their own, and begged to know if they had rested well during the night.

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Assured on this point, he expressed regret that his wife and daughters, who now came up in smiling phalanx, could not speak English, but hoped that the American ladies had sufficient command of Spanish to communicate with them.

Philip, for the American ladies, expressed their sincere regret that this was not the case—and then for several minutes was kept very busy interpreting the hospitable greetings and compliments of Doña Herminia and her three daughters. Two of these were married—charming young matrons with manners as attractive as their faces; but the youngest, Doña Mercédes, was in the first flush of girlhood, and of a very bewitching loveliness, delicate, high-bred, and piquant.

"There she is!" said Philip, in a discreet aside to his elder sister, when he was at last able to cast his mantle of interpreter upon the shoulders of Russell. "Isn't she a beauty? She beats Violet Gresham hollow, as I knew she would!"

Mrs. Langdon, suppressing a laugh, replied that Doña Mercédes was certainly a beauty in the full sense of that much-abused term—"and a perfect picture," she added, as she stood looking at the girl with undisguised admiration. There was indeed a strikingly picturesque quality in her loveliness, the quality which makes an artist, on seeing some particular face, long for his color-box and brushes, that he might transfer its lines, tints, and tones to canvas. Here all the lines, tints, and tones were of the most charming description. The soft brunette skin was fine and pale as ivory, save where a coral-like color bloomed on the rounded cheeks, dark curling hair clustered around a beautiful forehead, perfect brows lay, straight as a Greek statue's, above the large and brilliant dark eyes with their long, curling lashes, the delicate nose expressed refinement with something of pride, while the lips, "like a scarlet thread," parting over milk-white teeth, and the shape of the dimpled chin, indicated that the young lady possessed a very decided will of her own. In fact there was something in her whole appearance suggestive at once of a spoiled child, and of a saucy, somewhat mutinous, disposition. "And this is the girl we were *afraid* that Philip would marry!" thought Margaret, with a humorous sense of the situation. "She looks like a young princess, and I fancy would not think of condescending to a poor gringo, a mere civil engineer, as Phil no doubt appears to these people."

It was certain that, kind as the De Vargas family had been to the young engineer, they received a new and much higher idea of his social environment from the appearance of his family

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and friends. The ladies, especially, gauged with fine accuracy the position of these very elegant and distinguished-looking strangers of their own sex. "They are evidently persons of the highest consideration in their own country," Doña Herminia confided aside to her daughters. "I am much pleased to know them."

And Doña Mercédes remarked frankly to Philip, who executed a flank movement as soon as possible which placed him at her side, "they are charming, your sisters. I cannot tell which I admire most. The one in blue is perhaps most beautiful, but the one in black has most distinction."

"The lady in blue is not my sister," replied Philip. "She is a friend only. At home she is considered a great beauty; but in Mexico," pursued this bold and unfaithful young man, "she does not seem so beautiful, by comparison with the ladies of this country."

He was rewarded by the laughing gleam that came into Doña Mercédes' bright young eyes. "Do you find them, then, all so beautiful, the ladies of Mexico?" she asked. "I am afraid you are a great flatterer, señor. For my part, I think there can be few anywhere more beautiful than this friend of yours."

"She is a friend of my sisters," said Philip the mendacious.

At this moment the party was reinforced by the approach of three young men, one of whom proved to be a son-in-law, while the other two were sons of the house—handsome young fellows who had received their education in Europe, and one of whom was attached to the Mexican legation in Paris. Both spoke English, the latter, Don Rodolfo, particularly well, and on him Miss Gresham smiled approvingly. It was the last thing she had expected, to find so unmistakable a man of the world in this Mexican hacienda, which seemed to her imagination as remote from the scenes which his appearance and manner suggested as if it had been located on another planet. So, with pleasant surprises on all sides, and a generally agreeable sense of good will, the party moved toward the dining-room, where breakfast awaited them.

At the door the members of the family all drew back and motioned their guests to precede them into a vast apartment, where a table, at which fifty persons might have been seated, occupied the centre of the floor. There was little else in the room. A tile-paved floor, delicately frescoed walls, two or three sideboards of very simple construction, and an army of chairs, these things, with the great table, made up the fittings of the



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apartment. On one side was the square aperture in the wall through which, according to Mexican custom, the food is passed from the kitchen—which invariably adjoins the dining-room; on the other side tall windows opened upon a beautiful garden enclosed by a high wall, where flowers were blooming in profusion and birds singing in the trees.

"How wonderfully feudal it all seems!" Dorothea remarked in a low voice to her sister, as they grouped themselves about one end of the long table, and coffee and chocolate were served by white-clad, crimson-cinctured servants. "I could not have imagined anything at the present time so suggestive of the past. This table seems made for an unlimited hospitality, and I feel as if all the retainers would presently march in and take their places below the salt."

"We are still very feudal in Mexico, señorita," said a voice beside her, and turning she found, somewhat to her confusion, that her remark had been overheard by Don Armando, the eldest son of the house.

"Oh!" she said, bearing in mind Philip's caution, and blushing quickly, for this English-speaking señor was looking at her very pleasantly with his bright dark eyes, "I hope you do not think that I used the term in any unflattering sense. It seems to me delightful to find anything left in the modern world so picturesque as this life of yours, so full of the spirit of times that seem as far from *us* as the middle ages."

He smiled, evidently understanding that she spoke with honest enthusiasm. "You must talk to my father," he said. "He is a great adherent of our ancient ways. I, too, like them—but I recognize that we cannot hope to keep things from changing. At present, however, there is still much that is picturesque, and feudal in the best sense, in this our Mexican life. I am glad that you like it. Many Americans think us—how do you call it? —antiquated."

"I am not that kind of an American," said Dorothea with great distinctness. "There are numbers of antiquated things that I admire exceedingly, and which I think we have very poorly replaced. But as for this life of yours—this distinctively Mexican life of the hacienda—it interests me beyond measure, and I hope you will not think me very inquisitive and troublesome if I ask many questions about it."

"It will give me the greatest pleasure to tell you anything, everything, that you may wish to know," said Don Armando with the most evident sincerity.

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"I perceive one thing very plainly," said Travers after breakfast to Mrs. Langdon, as they all strolled slowly around the orange-shaded corridors of the great quadrangle toward the *sala*, "that if you do not take compassion on me, I shall be driven to commune with my own thoughts alone. Here is the general monopolized by and zealously extracting information from Don Rafael, while Russell is engaged in exchanging compliments with our hostess, Phil has eyes, ears, and tongue only for that very pretty girl, and the two young men are evidently determined to absorb the attention of our contingent of young ladies, so unless you allow me to address a remark now and then to you I shall be driven to simply exchange smiles and bows with the very affable gentleman who is walking on your other side, señor—what is his name?"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Langdon with a smile. "If I mentioned it he would know that we were talking of him, and I have not Spanish enough to explain why. It is surely a pity that the tower of Babel was ever begun! But whenever you feel the need of conversation, pray do not hesitate to address yourself to me. By present appearances, I am no more likely to be monopolized than yourself."

In this opinion Mrs. Langdon reckoned without her hostess. When they reached the *sala*, an immense apartment, as superb in space and proportion as the rest of the house, she was at once led to the seat of honor, a sofa at the head of the room, where, seated between Doña Herminia and her eldest daughter, she was obliged to employ all the Spanish at her command and to engage Russell's aid as interpreter besides, to maintain a conversation with these friendly people.

Meanwhile, Don Rafael was only too delighted to initiate the general into the inner life of the hacienda, its modes of working, and all the details of the life of its people, most of whom had been on the estate for generations, and would under no circumstances think of leaving it. He was taken into the great office and store-room in one, where the accounts were kept, and where the laborers purchased almost all of their supplies, furnished them at the lowest profit possible by "el amo" —the master. "At the height of the season our *rayas* [payrolls] average two thousand dollars a week," said Don Rafael, "so you see there is need of a book-keeper."

"And a bank also, I should think," said the general.

He was then taken into a world outside of, yet closely surrounding the *casa grande*—a world of granaries and store-

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houses, as full to overflowing as the granaries of Egypt in the years of fatness; of shops where, with comparatively primitive tools, the work of the hacienda was done; black-smithing, carpentering, shoe-making—all the trades were represented, and very good was some of the work accomplished, notably some carriage-building which, in its results, astonished the general. Then there were the schools for both sexes, maintained by the proprietor, and filled with dusky boys and girls who were all studying aloud in the ancient fashion which, like many other ancient fashions, still lingers in Mexico.

"To-morrow," said Don Rafael, when the general, a little tired, was finally conducted back, across the wide plaza-like space around which these buildings were grouped, to the shade of the great house, "we will start early—say at five o'clock, so as to avoid the heat of the sun—and ride out on the hacienda. You will probably be interested to see our modes of agriculture."

"Nothing could interest me more," said the general heartily.

Indeed he told Russell a little later that while the cities which they visited had been very brilliant and picturesque, this glimpse of the inner life of the country, of the management of its great estates, was infinitely more interesting to him. "It is like another world," he said, "totally different in every respect from ours. There is something fascinating about its semi-patriarchal, semi-feudal character."

"A mixture of the East and the middle ages," said Russell smiling. "You can understand now why there is such an *Arabian Nights* flavor about many of the stories which are told of these great proprietors. I must get Don Rafael to tell you some of them."

Meanwhile the younger members of the party had not been idle in sight-seeing, although their attention was not directed to the inspection of the granaries and shops. Led by one of the married sisters and by Doña Mercédes and Philip, Miss Gresham and Dorothea, with Travers and their two young hosts, passed through an *atrio* enclosed by a balustrade and adorned by a fountain, and, mounting a superb flight of steps, they found themselves in the long, graceful arcade which extended along the entire front of the vast building. Here they paused for a time to admire the magnificent view of valley and mountains that stretched before them, and were then conducted to the chapel, which rose at one end of the house, and was capable of containing at least six or seven hundred people. Finely pro-

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portioned, like all Mexican churches, built of stone throughout, with lofty, frescoed ceiling, noble organ, and splendid churrigueresque altar, it was in all respects a sample of that princely generosity which the highest class of Mexicans have for centuries displayed toward religion, and which the best of them practice to-day as much as ever. Simple marble slabs let into the pavement told where rested below the dust of those who in their earthly day had owned this magnificent heritage, and who now slept in the peace of God before the altar where they had so often knelt in life. In a dim, spacious sacristy, almost as large as the church itself, the sacristan, a brown old man in the cleanest of white clothes, showed them sacred vessels and vestments rich enough for a cathedral. A stair behind the sacristy led to the chaplain's apartments above—two rooms, one a chamber, the other a study lined with books—which commanded so entrancing a view over the vast stretch of pastoral valley to the purple hills beyond, that it was difficult for Dorothea to tear herself away from it.

"It is a home for a poet or a saint, or for one who should be both," she declared as she stood in an open window, glancing from the book-cases filled with Latin and Spanish volumes within to the wide, wonderful, sun-bathed picture without. "A cell on a mountain top could not be more secluded. Not a sound reaches us from the house so full of life near by. Nothing is before one's eyes but nature and heaven."

"I must beg our good *capellan*, when he returns from the sick-call which has taken him out on the hacienda, to resign his quarters for a time to the señorita," said Don Armando, smiling. He found the enthusiastic admiration of this pretty American very attractive. "I am sure he will be delighted to do so."

"Ah, but I am neither a poet nor a saint," said Dorothea, "so what should I do here? No, señor, I think we will not disturb the good *capellan*, but whenever I dream of the most attractive place I have ever seen it will be this. Now shall we follow the others? Your sister said something of the garden."

Into a garden that might have been that of Armida they followed the advance guard that preceded them across the wide paved *atrio* and down a long flight of steps. At the foot of this natural terrace, which was enclosed by a stone wall with an iron gate, was a beautiful and extensive *huerta*. Broad alleys lined with orange-trees led in every direction through a wilderness of tropical foliage—for in this vast pleasance was every

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variety of fruit-tree known to the country, every product, it appeared, both of the temperate and tropical zones. Streams of water affording the necessary irrigation ran through enchanting bits of landscape, where great clumps of bananas unfurled their broad, green satin leaves to the sunshine, tall mango-trees, guavas, palms, and a multitude of others of which the strangers knew not the names, formed masses of luxuriant green varied here and there by the golden or purple flowers of some climbing vine. In this paradise of verdure birds were singing on every side, forming a chorus of happy praise, the air was filled with fresh fragrance, in the long green alleys there was no heat, and presently, when they reached an open space around a fountain, where near the brimming basin stone seats, that had taken the soft tint of age, were placed under trellised grape-vines, Dorothea was not the only person who uttered an exclamation of delight. "One might fancy one's self in Italy," she said. "It is like a Roman garden."

"There is something classic in the suggestion of the fountain and these stone benches," said Travers; "but all this tropical foliage is unlike Italy, and one cannot fancy a Roman garden without the ilex and the box."

"People without imagination cannot fancy anything," said Dorothea, who felt herself and her enthusiasm as usual slightly snubbed by Mr. Travers.

"I don't see the least need for imagining anything better than the reality," observed Miss Gresham with the common sense which distinguished her. "It seems to me a perfect paradise—quite the prettiest place we have seen."

"I am delighted that you find it so," said Don Rodolfo, who was carrying her parasol and generally devoting himself to this beautiful stranger; "but when you go to Mexico you will find *huertas* much more beautiful than this—for we do not keep it so much for a pleasure-ground as for the fruits which it yields. In summer every imaginable variety can be gathered here."

"There seems to be a great deal to be gathered at present," said the young lady, seating herself on one of the classic-looking benches. "If some one would kindly bring me an orange—and perhaps a banana or two—I think I could enjoy it."

Don Rodolfo clapped his hands, and as if by magic there appeared in one of the green vistas radiating from this central spot the ubiquitous white-clad, sandalled figure with which they were by this time familiar.

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"There are always two or three men at work in here somewhere," he said smiling, in answer to Dorothea's look of surprise. And addressing the man who approached, he directed him to bring some of the best varieties of oranges and bananas.

"Si, señor," was the response, and the speaker disappeared —but returned quickly, bearing a basket filled with the beautiful fruit; and in this charming spot, with stray sunbeams filtering down through a canopy of green vine-leaves, beside the gray old stone basin filled with sparkling water, and lovely depths of foliage wherever the eye rested, they all enjoyed their fragrant *al fresco* lunch.

"I feel as if I had dreamed myself into a 'Paul and Virginia' pastoral," said Dorothea presently. "Our surroundings are so idyllic that we ought to be somewhat romantic ourselves and not indulge in such very tame and prosaic conversation." (They had been discussing the facilities for marketing the orange crop of the country.)

"I am sure I am ready to be romantic at the least encouragement," said Philip, "But nobody encourages me."

"It is rather difficult to be romantic in public," said Travers. "Solitude, or solitude *à deux*, is absolutely necessary for anything of that kind. But our surroundings suggest to me Boccaccio's story-tellers in their Florentine villa. Let us have some stories with a flavor of the romanticism of this wonderful country."

"But who shall be the story-teller?" asked Dorothea. "Don Rodolfo?—Don Armando?—which?"

The two young men looked at each other, laughing and shrugging their shoulders. Each protested that ability for story-telling he had none. "But here comes some one who can oblige you," said Don Armando, glancing down the broad avenue leading to the gate, along which two figures were advancing. They were General Meynell and Don Rafael. "My father can tell, and will enjoy telling, you stories by the hour. He has lived through the old and the new times of Mexico, and his memory is stored with what you would call very romantic episodes. Three times during the revolutions he was taken out to be shot."

"I should call that more exciting than romantic," observed Dorothea. "And how did he escape?"

"Oh," replied the son, shrugging his shoulders again, "it was only a question of money. They wanted to extort more than he was willing to pay. It was necessary to pay all the time in

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those days. There was no such thing as peace, especially for a rich man. First one armed band and then another would ride up to his door and, at the point of the pistol, demand money, horses, mules, provisions—and whatever their requirements, it was necessary to satisfy them, to some extent at least."

"It is very astonishing," said Travers, "that there remained any rich men after a certain number of these visitations."

"There did not remain a great many," said the other. "The rule in this country is that those who were rich before the revolutions are poor now, and that many rich and influential men, especially those belonging to the dominant party, have fortunes founded on open robbery. Only some of the great proprietors, like my father, whose landed estates were vast, unless they happened to have those estates confiscated, came out of that period without being reduced to poverty."

"Were there many cases of confiscated estates?" Travers asked.

"Very many. Here is my father. Ask him to tell you the story of the Burro de Oro."

"The Golden Donkey," said Dorothea. "What a singular name! Was it applied to a man?"

"Yes, to a man, one of the richest in all this part of the country. Will you tell them the story of the Burro de Oro?" he asked, turning to his father, who at this moment entered the circle.

Don Rafael looked around with a smile as he sat down. His bold, clear-cut face, with the dark, eagle eyes—one could fancy how unflinchingly they had faced the muskets levelled to shoot him those three several times!—came out with fine effect against the deep green background rising above the soft gray stone of the bench on which he sat. "What a fine, powerful head!" whispered Dorothea to Travers. "How I should like to have an oil-sketch of it!"

"I have told you all along that the absence of an artist was a great mistake in the composition of our party," he replied in the same tone. "What a scene for a picture this is altogether!"

"And so my son has been telling you something of the Burro de Oro," said Don Rafael, regarding the strangers with his bright, steady glance. "It is a sad story to one who knew the man as I did. How came he to bear such a name? Well, you must know that our people are almost as much addicted to the use of nicknames, characterizing the individual, as the Ital-

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ians; and this name was given to one whose immense wealth and childish love of display, together with the fact that he was considered to be mentally deficient, made him a famous character in his day. Innumerable stories were told, and are still preserved in popular tradition, of his caprices and extravagances. Many of them were true, and in this respect he was not an isolated example. One must go to the Oriental countries to find anything analogous to the boundless wealth, and profuse, picturesque, almost barbarous expenditure of many of our great proprietors of a generation or two ago. And of this class Burro de Oro was the supreme type. Fortune absolutely showered favors on him. By direct and indirect inheritance he was possessed of almost fabulous wealth, and the love of display dominated his life. Not far from here there is a hacienda—one of the largest and richest in the State of Jalisco—which he owned, and where he erected a palace the splendor and luxury of which still bear testimony to his mode of life. Built in the most costly manner, everything about this house was of the most expensive description, and the number of his retainers was remarkable even in Mexico, where the house of every rich man is filled with servants. The attire of these servants was of a splendor to correspond with that of their master. The saddles of his *mozos* had trappings of silk and velvet, while his own saddle was of silver and gold. To the magnificence of his personal attire there were no bounds. He had hundreds of costumes loaded with the richest adornments, and the heels of his boots were made of gold."

"There is a truly Oriental touch for you," said Travers, with a smile, to Dorothea.

"I don't wonder," said the general, "that his popular name was the Golden Donkey. The man must have been an absolute fool."

"In his childish love of display, yes," said Don Rafael. "It was his great weakness. But there was nothing bad about him. On the contrary the stories of his generosity are as many as the stories of his extravagance. He was very kind to his dependents and exceedingly charitable to the poor. Once, in a time of great suffering from the failure of crops, he opened his granaries and bade all who would come and find food and work."

"Ah," said Dorothea, "one can forgive much folly in a man capable of such an act as that."

"It was but one act of many like it, and that is why the

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people still speak of Burro de Oro in a very tender fashion, laughing at his absurdities but never forgetting his countless deeds of charity. His end, however, was very sad, and it may be said that his vanity brought about the tragedy which closed his life. He was an adherent of the Emperor Maximilian, and purchased from the imperial party the title of general, just as he purchased the highly decorated uniform which it gave him the right to wear. It was well known that he had never commanded troops—never, in fact, borne arms or had any military responsibility whatever; yet the Liberals, when their triumph was assured, arrested him, seized his great wealth, and ordered his execution. There was not a shadow of pretext for such an act—but pretexts for executions were not necessary in those days." Don Rafael paused for a moment, and a shade fell over his face as if cast by the memory of the evil times of which he spoke. He turned his eyes away from the countenances regarding him with such keen interest, and gazed down one of the verdure-framed vistas as if it were that vista of the past where he saw enacted the tragedy of which he was about to speak.

"It gave," he said, "a noble and pathetic touch to the end of this poor man that he died with great dignity and courage. Yet even in his death the ruling passion of his life showed itself. He ordered that a fine piece of tapestry should be spread on the spot where he was to kneel to be shot, and then, dressed in his richest apparel, he went forth to meet the soldier's death of which he proved himself not unworthy."

There was a moment's silence as the speaker's voice fell. Pathetic indeed was the picture which his words painted for all who possessed imagination enough to see, like himself, the generous, childish soul kneel down in his brave attire, to die with the courage of a gentleman and a soldier because his enemies coveted his great possessions.

"What a story!" said Dorothea at length softly, drawing a deep breath. "Its romance and its tragedy would not be possible in any other country, unless, as you have said, señor, it were an Oriental one."

"Mexico abounds in such stories," said Don Rafael, regarding her bright and interested face with a smile. "One of the grandees of the past, who is the hero of many popular traditions, was the Count del Jaral, from whom are descended some of the greatest and richest families now existing in Mexico. He possessed no less than ninety great haciendas, and 'cattle upon a thousand hills' was no figure of speech in his case, but less

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than a statement of the literal fact. It is related of him that being once solicited by a poor student for aid to complete his education, he gave him (it was at the time of sheep-shearing) the wool from the tails of his sheep, and it constituted a fortune."

"The wool from the tails of his sheep!" repeated Dorothea. "How patriarchal and Oriental it sounds! How different from giving him a check upon his bank."

"It opens a very interesting field for speculation," said Travers. "If the wool from the tails of his sheep constituted a fortune, what did the entire wool of the sheep constitute? And there are the cattle upon a thousand hills to be considered, and the products of ninety great haciendas—I doubt if the Count del Jaral was able to tell the sum total of his own income."

"It is doubtful," said Don Rafael. "At least a hundred details must necessarily escape the attention of a man of such vast wealth—and wealth which, from its character, was almost incalculable. Another story told of him, with a very Oriental touch about it, is this: Meeting one day a large drove of very fine mules, he asked the man in charge of them what was their price. 'They are not for sale,' replied the man proudly, 'for my master has no need to dispose of his property.' 'And who is your master?' asked the count. 'El Conde del Jaral,' answered the man. Then said the count, 'I am the Conde del Jaral, and these mules are yours, because you know how to speak of your master in a becoming manner."

"A very magnificent personage!" said the general. "And, I presume, at that time only one of many such striking figures."

"The most striking of all in his day," replied Don Rafael. "But certainly in the history of the country only one of many. There is a point which seems to me very noticeable in all the popular stories told of these great proprietors," the speaker added after a moment's pause. "Rarely, if ever, are they accused of cruelty or oppression. On the contrary, the tales of their princely generosity and charity are countless; and it was chiefly from them that the church obtained the property which it held for a hundred useful purposes, and of which it was robbed by the leaders of the revolution—men in every instance risen from poverty and obscurity—the descendants of those whom the church alone had saved from slavery and extinction."

"And who at the first opportunity repaid the debt by spoliation!" said the general. "That is an old story in the history of the world."

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"Yes, ingratitude is an old story," said Don Rafael; "but I think it has seldom been more conspicuously displayed than here in Mexico. On every page of the early history of the country is written the vast debt which the native races owe to the church that preserved, taught, Christianized, and civilized them. More than this, the individuals foremost in the crusade of robbery—for example, Benito Juarez—owed their own personal education, and consequent power, to the charity of the religion they persecuted."

"Put a beggar on horseback," said Travers in his quiet voice, "and we know, generally speaking, where he will ride. But the beggars who have ridden roughshod over Mexico are not half so interesting as the picturesque figures of the past, before Progress and Reform became watchwords for tyranny."

"Not half," said Dorothea. "So pray, señor, tell us some more about those figures."

It was not very often that Don Rafael found listeners so sympathetic and interested, and he was quite willing to gratify them by relating other stories steeped in all the romance of his wonderful land. The modern world seemed far away as they listened, in the green heart of this enchanted garden, conscious that around them spread the vast sunlit plains and shining hills which had been the theatre and setting for all these vivid, picturesque, dramatic events, for conditions of life which were like a mingling of the pastoral and the feudal of past ages, for tales in which the most primitive forces of human passion displayed themselves together with stirring heights of heroism and extremes of noble generosity, and with now and again a touch of spiritual sweetness and simplicity that seemed drawn from the tender Franciscan spirit which first taught and still dominates the religious feeling of this deeply religious country.

"What a field for the story-teller—the genuine story-teller, not the *fin de siècle* realist—is here!" said Dorothea, when at last Don Rafael smilingly said that he must not tire them, and that they would now adjourn to the house. "It is one of the few fresh and untrodden fields for literature yet left in the world."

"Not altogether untrodden, if my memory serves me," observed Travers, who was walking by her side.

"Trodden only by one writer—the author of the *Stories of Old New Spain*—who has presented the types and conditions of life in the country with true artistic sympathy and fidelity," she

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replied. "But how much remains yet to be told of the old, picturesque life that Don Rafael has been painting for us!"

"It would require another *Thousand and One Nights* in which to tell it all, I fancy," said Travers. "I confess that what pleases me most are the suggestions of boundless wealth. Think of the man who paved his house with bricks of solid silver! There is a glimpse of opulence in that beside which the extravagances of our modern rich men seem very tame."

"But you remember the reason," said Dorothea with a laugh. "He was a great gambler, and his wife, fearful that he would gamble away all his fortune, great as it was, insisted on this very solid investment, so that when the worst came to pass they might have something to fall back upon."

"It is to be hoped her foresight was justified—but how easy to lift a brick in a quiet way whenever a stake was needed! I am afraid that, unless he departed this life before his other resources were exhausted, there did not remain much silver pavement for his family to inherit."

"It is all fascinating," said Dorothea, comprehensively, glancing up at the long, arcaded front of the *casa grande* with the picturesque open belfries of the chapel at one end, which they were approaching. "This hacienda life is decidedly the most interesting bit of our Mexican experience."

"It is interesting because it is so novel, fresh, and totally different from every other life one has ever known," Travers agreed. "And the family are charming. I think"—glancing at Philip, who as he sauntered in front of them was talking earnestly to Doña Mercédes—"that efforts to counteract the possible effect of Miss Gresham's spells have been as unnecessary as your solicitude with regard to them."

"It is also unnecessary," said Dorothea with some asperity, "to call my attention afresh to the fact, which I assure you I clearly recognize, that I have acted like an absolute idiot with regard to the whole matter. If humility is good for the soul, I feel myself at present possessed of enough for a saint."

"Hum!" said Travers rather doubtfully. "I believe that the humility of the saints was generally accompanied with some gentleness toward their fellow-creatures."

CHRISTIAN REID.

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# THE EXTERIOR OF JESUS CHRIST.

A ROUNDED conception of the exterior of our Blessed Lord as he appeared long ago among men cannot but be helpful to Christian devotion. We cannot form this conception as accurately and with the fulness of detail Christian love would wish, for our sources of information are rather general and incomplete, and, to a certain degree, unauthentic. Withal we can know enough to get a fairly correct notion of his dress, and to more than surmise what were his looks.

We can learn something of his dress by studying Jewish custom in Palestine in his time. The results of such a study may be thus summed up:

I.—It is interesting to note that a Jew of any account, above all one professing to teach, could not appear in public carelessly clad. "It was a disgrace if a scholar walked abroad with clouted shoes; to wear dirty clothes deserved death; for the glory of God was man, and the glory of man was his dress" (Edersheim's *Life and Times of Jesus, the Messiah*, vol. i. p. 620). In these exaggerated phrases we see the extravagances of the rabbis—extravagance which found its climax in such an axiom as "The dress of the wife of a *chabher* (learned associate) is of greater importance than the life of the ignorant (rustic), for the sake of the dignity of the learned." One may not doubt that He who made light of merely Pharisaic regulations in other matters did not honor them in this, though he would be the last to offend against the right-minded popular sentiment, that the learned should be particular about their apparel.

II.—It is not easy to determine what made up a Jew's suit of clothes, using the term to include the chief garments worn upon the body at once. "In referring to the dress which may on a Sabbath be saved from a burning house—not, indeed, by carrying it, but by successively putting it on—no fewer than eighteen articles are mentioned. If the meaning of all the terms could be accurately ascertained, we should know precisely what the Jews in the second century, and presumably earlier, wore, from the shoes and stockings on their feet to the gloves on their hands. Unfortunately many of the terms are in dispute.

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Nor must it be thought that, because there are eighteen names, the dress of an Israelite consisted of so many separate pieces. Several of them apply to different shapes or kinds of the same under or upper garments, while the list indicates their extreme number and variety rather than the ordinary dress worn" (Edersheim, ut supra, p. 621).

At times it has been thought that every difficulty could be overcome by accepting the current fashions in the East as exactly reproducing the ancient ones; and the plea for this acceptance has been based on the tenacity with which the peoples of that land cling to the customs of antiquity. "It is the general impression," writes Van Lennep, who spent almost a lifetime there, "that the costumes of Orientals are not subject to the changes caused in Europe by inexorable fashion. This is true, however, only in a relative sense. There can be no doubt that fashions do exist in the East, and have from time immemorial exercised as despotic a sway there as anywhere else" (*Bible Lands*, p. 506). Besides these changes of fashion he notices that there is another cause of diversity of dress, "sumptuary laws that regulate the color, form, and material of the garments worn by different classes and ranks of society have ever prevailed in these countries." Notwithstanding the fashions and these laws, the changes have not been as radical as might at first sight have been deemed likely. There is still a prevailing costume among the Semites, be they Chaldeans, Arabs, Moors, or what not, substantially the same as that mentioned by old writers and pictured upon the Assyrian and Egyptian monuments. Hence it is that although we must lack completeness of details, and leave many difficulties unremoved, we can nevertheless gather the general form of some garments which our Lord wore.

III.—Four or five principal articles of dress worn in Palestine, except by the very poor, may be treated of as follows: Foot-gear, head-covering, and clothes.

A. *Foot-gear*—of which there were two chief kinds: The *manalim*, made of a coarse material, which, according to Edersheim, covered the whole foot, and were adapted for winter or rainy weather; and the *sandals*, made of wood, skin, etc., protecting simply the sole of the foot, and bound to it by thongs. These were in more general use.

B. *Head-covering*.—There are instances of attached hoods having been worn, and of a kind of soft hat, but the immemorial head-dress is the *turban*, which in its simplest form was a scarf,

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or kerchief, or shawl twisted about the head and protecting the brow and neck.*

c. *Clothes.*—Of these first was the *kethoneth*, or *chaluq*, or *kittun.i* (whence some derive our word "cotton"), translated "coat" in the New Testament (Matt. x. 10), although the better rendering might be under-garment or shirt. It could be of any material, wool, cotton, hair-cloth—as in the case of John the Baptist—etc. As worn by the poorest class, it was loose-fitting, reached to or just below the knee, was sleeveless, with openings for the head and arms, and girdled at the waist. In the case of the thrifty it was a more finished garment, much like the *kethoneth* of the priest, thus described by Josephus: "This vestment reaches down to the feet and sets close to the body, and has sleeves that are tied fast to the arms; it is girded to the breast a little above the elbows, by a girdle often going round, four fingers broad, but so loosely worn that you would think it were the skin of a serpent; . . . this vestment has no loose or hollow parts anywhere in it, but only a narrow aperture about the neck" (*Ant.* iii. 7–2).

Next to the kethoneth many mention the *me'il*, which they consider an over-garment of the same shape, but fuller and more flowing. This would correspond to the modern *burnoose* or *kuftan*, of which the peculiarities are: "It has a narrow standing collar, fastening at the throat with two silk buttons, and open all the way down in front—one side lapping over the other at the waist, where it is held by a single button. The kuftan is slit on each side from the bottom upward half-way to the knee, and so are the sleeves half-way to the elbow. These last, however, may be buttoned at the wrist when desirable. It is usually of striped and figured cotton or silk, and often of more costly stuffs, according to the means of the wearer. It is lined with a light material. On the inside, both right and left, is a pocket opening perpendicularly, in which, as well as in the girdle and the lap at the waist, are carried a variety of articles, such as the handkerchief, purse, etc." The girdle mentioned was an article of no small importance, since its richness and conspicuousness betokened the rank of the wearer.

* The turban may be—and was even in ancient times, as we see in regard to priests in Joseph., *Ant.* iii. 7–3—more complicated, consisting "first of a small, close-fitting cap of white cotton cloth called *'arakiyeh*, worn day and night, but often changed; next to this is worn a cap, varying in size and weight, of red, white, or black felt, with or without a blue silk tassel, and sometimes of wadded cloth; around this is wound the turban proper, usually consisting of muslin, silk, or a valuable shawl, of a variety of form, size, or arrangement according to the rank or condition of the wearer."—Van Lennep, *Bible Lands*, p. 517.

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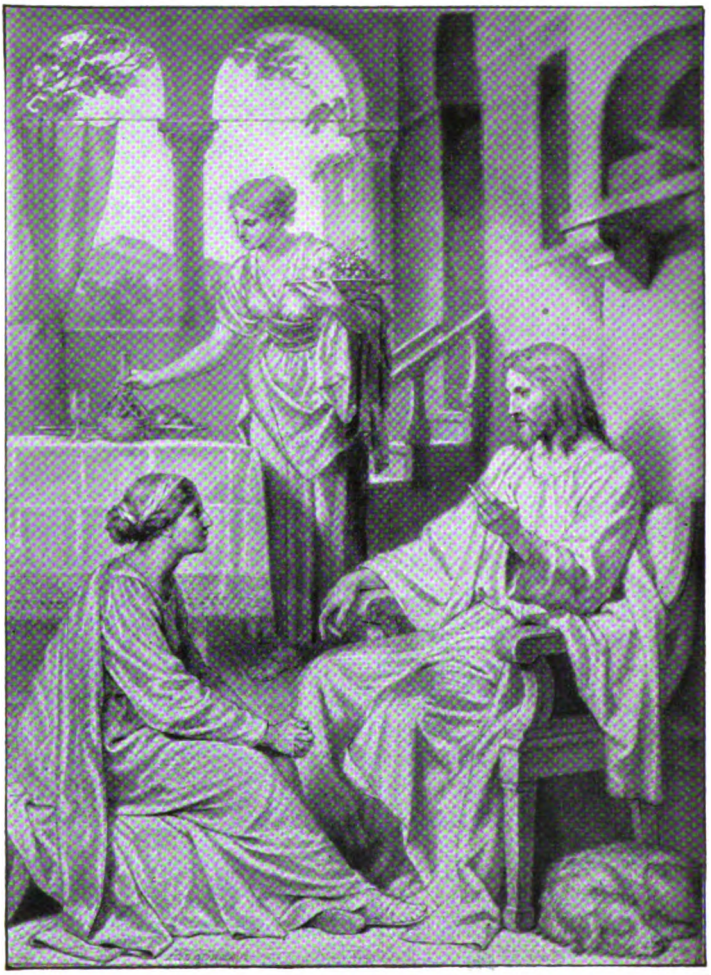

"He resembled the Virgin Mary; he was beautiful and strikingly tall, with fair and slightly curling locks, on which no hand but his mother's had ever passed; with dark eyes, an oval countenance, a pale and olive complexion; an attitude slightly stooping, and a look expressive of patience, nobility, and wisdom."—*John of Damascus.*

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With the me'il some identify the seamless garment of the Saviour for which the soldiers cast lots. Others hold, however, that this was rather the kethoneth, and they even question if the me'il were a separate article of ordinary dress, inclining, on the contrary, to believe that the word was used in its broad etymological sense, for any robe that happened to be worn over the kethoneth.* Hence they would identify it with the simlah, or mantle, an indispensable habiliment of all classes. This was essentially a square piece of cloth, varying in size and quality; probably resembling a Scotch plaid. Slight differences in the make or ornamentation were used, as in the case of the girdle, to mark the condition or profession of the wearer. Two kinds of mantle, the *goltha* and the *tallith*, were the distinctive cloaks of teachers, but as the goltha seems to have been more particularly rabbinic (Edersheim), Jesus more likely adopted the tallith. To the borders of this square-shaped garment were to be attached the *tsitsith*, or fringes, which the law obliged: "The Lord said to Moses: speak to the children of Israel, and thou shalt tell them to make to themselves fringes in the corners of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue: that when they shall see them, they may remember all the commandments of the Lord, and not follow their own thoughts and eyes going astray after divers things, but rather, being mindful of the precepts of the Lord, may do them and be holy to their God" (Num. xv. 37–40). An interesting reference to these fringes is seen by some scholars in "the hem of His garment" mentioned in Luke viii. 44, where it is question of the woman who would be cured of the issue of blood. May it not be that she sought to touch this hem, not merely because it was the garment's uttermost part, "which she, timidly drawing near, could most easily reach, but as attributing a peculiar sanctity to it. For this hem, or blue fringe, on the borders of the garment was put there by divine command and served to remind the Jewish wearer of the special relation to God in which he stood" (Trench on *Miracles*, p. 204).

## HOW OUR SAVIOUR DRESSED.

IV.—We are now in a position to form a substantially exact idea of our Saviour's dress. In it, needless to say, there would be nothing of ostentation nor of unnecessary rabbinic regulation.

* There can be no question but that in the case of the high-priest the me'il was a distinct habit (Joseph., *Ant.*, iii. 7-4). Van Lennep says that now, as of old, it constitutes the robe of honor, bestowed by Eastern monarchs as a mark of their favor.



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He wore the simple turban, a kerchief or scarf wound in a twist about the head.* On his feet were sandals bound with thongs about the ankle. His kittuna, as he taught publicly and even appeared preaching in the synagogue (Luke iv. 16), must have extended to the feet, and been close-fitting, "with no loose or hollow parts anywhere in it." Whether Jesus wore a me'il or not, we may doubt;† but in any case, because of this latter garment's likeness to the kethoneth, the difference in his appearance would not have been great. His tallith was ample, and, as the kethoneth, made from fine linen. Of the same material was the girdle, maybe, as usual at that time, embroidered—and who can say but by his mother's hands? The color of these clothes was white,‡ the priestly color and the one denoting respectability, as purple did rank and wealth.

Who may not see, in his mind's eye, that white-clad Figure, either outlined against the sky in the quick glow of twilight, standing on the Nazareth hillside, the arms outstretched in prayer? or by the sea-shore as he speaks (the tallith hanging lengthwise from the left shoulder, partly over the back and partly over the breast, fastened by the two corners at the neck under the right cheek—the arms being free), and accentuates by gesture his "comfortable words," the parables? Or again, as, with cloak gathered close in one hand, he wields the stinging

* "Artists always represent the Saviour with his head bared; but as it is impossible for any one to expose himself in this fashion without risking great injuries from the sun in Judea, Jesus doubtless conformed to the customs of the country, and covered his head with a veil ample enough to protect the brow and neck. This head-dress, called couffieh, is still in use throughout the East."—Abbé Fouard's *The Christ, the Son of God*, vol. i. p. 198, note 1.

† In Matt. x. 10 and Luke ix. 3 the Saviour warns the Apostles not to take with them in their journeyings "two coats." The Greek word in the case is chiton, the equivalent of the Hebrew kethoneth or kittuna. Did the garment so named in Greek correspond to the Hebrew article of dress named so similarly, then St. Jerome's translation "camisia" would be exact. However, commentators of no small weight have considered that it was not a question here of a change of under-clothing, but of an under-garment and a me'il. Were this our Lord's meaning he surely did not wear what he prohibited to his ministers.

‡ It might seem to make against Jesus' clothing being white that in Luke xxiii. 11 the Vulgate reads: "And Herod with his army set Him at naught; and mocked Him, putting on Him a *white garment*, and sent Him back to Pilate." It is to be noted: *a*, That the translation is inexact: the Greek does not read estheta leuken but estheta lampran—"a splendid garment." Such commentators as Lightfoot and Ellicott hold that it is question of "a purple garment." *b*, Even though it were white, this would not mean that previously Jesus had not worn that color, but that in the present circumstances his being clothed so by Herod had a technical meaning. Hence Abbé Fouard's words: "What was this garment meant to travesty? Perhaps the consul's toga or that of the Roman candidates, thus disguising Jesus as though he were some puppet sovereign of the stage; was it, perhaps, the garb assumed by Jews acquitted of capital offence, Herod indicating by this that he regarded the prisoner as a fool, incapable of any crime? The procurator appears to have interpreted it in this last sense, for in arguing with the people for the life of the Christ he urged in his defence this burlesque acquittal."

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lash with the other, and whips buyers and sellers and money-changers out of his Father's House!

BUT HIS LOOKS—HIS FORM AND FEATURES?

Of these we have said nothing. There was a time when it was thought that we had an almost perfect pen-picture of the Master. "In this time," the account ran, "there appeared a man who lives till now, a man endowed with great powers. Men call him a great prophet; his own disciples term him the Son of God. His name is Jesus Christ. He restores the dead to life, and cures the sick of all manner of diseases. This man is of noble and well-proportioned stature, with a face full of kindness and yet firmness, so that the beholders both love him and fear him. His hair is the color of wine, and golden at the root; straight and without lustre, but from the level of the ears curling and glossy, and divided down the centre after the fashion of the Nazarenes. His forehead is even and smooth, his face without blemish, and enhanced by a tempered bloom. His countenance ingenuous and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same color as his hair, and forked in form; his eyes blue and extremely brilliant. In reproof and rebuke he is formidable; in exhortation and teaching, gentle and amiable of tongue. None have seen him to laugh; but many, on the contrary, to weep. His person is tall; his hands beautiful and straight. In speaking he is deliberate and grave, and little given to loquacity. In beauty surpassing most men."

This account, one regrets, is not what it pretends to be—the testimony of a high Roman official in Judea, a contemporary of Pontius Pilate, who is supposed to write thus to no less a body than the Roman Senate. However, although Canon Farrar decides that the fragment is "not older than the twelfth century," others, scholars also, side rather with the Rev. Philip Schaff, who considers that the fourth century of our era should rather be the limit to its possible age (Smith's *Dict.*, art. "Jesus Christ"). An older description, to the canon's mind, is that of Nicephorus, who, "quoting from a description given by John of Damascus, in the eighth century, says that he resembled the Virgin Mary; that he was beautiful and strikingly tall, with fair and slightly curling locks, on which no hand but his mother's had ever passed; with dark eyes, an oval countenance, a pale and olive complexion; an attitude slightly stooping, and a look expressive of patience, nobility, and wisdom"—of which sketch a graphic touch is "and long fingers, like his mother."

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Abbé Fouard with truly delicate touch thus outlines the Master's looks: "Nor was there anything in his looks which would startle the beholder; it was such a countenance as we may trace out among the paintings of the catacombs: an oval face; the beard scanty and very fine, ending in a double point; the complexion of austere whiteness; the eye dark and burning; his long hair parted over the brow and falling upon the shoulders; the expression one of gentleness, habitually veiled in sadness." And in a pregnant note he explains: "We have sketched the figure of the Saviour from a painting in the cemetery of St. Domatilla; it certainly dates back to the third century, and it may even belong to the second. This portrait, which was the first to reproduce the features of the Master, came finally to be the hieratic type; for we find it in the principal sarcophagi of the fourth century, in the mosaics of Ravenna and of Rome, in the Letters attributed to St. John Damascene (ninth century), and to Lentulus (twelfth century). From age to age it passed down to Giotto and the artists of the Renascene." It were to be wished that the learned abbé had given reason for ascribing the letter of Lentulus to so late a date, since men like Schaff and the editor of the translation of Lange's *Life of Christ* (the Rev. Marcus Dods) favor a more ancient one.*

Were there no more to these sketches of Jesus than the possibility that "they may have caught some faint accent of tradition handed down from the days of Irenæus, Papias, and St. John," we might lawfully, even praiseworthily, use them to form our concept of his features. There is, however, more than this to them: their essential details are in happy harmony with things we know of with certainty. We know the Jewish type of face with which at its best these pen-pictures agree, and that Nazareth, whence Mary came, and where her Son was brought up, has been its favored home in Palestine.† We know, too, the care the Hebrews exercised over the hair and beard, which

*It deserves notice that some among the earlier Fathers, believing that the fifty-third chapter of Isaias gave literal expression to the Lord's looks, associated with him—before as well as in the hour of his humiliation—uncomeliness; but exegesis can hardly be considered an apt means for dealing with such a question.

†"Antoninus, the pious pilgrim of the time of Justinian, says that 'in this city the beauty of the Hebrew women is so great that no more beautiful women are found among the Hebrews, and this they say was granted them by the Blessed Mary, who they say was their mother.' The same is said in our own times of the Christian women of the town, and of those in Bethlehem also. Certainly their type of beauty is very superior to that of the peasant women of Moslem villages"—Couder's *Palestine*. The writer had as well suppressed the following half-page of his book.

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are so minutely treated in the pseudo-descriptions. The latter no one was allowed to touch, except to kiss; to pluck, or shave, or mar it in any way was a great disgrace. The hair was to be let grow, and baldness was a source of contempt; it was cared for and anointed, especially on festival occasions. That our Lord's hair was worn after the fashion of his people is hinted at in the incident which took place in the house of Simon the leper, while he was at meat: "There came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of precious spikenard, and breaking the alabaster box, she poured it out upon his head" (Mark xiv. 3).

Our mind's picture of Jesus, then, is something more than a surmise. As was said at the outset, even if our sources of information are rather general and incomplete—nay, for the most part, unauthentic—nevertheless enough is sound to enable us to project a fairly correct outline of the appearance of Him who was born an obscure Judean, but is acknowledged the Divine Ideal of a world. Who can gaze upon the portraiture and not feel the recreating grace it embodies? Yet here come to mind the words of one whose talent a great American Catholic* was foremost to recognize, and who once seemed to stand almost within a step of the church's threshold: "No figure of Christ, in color, or bronze, or marble, can reach the ideal of perfect beauty which came forth into actual reality in the Son of God and the Son of Man. The highest creations of art are here but feeble reflections of the original in heaven; yet prove the mighty influence which the living Christ continually exerts upon the imagination and sentiment of the great painters and sculptors, and which he will exert to the end of the world"† upon all souls to be born of women, who will attain to the stature of genuine manhood, for he enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world—the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth!

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* *Brownson's Review*, July, 1846; Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine*, note on page 351.

† Rev. Philip Schaff, quoted in Smith's *Dict.*, art. "Jesus Christ."

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# HIS FATHER'S FOEMAN: A TALE OF THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH.

SOFTLY and dreamily floated the filmy veil of night over the face of Lough Neagh. Only the gentle lapping of the waters pulsing tremulously on the long line of level strand, and the faint susurrus of the scented night-wind broke the weird stillness of the placid scene.

"Surely a land of peace and quiet contentment!" would have been the stranger's thought, standing there on that long stretch of sand and watching the play of the moonlight over the palpitating waters, till it melted and mingled in the ghostly mist that hung over the low-lying Antrim hills away beyond its northern shore. "Surely a spot where blessed spirits might revisit the earth and mingle their orisons with the prayers rising up from each happy cottage home for blessing on the labors of the day that is over and grace and strength for the labors to come."

Only a few lights twinkled over all the wide circle of coast. Not many were the homes which in those days fringed the shores of the magic lake. It was not always so, for in other times a numerous and contented peasantry found their abode there; but their places were now empty, and their habitations banished like those legendary ones which the credulous fancied they could at times detect showing through the glamour of the enchanted water, fathoms below.

Peace, quiet, contentment! Alas, these were banished visitors in that seemingly tranquil land! The demons of hate, of bigotry, of murder brooded over the wasted region. For years a bitter struggle had been going on there between the Celtic descendants of the old settlers and the scions of the Puritan planters to whom was given the territory of the Red Hand as a prey and a spoil.

This struggle, sometimes languishing, sometimes spurting into volcanic fury, had lately been raging with unexampled malice over a widely-extended theatre.

Under the names of Hearts of Steel and Defenders the rival parties carried on the horrible warfare. Religious hatred was the motive which instigated the Hearts of Steel, primarily; an

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unholy desire to get more of the Catholics' land, a not less potent reason. Every circumstance weighed against the unhappy Catholic Celts. Aided secretly by the government, their foemen were permitted to arm; for a Papist to provide himself with means of defence was a crime akin to treason. Private spleen usurped the place of public justice; there was no law, in short, over many regions of fair Ulster but the bigot's will. Armed bands of marauders traversed the country at night-time, turning the unhappy peasantry from their homes, and consigning to the flames their humble dwellings and their little household gods. To those who desperately ventured to resist were given the rope and the bullet. It was not by tens or hundreds such victims were counted, but by thousands. And all this sickening wrong and cruelty was enacted with the connivance of the English government, and in the name of the God of a purer religion, forsooth, than that of the unhappy Irish Catholics!

About a quarter of a mile from the lake shore, on the Armagh side, stood the cottage of Myles Keogh. It was a comfortable and well-kept dwelling, for its owner was a man of thrift and industry. Although a Catholic, he was a favorite with the landlord, Lord Massereene, for he was punctual in the payment of his rent, assiduous in his care of the farm, and fearless and manly in his bearing. Others of his co-religionists from long-suffering and persecution had grown servile and obsequious; Myles Keogh had a different spirit. A conscious rectitude supported him; a devout belief in the ancient religion of his forefathers inspired him with patience and courage under trials and insults. He had not joined the ranks of those who thought the best way to resist oppression was by secret combination. He trusted in the probity of his own character to protect him from outrage, determined to give no pretext to any one to molest him.

But he was mistaken. The eye of avarice, the fang of jealousy, will easily find excuses for gratification of their malice in the conduct of the most blameless. Two causes of provocation for his neighbors' hate were soon discovered in Myles Keogh. He had a trim, snug farm, and amongst other children he had one comely daughter. Lena Keogh, albeit a peasant's child, was in stateliness of bearing and winsomeness of countenance a veritable lady of the lake.

Philip Stanton, a neighboring settler, was amongst the number of those who coveted this wild flower of the North. He was a rover, none knowing from whence he came, who had only

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lately come to the shores of Lough Neagh. There he had set up a place for the building of boats suitable for the traffic on the lake-borders—vessels of larger capacity than those which the peasants had been in the habit of using—and he soon began to thrive in his business. His career of prosperity was, however, soon interrupted by the outbreak of the politico-religious war in the North.

He had not been long in the place before his attention was attracted by Lena Keogh. Her beauty captivated him; the comfortable *dot* which he knew she would have from her father would be precisely the thing to help him in his business distresses, or enable him to betake himself to quieter scenes to begin it anew.

It was not long ere he had managed to get an opportunity to make himself known to Lena. The accidental unmooring of her father's boat one day caused it to drift away from the lake-side. Philip Stanton saw the accident, and in it the chance he coveted.

He watched through the chinks of his carpenter's shed on the little jetty before doing anything. If nobody noticed his action, there would be no use in his going after the boat, and it might drift away to Hades for all he cared, in that event. But circumstances favored his neighborly designs. The Keogh family saw their craft in danger, and nearly all came out to see what could be done to retrieve the mishap.

Little Myles Keogh, a bright, bronze-faced urchin of about seven or eight years old, was the first courier of alarm. He came running at the greatest speed his young limbs could attain, seemingly with a view to plunge into the water after the vagrant craft—for little Myles, youthful as he was, was a good swimmer.

"Stop, Myles, asthore—stop, you wild Indian! Don't attempt to go into the water—wait till your father comes," cried Lena Keogh, as she tripped along after the flying urchin, her eyes brilliant with excitement and her face glowing with rosy health.

Philip Stanton had never before got so close a look at the girl, and he found he had rather underestimated her beauty than exaggerated it. He was really captivated, and felt as though he would encounter actual danger for her sake, if only he might win her favor.

Myles Keogh the elder now appeared upon the scene, and, perceiving the situation, added his shouts of prohibition to his

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daughter's unheeded pleadings. But the self-willed youngster turned a deaf ear to both; he had gained the water's edge and was preparing to plunge in, when Philip Stanton thought it time to appear upon the scene.

He ran down the jetty and jumped into a boat which lay rocking at its extremity.

"Get away home, you young vagabond!" he cried to the urchin. "You're a bully boy, sure enough; but you needn't drown yourself, for I'll save your boat for you."

The boy shot an angry scowl at the interloper out from under his infantile brows; but, seeing there was no excuse for him just then to indulge his natatory instincts, gave up the chase.

Soon the fugitive craft was overhauled by Philip Stanton, and the Keogh family, who stood on the beach watching the proceedings, thanked the rescuer as he brought it back and fastened it more securely to the weather-beaten, half-petrified post which formed its mooring.

The opening thus made was improved upon by Philip Stanton. He soon began to "step in" at the Keoghs' house in the afternoons, after the day's toils were over, and did his best to make himself agreeable. He was voluble and full of stories of other lands and seas—in most of which he figured as a hero himself. These were generally of the Munchausen order, and while they set the younger members of the family wondering and hungering for more, they only convinced Myles Keogh and his daughter that the narrator formed a very liberal estimate of their credulity. They were not at all favorably impressed with their neighbor's manner, as an indication of his character. They found him boastful, and often contradictory of himself in the course of his tales of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures in places with strange-sounding names.

As to matters of religious belief, he professed a generous impartiality. His father, he said, had been a Protestant; his mother, a Catholic; and he himself liked both creeds equally well, though he didn't profess to be much of either one or the other. People brought up at sea, he said, hadn't much time to think of such matters.

Still, as to the outrages now daily and nightly perpetrated upon the Catholics, he often expressed an abhorrence; but the depth of his sincerity was testified by the easy way in which he passed on to other and more congenial subjects whenever Myles Keogh started this one. Such mercurial mood was

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neither understood nor appreciated by the simple and ingenuous people with whom he was seeking clumsily to ingratiate himself.

He saw he was making little headway in his project, and he felt that he must do something to bring matters to an issue. He knew he could not improve upon what he had been doing; he had acted his best, and his performance did not meet with the success he had hoped for. So he decided upon a bolder course. One evening, while Lena happened to be occupied outside and the younger children were playing around the door, he opened his mind to Myles Keogh. The honest farmer shook his head decisively.

"Tut, tut, man!" he said, "you are only losing your time, if that's what you are after. Lena is my only housekeeper since her mother died, and I have no notion of looking for another one. Besides she doesn't care for you; and if she ever marries it must be somebody of her own choosing. That settles the matter, as far as I am concerned."

Philip Stanton was too much chagrined to make any immediate reply. He got up and abruptly left the house by the rear door. Still he did not give up the quest as altogether hopeless; he had a strong belief in his own powers of fascination, and could not credit that they had been altogether wasted upon Lena, as they seemed to have been upon her old crust of a father, as he now thought Myles Keogh. He would see Lena and learn from her the state of her feelings towards himself.

He had not long to wait. That very evening his fate was decided. He met Lena coming back from the village, just as he was sauntering down towards its solitary hostelry to drown his embittered thoughts in liquor, and, stopping her on the road, began to plead his suit with more earnestness of expression than he was in the habit of throwing into his ordinary declarations. Lena blushed and trembled when she saw he meant what he said, but she soon summoned enough of self-possession to answer him firmly but civilly. She could not think of leaving her father, she said; she felt no liking for any one else in the world; she was sorry for Mr. Stanton, and thankful for the compliment he paid her; but for once and for ever she must say no.

Whatever drops of wine of good-nature were in Stanton's being were now turned to poison by this chilling disappointment. He was unable to articulate anything more than a shocking malediction on the head of the guileless girl to whom but a

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moment before he had been vowing the depth of his devotion; then turned away with vengeance and hatred in his heart.

Vengeance! Alas in those days the opportunities for gratification of that demon-passion were but too many in the woeful North! Yet so blameless were the lives of Myles Keogh and his family that it was no easy matter to find an excuse for singling any of them out for attack. To Philip Stanton, however, the task was not insuperable.

His first step was to join the local lodge of the agrarian conspiracy known as the "Hearts of Steel." The Keoghs saw nothing of him for some months, and the incident of his proposal was almost forgotten by both father and daughter when some startling events occurred.

Late at night on a couple of occasions the windows of the Keoghs' cottage were smashed with stones, and shots were fired over the roof. Myles Keogh reported these alarming facts to Lord Massereene, his landlord, who was armed with full magisterial powers, and he promised an investigation and protection. On the Saturday night succeeding this promise, which was the evening of the market-day in Armagh, a small party of drovers was attacked about nightfall on the roadway outside Myles Keogh's house, and one of the number was found fatally injured near his door. The man died next day, an inquest was held, and an open verdict returned. There was no clue to the persons by whom he had met his death. He was the son of a Protestant cottier-farmer named Johnston, who was known throughout his district as a bitter and quarrelsome partisan. As no one had been brought to justice over his death, Myles Keogh was warned that he was in serious danger. But he took no heed of the wise counsel, strong only in the knowledge of his own blamelessness.

It was a false and a fatal security. At midnight a fortnight afterwards an armed and masked party crossed over the lake to Myles Keogh's house. They smashed in the door, dragged the unoffending farmer out of his bed, and beat him savagely at his own door. Lena Keogh threw herself between her father and his assailants and pleaded on her knees for mercy, but in vain. The ruffians flung her brutally aside, and began to beat the old man again. When they thought they had left him for dead, they set fire to the cottage, and when their task of murder and destruction was completed stole away as silently as Arabs in the night-time.

Lena Keogh sat with her father's head resting on her knee,

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vainly trying to staunch his wounds. Young Myles had run off to rouse some of the neighbors, and came back alone. So dread was the terror inspired by the marauders that none dared stir from their homes until they had left the locality.

Life was not quite extinct in Myles Keogh, as the heart-broken girl deemed. He rallied for a few moments after the boy's return, feebly raised his head, and, amid agonizing gasps, endeavored to get out some words. Lena and little Myles bent eagerly forward to endeavor to catch their meaning. They could plainly distinguish these: "Philip Stanton—ringleader—saw his face plainly—mask fell a moment—God have mercy—pray—"

That ghastly blood-boltered face, lit up by the flame from his burning roof, was thenceforth stamped indelibly upon the mind of young Myles Keogh. His brave young heart was bursting with grief and thoughts of vengeance, child though he was; and there on the hard roadside, with the charred embers of his home strewn around him, he knelt with hands upstretched to heaven, and prayed to God to allow him to live to be a man, that he might one day avenge his father's murder.

The curtain of morning rose on a gallant and spirit-stirring scene on the 11th of September in the year 1814. The waters of Lake Champlain furnished the amphitheatre; the noble ships of Commodore Macdonough and Captain Downie, with their martial crews, the actors. The die of battle was cast, and on its event the safety of the American commonwealth on the one hand, on the other the honor of the tyrannical old mother-country depended. It was a noble issue, and the men summoned there by the voice of their respective countries were worthy to decide it. No braver adversaries ever looked into the whites of each other's eyes than they.

Nature smiled her loveliest on the approaching combat. No queen of the lists holding in her hands the favors for the victors ever beamed more graciously. The sparkling waters flashed back the glittering arrows of the sunlight; the wooded shores still wore their rich panoply of green; the odorous wind swept fresh and grateful over the fair inland sea. The sapphire waters seemed to dance with the subtle ecstasy of approaching triumph, as though they would say: "To-day my freedom is to be assured; no ensign of oppression shall henceforth be mirrored in my unchainable depths."

For months the commanders of the respective fleets had been

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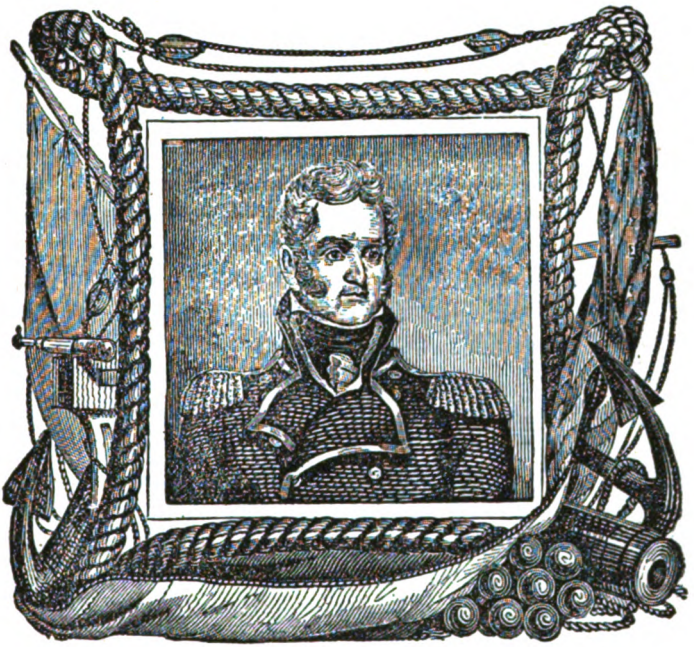
working might and main, each to strike a supreme blow for the honor of his country. Upon the American commander especially devolved a herculean task; Scipio's need to build a fleet was never half so urgent as his. Lake Champlain was to be the Marathon, the Salamis, of the war. If he could not arrest the English invasion of his country by that route, Heaven only knew what disasters were to come upon it. And to build this fleet everything had to be brought overland to Plattsburgh. The



Commodore Macdonough.

timber was the only thing that lay near to his hand; the thousand other requisites must, for the most part, be fetched over hundreds of miles of country; the artificers must be drawn from remote places too.

The English commander, on the other hand, had in his base of supplies in Quebec, Montreal, and the Canadian littoral towns abundant facilities for the speedy construction of a formidable armada.

Like an amphibious monster at length rolled on the tide of English invasion—half its body on the water, half on the land. From the decks of the ships could be discerned the smoke of General Prevost's encampment on the lake shores, and the scar-

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let uniforms of his troops showed distinctly amidst the shadowy green of the distant trees, pushing on to co-operate with the naval movements for the capture of Plattsburgh. This was the age of prize-money and loot; and in anticipation every red-coat and blue-jacket on or about Lake Champlain, that memorable September morning, was indulging in golden visions. But these illusions were soon to be dispelled.

When the early mists of morning had cleared away the look-outs on the American ships reported the enemy to be advancing. Commodore Macdonough, seeing their white sails emerging from the haze, knew that the hour for action had come. His pennant was at once run up to the *Saratoga's* masthead, and the signal was given to the whole fleet to make ready. Then the decks were cleared, the ships were manœuvred so as to get the most favorable water for each and the best mutual support; and then the fortunes of the day were solemnly commended by the American commander to the hands of the Lord of Hosts.

Four line-of-battle ships—the *Saratoga*, the *Eagle*, the *Ticonderoga*, and the *Preble*—all of modest rank and armament—composed the commodore's fleet. These were supported by ten small gunboats, disposed so as to throw in their fire where it would be most effectual in annoying the enemy, and at the same time prevent him from getting between the bigger ships and the shore. Their order was such as to compel the advancing British ships to present only their bows as they come on, and so render their side tiers of guns useless, until they had anchored in fighting position. As the men of the American flotilla looked over the line, their hearts beat high with hope and confidence. They saw that their gallant commodore had secured a masterful position, and assured that, under Heaven, with their own indomitable hearts and strong right arms it rested to gain the day for the brave flag under which they fought, they awaited the signal for the fight.

Admiration for the mettlesome foe, as he came proudly on to the attack, was not withheld. The practised eyes of the American seamen noted how trim were the ships, how beautifully handled. The *Confiance*, the flag-ship of Captain Downie, led the van, and as she rounded Cumberland Head, her snowy sails filled with what her commander fondly thought the gale of victory, she looked every inch a goddess of maritime war. She was followed by three smaller ships, the *Finch*, the *Chubb*, and the *Linnet;* and then came thirteen gunboats to match the American eleven. It was known that the artillery of the

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*Confiance* was double the weight of that of the *Saratoga*, and that of the other British ships much more formidable numerically and in calibre, than that opposed to them; but this knowledge was discounted by the American blue-jackets. They relied on the skill of their commodore to equalize matters; and they were determined to help him to equalize them to the last drop of their blood.

On the trunnion of one of the port guns of the *Saratoga* was seated the gun-captain, Myles Keogh, a tall, athletic sailor, whose tanned face and curly head of brown told little of the tale that he was now past forty years old. He was the very incarnation of a fighting tar—lithe, broad-shouldered, muscular. Hardihood in frame, hardihood in deed, spoke in every lineament and sinew. His face to-day wore a look of gravity not usually found resting there when the scent of battle was in the breeze, and his dare-devil blue Celtic eye seemed somehow to have lost its native brilliancy as he looked now and again across the ship's deck to note how the English ships were behaving.

The gunner's crew stood some yards away, their faces turned towards the advancing squadron, but although their services were not likely to be needed at that side of the ship for a little while, every man was equipped ready for action.

Kneeling on the deck beside him, engaged in splicing the frayed end of one of the gearing-ropes of the gun, was the gunner's mate, a somewhat younger seaman, Amos Hartley by name, a Rhode Island tar. The chums were deep in conversation all the while their comrades were indulging their curiosity over a subject they were so soon to be fully satisfied on.

"I didn't believe you were so soft, Myles," said the American, as he disengaged his teeth from an end of the cord in which he had fastened his molars while he tugged at two other strands in opposite directions with his hands, and began bracing up the knot in the neat way which only seamen know. "You've sailed too many seas, messmate, and seen too much of the world by this time to be given to such fancies."

"'Tis no fancy, Amos, lad, I tell you. Although it was twilight, and darkish at that, I can swear by this gun it was the face which has haunted me for years. 'Twas older, of course —for 'tis more than thirty years since I saw it—but 'twas the same face. D'ye think I could ever forget it?"

"I dunno, mate. Thirty years is a longish time, I guess, to remember any one's physiognomy."

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"You're right, Amos; but if 'twas twice thirty years I'd never forget it. Do *you* think you'd be likely to make a mistake about the face of a man that had killed your father?"

"Waal, I guess not, Myles—it *would* kinder anchor in my recollection I reckon," answered Amos, rolling his quid thoughtfully. "But you were only a mere youngster then, Myles."

"True, lad, but all the sharper for that. At seven, I tell you, a young shaver is quick enough to see and take a note of most things."

"You bet he is," assented Amos as he jumped up to reeve the rope through its block. "I must have been a reg'lar pest at that age, for my big sisters used to box my ears whenever I'd catch 'em flirting over the paling at home, and they'd say my darned eyes were everywhere and my jaw-tackle always wagging."

"Well, I was just seven then, Amos—and I had a sister too," went on the older sailor, in a voice much graver than sailors usually speak in. "But she is long since dead—and she died from what took place that night, as well as my father. The cold wind swept through her, but she did not mind it then. She could do nothing but cry and wipe poor father's face, and try to staunch his bleeding wounds, and I believe that had as much to do with her death as the night air. She died in a few months afterwards—the doctors said 'twas from consumption, but I'd swear now 'twas from a broken heart."

"'Twas a pity, mate. And you tell me she was pooty, too?" sympathized Amos, giving his quid another turn and striving to cast an eye over the opposite taffrail, through the swarming heads ranged along there noting the enemy's progress.

"She was as handsome a girl as ever was modelled for the prow of a good ship," answered Myles. "I often see her face when I'm dreaming, along with poor old father's. But they are not stamped on my mind in the same sort of way that the other's is—I mean Philip Stanton's. I see it just as plain now as I see yours, Amos; and it never will fade from it, no more than the vow I made that awful night to have blood for blood if ever I could get the chance."

"Waal, I don't wonder at it, Myles; but you never got the chance, and it don't look likely you ever will."

"As I'm a living man, Amos, I tell you I saw Philip Stanton a couple of nights ago. You know Pete Vosser's shanty outside Plattsburgh? Well, as I was coming back from Bill Taylor's, the ship chandler's, I just dropped in there for a drink, and I found half a dozen of our fellows in the midst of a row

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with a lot of the English sailors. Pete Vosser was just putting the Englishmen out by the back way, for fear the townsmen would kill 'em, as he told me, and had got 'em on a car. They were just driving away as I put my head outside the door to see what they were like. The hindermost man at the right-hand side of the car was Philip Stanton, as sure as this ship's name is the *Saratoga*. I made a dash after the car, but the driver whipped it on too fast for me, and I lost sight of it in the darkness."

"You never saw him before this—I mean since you were a wee shaver?" queried Amos.

"No lad—never! I left Ireland soon after poor dad's and Lena's death. An uncle over here sent for me, and, being fond of the sea, as soon as I was old enough he put me to it; and from that day to this I haven't seen very much of the land. But I never forgot my vow, and there's something telling me either that I'm to die without being able to carry it out, or that the time is coming when 'tis to be settled somehow."

Amos was about to reply when a sudden scampering of all hands back to their respective posts, a sudden commotion about the long gun at the *Saratoga's* bows, and a puff of white smoke stopped the dialogue. Then the boom which followed was almost drowned in a chorus of exultation. It was the first shot in the battle, fired by Commodore Macdonough himself. The missile went straight home. Its course could be plainly followed by the men of the *Saratoga*, as it tore its way along the deck of the British flagship, sending splinters flying in showers and at length shattering the vessel's steering wheel.

No reply was made by the *Confiance* as she had not yet got into the fighting position her commander desired, but she kept on her way with undaunted front. When near enough for his purpose she was obliged to port her helm to open fire with good effect, and while she was executing this movement the *Saratoga's* starboard guns with one voice thundered a mortal salute. The cries of death which arose were drowned in the cheer which the English tars gave out as at last they plunged into the work of havoc. Their heavy guns, double shotted and fired within two cables' lengths of the *Saratoga*, exacted ample vengeance for the first slaughterous salutation. Again and again the terrible hail hurtled through the timbers and the shrouds of the American ship, and a harvest of life was swept in by the dread mower.

But the *Confiance* had met a foeman worthy of her com-



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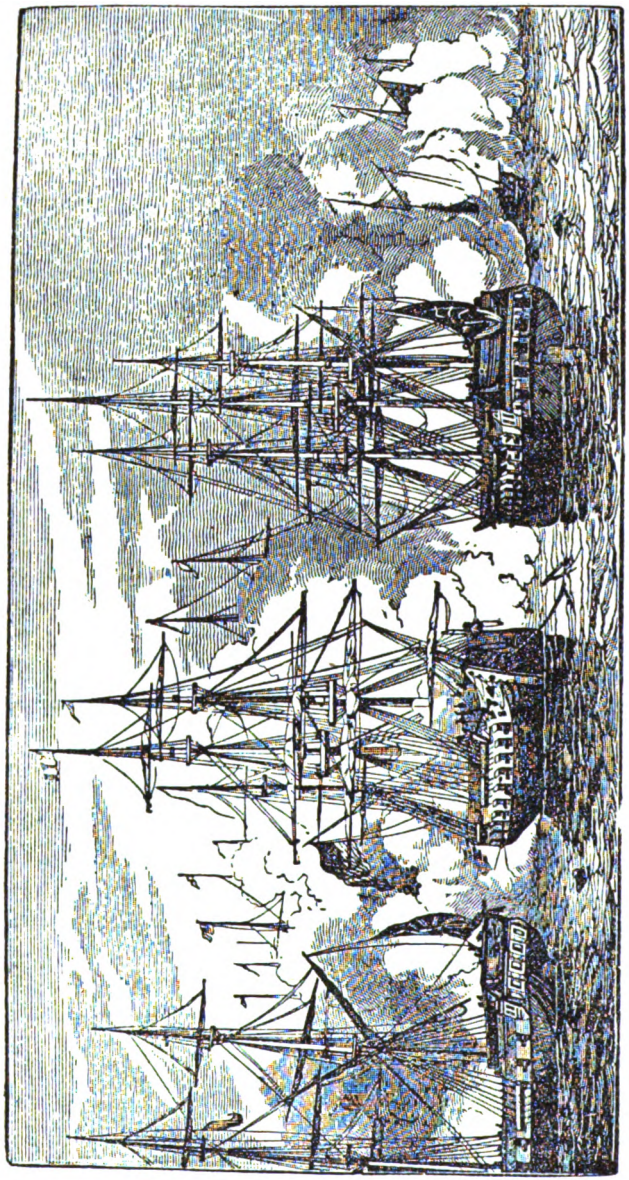
mander's steel. The dead strewed the deck, but there were others to step into their places. The starboard batteries were



Battle of Plattsburgh.—(*From an old print.*)

served so rapidly that it was thought by the enemy that the ship must take fire. Then, when the guns on that side became unmanageable from this cause, the vessel was swung around with

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an audacity and a grace that made all beholders marvel. From the fresh guns thus brought to bear she poured a stream of iron into the *Confiance's* deck and rigging that effectually prevented the vessel from imitating the *Saratoga's* example in turning a fresh broadside to the enemy.

The din of battle had, meanwhile, spread along the whole line, and from the shore at Plattsburgh thousands of spell-bound spectators watched the progress of the terrific game. They could not witness its horrors, but they knew that at every one of those deafening salvos brave men fell in scores on either side, and the cheers which faintly reached their ears must soon be answered by the despairing cries of broken-hearted mothers, wives, and fatherless babes.

But wars must be fought out though women weep and orphans languish. Brave men must do their duty, and never was it done more nobly than on that day, upon the smiling waters of Lake Champlain. Not less manfully than her flag-ship was fought the sturdy *Ticonderoga*, on which the brunt of the battle fell a little later on. The *Eagle*, overmatched, was driven out of the direct fight at an early portion of the combat, but her running was boldly taken up by the gunboats which supported the *Saratoga*, and the plucky *Preble*. For an hour and a half the ghastly work went on, and by that time not a vestige of a Union Jack was fluttering over one of the sixteen ships which had borne it so flauntingly into the fight. But high and unscathed, above the mist of battle, still flashed the star-spangled banner of the Union. And as if to emphasize the victory with a living symbol, away on the main truck of the *Ticonderoga* was a gallant rooster, flapping his wings and crowing defiantly at Britain's despairing volleys.

At length the fight was done. The English vessels, riddled with shot and sinking fast, struck their colors, and the remnant of the combatants surrendered *pro forma* to the American commander. The swords which they tendered were at once returned to them by the chivalrous Macdonough; the enmity of war was forgotten, and both sides set to work with noble emulation to succor the wounded and to decently care for the valiant dead.

When the *Confiance* struck her colors she was boarded by Commodore Macdonough, and he found her deck one horrible shambles. Foremost amongst those who lay stark on her deck was the commander of the English fleet, Captain Downie.

Such of the wounded as most immediately required atten-

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tion were placed in temporary hospitals. A couple of rude couches had been improvised in a small hut which stood near the water's edge. On one of these lay the form of Myles Keogh, his left shoulder shattered by a musket-ball. He had fallen beside his gun just before the *Confiance* struck, and whilst the shouts of victory were ringing in his ears. The surgeon had probed the wound, and after the operation the injured man had fallen into a deep slumber. Whilst he lay thus, another man, suffering from a deep splinter wound in the side, had been brought in and placed on the couch beside him.

Although Myles Keogh had been successfully operated upon, his case was considered so dangerous by the surgeon that a priest was sent for. Father Bonnevin, a holy Jesuit who lived near, was easily found. He had been busy all the afternoon attending to the spiritual needs of such of the wounded as were Catholics, and his duties having been laboriously got through, he was now resting his weary limbs, calmly waiting for the time when his patient here should awake to avail himself of his ministrations.

It was night, and a small candle lit the end of the darkened room where sat the priest, calmly reading his breviary by the feeble light. A groan from the other sufferer interrupted his pious meditations. He rose and approached the bed on which he was restlessly lying.

"Poor fellow!" he murmured in a gentle voice; "he must be in very great pain. Would I could do something to soothe him!" he added as he tried to help the sufferer lie more easily, and smoothed his disordered pillow and bed-covering.

The light fell upon the wounded man's face—for the priest had brought the candle to a little table which stood beside the couch. A sound immediately at his elbow caused Father Bonnevin to raise his head.

The other man was standing beside him, a maniac gleam shooting from his eyes, and on his brown face, sharp and thin now from pain and loss of blood, a look of hatred such as the good priest had never before seen distort a human countenance.

"In Heaven's name, my son, what means this? Go back to your bed at once, if you do not want to kill yourself!" he exclaimed wonderingly. "Here, let me help you. You do not know what you are doing," catching him by the arm and trying to lead him back to the couch from which he had risen unobserved.

"I wanted to—to see his face—that's all—just a sudden

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fancy—I thought—I thought I knew the—the person there—nothing more."

The malignant expression on the speaker's face had passed away. A gleam of cunning shot through his eyes for a moment, and then the countenance had settled down into an expression of mere inanity. He went back to his couch quite submissively.

"You are a Catholic, I believe; you desire to make your confession," went on Father Bonnevin, seating himself by the man's bedside. "I am waiting to hear it, my son."

"Not now, father—I'm not prepared just yet. 'Tis many years since I confessed before. I can't go over such a long spell of time all in a moment. If you'd just put it off—"

"There is no time like the present, my dear son," interposed Father Bonnevin. "Reflect on your condition. A change may come at any moment. Do not delay to make your peace with Heaven. God may, in his mercy, have vouchsafed you this bright moment that you may avail of it to save your sinful soul."

"'Tis no use, father; I can't do it now. I can't remember a single thing. It may all come back by and by."

The good priest remonstrated again and again. He used every means he knew to gain him over—he argued, he soothed, he entreated—all without avail. Worn out at last, he adopted a stronger tone.

"You are obdurate, stubborn—you fly in the face of God!" he cried. "Beware the consequences. He will not have his graces scorned; he will not be flouted by those to whom in mercy he holds out his hand when they are sinking into the pit of destruction. Recollect, if you refuse his proffered gift now he may never visit you again, and you know not how near you may be to your end."

This warning seemed to have some effect. Myles Keogh held out his hand: "Forgive me, father," he said, "if I appear wicked and stubborn. I can't remember anything. My head feels all confused like. Leave me alone for a bit, and I'll try to pull myself together. If you give me half an hour, say, I may be ready for you."

Thrown off his guard, Father Bonnevin gladly assented to this brief delay. The room was oppressive; he thought he would be better off taking a walk on the beach and inhaling the breezes that blew over Lake Champlain. So, taking his hat and walking-stick, he stepped out into the air.

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A profound stillness had succeeded the clangor of war. Away in the distance, where its scattered lights indicated its presence, rose a faint hum from the little town, unwontedly busy on account of the day's events; but the dull murmur only served to intensify the peaceful hush which wrapped the star-mirroring lake and the long stretch of strand on whose sands Father Bonnevin was meditatively pacing.

Hark! A smothered sound—a faint, hoarse cry, suddenly strikes his ear. It comes, he thinks, from the direction of the cottage he had just quitted. He recollects that he had left no one there but the two wounded men, the old woman who owned the place having gone off to the town to fetch some household requirements.

Fast as his limbs can carry him he speeds back and dashes in. The picture which meets his gaze as he flings open the bedroom door is frightful.

Rolling upon the floor, coiled in a mortal struggle, are the two wounded men. Myles Keogh is uppermost, and he brandishes a long knife in his hand. The other holds with all the strength he has the hand which Myles has uplifted with fatal intent; both are faint and feeble, and their ineffectual attempts at force make the scene horribly grotesque. The under man is trying to shout for help, but his voice is only like the echo of a man's voice. It comes out in a gurgling, spasmodic sound as Myles's grasp clutches around his throat, each time he endeavors to use his lungs.

The shirt of the elder man was dabbled with blood, and an irregular trail of blood had been drawn about the floor following the course of the brief struggle, for each man's bandages had been torn off his body in the course of the horrible *mêlée*.

For a second Father Bonnevin stood spell-bound at the ghastly sight—but only for a second. His first movement when the shock of surprise had passed was to dash forward and pluck the knife from Myles Keogh's hand. Then he loosened the grasp of the other from his adversary's neck. Myles Keogh fell back gasping and faint, and lay motionless on the floor.

Both men were completely exhausted from their fierce struggle, and there was no help near at hand to lift them into their beds. So Father Bonnevin had nothing to do but to wait until the men revived somewhat.

Myles Keogh was the first to come to. He opened his eyes languidly, drew a long, painful breath, and gazed at the priest in a half-reproachful way.

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"Why did you come between us?" he gasped slowly. "You don't know how long I had been waiting for this chance—and I had him all but finished just when you struck in."

"Wretched man!" answered Father Bonnevin sternly, "you ought to thank God with all the fervor of your soul that I came in time to save you from a great crime. I tell you that at this very moment you are trembling over the very abyss of hell, and you have not a second to spare if you would save your guilty soul. What has urged you to the commission of this awful crime even while you were being beckoned, in all probability, before the great judgment-seat?"

"It is a long story, good father," replied the other faintly, "but I must try and tell it in a few words. Thirty-odd years ago that man there, with his own hand, killed my poor father, and was the means of driving my sweet sister into a premature grave. Kneeling on the road, outside our cottage home, I swore to God that night that I would have life for life, if ever it came in my power. Thirty years is a long time to wait, but vengeance is patient."

"Not so patient as God is," replied Father Bonnevin sternly. "Do you not know that he has said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay?' If you had heeded God's command, you would not have striven to take the punishment of this crime into your own hand."

"I had sworn to do it, father."

"You swore wickedly and rashly. When you saw the man who had done you this wrong in your power, you took God's prerogative upon yourself, and defied his mandate even when you were soon to appear before his tribunal. You hastened your own death by your mad passion, and now how can you claim his mercy when you were ready to show none yourself? See, your enemy is hovering on the verge of death. There is not one instant to be lost. Take in your hands this crucifix. Remember what He who hangs there said with his last breath, perishing on that bitter cross for your sins, *his* sins, and mine, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

The dying man took the symbol of redemption from the priest's hand. It was the first time that he had touched one since he was a child—the first time that the words of grace and penitence fell upon his ears. A flood of tears rushed to his dimmed eyes, the fountains of sorrow were opened in the obdurate, vengeful heart, and he sobbed like an infant.

"Now lean on me," said Father Bonnevin, "rise, and come

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over and take your enemy by the hand and say you forgive him. Then I will confess and absolve you."

Very painfully Myles Keogh arose, and, aided by Father Bonnevin, limped across the floor to where the other man lay.

"Philip Stanton," he called—the wounded man opened his eyes faintly—"Philip Stanton, although you killed my father, and although on your head rests also the death of my sister Lena, for the sake of the sweet Christ who died for us both I forgive you; but I cannot take your hand, for it is red with their blood."

"It will be washed white as snow if only he will repent too," said Father Bonnevin, as he led Myles Keogh back to his couch.

And Philip Stanton did repent. He had come to see at last the potency of that religion which had been always pictured to him as a debasing superstition, and its ministers animated only with earthly ambition and the desire to obtain power over the souls of men as well as over their material possessions. He had seen it efficacious to do what he believed nothing short of a miracle could do—namely, to make a man forgive his mortal enemy; and he confessed its truth. He lived long enough to perceive this and the enormity of his crime. The fact that he had escaped any human punishment for it at first made him almost despair of finding mercy in the world to come, but at last this numbing terror passed away under the soothing influence of Father Bonnevin's consoling words, and his last breath was a sigh of mingled penitence and relief from a great load of earthly misery.

John J. O'Shea.

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## TO THE PRINCESS EULALIA.

WE bid thee welcome, Princess of old Spain,
Not for thy royal ancestry alone,
But for the race-wide, world-embracing gain
That sprang from Castile's throne.

When darkness brooded o'er the minds of men,
And earth's far boundary was a land of dreams,
Thy Isabella, with a prophet's ken,
First saw the sunrise beams.

Yea, her brave hand outmatched the petty thrift
Of timid monarchs and the sordid mart:
She bade bold Colon all his canvas lift
And go forth stout of heart.

He went, and lo! before his gallant sails
A new world rose in grandeur like the sun:
A land wherein true freedom never fails
And justice must be done.

Man met his brother man and knew his worth
By equal contest in the lists of peace:
He counted not by low or noble birth—
But manhood's strong increase.

Therefore we thank thee, Princess of thy race—
Columbia unto thee her greeting sends:
We thank brave Spain, and give thy name a place
In hearts that prize their friends.

Yet not for gifts and greatness do we say:
"Thy coming is thrice welcome; it is good";
Our fairest meed of honor we shall pay
To thy sweet womanhood.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

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## A CITY OF REALIZED DREAMS.

WANDERING through the spacious grounds and amidst the magnificent halls of the great white ephemeral city—and what a pity it should be ephemeral!—by the shores of Lake Michigan, a multitude of thoughts must crowd upon the mind of the visitor. The external impressions alone must form an ineffaceable memory. Rarely has such a splendid *coup d'œil* been unfolded as that which greets his vision as it strives to take in the varied panorama. In architectural arrangement, in amplitude of extent, in harmony of design, the congeries of snow-white structures which have sprung up on the site of what has been a comparatively barren and solitary public resort eclipses every other system of buildings ever grouped together under the name of a "Universal Exposition."

Now, this is no hyperbole. The observer who has had an opportunity of noting the architectural excellences of the various other World's Fairs, in Europe as well as upon this continent, will admit that, beautiful in conception and arrangement as many of these were, in none did harmony in detail work out to such perfect unity in the composition of a great whole as in this gigantic memorial. The great extent of ground to be covered to some minds might have seemed to demand variety not only in form but in color of the buildings destined to adorn it. But the adoption of a uniform plan has secured an effect which no other could possibly have produced. There is a homogeneity in the classic lines of those great edifices, differing as they all do in architectural style, which derives its completeness from the adoption of white for their outer covering. They seem like substantial palaces of snowy marble, and at certain points of view the vistas presented are superb. The adoption of the more usual plan of glass and iron as materials never achieved any such result as this. So then we have to mark a great distinctive advance in the stateliest of human arts—that of architecture. If we have as yet been unable to found a school, the Columbian Exposition proves that we have learned one great essential—that is, assimilation; for the thorough fitness and adaptability of the great structures erected by Lake Michigan to the surroundings of the place and the uses for which they are

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intended at once impress themselves upon the beholder with all the conviction of a self-evident fact.

The crowning glory of all architecture is the sculpture which is necessary for its illustration and embellishment. Most of the sculpture incidental to the Fair buildings, considering its temporary character, is admirable—at least in conception. In the groups especially is this the case. In general effect, in harmony of design, and in the observance of the golden mean between the heroic and the real in human proportion, the palm must be given, many will own, to the noble trophy which forms the great fountain at the side of the lagoon opposite the peristyle. It is a piece symbolizing the triumph of Columbia. America, represented by a female figure, sits enthroned in a gorgeous classic barge, with Fame guiding, and four other female figures rowing. Youths with sea-horses swim in front, and mermaids disport upon the water. In such a composition there must, seemingly of necessity, be to one who discards mediæval or more ancient examples, a great temptation to lapse into what is known as rococo; but the sculptor has avoided this pitfall. There is no exaggeration in his treatment; the *abandon* of these water-myths appears perfectly genuine and natural. The largeness of touch that one remembers in some of the great ornamental fountains at Versailles, the Rubens-like rotundity of those water-sprites, and the majestic if somewhat theatrical anatomy and pose of the Neptunes and Amphitrites in these fine old masterpieces have beauties of their own; if there is a more modern spirit in our latter-day compositions, there is at least a unity about them and a fidelity to the modern idea of exactitude in detail which stamp them with a distinctive character. We have discarded the heroic, to a great extent; we are permeated with the sense of the appropriate and the practical; and this is, one may say, speaking broadly, the prevailing characteristic of the sculpture at the World's Fair. This is not to be wondered at. Our sculpture reflects the spirit of our age, as well in its physical development as in its ideas of illustration. This was the chrysalis state of the art, doubtless, in every nation which struggled for the attainment of a higher ideal. We are a young people, as the world goes; and we prefer originality, even though it be sometimes crude, to mere servile aping of others' ideas, however exalted. Our practical views incline us to realism; later on we shall have mastered the secret of making the real serve as the foundation of the poetic.

How are we laying out for the future? This is a more absorbing question than what we have done for the present. We

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occupy a unique position before the world. The territory given this free people to mould and round into the finish of superlative greatness is the vastest of any on earth; in language, polity, commercial system, national aims, it is one from ocean to ocean. It is untrammelled by monarchical traditions and ambitions, free from dynastic combinations, unperturbed by those war-clouds which in the older world are perpetual. Its way lies clear before it. It is to be known to all the future ages as the Great Republic; and the uses to which it shall put its unshackled liberty depend largely upon what we of the present day are doing for those who are to succeed us. Hence the interest which attaches to the educational section of the Exposition is highest of all. It is deeply gratifying to note that far and away the finest display of the effects of technical training is that made by the Catholic schools throughout the States. The exhibit covers an area greater than that of nearly all the other denominations put together, and it bears eloquent witness to the indefatigable zeal of Brother Maurelian and the other members of the teaching community who devoted themselves to the task of putting it in evidence. Imperfect as was its condition when our cursory examination was made, it was impossible not to be struck by the excellence of the work done in the Catholic schools by juvenile students, not only in the mechanical but in the higher arts. Grown men who had spent their apprenticeships to trades could not turn out better work in some of the classes; the drawing, modelling, and painting would do credit to much higher schools in many instances. To know that while the thousands of little men whose handiwork is here visible are being sedulously prepared for the moral duties of life, their faculties are being developed so as to best fit them for its practical side, gives a feeling of calm assurance for the future. This is a practical age, and the battle of life must be fought upon that line. Of this fact our Catholic teachers are fully aware, and they adapt their system of training to meet the conditions. Of the part played by the order to which men like Brother Maurelian, Brother Azarias, and Brother Quintinian belong, in the training of the successful Catholic business men of our day, all over the world, not many outside their own ranks know, for the historian has not yet risen. But it is great, and, as this Catholic Exhibit shows, increasing in its greatness as the world goes along.

The *forte* of this American nation seems to be, so far as can be discerned, in the arts of peace. Its ambition does not seek an outlet in the construction of mammoth artillery like that of Germany. The steam-engine, the electric motor, the agricul-

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tural machine, lie more in her *métier*. In every art and appliance calculated to make the wheels of life and industry run smoother, she stands a claimant to excellence. In many the youngest of nations has outstripped the oldest in experience and reputation. A careful study of the exhibits in the Manufacturers' Building is a cycle of technical education.

Of the ten thousand things which challenge attention in this marvellous Exposition it would take a tome to tell. There is hardly a branch of science or industry here represented by its instruments or its machinery which is not the realization of the dream of a thinker. Each is an education in itself in its special field, and each has its own peculiar history. They tell us in their mutely-eloquent way of the wonderful growth of the world in knowledge in the past half-century, and they set us thinking on the possibilities of the future. These are of the material world, however, and "man does not live by bread alone." There is the great moral world to be considered, without whose controlling influence material success must be a barren triumph. The congresses have well begun. From two of those which have been held, in especial, momentous results may be expected. We refer to the Congress of Catholic Women and the Temperance Congress. It will be our privilege to lay before our readers in the next issue special articles on these important gatherings, with portraits and other illustrations relevant to them. From the other congresses which are to be held at a later portion of the year results likely to have a lasting influence upon the moral progress of the nation, if not upon the outside world as well, may reasonably be looked for.

A word as to the probable success or failure of the Exposition for the vast multitude who have invested their money in it may not be altogether out of place. An outlay altogether unprecedented in the history of these international undertakings has been made, and up to the present the attendance has not nearly approached that which would be necessary to enable the investors to look forward to a return of their money. The cause of this failure is, in our opinion, the unsympathetic action of the great railway companies. These have drawn a prohibitive cordon around the Exposition, and so prevented the masses of the people from going to Chicago. If they cannot be made in time to see the unwisdom as well as the unpatriotism of their attitude, the World's Fair is doomed to be a gigantic loss to those who have subscribed for its erection. Some plain speech from the New York press is called for, we think, upon this matter—and speedily.

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## THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

**Religious Education in Board Schools.**—The controversy now going on as to religious education in the Board Schools of London has led to the thoughts of many hearts being revealed, and has elicited a most important expression of opinion from one of the most influential of the opponents of denominational education. The Board Schools are generally looked upon, and not without reason, as the strongholds of purely secular education; but the extent to which this is true varies with the locality, the character and the amount of religious instruction depending upon the opinions of the members of the various boards. In very few, if any, is simply no instruction in religion given, and if in any place there were an overwhelming majority of the supporters, say of the Establishment, there would be nothing to prevent its doctrines being taught as fully as in one of its own schools, the rights of the minority being saved by the conscience clause by which dissident parents are enabled to remove their children from such instruction without in any way interfering with their education in other subjects. But as a matter of fact the question has generally been settled by a compromise by which it has been declared lawful to impart to the children religious instruction of such a character as to be acceptable to all denominations. For the London Board Schools the rule was made in 1871 that the Bible should be read, and that there should be given such explanations and such instruction therefrom in the principles of morality and religion as were suited to the capacities of the children. Long discussions have been going on, initiated by the church party in the board, to make this rule more definite, and success has so far attended their efforts as to secure the insertion of the word Christian in the rule, so that now the instruction to be given is in the principles of *Christian* morality and religion.

**Opposition to the proposed Changes.**—The defenders of religious education are not, however, content with this, and are try-

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ing to secure the making of a rule requiring that the children should be taught the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the divinity of our Lord. This is advocated on the ground that the great majority of the rate-payers believe these doctrines and wish to have their children instructed in them. This proposal has excited the keenest opposition of every form of religious belief and unbelief. This opposition forms a most curious study of the intolerance of those whose voices are always being raised in defence of toleration. Among the leaders of the opposition was the chief rabbi. His modest wish was that, on account of the relatively small number of Jews in London, the character of the religious instruction in all the schools should be accommodated to their wants, Christians being left to shift for themselves, and this notwithstanding the fact that in certain districts in London, in which there is a large number of Jews, such special favors have been bestowed upon them that some of the Board Schools of those districts are Jewish in their character. The Unitarians too, who, however cultivated and refined they may be, are yet insignificant in numbers, have taken the lead in the effort to regulate the schools of the community by the wishes of a small minority, and to limit the amount of instruction to the doctrines which they look upon as true. Perhaps, however, the most surprising thing of all is that the orthodox Dissenters, who profess so firm a belief in the divinity of our Lord and who make trust in him the single article of faith, have enrolled themselves in the army of opponents of more definite religious instruction. Dr. Clifford, a leading Baptist minister in London, headed a deputation which came to present to the London School Board a memorial against the proposed change. He was subjected to a somewhat rigorous cross-examination by the advocates of the change, and was forced to declare—to such straits are the illogical defenders of religious belief reduced—that for liberty's sake he was prepared to uphold a policy under which a Unitarian teacher could give a Christian child Unitarian teaching. Such is, as a matter of fact, the result of the present plan in many cases. For the sake of liberty orthodox Dissenters are prepared to expose their children to the danger of loss of faith. And what kind of liberty is it that forces the majority of the rate-payers, who prefer the Christian religion, to pay for religious instruction as unsatisfactory to them as Christian instruction is to Unitarians? It is not for liberty's sake that Dr. Clifford and his supporters are denying their Lord. They have not even this poor satisfaction. It is, as has often

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been pointed out, for the domination of a small minority over the large majority of those who at least profess and wish to be Christians. A new religion is being endowed out of the rates and taxes of which Jews and Unitarians are the prophets, orthodox Dissenters by their votes and influence the apostles, and agnostics and infidels the gatherers-in of the harvest.

**Conversion of a Distinguished Opponent.**—The injustice of this course has become so clear through the discussion of the matter now going on as to result in the conversion of the most influential opponent of definite religious education. The venerated and venerable Dr. Martineau, who is reported to have drawn up the Unitarian memorial against the proposed change, has since published a letter in which he acknowledges that the attempt to teach a form of religion common to those who believe in the divinity of our Lord and to those who do not is impossible. "The problem can no longer be worked out on the simple line, the *via media* of one uniform religious standard for all scholars who receive any. Fix the standard of compromise where you may, it will fall short of the religion of some and overburden and crush that of others." He recognizes that the theory of a "common" Christianity, reached by lopping off the differentiating elements of sects and churches, will not work, and that therefore the advocates of more definite teaching are right. "A religious man cannot cut his theology in pieces and deal it out in fragments selected by deference to others' beliefs." And therefore he says: "Let him teach it entire and *ab initio* in the school to and through those who are of his own mind." The contention of those who wish for religious education has thus been justified by one of their chief opponents, and the whole aspect of the controversy has undergone a change. Plans are being suggested for securing for all the children in state-aided schools instruction in their respective religious creeds. It is so difficult to devise any workable plan for effecting this, that it is not beyond the limits of reasonable hope that, recognizing on the one hand the necessity of religious instruction, and on the other the impossibility of concocting a "common" Christianity, the majority of the voters may revert to the denominational schools and grant them the aid and support now afforded to Board Schools.

**The Co-operative Movement.**—At the twenty-fifth annual Congress, held this year at Bristol, continued progress was recorded in numbers, business, and income. Every sixth adult inhabi-

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tant of Great Britain belongs to the society, the annual turnover exceeds two hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum, while the profits shared among the members each year reach the enormous sum of between twenty and twenty-five millions. This represents the amount saved by co-operative methods by the working-classes, and must contribute, on account of the large scale on which the operations of the society are now carried on, to ameliorate in a notable degree their position, and to equalize and to decrease the poverty of the poor. That such large operations should be carried on with so much success shows in a remarkable way the capacity and honesty of the working-classes, who are the principal managers of the various undertakings. It is true, indeed, that the movement has been indebted to the assistance of such men as the author of *Tom Brown's School-Days* and the late Mr. E. Vansittart Neale for direction in its organization, and for counsel and encouragement; but the main element of success has been found in the intelligent co-operation of the men themselves; for unless there had been among them mutual consideration, trust, and confidence the movement would long ago have come to nothing.

**Co-operation in London.**—That the spirit of brotherhood is the soul of the movement seems to be proved by its failures, for the record of success is not unbroken. It has frequently been said of London that there is no place in the kingdom which has so little local public spirit. It is too vast to become an object of affection. The rich come to it for a time, but look upon their country dwelling-places as their homes. Selfish interests fill the minds of the poorer classes; while every man has his friends, the vast numbers with whom he every day comes in contact are strangers to him, and he is indifferent to their welfare. The spirit of brotherhood is nowhere more lacking. Now, it is in London alone that the co-operative movement has met with reverses in any sense serious. Failure, in fact, has there been common all along the line. From 1874 to 1892 no less than seventy-four societies failed or were dissolved. While in Great Britain as a whole thirty-six per one thousand of the population are co-operators, in London there are only six per one thousand. Perhaps the comparative failure of the movement in this country may be due to analogous reasons.

**Want of Fidelity to its own Principles.**—Perhaps, however, the most serious cause for anxiety as to the future of the move-



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ment is to be found in what has largely contributed to its success. Co-operators being only human, are unwilling to pay more for what they buy than can be helped, even though a share in the profits comes to each purchaser. The profits which are made must be made at somebody's expense, and the persons on whom the burden is thrown are the employees of the society. In fact the co-operative societies, managed though they are by working-men, have turned out to be no better employers of labor than ordinary capitalists. The hours of work in co-operative shops are no shorter than elsewhere. No fewer than one hundred and sixty-one societies admitted that they kept open seventy to eighty-five hours a week, and the wages of all but the managers are low. One member told the Congress that the hours of co-operative employees were infinitely longer than dockers' hours and the wages smaller, and the president stated that the Co-operative Insurance Company of Manchester had, in some instances, been unable to become guarantors of co-operative employees "because it was felt that it was scarcely possible for men to be honest on such pay." Now, this is not only disgraceful and unjust in itself, but a want of fidelity to the objects of the movement. Co-operators do not aim theoretically at money-making in the first place, but at conferring benefits upon the members of the working-classes, whether those members are buyers or workers. At present the buyers are reaping all the advantages; the workers not only do not share in those advantages, but have to suffer more than workers for the ordinary capitalist. Instead of reconciling capital and labor, they are establishing a wider estrangement. Were it not that the Congress recognized the evil and has taken steps to remedy it, doubts might be entertained as to the future usefulness of co-operation; the success of the past, however, leads to the confident hope that means will be found to remove this blemish and to conquer this difficulty.

**The Christian Socialist Movement of Austria and France.**—Cardinal Vaughan in the address delivered by him on his return from Rome, speaking of the social state of the world—a state due, in his judgment, to the detestable *laisser faire* system of political economy which has triumphed for a century and more over the dictates of Christianity—gave expression to his conviction that God will call forth an organization similar to the orders of the middle ages for the service of the present sufferers, for their rescue from temporal and eternal ruin, but built upon a broader and more popular basis, gathering up, organizing, and

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utilizing all that is generous and noble in the Catholic community. "The social agony," his eminence said, "is visible and audible around us; a little more time may be needed, more prayer and grace, and then the organization will spring into life, to sanctify the strong and healthy by saving the weak and perishing." In order to show how many share the cardinal's hopes and aspirations we wish to call our readers' attention to the Christian Socialist movements of Austria and France. In Vienna a short time ago a meeting was held, which was largely attended by the members of the Austrian Parliament, by the local nobility, and—wonderful to relate—by a few professors. Prince Alois Liechtenstein, a prominent leader of the Catholics in the Austrian Parliament, in his speech declared that the first of the principles of the Christian Socialists was that the worker should have the full produce of his labor; that its object was to find some way to rescue the science of political economy from the pilferers of the Manchester school, who had so long used it as an apology for their shameless self-seeking. By means of this false political economy they had made the Christian populations of Europe physically and spiritually the bond slaves of capital. In the large towns particularly Mammon had entrenched itself. Vienna formed the one exception to the rule; for there its power, if not broken, had been at least shaken; a party existed in Vienna which was organized on a fighting basis and which bound all classes of the community in a common offensive and defensive union for the protection of their most sacred possessions. The readers of our notes last month will remember the account given of the care of the poor in the Austrian capital, and will find therein a confirmation from a Protestant source of the prince's assertions.

**The Schools and Christian Socialism.**—At a more recent meeting, held on the occasion of the Pope's jubilee, of the Catholic School Union, at which meeting a communication was read from Cardinal Rampolla conveying the Papal Benediction to the members of the society, the prince foreshadowed a new phase in the development of the Christian Socialist movement. The schools, he said, as at present conducted, were the nest in which capitalist ideas were to be hatched. As it was only through the practical realization of a true Christian state that the false Social Democracy was to be prevented and its progress stayed, a Christian programme in economical affairs must be adopted, and one of the most valuable functions of Catholic

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schools would be to form in the minds of the children the ideal of a state thus constituted. The principles of Christian reform of the state thus imparted would render nugatory the efforts of Social Democrats to model it according to their irreligious notions. The prince declared that the movement was strongly supported by the Catholic people, and warned the officials that if they did not support it they would lose the support of the Christian population, and that then the movement now directed against capitalists and the liberal party would be turned against them. The principles set forth by the prince are supported also by the highest authorities of the church.

**Christian Socialism in France.**—In France the Comte de Mun has for many years been fighting for the protection of the rights of working-men both inside and outside of the legislature. He has recently returned from a visit to Rome, during which he had an audience with the Holy Father, and at the Catholic Congress held in April at Toulouse he made a speech which may be looked upon as the Pope's own practical application of the encyclical *De Conditione Opificum*. We cannot do better than quote the comte's words: "The great preoccupation of the moment is Socialism. There are two solutions—concentration with the capitalists and concentration with the people. To wish to act with the Jews and the financiers is to prepare the coming of a socialism the excesses of which cannot be foreseen. At the risk of appearing to stand quite alone and of seeming extravagant, I will say that what must be protected is not capital but labor. We must not let it be supposed that the church is a cassocked policeman let loose on the people in the sole interest of capital. On the contrary, it should be clearly understood that it acts in the interest and for the defence of the weak. Let the people once know this and convince them that the church is not made solely for the rich, and we shall then have little more to do, and the Holy Father's wish will be realized. 'Say that,' he said, 'to them again and again. Speak often of the social action of the church.'" These words and their spirit are so clear that the organs of the capitalists profess to see in them the untrue socialism of the agitators, and have taken the alarm. They were quite content and ready even to applaud so long as the utterances of the Pope could be looked upon as merely the expression of an amiable, colorless philanthropy; but now that there promises to be a practical outcome, they take refuge in calumny. Nor, we are sorry to say,

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is it merely the children of this world who are alarmed. There is a large number of good people who are devout and sincere Catholics, but who also are nearly as much attached to certain political and social institutions as to their religion. It is in these that the Holy Father finds if not active at least passive opponents. While Leo XIII. does not care what political or social institutions survive or perish, so long as "God can be brought back" to the hearts and consciences of the mass of individuals, the class in question find it impossible to think that this can take place unless the institutions are maintained.

**The Hull Dock Strike.**—While the church, under the guidance of the Holy Father, acts in the interest and defence of the weak, it is not therefore to be concluded that by entering into an offensive and defensive alliance with the laborers she is to bind herself to take their side right or wrong. Her office is to preach justice and consideration for others to laborer and capitalist alike. That the laborer may sometimes be in the wrong all but blind partisans must admit; and of this the recent strike at Hull seems to be an instance. Both in the cause of the strike and in the manner in which it was conducted the right was not with them. In fact, they treated without due consideration an employer who had severed his connection with the organization for the protection of ship-owners to which he belonged in order that he might give more favorable terms to the union of his employees, and they forced him, by unjust demands, to return to it. In the course of the strike the most brutal violence was repeatedly shown towards free laborers, and appeals were made by Labor members in the House of Commons for the removal of the police and military notwithstanding all the disorder that existed. Several fires, which with almost a certainty must be attributed to the strikers, destroyed a large amount of property. All this was done for the purpose of excluding non-unionist laborers from work, in violation of that freedom to which every one is entitled of joining or not joining a union as it may please him. In the end employers gained a complete victory, and the strikers had to make an appeal upon their charity for alms to relieve their needs. This failure has been a great blow to the "new unionism," perhaps will prove fatal to it, and is a new enforcement of the lesson that, unless the workmen have enough of right and justice on their side they will forfeit that sympathy of the public without which success is impossible.

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## TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

FROM the press of Gill & Son, Dublin, we have a poem of praise from the author of a previous one entitled *Thought Echoes*. The poem is headed *Alleluiah*,* and consists of English expansions and illustrations of portions of the ancient hymns of the church used at matins, vespers, etc. They are redolent of rapt contemplation of the Divinity, and in this process the meaning sometimes requires no small ingenuity to disentangle. This, however, is a characteristic of some poets whom the world calls great—Browning, to wit. If the meaning be not at once apparent, the density is not the poet's. If *Alleluiah* were intended for general use, particularly for congregational singing, we would prefer a style easier understood.

The thanks of the whole Catholic public are due to the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A., for the new work which he has just produced. The *Carmina Mariana*† is a splendid proof of the author's zeal, patience, and industry. It embraces the poetical tributes of the bards of every age since the Annunciation to the Mother of God, except those which are familiar from long use. The selections embrace translations from very ancient authors and saints, Greek, Syrian, and Armenian, as well as Latin, thus showing the great reverence which has ever been paid the Blessed Virgin by the faithful. Some of the selections have appeared from time to time in these pages, others in contemporary Catholic magazines. The collection is appropriately preceded by the very beautiful hymn to Mary by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

In a daintily gotten-up volume, bound in cobalt blue and pale gold, the Rev. J. B. Tabb presents us with *An Octave to Mary*.‡ The reverend author's powers as a weaver of delightful anthology are well known, and in this charming gift-book—as we take it to be—he fully sustains his reputation. Nothing could well be more full of concentrated grace and tenderness than his opening invocation:

> "Hail, Mother of humanity!
> Alone thou art in thy supremacy,
> Since God himself did reverence to thee,

* *Alleluiah: A Sequence of Thought Symphonies.* Dublin: Gill & Son.

† *Carmina Mariana.* Collected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A. New York: Benziger Bros.

‡ *An Octave to Mary.* By John B. Tabb. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

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And built of flesh a temple one with thine,
Wherein through all eternity to shrine
His inexpressive glory. Blessed be
The miracle of thy maternity,
Of grace the sole immaculate design!

"Lo! earth and heaven—the footstool and the throne
Of Him who bowed obedient to thy sway,
What time in lowly Nazareth, unknown,
He led of life the long-sequestered way—
Pause till their tongues are tutored of thine own
'Magnificat' in wondering love to say."

The work is embellished with a fine copy of Burne-Jones's picture of the Annunciation, and is from the press of John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

The latest addition to the class of prophetic novels is M. Jules Lemaitre's *Prince Hermann, Regent.** This work has been published under the title *Les Rois en 1900.* It deals with the social and royalist problems which vex our own age, and works out some very astonishing results. Some conspicuous contemporary figures in European politics are introduced under very thin literary disguises, and frequently in a way which does not say much for the author's good taste. M. Lemaitre's idea is to follow out legitimate conclusions until they produce paradoxical results. A king of the good old absolute pattern is succeeded by a regent of quite a democratic turn, who proceeds to carry out his reforming ideas until the point of allowing his socialist subjects to carry a black flag in a procession is reached; then he comes into collision with the people, there is a riot, and then "the deluge." A couple of female anarchists are introduced, one of whom has evidently Louise Michel for model. In striving after paradoxes the author has unconsciously produced a paradox himself. He pictures a young girl who is the incarnation of purity, yet is passionately in love with Prince Hermann. She loves him because he fills her ideal of a prince who loves humanity. Her love is purely platonic, but it is intense. He is married, but does not love his wife, and is desperately enamored of the young Socialist. She is a thorough infidel, and has no moral restraint of any kind to prevent her from yielding to her own and the regent's passion, and she only consents to it to save him from assassination by the Socialists, by eloping with him. If M. Lemaitre expects a common-sense public to believe in such a phenomenon he makes too large an order. The work,

* *Prince Hermann, Regent.* By M. Jules Lemaitre. Translated by Belle M. Sherman. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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notwithstanding, is well worth the reading. It is a most artistic piece of literary handicraft, showing all that delicacy of touch which distinguishes the French school.

Mr. Grant Allen wishes to make hay while the sun shines. We have two works of his within a couple of weeks—one called *Blood Royal*, the other *The Scallywag*.* The glorification of Oxford University seems to be the main purpose for which they have been written, for Oxford is eternally bobbing up and down in each of these books, in a way that suggests Mr. Weston and King Charles's head. A secondary object seems to be to prove the truth of the aphorism that "blood will tell," so far as one of the stories is concerned; the other seems designed to heap ridicule on that superstition. Mr. Allen writes pleasantly, but his style is showy and his "plots" are very, very conventional, at least as far as the second-named work is concerned. That clever adventuress, whom we meet again in it, has done duty so often, and under so many disguises, that it is high time she were allowed to retire from the literary stage. We don't know where the author picked up his type of Pennsylvania girl. Slang and bad grammar are not the usual characteristics of the ladies of that State; and it will be time for Mr. Allen to try to make us laugh at bad grammar when his own irreproachability in that respect is better demonstrated than it is in *The Scallywag*.

A good, wholesome, entertaining book is the army novel which George I. Putnam gives under the title *In Blue Uniform*.† Without a bit of apparent effort the writer produces the most powerful effects and in the most natural and simple way. He tells a story of a rigid old martinet colonel who, in his zeal for the carrying out of military discipline, is instrumental in getting his own long-lost son imprisoned in an army penitentiary and then shot as he is trying to make his escape. As a study of army social amenities, and in some instances harsh military system in our free Republic, this effort of the novelist is not only pleasantly entertaining but eminently useful—perhaps.

Life in the Russian priesthood is somewhat of a novel theme in the light literary field. We have two samples of it in one of the "Unknown" series now being issued by Messrs. Cassell. They are the work of an author, named N. E. Potapeeks. One is entitled *A Father of Six;* the other, *An Occasional Holiday*.‡

* *Blood Royal. The Scallywag.* By Grant Allen. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *In Blue Uniform:* An army novel. By George I. Putnam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ *A Father of Six;* and, *An Occasional Holiday.* By N. E. Potapeeks. Translated by W. Ganssen, B.A. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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They are rather sketches than stories. Simplicity and pathos are their leading characteristics. The first-named morceau is exceedingly powerful, touching, and tragic. They seem to be faithful and unexaggerated pictures of Russian rural life, and they give a pitiable view of the domestic condition of the lower ranks of the Russian married clergy.

Joseph Hatton is a good novelist of the serious and painstaking order, one who takes the trouble to "read up" before he sits down to write a book on any subject. His latest work, *Under the Great Seal*,* is not so effective as a former one, *By Order of the Czar*, by reason of the fact that he attempts too much in it. No author can carry his readers' interest in the loves of his heroes and heroines from generation to generation. Mr. Hatton tries to do this in his working out of this novel, with only moderate success. The early portion of the story is laid in Newfoundland, when that colony was groaning under the misgovernment which drove these States into rebellion; and this part of the romance reminds the reader very forcibly of Longfellow's story of Acadia and Evangeline. The story should have reached its climax with the tragedy which eventuates here. Some of the characters in this part of the novel are extremely natural, and the dramatic situations are strong yet by no means exaggerated. Like Mr. Hatton's other work which we have mentioned, this novel seems well adapted for presentation on the stage.

"And with a kiss they plighted their troth in the presence of the dead." This is the termination of a story of the Peninsular War which the author, who very wisely withholds his name, testifies is "founded on fact." The tale—which is called *Her Heart was True*†—is given by Cassell's Company as one of the "Unknown Series"; and the sentence we have quoted will give a clue to the sort of mind the author thinks the novelist ought to have. To have reconciled lovers kiss in the presence of the third person, who has kept them asunder and who has just died in agony in their sight, seems to this great unknown quite the proper thing. He would see nothing remarkable about Nero's fiddling while Rome was blazing. The course of his literary meanderings takes him to the siege of Badajos, and the sack of that town—a piece of British history so horrible that a veil is always drawn over it; it is enough to say that it was as awful as anything perpetrated by the Sepoys in the Indian mutiny. Stories

* *Under the Great Seal.* By Joseph Hatton. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.
† *Her Heart was True.* By an Idle Exile. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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of sacrilege and robbery perpetrated by the British troops in their passage through the Peninsula are told in the course of the narrative with a sort of literary horse-chuckle, and these have not even the poor merit of originality, for they have been told over and over again by other authors whose ribaldry was at least veneered over by some claim to wit. The stage Irishman is, of course, introduced into the story—the Irishman of the ignorant maligner, who pronounces his vowels as the Yorkshireman pronounces them, and as no Irishman could pronounce them if he tried. The composition as a whole is a piece of coarse vulgarity.

Nauseous drugs are commended to the eye and the palate by a bit of gilding or a coat of sugar. Though they be nauseous, they may possibly do some good—which is more than we can hope for from a very pretty literary gilded pill sent us under the name of *The Shadow of Desire.** In daintiest dress of pink and silver, like a court page, this production of Irene Osgood's contains as much pruriency under its plumage as any precocious puppy of the Pompadour *régime*. The late Charles Reade is said to have expressed the opinion more than once that women in general were pretty sensualists; and this view seems to be shared in by Irene Osgood. The theme she has chosen for her *motif* indicates no lack of courage; only the manner in which it is treated leaves us uncertain whether her moral is calculated to dissuade or to encourage. As for the story itself, it is almost as bald as Dean Swift's broom-handle—only the record of a woman who gets married three times, and has so dangerous a weakness for running risks of breaking her marital vows that she gets her second husband to fight a duel and lose his life on that account. The incidental pictures of fashionable life thrown in leave no other impression on the mind than that it is quite of course for married women to have lovers besides their husbands, and sometimes for some of them to love these so madly as to drive them to suicide when their unholy passion is not reciprocated or a rival married lady is more fortunate. There is not one estimable character in the whole book, save the foolish husband who gets himself killed for the sake of the much-married lady, whose third marriage is undertaken, it appears, as much to save her from herself as to satisfy the spirit of her dead second husband, who is supposed to communicate his approval of the arrangement in some mysterious

* *The Shadow of Desire.* By Irene Osgood. New York: The Cleveland Publishing Company.

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way. In short, all the women portrayed in this book are mere animals, the men a shade better; while the mode of treatment adopted leaves very much the impression that the pictorial police-horror prints leave—that, under the guise of literary homœopathy, they are intended to feed the very social diseases which they affect to deprecate. We should be sorry to think it was in any sense a true picture of general society in the "upper ten" in the present day; yet there can be no doubt that it is an indication of a particular school which want of religious tone in early training, the unhappy facility of the divorce system, and the spread of theosophy and other fantastic charlatanisms, have nourished in our social garden. After all, we prefer plain, unvarnished, downright Zolaism to such neutral pruriency as this. Zola and his kind may plead speciously that their intentions were excellent—to illustrate the poet's view that

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

The pink-and-silver-cover school do their best to make the monster a sort of Lady Lilith—beautiful, irresistible, inevitable, all-devouring, and sweet to be devoured by.

A remarkable series of tales told by living witnesses is that given in a handy pocket manual under the title *From the Highways of Life*. They are the narrations of converts to the Catholic faith, taken at random from various walks of the world of work and thought, each reflecting the writer's own mind and showing how the ways of grace flowed in different channels and by diverse ways. They all mirror the profound sincerity of each individual writer, and in many cases the grounds for the conversion are set out with admirable clearness and logical force. That the spread of this excellent little work must be attended by the most beneficial results no one who reads it can for an instant doubt—for the matter in it is such as to set all honest minds pondering over. Hence its dissemination in a handy form and at popular prices (cheap edition ten cents, cloth twenty-five cents) is a work of the most practical utility. It is issued by the Columbus Press, 120 West Sixtieth Street, New York.

*The Last King of Yewle*,* one of the latest of Cassell's "Unknown Library," the author, P. L. McDermot, styles a novelette in nine chapters. It is a cleverly told tale, the plot is well conceived and fairly well wrought out. The scene is laid in Eng-

* *The Last King of Yewle*. A novelette in nine chapters. By P. L. McDermot. Cassell's Unknown Library.

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lish middle life and involves the varying fortunes of the Yewle family. It is healthy in tone and will afford the reader a couple of hours' entertaining reading.

*A Word on the Merits of England's Kettle-of-Fish Rule in Ireland* has just been issued from the office of *St. Joseph's Advocate*, Baltimore. It is a compilation of the exceedingly able series of articles which appeared in that publication, treating not only of the misgovernment of Ireland, but of the economic conditions and possibilities of that unlucky country. It is a work of the greatest possible utility to all who desire to know the truth of the situation there.

## I.—DR. WARD AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.*

Every one who is at all interested in the theological and philosophical discussions of our time will welcome the appearance of this sequel to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's preceding volume, entitled *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement.* Dr. Ward was indeed a striking, and to many not a very attractive personality. By his extreme opinions and remarkable peculiarities of manner he was calculated rather to repel than to win over adherents or admirers, and we do not remember to have heard that he made any converts to the faith. Papal bulls in definition of articles of faith have not been frequent in the history of the church, and it is not, therefore, according to her spirit to desire such pronouncements, which, in God's providence, are evidently exceptional events; yet Dr. Ward is credited with saying that he would like a new Papal Bull every morning with the *Times* at breakfast. This places, of course in a somewhat exaggerated way, the attitude of mind which led him into conflict with men like Dr. Newman, whose sole desire was really to be taught by the church, and not, under the aspect and appearance of extreme docility, to constitute themselves teachers and masters of the church. It is satisfactory to learn from this volume that Dr. Ward explicitly recognized the year before his death that through his hankering after premature logical completeness he had pressed one or two points much too far. The publication of the deliberations on the definition of Papal Infallibility of the committee of the Vatican Council *pro rebus fidei* fully demonstrates that Dr. Newman's view of the scope and extent of that infallibility was the more accurate of the two. As to the *Syllabus*, Dr. Ward in a letter to Dr. Newman, published

* *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival.* By Wilfrid Ward. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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in this volume, says that he looks upon the cardinal's view as thoroughly intelligible, local, and Catholic.

While there are among Catholics many who cannot sympathize with the theological line taken too often by Dr. Ward, his services to philosophy are unquestionable and acknowledged by all. His criticism of John Stuart Mill and Dr. Bain is considered, by those best entitled to form a judgment, as the most destructive of any to which the works of these writers have been subjected. For the former of these writers Dr. Ward had a warm personal respect, and submitted to him before publication the articles on his philosophy which were published in the *Dublin Review*. An interesting chapter in this volume is devoted to the relations between the two antagonists. In fact there is scarcely a page in this work which is not interesting. There are very few men eminent in theology, philosophy, or letters during the last half-century with whom Dr. Ward was not in some way or other associated, either personally or through their works, and of this association Mr. Wilfrid Ward, with his well-known literary skill and intimate knowledge of philosophical questions, has given in these pages such an account as to render this work one of the most valuable contributions to the intellectual history of this century.

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### 2.—CARDINAL MANNING AND HIS SOCIAL POLICY.*

M. l'Abbé J. Lemire is professor of rhetoric at the preparatory seminary, Hazebrouck, France. His study of the great English cardinal is in every way entertaining reading. It has in its style that crisp smartness so purely Gallic, and which their untranslatable word *chic* so aptly describes. It is a Frenchman's estimate of Manning, and a Frenchman, too, quite competent to give an estimate worthy of consideration. Doubtless we shall soon see the book in English dress, and it will form a valuable part of the extended biographical literature of the day. M. Lemire considers Manning from three points of view, and so divides his study into three parts: I. The Priest, or Man of God, in four chapters; II. The Patriot, in five chapters; III. The Democrat, or Man of the People, in ten chapters. There are three appendices: One devoted to a description of an audience with Manning given the author in 1888; the second is a description of the political situation in France, in which the author refers the reader to his work, *D'Irlande en*

* *Le Cardinal Manning et son Action Sociale.* Par M. l'Abbé J. Lemire. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

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*Australie;* in the third he describes a visit to the tomb of the cardinal made in October, 1892. There is an introduction of six pages, preceded by a short preface. Following the preface M. Lemire prints four commendatory letters, one from Archbishop Croke; one from Rev. Dr. W. A. Johnson, the cardinal's secretary; one from Monsignor Baunard, rector of the faculty of the Lille University, and one, of especial interest, from Count de Mun. The book is delightful and entertaining reading, and we do not wonder that De Mun wrote M. Lemire that "Votre étude sur le grand Cardinal Manning m'a ravi: je l'ai lue et relue, et j'y reviendrai souvent pour y chercher des leçons et des inspirations."

What gives M. Lemire's study of Manning its chief value, it seems to us, is what we deem his correct estimate of what constitutes the cardinal's true greatness. He will always rank as distinguished among Catholic writers. As a preacher his Roman sermons and those delivered at his pro-cathedral will give him prominence. The organization and government of his diocese give him higher rank as a churchman than the cardinalatial honors he so humbly bore. He was a statesman more farseeing than the best, as is evidenced by his action in the midst of the great labor troubles at London. But greater than in all these he is in his character as a true man of the people —as an honest radical. His great sanctity gilds and beautifies his whole life, as do the rays of the sun gild and beautify the earth when it closes a glorious day by its setting.

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### 3.—THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND LIBERTY.*

The Vicomte de Meaux, who made an extended visit to this country recently, has embodied the results of his observations in a charming book which he calls *The Catholic Church and Liberty in the United States.* The author belongs to the fast-growing party of French Catholics who would follow the present Pontiff in his broad-minded policy of allying Catholicity and democracy. He is more than appreciative: he is enthusiastic in his description of the rapid growth, the vigor and power which the Catholic Church has shown amidst the democratic institutions of a free country like our own, where it is entirely untrammelled by any connection with the state. The book is prefaced by a commendatory letter to the author from Cardinal Gibbons.

* *L'Église Catholique et la Liberté aux États-Unis.* Par Le Vicomte de Meaux. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

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# EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Briggs case has culminated in a vote of the General Assembly suspending Dr. Briggs from the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. This decision was arrived at after the Assembly had refused, by an overwhelming vote, to let the case go to the Synod of New York on appeal. Dr. Briggs and his friends accept the situation in a cheerful spirit. There are already eighteen various creeds, distributed amongst twelve different Presbyterian communities, in the United States, and one more or less can hardly affect the chances of the bewildered seekers after enlightenment in that tangled path of doctrine. What Dr. Briggs and his following will do next is now a question of some interest. Like the late Dr. Colenso, he may do nothing, but rest content with having, to his own satisfaction, demolished a system, not caring, or not being able, to substitute anything for it. To a man of his order of mind, however, inertia for a very lengthened period must be impossible; there is no such thing logically, now, as tarrying where he is.

Decoration Day was observed throughout the States this year with unflagging fervor and affection for the gallant dead. Everywhere the tombs of the war-victims were visited by thousands, and mounds of floral offerings to their memory piled up by loving hands. The customary parades of the survivors and the military detachments were held in all the large cities, and the enthusiastic populace turned out to greet them literally in millions. On the preceding Sunday the usual memorial religious services were held in several places, the most notable of these being that in the Church of the Paulist Fathers in New York. It was a scene of ineffable solemnity and impressiveness. The colossal building was crowded to its uttermost inch of space, and no one who was present could fail to note how truly the hearts of the vast congregation went forth in the touching function of reverence for their heroic dead. The veterans of the Grand Army and the military corps formed the great bulk of the congregation. To Rev. Father Scully, of Cambridgeport, Mass., fell the task of delivering the memorial oration, as the chaplain of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, and the simple and manly words in which he recalled the episodes of the great civil struggle and the glorious part played by the

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Catholic soldiers in defence of the Union thrilled the hearts and dimmed the eyes of most of those who heard his address. Half a million of Catholics, he recalled, had started up, at the call of duty, to defend the flag of the Union, and testify their appreciation of the civil and religious freedom which it brought them. The mode in which they did their duty in that crucial hour is the best answer to the malignant slanders and innuendoes of the bigots who disgrace that flag by their calumnies on the Catholic religion and its followers in the Union. Over five thousand persons listened to Father Scully's marvellous address; and when the musical portion of the function was reached the effect of all these masculine voices joining in hymn and battle-song was grand in the extreme.

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To put down obstruction in the British Parliament the Tories some years ago went to much trouble in devising debate-rules and a closure; now they themselves are availing themselves to the utmost of the methods which they then denounced as hardly short of treasonable. They are obstructing as men never obstructed before in the British House of Commons. The Irish members are taking but little part in the discussion of the Home-Rule Bill, save to intervene when they see the government are yielding too much, or to try to amend provisions which they deem unjust and inimical to Ireland. Only the third clause of the bill had been got through up to the middle of June. This clause limits and defines the powers of the Irish legislature, and every endeavor was made to make the limitations so narrow as to render the Irish Parliament powerless to enforce its own decrees within the kingdom. The government yielded too much in this way, in the opinion of many of the Irish members, and Mr. Sexton and others at length were obliged to protest against the concessions which the government were making without consulting them. From present appearances there is no likelihood of the entire bill being got through before the usual time for the rising of Parliament. Lord Salisbury is working against the bill from outside. He has gone to Ulster to lend a hand in raking up the fires of religious bigotry and racial animosity. The burden of his rather guarded speeches is that there is an impassable gulf between the Ulster Protestants and the Catholic Celts. The ordinary run of statesmen would like to bridge over such political chasms if they really existed; but Lord Salisbury and his nephew belong to a different order. Their prototypes may be studied in Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

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German electors have given their reply to the emperor's dissolution of the Reichstag over the defeat of his Army Bill. There is no mistaking the significance of the answer. Although the complete returns of the general election had not come in up to the time of our going to press, enough was known to show that the government candidates had barely held their own in the agricultural districts. Social Democracy, on the other hand, has had a signal triumph. In Berlin alone it added twenty-five thousand votes to the figures of 1890; in other large towns its gains have been proportionately great. The state of the other parties was unascertainable at the time of writing, but the sum of the whole election pointed to an emphatic "no" to the bellicose policy of Emperor William.

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## NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*A Lady: Manners and Social Usages of Society.* By Lelia Hardin Bugg. *Reminiscences of Right Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams, D.D., First Bishop of Ogdensburg.* By Rev. C. A. Walworth, LL.D; with a preface by Right Rev. H. Gabriels, D.D. *A Catholic Dictionary.* By W. L. Addis and Thomas Arnold, M.A. *History of Clare and the Dalcassian Clans of Tipperary, Limerick, and Galway.* By Very Rev. P. White, P.P., V.G.

MACMILLAN & CO., New York:

*The Last Touches, and other Stories.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. *Verbum Dei: the Yale Lectures on Preaching.* By Robert F. Horton, M.A.

CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

*Parson Jones.* By Florence Marryat. *The Third Man.* By J. G. Bethune. *Marionettes.* By Julien Gordon. *Along the River.* By M. E. Braddon.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., New York:

*A Cathedral Courtship and Penelope's English Experiences.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

*An Adventure in Photography.* By Octave Thanet.

A. WALDTEUFEL, San Francisco:

*Devotion to St. Anthony of Padua.*

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., London:

*Life of St. Edmund of Canterbury.* By Wilfrid Wallace, D.D., M.A., LL.B.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London:

*The Final Passover.* By Rev. R. M. Benson, M.A.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Boston:

*Philips Brooks in Boston.* By M. C. Ayres.

J. STILLMAN SMITH & CO., Boston:

*Selections from the Writings of Edward Randall Knowles, LL.D.*

### PAMPHLETS.

OFFICE OF INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia:

*Civilization among the Sioux Indians.* By Herbert Welsh.

ARGUS AND PATRIOT PRINTING HOUSE, Montpelier, Vermont:

*The Pictorial Church for Children.* By Rev. J. Brelivet.

HAMILTON PRESS, Topeka:

*Quarterly Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture.*



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# THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

REPORTS from various Reading Circles indicate that considerable interest has been awakened in behalf of the next session of the Catholic Summer-School. In many places meetings were organized to discuss the advantages to be derived from attending the forty-two lectures to be given at Plattsburgh, N. Y., between July 15 and August 6. The trustees of the Catholic Summer-School have been actively engaged in the different localities which they represent, endeavoring to diffuse correct information for the guidance of all who wish to be associated with the movement to establish in the Adirondack region a new centre of Catholic thought. Some of the comments from non-Catholic journals show that there is a desire to give very faint praise to the official prospectus. A writer in the *Christian Union* admits that "the lecturers are men eminent in Roman Catholic circles"; and then adds this statement: "The Roman Church never does anything in an imperfect way which it can do well, and we may expect that in due time this school on Lake Champlain will be one of the features of the educational system of our country. To our thought all such movements as this are good signs. With the growth of education there must also be a growth of liberty." It is to be hoped also that this writer of the *Christian Union* will grow in justice, so that he may speedily be able to praise what is commendable among Catholics without irrelevant and offensive allusions to superstition.

* * *

From the *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia, edited by Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D., we give an account of the meeting held at the Philopatrian Hall to promote interest in the Summer-School. It was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience. Seated on the platform were Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Rev. F. P. Siegfried, Rev. W. P. Gough, William R. Claxton, the four trustees representing Philadelphia, who are laboring hard to bring to Plattsburgh a large delegation. Dr. Loughlin presided, and, after a few complimentary remarks to the audience for their interest, said the object of the school was to enable Catholics who have not had the advantages of Catholic collegiate or university training to become familiar with the Catholic aspects of the various important questions in the different departments of knowledge that engage public attention to-day. There is a vast number of our young people to-day anxious for improvement in these lines, and he felt confident their highest aspirations would be gratified by attendance at the Summer-School course, and afterward continuing the winter course.

The address of Father Siegfried received the closest attention of the audience. He explained how the lectures at the school would benefit those who heard them, as they would be delivered by men who were experts on their subjects and there was very little danger of mixing of error with truth, as is too often the case in the University Extension system.

Mr. Claxton made a strong appeal to Catholic laymen to embrace an opportunity like this, as the layman to-day was called upon as well as the priest to defend the great truths of religion, and his mission gave him more opportunities for communicating knowledge of his religion among non-Catholics if he was able to do so.

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The Summer-School was discussed at Columbus Hall, New York City. On the admission cards, which were all complimentary, it was announced that the meeting was arranged under the auspices of the Ozanam Reading Circle, which has now completed the sixth year of very satisfactory work. It was organized under the care of the director of the parish library attached to the Church of St. Paul, the Apostle. The Paulist Fathers have watched its growth with sustained interest. The president, Miss M. F. McAleer, read a paper showing the plans adopted during the past year, and the Catholic authors from whose works selections had been made. Improvement in literary taste is the object for which this circle of Catholic women meet together once a week. In an informal and friendly way the members talk about books, Catholic books especially, and give readings from the best authors. No one is required to furnish a recitation or an essay, though these literary exercises are recognized frequently in the programmes. Every one is expected to do some sound, profitable reading in books, magazines, and reliable weekly papers, which give current news of important matters relating to the Catholic Church.

Miss Helen M. Sweeney read selections from her note-book containing an account of a series of talks to the Circle during the winter by Rev. Thomas McMillan on the subject of Religious Literature. In these talks particular attention was devoted to the official books; such as the Bible, the Missal and the Breviary, and the *Manual of Prayers* for the laity, which are authorized by the sanction of the bishops. From the play, "As You Like It," Mr. John Malone depicted in beautiful language the home-life of Shakspere, dwelling particularly on the passages that indicate the religious tendencies of the Bard of Avon. Mr. Malone contended that the allusion to the "old religious uncle" gives a clue to the source from which Shakspere derived his education.

As many questions had been asked about the Catholic Summer-School and its next session, Rev. Thomas McMillan was requested to furnish the desired information. He declared that the assurance of success for the Summer-School was well founded, and was powerfully aided by the cordial co-operation of distinguished professors in various Catholic institutions of learning. The prospectus of the coming session shows that the speakers represent many States and cities already enlisted in the work planned for Catholics by the officers of the Summer-School.

* * *

Cardinal Gibbons has given in an interview the first public expression of his deep personal interest in the success of the Summer-School. He said: "It is one of my regrets that I cannot have the pleasure of attending the Catholic Summer-School at Plattsburgh. I am pleased at the material good luck which has followed the school in securing so fine a location on Lake Champlain, and also so valuable a piece of property. I wish the movement every success, and take this opportunity of speaking in its favor publicly.

"Our clergy and laity have never had any central meeting-place where all could gather without awkwardness and amicably discuss questions of interest to all. The success of the congress held four years ago in Baltimore showed the need of it. The plan of the Summer-School seems suitable for this purpose. Pupils and teachers can meet at its reunions and learn to know one another outside the school formalities. Educators can compare notes; specialists can meet and confer. This bringing together of theorists and men of affairs, clergy and laity, religious and seculars, cannot but have a good effect if wisely and safely managed.

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"I look to a time, not far distant I hope, when more than one Catholic Summer-School will flourish in convenient sections of the country. The great West has splendid material for a summer-school, and no doubt will soon begin an enterprise of her own. The wider the views of the managers of these schools, the more representative their lectures, the larger the circle of their influence. The idea of a summer-school is yet an untried affair with us, and none can speak of it from experience. But the earnestness with which it has been taken up and promoted by men of cool judgment is a strong testimony to its worth and usefulness."

* * *

The railroad arrangements for the journey to Plattsburgh are fully explained in a circular issued by the Secretary of the Catholic Summer-School, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio. Reduced rates have been conceded by the Boston Passenger Committee and the Central Traffic Association, as well as by the roads in Trunk Line territory. World's Fair Tickets are good for stop-over at Summer-School going or returning. The Central Vermont Railroad will make Trunk Line rates of one fare and a third throughout New England, and will run special excursions via White Mountains. Tickets over Champlain Division of Delaware and Hudson Railroad will be accepted on Lake Champlain steamers, and *vice versa*. The Chicago and Alton Railroad will make a rate of one fare and a third for the round trip on the certificate plan from all Chicago and Alton stations in Illinois and St. Louis, Mo., to Chicago or Bloomington, Ill. From these points tickets can be procured for Plattsburgh at Central traffic rates of one fare and three-fifths. Persons living west of Chicago can procure World's Fair tickets, and upon arrival at Chicago secure the special rate on certificate plan to Plattsburgh.

* * *

A writer in the *Scottish Review* describes his impressions of the scenery around the site of the Catholic Summer-School as follows: "Mountains have something to say to the spirit of man, while a flat country seems comparatively mute. From whatever side the place is approached, the traveller has to pass through scenery which can be surpassed in but few countries upon earth.

"The Adirondacks are reached by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad; and it may be questioned whether there is a railway journey in the world which gives in one day a variety and splendor of landscape to equal that which is enjoyed by the traveller taking the morning express by this line between Montreal and New York. Starting from the former city, let us say, on one of those beautiful mornings with a cloudless, blue sky overhead, which are the rule rather than the exception in this climate all through the summer, he passes for an hour or two through the vast St. Lawrence valley, and before he has time to grow weary of the monotonous repetition of flat fields and uninteresting villages, he catches the first foreshadowings of the huge mountain-ranges by which Lake Champlain is guarded on both sides. For nearly the whole length of the lake the railway keeps close to its western shore, being at many points cut out of the rock, which rises sometimes sheer out of the water up to a considerable height on the mountain side. Following thus most of the windings of the shore, the traveller is brought ever and anon with a pleasing surprise upon the most unexpected changes of view, taking in the beautiful waters of the lake, that run into every various form of bay, while on the right rise the gigantic forms of the Adirondacks, and far away across the lake melt into the blue haze of distance the mountains of Vermont."

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"IT SEEMED OVER-CAUTIOUS ADVICE TO BE TOLD TO BE AT ST. PETER'S BY FIVE O'CLOCK."

*(See page 656.)*

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVII. AUGUST, 1893. NO. 341.

## THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE GOSPELS.

THE Four Gospels are the history of Jesus Christ, that "Divine Tragedy" surpassing all human histories as much as its hero, Jesus Christ, surpasses all the heroes, sages, and saints of the human race.

The exact date of the composition of these Gospels cannot be determined with certainty. The Gospel of St. Matthew was the first to appear, soon after A.D. 40. It was written in Syro-Chaldaic, for the Hebrew Christians of Palestine, but the authentic text was early lost, and a Greek version very soon came into use and was universally received as of equal authority with the original.

St. Mark's Gospel was composed some few years later, before A.D. 50, at Rome, under the direction of St. Peter, for the use of the Roman Christians.

St. Luke's Gospel, written under the direction of St. Paul, was composed at least as early as A.D. 52, for more general use in the churches founded by St. Paul.

St. John's Gospel was written between A.D. 90 and 100, probably at Ephesus, at the request of the bishops of Asia Minor.

The symbols of the Four Evangelists are: of St. Matthew, a man; of St. Mark, a lion; of St. Luke, an ox, and of St. John, an eagle. They are explained as follows: The symbol of St. Matthew is a man, because he begins his narrative with the human genealogy of Jesus Christ. The symbol of St. Mark is a lion, because he begins with the preaching of St. John the Baptist, a "voice crying in the desert," as it were a lion roar-

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ing. The symbol of St. Luke is an ox, an animal offered in sacrifice, because he begins his narrative with the priest Zacharias in the temple. The symbol of St. John is an eagle, because he immediately soars upward to the eternal and divine generation of Jesus Christ, the Word of God.

Any one who looks at a Harmony of the Gospels will see that in part they narrate the same things, often in the same words; and that in part they supplement each other, each one relating some things not found in the others, and omitting other things found in one or more of the other three evangelists.

It is supposed, with very good reason, that the apostles and other disciples of Christ were accustomed, in the Christian assemblies, to narrate his history, and give their testimony to the wonderful things with which they were so intimately acquainted. The Gospels are, each one, an abstract or epitome of this apostolic preaching of the Gospel.

A Catholic does not need to look about for reasons why he should believe this Gospel. He receives it from the church, into which he has been born by baptism. An American child finds himself in the American Republic, whose existence is an evidence of what his parents tell him of Washington, the War of Independence, the formation of the Constitution. So, the Gospel history, the truths of faith, the whole Christian religion, is in immediate contact with our minds, as an object of direct faith, from the first dawn of reason.

Whoever has had the happiness of being familiar with the Gospels from childhood, or who has later read them attentively, with a candid mind and an upright heart, must believe in them, and cannot have a serious doubt of the truth of the history which they contain.

## ROUSSEAU ON THE SCRIPTURES.

Rousseau, overmastered by the power of truth, expresses himself on this topic in a way which would do honor to a devout and fervent Christian:

"I make the avowal, that the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me, the sanctity of the Gospel speaks to my heart. Look at the books of the philosophers, with all their parade; how small they appear beside the Gospel! Is it possible that a book at once so sublime and so simple should be the work of men? Can it be that He whose history is there recorded was himself no more than a man? Does he take the tone of an

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enthusiast or of an ambitious founder of a sect? What sweetness! What purity of morals! What touching grace in his instructions! What elevation in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind! What fineness and justice in his answers! What empire over his passions! . . . Shall we say that the history of the Gospel is an invention? My friend, inventions are not of that sort; and the facts respecting Socrates, which no one doubts, are less attested than those which relate to Jesus Christ. At bottom, this supposition only shifts without destroying the difficulty; for it would be more inconceivable that several men should have fabricated this book in concert, than it is that one only should have furnished its subject. Never could Jewish authors have imagined the tone and the moral character by which the book is marked, and the Gospel has characters of truth so grand, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing person than the hero" (*Émile*, b. iv.)

Although we receive the Gospels by an act of Catholic faith on the authority of the church, we may, nevertheless, examine the evidence of their genuineness and authenticity, in order to understand better that which we believe. A Catholic cannot make this examination as if he were uncertain or doubting, but as seeking corroboration of his faith by an increased intelligence and knowledge of the grounds and reasons which the church authorities have had for making their decisions. It is for many not only lawful, but very useful, to make this examination. For those who have not Catholic faith, but are seeking for the truth, and who may not have a clear and firm conviction of the divine authority of the Scriptures, this examination is a way of arriving at the knowledge and conviction which is, for them, a necessary preamble to the reception of the faith which the church proposes to our belief.

## AUTHENTICITY DISTINCT FROM INSPIRATION.

The genuineness, authenticity, and historical credibility of the Gospels are a topic distinct from the doctrine of their divine inspiration, a topic which comes first in order, in an investigation of the evidence of their decisive and final authority as a testimony to the facts and doctrines of the Christian religion. Belief in their inspiration rests on the authority of the church. Their historical credibility rests on its own basis, and can be proved in the same way that we prove the credibility of the history of Tacitus, or of Irving's *Life of Washing-*

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*ton.* That the Four Gospels were written during the period between A.D. 40 and A.D. 100, by the authors whose names they bear; that these authors were competent and trustworthy witnesses to the real life of Jesus Christ; and that we now possess a text of the Gospels on which we can rely, can be established with certainty by numerous and various proofs. It is not necessary, nor in a short essay is it possible, to make a complete abstract of all these proofs as they are fully developed in learned works.

## THE TESTIMONY OF TRADITION.

The main point, viz., that the Four Gospels were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and were universally received in the Christian churches founded by the apostles as authentic documents, in the first and second centuries, is clearly proved in a manner to shut out all reasonable doubt, by one distinct and easily intelligible line of historical evidence. This line connects St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist, with St. Irenæus, who was Archbishop of Lyons from A.D. 178 to A.D. 202, in which year he suffered martyrdom. Beginning at the point of the line where it touches St. Irenæus, we follow it back through the second century to its starting-point at the close of the first, from St. John the Apostle.

The admirable and precious works of St. Irenæus which are still extant date from the last twenty or thirty years of the second century. The value of the testimonies which they contain to the faith and tradition of the universal church in the second half of the second century, cannot be over-estimated. St. Irenæus was a most competent and trustworthy witness. His sanctity, sealed by his blood, is a warrant for his veracity. He was a man of high mental endowments, and fully instructed in all sacred learning. Theodoret styles him the light of Gaul and the glory of the West. The course of his life was such as to give him the best and most abundant opportunities for becoming acquainted with ecclesiastical affairs, in widely distant parts of the church. Irenæus, as his name shows, was of Greek origin, and, as he was educated at Smyrna, he was probably a native of that part of Asia Minor. He was born somewhere between A.D. 120 and 140, spent a part of his life in Asia Minor, visited Rome and other chief episcopal sees, was a priest in Lyons under the Bishop Photinus; when the persecution broke out there, A.D. 177, he was sent to Rome as a messenger of the church, and on his return was made bishop of the see. During his sojourn at Rome

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and other principal cities where Christian churches were established, he was diligent in examining all their ecclesiastical documents, inquiring into their traditions, and making himself acquainted with the doctrines and practices which the apostles bequeathed as a heritage to the bishops whom they appointed as their successors.

I will quote here the words of a recent French writer of distinction, Monseigneur Freppel:

"Behold a bishop, the most renowned doctor of his epoch, who writes under the pontificate of Pope Eleutherius, between 177 and 192. By his birth, which touches on the apostolic age; by his long sojourn in Asia Minor, on the one hand, and on the other his residence in the middle of the Gallic provinces (*i.e.*, France); by his journeys across the entire surface of the church; by his relations with the bishops of Rome and those of all Christendom, this successor of St. Photinus on the episcopal chair of Lyons, this disciple of Papias and Polycarp, is the man of the age the most capable of knowing what is taught in the different churches, and what books are received by them as the writings of the apostles and their associates under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. His zeal for the maintenance of the pure apostolic tradition, and his aversion for even the slightest innovation, are unequalled. Now, this witness so near to the facts, this witness whose vast knowledge and rectitude of judgment defend him against every mistake, whose character and virtue remove all suspicion of connivance with an odious imposture—this witness of the second century declares in the most precise and explicit manner that the church has never admitted more or fewer than Four Gospels, those of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John; he cites from them long extracts perfectly identical with the text which we now possess; and far from awakening the least opposition, his sentiment is in accord with that of all the cotemporary and later Fathers" (*Saint Irénée*, p. 382).

THE TESTIMONY OF ST. IRENÆUS IS AS FOLLOWS:

"Matthew wrote his Gospel in the Hebrew language, while Peter and Paul were preaching at Rome and laying the foundations of the church. Afterwards, Mark, disciple and interpreter of Peter, transmits to us in writing the truths which this apostle taught; and Luke, a disciple of Paul, wrote in a book the Gospel as his master preached it. Finally, John, the beloved disciple, who leaned on the breast of the Lord, gave forth his Gos-

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pel during his sojourn at Ephesus in Asia" (*Adv. Hæres.* l. iii. c. 1).

"There are then Four Gospels, no more and no fewer, which correspond to the four quarters or the four winds of the earth. As the church is spread through all the earth, and the Gospel is its pillar, its foundation, its spirit of life, it follows that there should be four pillars whence the breeze of immortality blows over all humanity to vivify it unceasingly. We may conclude from this that the supreme artificer of all things, the Word, whose throne is exalted above the cherubim, who embraces the universe in his immensity, who has manifested himself to men—that the Word, I say, has willed to give us his Gospel under four forms, although it is but one only and the same spirit which pervades it" (*Ibid.* c. xi.)

In all his controversies with heretics St. Irenæus argued from the Gospels, and not only from these but from other parts of the New Testament, and from the Old Testament as well, as of universally admitted and unquestioned authority in the entire Catholic Church; and also, from Apostolic and Catholic tradition.

Confining our attention to the Gospels, it is plain, from the testimony of Irenæus, that during the last half of the second century they were universally received as genuine, authentic, and historically true documents of faith. In Rome, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, Ephesus, and everywhere else, in countries widely remote, there was an unanimous agreement. This is enough to prove that it was the same in the first half of the second century, and in the immediate after-apostolic age, the last thirty years of the first century. For, these books had been received by the Christians of the age of St. Irenæus from their forerunners and ancestors in the faith. They were animated by the spirit of faith and love, tenacious of the pure doctrine which they had received from the apostles, and most averse from all innovation. There were learned and holy men among their bishops and priests, who were jealous and watchful guardians of everything belonging to the genuine and pure Christian religion which the apostles had proclaimed and handed over to their successors. It was therefore simply impossible that the Gospels should have been everywhere received, unless they had been given to the church originally by the apostles.

Irenæus furnishes, however, a more direct proof of this fact. He was in his youth a disciple and pupil of St. Polycarp, the Bishop of Smyrna, who was martyred A.D. 155. St. Polycarp

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was a disciple of St. John the Apostle, by whom he was placed over the Church of Smyrna before the close of the first century.

Thus, in the words of M. de Broglie, Irenæus "was himself a complete living tradition. Born twenty years only after the death of St. John, brought up at the knees of St. Polycarp, he went from Smyrna to govern the first Gallic church. He had then traversed the entire surface of the Christian territory, and at the same time his remembrances went back to the very sources of the faith. He was the bond between two centuries and two worlds. From St. John to St. Irenæus through St. Polycarp—that is, from the death of Christ to the end of the second century—the Christian tradition runs without interruption, and is composed of only two links closely connected" (*L'Église et l'Empire Romain au IV. Siecle*, vol. i. p. 110).

St. Irenæus writes of the time when he was St. Polycarp's disciple, in these words, preserved by Eusebius from one of his lost works:

"I remember those times better than anything which occurs at the present moment; for whatever is learned by us in childhood grows up with us as a part of ourselves. I could describe the place where the blessed Polycarp sat when he delivered his discourses, his attitude while speaking, his manner of life, his countenance, the discourses which he addressed to the people, how he recounted to us that he had lived with John and others who had seen the Lord, how he drew on his memory of their words and of all which he had learned from them regarding Christ, his miracles and his doctrine. Polycarp related all that, in conformity with the Scriptures, having learned it from those who had seen with their eyes the Word of life. And, by the mercy of God, I listened to all this carefully, not writing it down upon paper, but engraving it in my heart, and by the same grace I recollect it now, and meditate upon it unceasingly" (Euseb., *Hist. Eccl.*, v. 201).

Thus Irenæus has brought us face to face with Polycarp as a witness prior to himself. St. John had found Polycarp as a young, robust, innocent, and promising country-boy, and, being very much taken with him, had educated him for the priesthood. He must have been born not far from A.D. 65, and was therefore coeval with the events and persons of the last thirty years of the first century. His position in the various grades of the clergy, including the highest, in Asia Minor, and his relation to St. John, made him acquainted with St. Timothy and

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many other disciples of the apostles. In the year 80, men of seventy years of age would have been twenty years old at the death of Christ, so that he could have seen a number of such persons among the resident or visiting Christians at Smyrna and Ephesus. In this way he was brought very near to the apostolic age, and even to the period of the public ministry, death, and resurrection of the Lord. But it was especially from the teaching of St. John, that pure and original source of Christian knowledge, that he imbibed the fulness of apostolic doctrine. It is usual to consider the apostolic age as the period between A.D. 30 and A.D. 67, and the period between this latter date and the early part of the second century as the after-apostolic age. It is true that all the apostles except St. John had suffered martyrdom before the year 67, and that the government of the church had been handed over to their successors. Still, the apostolic age, in the person of St. John, did extend to the end of the first century. This blessed apostle was kept alive, by the providence of God, until he was a hundred years old, as the survivor and representative of the apostolic college, that he might give an apostolic sanction and blessing to the church, its doctrine and its organization under episcopal government and the primacy of the successors of St. Peter. His sanction rests on St. Clement of Rome, St. Polycarp of Smyrna, St. Ignatius of Antioch, and renders all their testimony, trustworthy as it is in itself, still more credible.

### POLYCARP IS AN ECHO OF ST. JOHN.

There is no possibility of an error in the testimony which he gives through St. Irenæus to the authenticity of the Four Gospels. We receive these Gospels from the hands of St. John himself. He wrote to the bishops of Asia, when he sent to them the Gospel which he had composed at their request: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have beheld, and our hands have handled of the word of life; and the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and we testify, and announce to you the eternal life which was with the Father and appeared to us; what we have seen and heard we announce to you, that you also may have fellowship with us, and our fellowship may be with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ" (I. Ep. i. 1–4). These words are equally applicable to the other three Gospels, and they are addressed to us, as well as to the bishops of Asia.

The Gospels, regarded merely as authentic histories, suffice

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to give us certainty of the great facts of the Life of Jesus Christ. We know, as an historical fact, that he founded the Church, and committed plenary authority to teach and govern it to the apostles under their prince, St. Peter, and to their successors to the end of the world.

The apostles and their successors teach us that the Gospels, together with the other Scriptures, are divinely inspired. We receive and believe them, therefore, not only as an authentic and credible history emanating from trustworthy witnesses, but as a history which has the Holy Spirit for its Author, and who has taken care that it should be preserved and handed down to us, as the word of God, uncorrupted and pure; the word of life to make us wise unto salvation. Let all Christians read the Gospels frequently and devoutly. This reading will be much aided by the use of a Harmony, and the excellent Lives of Christ by Fouard and Didon will furnish a most useful commentary.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

*St. Paul's, New York.*

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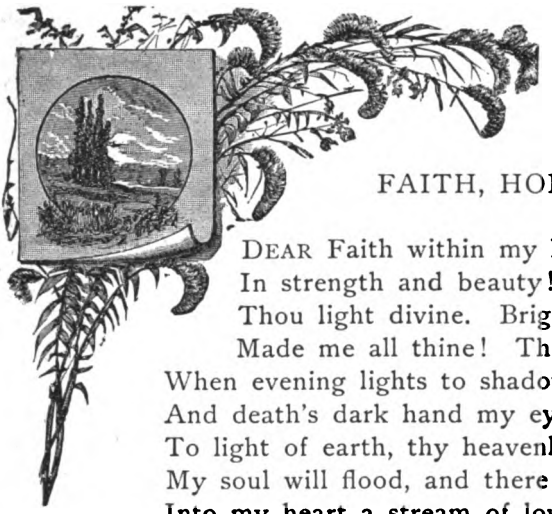

## FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

DEAR Faith within my heart, live on
In strength and beauty! Glow and shine,
Thou light divine. Bright star, life's dawn
Made me all thine! Thou shalt be mine:
When evening lights to shadows yield,
And death's dark hand my eyes have sealed
To light of earth, thy heavenly glow
My soul will flood, and there will flow
Into my heart a stream of love
And peace and comfort. Far above,
Thy face I'll see, 'mid stars that gleam
Aglow with radiant beauty. Dream
This shall not be, but fair reward!
Thyself thou'st given, and those who guard
Thee well and love the hand that leads
To that last reckoning of deeds,
Thou wilt stand by and light the way
That leadeth to eternal day.

Fond Hope, the human heart and soul
Claim thee, fair child! The promised goal
Thou holdest high; we gaze
And lean in rapture towards thee. Praise
To Him who kindly gave thy light
And warmth! Each ray some bright
And fragrant flower brings forth to cheer
And sweeten life. Without thy clear
Sunshine they'd die and leave us here
In dark existence, cold and drear.
No hope! Alas! a life without
Would be a chaos, fear and doubt,
And evil passions, worst of all—despair
Would trample down and roughly tear
And scatter to the wind and dust
The frail and tender flowers of trust.

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Then sweetly yield, for hope will guide
Where only joy and peace abide.
The icy hand of death will chill;
Alike it comes to all, but still
To all doth hope this promise give—
The heart must die, the *soul* shall live.

Sweet Charity, thou last and best!
A golden stream thou art, and blest
Is he within whose heart the spring
Is fed! Its constant flow will bring
New life, and every living thing
Grown faint, once touched, will wake to sing
And bloom in a refreshing dew
That giveth strength and courage new.
As silently and freely given
As summer's sun and dew of heaven
Should be our aid. Then gladly lend
A helping hand—the weak defend;
Give from the good that God has placed
Within your keeping here a taste
To those less blessed. To all in grief
Some cheer and comfort be. This brief
And troubled life too soon must end;
In sorrow's cup some sweetness blend;
Who good performs, reward shall claim
A thousand fold, in Christ's dear name.

COLUMBA C. SPALDING.

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## COLUMBIAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT CHICAGO.

IF Chicago prepared for the world a welcome surprise in the unexpected beauty, architectural splendor, and the general magnificence of its plans and preparations for the Columbian Exposition—and this is a fact conceded by all—so in another particular of wide importance has the World's Fair city surpassed public expectation. The project of a series of World's Congresses to be held in Chicago coincidently with the great Exposition was early considered by the directory, and was promptly given shape in the form of a board or organization since known as the "World's Congresses Auxiliary," the purpose of which was to promote the holding of a series of world's congresses during the Columbian Exposition. The general aim of these congresses, as suggested in the outline or programme, was declared to be "to establish fraternal relations among the leaders of mankind; to review the progress already achieved, to state the living problems now awaiting solution, and to suggest the means of further progress." Under the intelligent direction of Hon. Charles C. Bonney the scheme of the congresses was outlined in detail, and when published soon won adhesions and concurrence from every quarter and from every interest. Indeed it may be said that the succession of world's congresses which commenced with the remarkable group of woman's assemblies early in May has in a measure divided with the great Exposition public attention and interest. According to the official programme upwards of one hundred congresses will be convened in Chicago during the progress of the World's Fair! The purposes of these multitudinous gatherings, and the range of the subjects to be considered and discussed, are almost as various in character as in number.

These congresses are not held in the Exposition grounds at Jackson Park, but in the Memorial Art Palace, on the lake front at Michigan Avenue and Adams Street, in the business centre of Chicago. This spacious building contains two large halls respectively designated "Columbus" and "Washington," besides thirty-three minor halls and assembly rooms, so that it is practicable to provide for the meeting of several congresses at the same time without in the least interfering with, or crowding out, one another.

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Catholic interest naturally centres on the Columbian Catholic Congress which is to convene Monday, September 4, and will most likely continue to hold daily sessions throughout the week. The preliminary programme mapped out for the congress has already been given wide publicity in the secular and Catholic journals.

The attendance will undoubtedly be very large. The representation provided for from the different dioceses, and from the Catholic colleges and seminaries, assures from four to five thousand delegates.

It has been understood from the beginning that the congress would be held under the honorary presidency of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who will formally open the congress. As the annual meeting of the archbishops is to be held in Chicago the week following the congress, it is not unreasonable to expect that there will be a notable gathering of the members of the hierarchy and clergy, who will, no doubt, participate in the proceedings of the congress. Invitations have been widely sent out to the archbishops and bishops outside the United States, as well as to distinguished Catholic laymen in every part of the world. The occasion will no doubt induce the attendance of many distinguished representatives from every order and from many different countries. The subjects and questions laid down in the programme will naturally command wide attention. The leading feature is the social or labor question as proposed in the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on "The condition of labor," to the consideration of which His Holiness invited the attention not of Catholics alone but of all mankind. The papers prepared on this subject include the following:

I. The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the "Condition of Labor."
II. The Rights of Labor: Duties of Capital.
III. Poverty: the Remedy, etc.
IV. Public and Private Charities.
V. Working-men's Organizations and Societies for Young Men.
VI. Intemperance.
VII. Life Insurance for Wage-workers.
VIII. Trade Combinations and Strikes.
IX. Immigration and Colonization.
X. Condition and Future of the Indians.
XI. Condition and Future of the Negroes.

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Supplementary questions include papers on Catholic education and the independence of the Holy See.

There is also a separate series of papers provided for what will be known as "Columbus Day"—on Columbus: His Mission and Character; Results and Consequences of the Discovery of the New World; Missionary Work of the Church in the United States; Influence of the Church on the Social, Political, and Civil Institutions of the Country, etc.; and in like manner another series for the "Isabella Day," which has been prepared and will be read by Catholic women: for example, "Isabella the Catholic"; Woman's Work in the World; Woman's Work in Religious Communities; Woman's Work in Art; Woman's Work in Literature; Woman in the Middle Ages; Woman's Work in Temperance Reform; Alumnæ Associations in Convent Schools.

These various papers will give the public interested a fair idea of the plans and scope of the congress.

It is the design that as these papers are read each will then be referred to a committee or section, which will meet in one of the smaller assembly halls, where all interested in the particular question will have full opportunity for discussion. It is proposed that one of the vice-presidents of the congress will preside over each "section," and at the close of the discussion on the papers the result or conclusions arrived at will be summarized and reported to the congress in writing. The congress having received and considered the various reports, will then, no doubt, embody in a formal declaration the deliberate judgment of the entire body of delegates, and give practical form to these conclusions according to the letter and spirit of the encyclical of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.—which great declaration of principles forms the text and keynote for the deliberations of the coming congress.

Arrangements have been made for reporting in full detail the proceedings; and it is the intention to publish without delay an official volume or volumes which is to include the papers, addresses, and the general proceedings of the congress, names of delegates, correspondence, etc.

The delegates chosen to the congress will be provided with a credential card issued and signed by the bishop of the diocese. Delegates from the colleges and seminaries will receive cards signed by the president or head of the faculty of the institution from which they will be accredited.

Although the Columbian Catholic Congress is included in the

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scheme and programme of the general world's congresses, it is well to state that it has a totally independent, and indeed prior, origin. Indeed, the claim may not unreasonably be made for it that the scheme of the world's congresses was suggested by the fact that the Catholic Congress held in Baltimore in 1889 voted, prior to its final adjournment, to hold an "international congress" in the city wherein the proposed World's Fair should be held in 1892, as here contemplated. Although the scope of the congress has since been somewhat modified, the plans and method of organization have been carried on substantially on the lines proposed at Baltimore.

The Catholic Congress was thus plainly the forerunner and pioneer of the series of memorable world's congresses now in progress at Chicago. That it will prove to be one of the largest and most influential in the list is, it may safely be said, the general expectation. It is manifestly, then, of the utmost importance that the subjects and questions to be considered shall be dealt with in a deliberate and thoughtful manner, and that the congress shall prove a worthy successor to the honorable and dignified Baltimore assemblage of 1889.

Non-Catholics look forward to it with evidently curious and wondering interest. Like the Columbian Exposition, it will be for them an *object lesson*, demonstrating how woefully and how unfairly the Catholic Church has been misjudged and misrepresented by her enemies.

They cannot fail to see, and surely must in fairness acknowledge, that Catholic laymen—ay, and Catholic bishops and priests—not only can be, but in fact are, as devotedly attached to the principles of this free republican form of government, to its laws and institutions, as any citizens in the land; and that the national welfare and the highest material prosperity are compatible with the widest propagation of the Catholic Religion and the fullest freedom of its adherents. How can there be longer doubt on this point? All Catholics, from Pope down to humblest layman, acknowledge and testify that the church in the United States enjoys a larger measure of freedom than is given to it anywhere in Europe; and that it thrives and flourishes in this atmosphere. Catholics in this country are far from desiring to see brought about any union of church and state; on the contrary, they would be among the first to denounce the attempt, were the attempt ever made. And yet it is such "bugaboos" as this that keep alive in weak minds an angry and an embittered resentment against the Catholic Church and Catholics.

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Surely it is time these foolish and unfounded prejudices were banished and put out of sight for ever. These world's congresses will greatly aid in clearing the atmosphere, and we may look forward to the so-called "Parliament of Religions," which is to follow the Catholic Congress, for happy results in this regard. When Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane, and other distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen stand in the presence of the representatives of other religious beliefs and give a reason for the hope that is in them, we may be certain they will be listened to with attention and respect. Nor is it to be doubted that their thoughtful declaration of Catholic principles will serve to remove from many minds prejudices deeply rooted, and no doubt honestly entertained.

The Columbian Catholic Congress also can do much towards bringing about a better understanding. It will show to the world the spectacle of a body of representative American Catholic laymen, united with their bishops and priests in steadfast devotion to their common religious belief; and equally faithful to the political welfare and the material prosperity of their common country.

In the high order of intelligence shown by its members, in the dignity that shall mark its deliberations, and in the wisdom of its resolves and declarations we may hope the Columbian Catholic Congress of 1893 will realize the highest expectations of its organizers and well-wishers.

It is well to note that in addition to the congress there will be held in the same building, the same week, general conventions of the "Catholic Young Men's National Union"; of the German Catholic Young Men's Societies, of the Catholic Afro-American (Colored) Congress, of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; also a meeting of the American students of the University of Louvain; and finally, though not least, a meeting of the "Catholic Press"; thus the assembling of the congress Monday, September 4, will mark the beginning of the "Catholic week" of the congresses, and of the World's Columbian Exposition.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

*Chicago.*

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# THE DOMINICAN SISTERS IN THE WEST.

## I.

NOTWITHSTANDING its fidelity to the traditions of nearly seven hundred years and their preservation in the daily usages of community life, it would be far from correct to regard the Dominican Order as an exotic of mediæval religious life bearing fruit in the soil of American civilization. On the contrary, if it were necessary to prove that within the garden of the church no plant may be termed an exotic, and that for her customs and practices, above all for her religious orders, all soils are native, no more striking example could be cited than the establishment and growth of this order in the United States.

VERY REV. F. A. SPENCER, O.P.,
Present Provincial of the Dominicans.

We have been accustomed to associate the triumphs of the white habit exclusively with the cloister and the pulpit. Linked in their earliest beginning with the sterner phases of history in the middle ages, their monasteries renowned as the nursing mothers of saintly scholars, artists, and orators, and venerated as the homes and sanctuaries of learning, exercising in our own century an almost unbounded influence on the minds and hearts of men through the ministry of their eloquence, and this at the centres of our highest European civilization, it was reserved for the American foundations to show the Dominicans as pioneer pastors.



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It is already growing difficult to appreciate all that was implied by the acceptance of a mission among Western settlers. For the Dominican fathers it meant the endurance of all the peculiar privations of frontier life in addition to those always imposed by the charge of a young and poor congregation; the obligation of preserving intact the precious deposit entrusted to their care by maintaining the community life and a strict observance of the rules of their order while adapting themselves perfectly to the requirements of their position; the labor of organizing and directing the efforts of a rude but hardy people in the line of progress, amalgamating with them, recruiting from their ranks, expanding with their growth, and eventually satisfying the needs of the complex civilization they have helped to rear as completely as they supplied the wants of their simple flock in the wilderness; tasks demanding an almost superhuman zeal and energy for their successful accomplishment. Measured by the rule of human prudence, the erection of a Dominican monastery and the presence of the white-cowled monks with scapular and beads in the heart of the virgin forests of Kentucky and Ohio, not only as missionaries but as representing the advance guard of higher education, presents at first sight more that is strange and anomalous than the bands of learned and polished Jesuits who left the France of Louis XIV. and crossed a wintry sea to lay down their lives among a horde of half-brutalized Canadian savages. Only unbounded faith in the future of the country and a far-sighted confidence in the growth of the church in the West could have supported the handful of generous-hearted men who formed the first community in their efforts to encompass with their care a parish which was literally composed of "magnificent distances."

It is not only to the missionary zeal of the Right Rev. Edward D. Fenwick, the first Bishop of Cincinnati, but to that ardent patriotism which is ever the handmaid of Faith that we owe the foundation of the Dominican Order in this country, and the establishment of the church west of the Ohio, since what missionary work had been undertaken previous to the arrival of the Dominicans was directed rather to the Indian tribes than to the white settlers. Practically exiled from his native State, Maryland, by her educational laws, Edward Fenwick sought in a Belgian college established by English Dominicans the training under Catholic auspices denied him at home. On completing his studies he entered the novitiate, was in due time raised to holy orders, and taught as a professor in the college until

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THE SITUATION CHOSEN FOR THE NEW ST. MARY'S IS ABOUT THREE MILES FROM COLUMBUS, OHIO.

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the invasion of Belgium by the French army, and the consequent destruction of the religious houses involved the Dominicans in the general ruin. However, neither time, distance, nor the tie of his religious vows had estranged his heart from his native land. It had long been his most earnest desire to carry the apostolate of St. Dominic to the New World, and when the dissolution of the community furnished an unlooked-for opportunity he was not slow to petition the general of his order for permission to undertake the difficult task. His request was granted, and in 1805, after an absence of twenty-one years, Father Fenwick with three companions, Fathers Wilson, Tuite, and Anger, sailed for America. Presenting themselves to Bishop Carroll, they were assigned the great West as a field of labor, and Father Fenwick as superior of the new community immediately visited Kentucky, applying his personal estate to founding the mission by the purchase of property in Washington County. So impatient was the zeal of the fathers and so earnestly were their preparations forwarded, that the spring of 1806 found them installed in their new home under the patronage of St. Rose, their long, toilsome but fruitful apostolate begun, and the star of St. Dominic risen for the Western World.

## II.

A growing appreciation of the divine use of the ministry of natural causes is one of the happiest phases of modern thought, and the circumstances attending the establishment of a Dominican sisterhood sixteen years after the fathers had taken possession of St. Rose's affords a cogent illustration of the accomplishment of a great work by the leading of God's providence along the simple, natural ways of life.

It was necessary for the perpetuation of the work begun in the missions that a teaching order adapted to the times and the people should follow the missionaries; and no higher tribute could be paid to the labors of the Dominican fathers than a recognition of the fact that they had so moulded and formed a generation which had passed from childhood to youth under their care, as to be able to find in its numbers subjects worthy to be entrusted with so heavy a responsibility without turning to the founts of religious life in the Old World, thus engrafting a strong and vigorous shoot on the ancient stock of St. Dominic, that while drawing its sustenance and being from the rules of the parent order is also animated by the energetic growth

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of a new country, distinctively a product of American life, and as closely attuned to American institutions as were the barefoot friars to the Italy of the fourteenth century.

The first community was established in 1822, and a perfume of piety and simplicity still lingers about the scanty traditions of this early foundation. Father Thomas Wilson, then provincial of the Dominican Order in the United States, visited the different congregations of the scattered flock in Ohio and Kentucky, announcing that candidates would be received, and the call was answered promptly and generously. Miss Mary Sansbury and Miss Mary Carrico were the first novices. Miss Sansbury, afterward the saintly Mother Angela and first superior of the order, was joined later by her sister, and their joint patrimony being devoted to the purchase of a home for the community, they are regarded as the foundresses of the sisterhood in this country. The new convent was situated about a mile from St. Rose's, and was first called St. Magdalen's, the name being afterward changed to St. Catherine of Siena. Both a day-school and academy were opened immediately, and for seventy-one years the work has been carried on uninterruptedly.

BISHOP ROSECRANS.
"For ten years St. Mary's enjoyed his protection."

In 1830 the young community had gained sufficient strength to send out a branch, and Father Fenwick, having been made first Bishop of Cincinnati, obtained four sisters, Mother Emily Elder and Sisters Benven Sansbury, Agnes Harbin, and Catherine McCormick, for his diocese, and a second foundation, St. Mary's, was made at Somerset, O., where the Dominican fathers had already been established for twelve years. Here a novitiate

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was at once opened, and the venerable Mother Rose Lynch, now member of a community in Galveston, Texas, was the first novice received in Ohio. In 1833 Mother Angela Sansbury arrived at St. Mary's and remained there until her death in 1839. Much could be written of the trials and hardships endured by the sisters in their struggle to secure a permanent foothold for Catholic education in the State. Often they suffered for the necessaries of life, more than once the last morsel of food in the house was given to the poor who applied for aid, in the confidence that "God would send more in time"; and the pious trust was never disappointed. But it is from such beginnings that successful communities are founded, and St. Mary's waxed in numbers and popularity as time passed. In 1850 we find this Ohio novitiate sending out subjects for new foundations, a work that has progressed steadily to the present time. The Dominican convents in Memphis, Tenn., Monterey, Cal., Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., Nashville, Tenn., and Galveston, Texas, now distinct communities having their own novitiates, were established, either wholly or in part, by sisters from St. Mary's. In 1866 the entire buildings of the convent and academy at Somerset were destroyed by fire and the sisters left homeless. Temporary provision was made for them by the kindness of the Dominican fathers, but in 1868 an offer of land and assistance in building made by the late Theodore Leonard, of Columbus, O., induced them to remove to that city, and the mother-house is now established there under the title of St. Mary's of the Springs, sending out numerous missions to different parts of Ohio, and maintaining a prosperous school in New York City.

SISTER BENVEN SANSBURY, OF THE FIRST OHIO FOUNDATION.

The removal of the mother-house to Columbus was made in the beginning of the Right Rev. Bishop Rosecrans's administration of the affairs of the diocese, and for ten years it enjoyed

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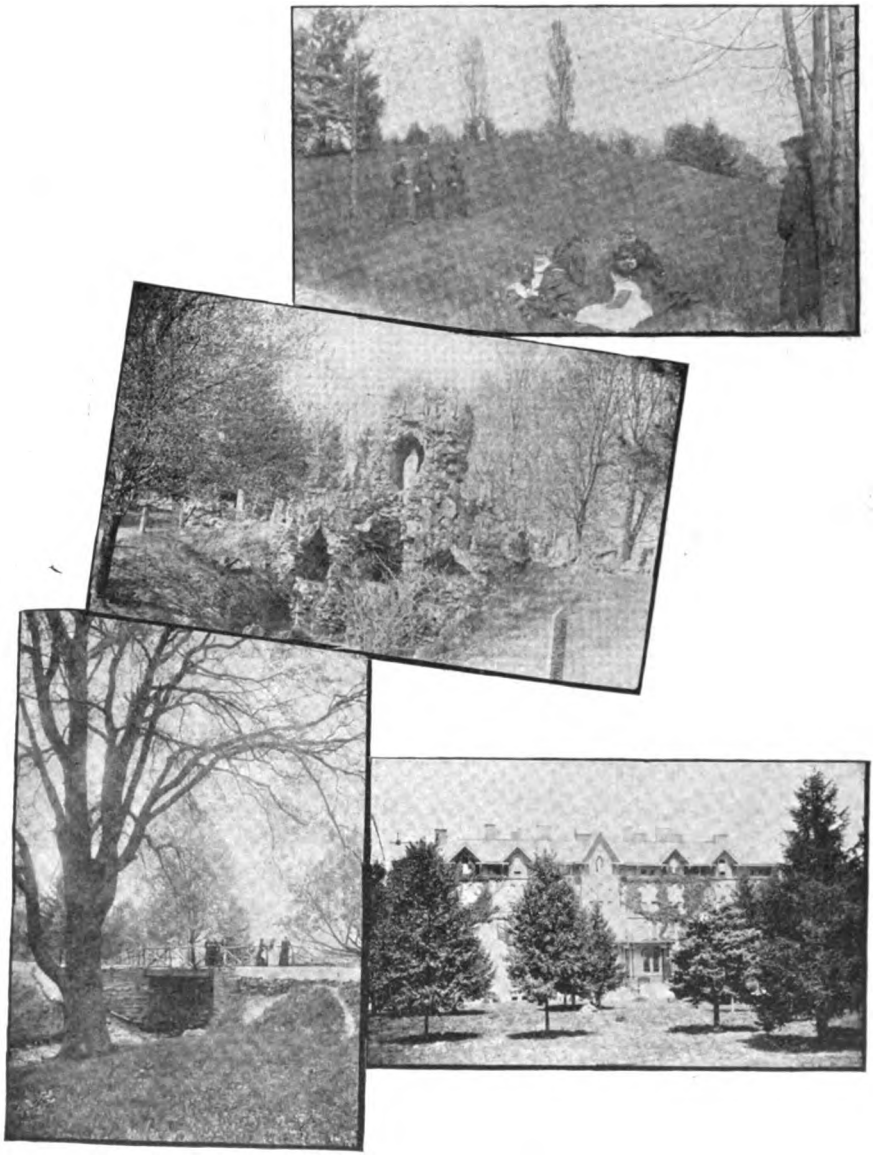
his protection. It now has the advantage of being under the fostering care of the Right Rev. Bishop Watterson, who guards



(1) THE MOUND; (2) THE LOURDES; (3) THE BRIDGE.

"It presents in miniature all the loveliest traits of the Scioto Valley scenery."

the interests of this nursery of higher Catholic education with paternal solicitude.

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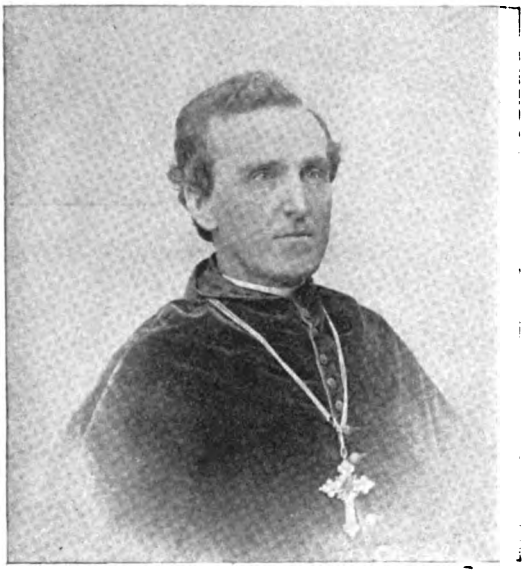
III.

The situation chosen for the new St. Mary's, about three miles from Columbus, O., and its immediate surroundings are, to a certain extent, characteristic of the school. Far enough removed from the city to maintain all the quiet and freedom from distracting influences necessary to an educational institution, yet sufficiently near to secure all its advantages, the group of red brick buildings crowns a gentle slope of lawn and shrubbery within an enclosure that presents in miniature all the loveliest traits of the Scioto Valley scenery. The visitor, if he chance to come on a holiday or at the recreation hours, catches a glimpse of the homelike atmosphere of the school in a mere drive through the grounds. Charming groups of the pupils are scattered on every side: on the rustic bridges that cross a little brook in its meandering passage through the convent property; beneath the great, branching elms, remnants of the original forest growth, or gathering the wild flowers that abound in shy nooks where nature has been left unmolested. So peaceful are the surroundings of the place that the wild birds take refuge here; the oriole builds his hanging nest; the red birds flash in vivid scarlet through the green shrubbery, alarmed by the ring of girlish voices, and the soft, mournful note of the wood-dove is heard from the trees shading the little cemetery where the remains of the pious foundress, Mother Angela Sansbury, lie under the ivy-mantled cross.



IT NOW IS UNDER THE FOSTERING CARE OF BISHOP WATTERSON OF COLUMBUS.

On entering the academy it is easy to appreciate the encomium pronounced on St. Mary's by a Jesuit father: "When you visit the Dominicans you will understand why hospitality is reckoned among the virtues." Gracious and charming under all circumstances, the hospitality of a religious community, where

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courtesy is inspired by charity, is always attractive, and with consummate tact and wisdom the sisters have extended this in-

A GROUP OF PUPILS IN A MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION OF LAST FEBRUARY.

fluence to the young ladies under their charge, making the social life of the school a matter of careful training. The admirable results of giving prominence to this feature are shown not only in the

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natural, unaffected manners of the pupils and by the ease with which they afterward assume the duties of their station in the world, but by its direct influence on the discipline of the school. The system that aims at producing in a large academy the atmosphere of a refined and profoundly Christian home entails infinitely more labor and difficulty on those who have undertaken such a task than the administration of an institution governed by a hard-and-fast set of rules, but the additional effort is amply repaid. Our strong, pure-minded, self-respecting American girls respond quickly to treatment that appeals to their sense of honor, and the advantage of allowing the fullest development of individuality compatible with good government is simply inestimable, since it gives the sisters the opportunity of studying the characters of their pupils and moulding and forming as may be necessary.

The course of study is planned on essentially modern lines, including the scientific and literary work now an indispensable part of a thorough education; but while keeping in the foremost rank of progress, the instructors at St. Mary's have steadily held in view the true purpose of education—the training and development of the mind and the regulation of the heart—avoiding the pitfalls of recent pedagogic theories which provide merely for storing the unformed mind of the child with a mass of heterogeneous matter, leaving the process of assimilation to the slow and doubtful operations of time and memory.

The outline of study proposed for the last years of the course embodies all that is needful for the training of a highly cultured woman, and so thoroughly has the student been grounded and prepared in the lower classes that she reaches her senior and graduating years with a full realization of her privileges and a determination not to lose one golden drop of the cup of knowledge placed before her. True to the belief that a girl's highest educational endowment is the establishment of right principles and the development of her intellect and reasoning powers, the course of mental philosophy is given especial weight and value with the happiest results, experience showing that the immediate gain from this study is perhaps greater than from any other of the curriculum. Debates on current topics have also been made an interesting and useful feature of the school-work, and in harmony with the whole training tend to fit the student for sustaining an active part in life.

Nowhere do the modern methods adopted find fuller expression than in the studio. Art criticism and the study of art history are recognized as most important factors in the task of culture, and every means is employed to form a pure and in-

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telligent taste, while in the practical work of the studio the highest standard is required. It is rare to find so complete a system outside of a regularly organized art-school, and rarer still

"THE INSTRUCTORS HAVE STEADILY HELD IN VIEW THE TRUE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION."

to find teachers capable of creating a genuine enthusiasm for the higher principles of art, and of forming a class of faithful workers on plans modelled after the best French theories, in

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which thorough draftsmanship is the first requisite. The free-hand work in charcoal from cast and nature, the oil and water-color studies, the formation of a sketch-class, for which the beautiful country surrounding St. Mary's affords abundant facility, are all eloquent of the advanced methods used, and a steadily increasing number of special students come to share the advantages of this instruction. The china-work is also of the highest grade, though properly considered an auxiliary to the regular art course.

The importance of maintaining a high standard in the music department has not been overlooked, as a glance at the commencement programmes with their list of classical numbers proves. The methods of the Stuttgart Conservatory are followed, and every effort is made to secure superior advantages for the music students and cultivate a refined and discriminating judgment in musical matters; study of the literature of music, the lives of the great composers, and the history of great works being encouraged and amply provided for in the library.

Some of the graces peculiar to the fathers of their order seem to have been reflected to the sisters of St. Dominic, that of teaching the Word in particular. The religious instruction at St. Mary's is unsurpassed. The pupils are not only grounded in a solid and fervent piety that will bear fruit during a lifetime, but they are led to an intelligent appreciation of the grandeur and the beauties of the church and rendered capable of "giving a reason for the faith that is in them," a most important consideration for the American Catholic of to-day. Above all, they imbibe, almost unconsciously, that tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of God which is the distinguishing trait of the Dominican order.

This year, the twenty-fifth anniversary of St. Mary's establishment at Columbus, will see the original capacity of the school more than doubled. In addition to the extensive improvements made in former years, a magnificent five-story building of brownstone and pressed brick is in process of erection, containing a fine auditorium, additional music-rooms, class-rooms, and dormitories. When this work is completed St. Mary's will have at command every facility for developing the future of a school whose methods, by sheer force of superior excellence, appeal to non-Catholic as well as Catholic parents throughout the country.

The portrait group, in Revolutionary costume as presented, is composed of a number of St. Mary's young ladies who assumed the chief characters in a Martha Washington reception and tea, given for the pupils in last February.

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IV.

To sum up the educational work of St. Mary's briefly, it combines all that is most praiseworthy in women's colleges, breadth of training and free development of individuality, with the higher requirements of the convent school in its comprehension of the direction needful to prepare the young girl for the duties of the perfect Christian woman. The work is nobly conceived and nobly carried out. The graduate who leaves St. Mary's sheltering walls is prepared, so far as training can pre-

O LUMEN ECCLESIÆ!
"Two of the white-veiled Novices move down the Choir bearing lights."

pare her, for the highest responsibilities of life; she is fortified with the knowledge of the powers of her own nature, her ideals are lofty, and she is trebly armed with the faith that is at once her shield and her support. Surely, if from the splendid material provided in our American girls there is to spring forth a race of women strong with the strength of purity and simplicity, wise as befits the mothers of a mighty nation, grand souls that will "hold the white lamp of their womanhood, unshaken and unsullied, above the crowd that fawns, flatters, and soils," they must come as the result of the enlightened, or rather the inspired, training of the schools conducted by our religious orders.

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V.

It is scarcely within the scope of this article to speak of the community life of the Sisters of St. Dominic, yet it is to this well-spring that we must turn for the secret of their success in founding such an institution as St. Mary's of the Springs. It may be truthfully said that it is to no one foundress of brilliant parts, to no overshadowing and fostering in the shape of fixed plans proposed for their guidance, that the sisters owe their system of education. It is the natural and spontaneous outgrowth of the spirit of their order applied to the peculiar needs of youth, and pre-eminently fitted to influence American youth. It would be strange indeed if a band of noble American women, consecrated to the service of God and the teaching of his truth, true religious to the heart's core, religious of the ages of faith in their fidelity to their holy rules, yet happily freed by the circumstances of their foundation from any of the difficulties of mannerism that sometimes beset communities composed of foreign nuns, and to some extent obscure in the eyes of the world the Catholic spirit that animates all orders of the church, should not be able to command a boundless power for blessing.

Recalling that the especial zeal of their order is for divine truth and their especial mission to render it attractive to souls, the exquisite beauty of their choir ceremonies has particular meaning and weight, and the possibility of daily witnessing these sacred pomps of the church is one of the many gracious influences of the academy. The silver sound of a small bell rung before the *Salve* procession at twilight is a signal that summons many loving young hearts to assist at that portion of the office, and when, immediately following the singing of the *Salve*, the beautiful chant of an invocation to St. Dominic, *O Lumen ecclesiæ*, is intoned, and two of the white-veiled novices, angelic in purity and innocence, move down the choir bearing the symbolical lights and followed by the long line of professed nuns, more than one grateful heart among those who kneel to witness the touchingly beautiful ceremony joins in thanksgiving for the graces bestowed on the great founder of the Dominicans and the good deeds into which they have blossomed.

INEZ OKEY.

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# ANGELS UNAWARES?

IT was all long, long ago, before even the corner-stone of the "Mother of Churches," as the now venerable Cathedral of Baltimore is called, was laid; when even the idea of building a cathedral at all was talked of only by the most ambitious spirits of the small Catholic community.

Old St. Peter's, the historic church known only to posterity by hearsay, save for the one rude painting extant which shows us its humble proportions, then more than accommodated the number of the faithful. Within its walls were gathered our ancestors, those staunch men and women who preserved the faith for us in all its beauty; and when the evening of life was spent their sacred remains were laid to rest in the adjoining churchyard.

St. Peter's was a low, shabby brick structure surrounded by its "home of the quiet dead," but in reality it was the first cathedral in the United States.

Can we not picture the sacred place to which in loving pilgrimage all American hearts would travel as the home of the first episcopacy, the spot hallowed by the footsteps of our first archbishop, the place dear to all? Naturally we might imagine that even in this new country of ours there might be one shrine to which in these days of hurry we could all turn for quiet and rest, and before the ancient altar dream of the olden time when our American Church was in its infancy.

In any land but ours this cradle of Catholicity would have been treasured lovingly, its steps worn by the feet of pilgrims, and travellers from afar would have visited the holy spot with reverence. As a nation we have preserved the relics of our greatest men; as Catholics, why could we not have treasured our first cathedral and the home of our first archbishop?

But alas! the ebb and flow of the never-resting tide of improvement swept away the old House of God. Streets, warehouses, colleges, and hotels cover the once consecrated spot, and all that is left of old St. Peter's are a few legends stored up in the hearts of the very old, vain regrets for those who think at all, and the painting, not a work of art, done on rough wood in the year 1801 by one Thomas Ruckle.

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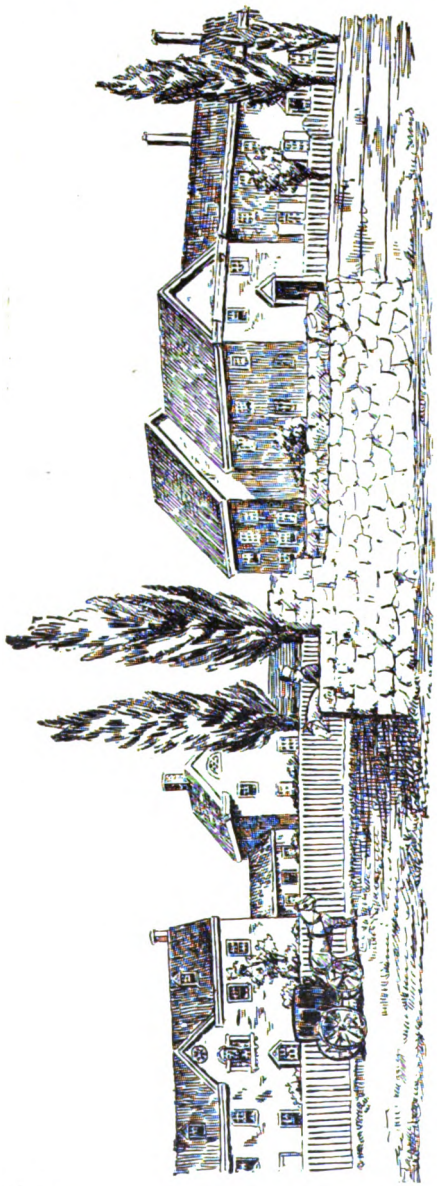
My story goes back to the time when St. Peter's was the only Catholic church in or near Baltimore. The narrow lanes and roads were not then handsome streets laid out by brains and hands, but paths hardened by the feet of men, and when the only light at night was from the lantern carried by the wayfarer or his attendant. Mankind was not then reaping the benefit of Franklin's kite-flying as in our days of bright streets, rapid transit, and heatless cooking.



OLD ST. PETER'S, BALTIMORE.

Early in the morning of one bitter winter's day, when the heavens were still aglow with the steady-shining stars, and when there was not even the faintest glimmer of approaching day in the eastern sky, a couple could have been seen wending their way towards old St. Peter's. They were a young couple, in the full flush of health and spirits, on their way to the first Mass. The fur pelisse and softly-quilted satin hood of the woman bespoke, to the eyes of the discerning, wealth and position, while the lantern carried by the man puzzled the same observer. The man was equally well dressed as the woman, but who ever heard of a man of position, a gentleman, so far demeaning himself as to be his own lantern-bearer?

In those olden days the dictates of Dame Fashion were obeyed as punctiliously as now. Indeed, I think we of to-day are more independent and eager to throw off her yoke than were our forefathers. They had the

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standard of position to raise and maintain; we sometimes rejoice at its overthrow.

This man and wife were no worldly-minded couple, and rather than arouse a servant so early, the husband carried the lantern himself as they walked to Mass every morning under the quiet stars, she reciting the Rosary and he making the responses.

About half way between their home and St. Peter's stood the humble cottage of Timothy Dodd, a young ship-carpenter. Morning after morning, as he was about to start off to his day's work in the distant ship-yards, he would see this perplexing couple pass his door, and his quick ear could catch the "Ave Maria, gratiâ plena," of the lady's soft voice, or words in the same strange tongue, answered by the gentleman.

"Indeed, Betsey, I have a mind to follow this couple," said Timothy to his wife this particular morning.

"Yes, and be late for your work and lose your job for your pains," answered Betsey testily.

The wives of poor men are not always to blame for giving sharp answers. Theirs are lives of never-ending toil and anxiety, and anything that flavors of loss of work, or gives suspicion of hardships to come, strikes terror to their hearts.

"You'd better mind your own business and go to your work," she added.

Betsey's words awoke the dormant spirit of opposition in Timothy's usually docile soul, and he followed briskly after the couple, surmising as he went as to who and what they were.

"They are not working-people," he argued to himself, "for no poor man's wife ever wore such a fur pelisse. But they *can't* be gentle-folks either, for no gentleman would carry his own lantern"; and he gave his own a swing as if to accentuate his right to bear an insignia of office.

By the time our couple, or rather trio, had reached St. Peter's, Timothy had forgotten all about his wife's admonition. His curiosity was fully aroused. His one thought was to solve the riddle of this queer couple.

Following them into the dimly-lighted church, he beheld perhaps a score or more of worshippers grouped around the altar, and going through some strange rite was a venerable old man clothed, Timothy thought, in the finest and most gorgeous of costumes.

One Mass succeeded the first, and still Timothy stood dazed, rooted to the spot, transfixed by the gentle workings of the grace of God. Forgetful of the couple whom he had resolved



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to watch, dead to all sense of the flight of time, his wife's warning was unheeded, till finally he seized his lantern and rushed out-of-doors to find the stars gone and the pink sky-light of a winter's morning flooding the heavens.

No time was lost in reaching the ship-yards, but his fellow-workmen were already at their posts, and Timothy had to endure a sharp reproof from his employer, and also the gibes and taunts of his companions. But he was inwardly upheld by the remembrance of the strange scene of the morning, and a longing to know more of the beautiful, mysterious religion filled his heart.

He and Betsey were English emigrants but a few years in America, and though Timothy was a good ship-builder and Betsey a thrifty house-wife, both were deplorably ignorant in matters of religion.

Saying nothing to his wife for fear of her opposition, Timothy, morning after morning, followed the young couple, nor were they aware of their humble guard of honor. For months this daily attendance at the first Mass went on, Timothy waiting always for the lady and gentleman, and following in their steps. He seemed to think he could only enter in their train; and who can say that they were not the good angels sent to be the visible means of drawing Timothy to God?

There is a funny circumstance in connection with Timothy's curiosity which only came to light after he had reaped its benefit and resolved to enter the church. Betsey's curiosity was aroused too, and seeing her husband so persistent in following the lady and gentleman, what does she do but follow Timothy, contriving always to keep unseen! So morning after morning this strange procession wended its way down the quiet lanes to old St. Peter's.

All through the long winter months, besides the spiritual good which was being wrought in these two humble souls by the force of good example, another work, colossal for those days, was nearing completion in the ship-yards of Baltimore.

The first of May saw a ship—clumsy it would be to our eyes, but trim and neat to its builders—on the ways awaiting the hour of launching. Timothy had learned to love the vessel. He knew every pin and screw, every bolt and plank which formed its whole, and from his being such an efficient workman to him had been accorded the position of honor. He was to stand in the bow of the ship, he was to give the command for the casting away of the blocks. On his word would depend

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the uniform action of workmen and sponsor, and consequently in a measure either the safe launching of the ship or harm to all on board.

He stood at his post feverishly anxious, so intent on the details of his work that he scarcely noticed the distinguished guests arriving on deck, or the sponsor standing at his side. The moment appointed for the launch was fast approaching. Timothy with eyes fastened on the master-builder, whose signal he was to obey, was on the eve of giving the word of command, when a soft white hand was laid on his arm.

"I pray thee, good man, wait but a moment till I beg the blessing of the Mother of God."

Timothy started. There stood "his couple." In the splendor of dress it was hard to recognize the devout man and woman he had watched in church. But her voice was the same, and the words "Ave Maria, gratiâ plena," fell on his ears like sweetest music.

The prayer finished, she turned to him with a smile, and he giving the word of command, the ship slipped from the ways as the soft voice said:

"I baptize thee 'The Santa Maria.' May God protect thee!"

The cannon boomed, the drums beat, the crowd huzzaed, and Timothy Dodd was down on his knees weeping like a child.

That night he and Betsey, between whom there had been a mutual confession of curiosity rewarded, went to the house of the fair sponsor of *The Santa Maria* to tell their story and beg instruction, and before many months had elapsed in old St. Peter's could have been seen a touching sight.

Timothy and Betsey, with their two children, were baptized and confirmed by the venerable archbishop, and the lady in the fur pelisse and the gentleman carrying the lantern stood as sponsors.

"Who were the couple?" you ask.

Ah! that is not mine to say. Perhaps you can guess when I tell you that one of their daughters was one of the ladies who joined Mother Seton when she first established the Sisters of Charity in this country; and that among their descendants is one of the present archbishops of the United States.

KATHARINE JENKINS.

*Baltimore, Md.*

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## MISSION LECTURES TO NON-CATHOLICS.

CENTURIES ago a venerable old man declared, "Old things have passed away; behold all things are become new."

Could that wisest of the sages come forth from his long entombment, with far more truth might he now emphasize that assertion. Ours is indeed the era of revolutions, renovations, and restorations. Religion, science, and government each verify the fact. Man's fertile brain and untiring energy bring us blessings manifold and enduring.

The latest, and to us one of the most promising, of these new departures is the mission, or series of lectures, to be given by the well-known Paulist, Rev. Walter Elliott, whose record as a profound thinker, master of theology, and eloquent orator insure for him and his work a wide and cordial welcome.

We know nothing definite of his plans and methods in these lectures beyond a brief newspaper clipping announcing the fact, sent by a Protestant friend and endorsed "Glad of it." Hence in these comments we can only touch imperfectly upon what may be their drift, showing the spirit which will surely pervade the work.

The stored-up riches of untrodden fields bring in hundred fold returns. Thus must it be with this fervent son of St. Paul while opening these new paths and scattering therein the divine seed, giving promise of an abundant harvest. Carpers may scoff and critics have their say, as no doubt they will, but all the better for this blessed work. What they intend as stumbling-blocks will prove the best of stepping-stones.

Man is a creature of many and varied moods. The needs of his soul, immortal in its nature, eternal in its destiny, can never be satisfied with chaff and husks. How clearly do we see this, as preachers of every color, shade, and hue work their will upon the people clamoring for more, more; followed by others, still crying out for something better than has yet been given to fill the void.

No prophetic vision is required to see that in this venture of Father Elliott's the needs of a larger class than ever before will now be met.

Throwing stones behind the fence at one another, then

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dodging for fear of being hit, benefits neither party; not one solid ounce of good was ever thereby accomplished; nay, it rather engendered bitter feeling, leaving each one more sure that he was in the right, and his neighbor over the fence entirely wrong. How much better for both parties to come out on one common platform, then fight fairly and openly, not with sword and cannon, but with the conciliatory weapons of peace and good-will.

Heretofore each exponent of his creed has hedged himself behind his own barrier, calling upon life's wayfarers to come to this or that fold and "see how sweet the Lord is"; but the poor soul, bewildered by so many voices crying out from every direction, knew not which way to turn, and ended by obeying neither, branding the whole matter as a fraud and a delusion. Wonder would be if they thought otherwise.

### BEGIN AT THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

In dealing with problems affecting social and national life, our failure to right these many wrongs comes from a want of foreknowledge, a misapprehension of the merits and demerits of the case. "We take hold of the matter at the wrong end," deal with effects rather than with causes. Like a father who punishes his son for stealing or for deceiving, without having at the very dawn of reason impressed upon his mind the sin involved in such acts. We stop too often at the shell instead of penetrating to the heart and soul of the matter in hand. It is too much surface work; too little delving and grubbing. No wonder so small the returns for the labor, brains, and capital invested in the cause of temperance, anti-poverty, labor-and-capital. Evils, sins, and crimes are, and will still be, committed. The sheriff, judge, and hangman settle the matter *pro tem.* by some real or fancied legal code; but again and again the same defiance of law and order, then another call for the state's officials, with club, bayonet, and rope. Do you say that is their business? Most certainly, since it is the work mapped out for them; but *remove the necessity for such employment*, and the trouble ceases.

Not at once, perhaps not altogether, can it be done, but much, very much may be accomplished towards this blessed result by going to the fountain-head and purifying the first little stream bubbling forth and trickling down the hill-side. Let us reform our laws, making them so effective that the same offence will not be committed the second time, except at the extreme peril of the offender. Tap the evil at its root, then a thorough re-

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form will be the best voucher for the law's integrity. A good physician does not merely allay the fever burning out his patient's life, but seeks the cause, and to that applies the remedy.

Iceland, celebrating its thousandth year of peaceful independence, without police, jail, or prison, is a forcible comment upon our boasted progress and civilization.

But what has all this to do with Father Elliott's mission? Much, very much, both directly and indirectly, since the formula for the one is equally applicable to the other, viz., *Deal first and thoroughly with the cause, then the effect will take care of itself.*

There must be radical defects in so-called religious matters that make strangers, and even foes, of those professing to worship the same Divine Being, whose titles of Father, Brother, Prince of Peace, God of Charity, etc., should imply nothing but unity and mutual love. What, then, is this defect? In doctrine? Possibly, since varying creeds, running into the hundreds, are based upon as many varying shades of opinion, and yet—"O Shylock! mark this well!"—all founded, so they tell us, upon *Truth*, which, symbolizing the Deity, must be one and invariable, "knowing not the shadow of change." Strange contradiction, to be sure!

## DO NON-CATHOLICS REALLY KNOW THE CHURCH?

Bringing all this nearer home, do the majority of those outside the church really know what Catholics do or do not believe? Verily, we doubt it. As a test, put in your mill, if you please, all the dogmas, superstitious practices, etc., credited to them; after a good grinding and thorough sifting, the chaff remaining will furnish matter for many a day of astonishment. It may be safely asserted that this sifting, in one way or another, will be a marked feature of Father Elliott's lectures—to sift out the unadulterated truth and brand it with a big T for all time. It is equally true that he will present nothing for the sanction of his hearers unchallenged.

*Disprove or accept.* No other alternative remains. To this every fair-minded person will assent. "*None others need apply.*"

The majority of those not of our faith regard superstition as the basis of Catholicity. With such a foundation almost anything may be accepted as solid truth. No wonder that the ban of ignominy so long and heavily weighed upon Catholics. It is true, prejudice has in a measure yielded to better sense and judg-

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ment, yet enough remains to give the good Paulist pointers for many a lecture.

Ignorance, prejudice, and indifference are the three foes he will have to combat—foes mightier far than all others the world has ever encountered. To enlighten this ignorance, to remove this prejudice, and to awaken the dormant is his God-given work. *But it will be done*, for the Almighty never requires anything of his creatures without supplying the material and tools required. A well-furnished mind, keenness of logic, with masterly skill in its use, and magnetism of presence, crowned by the divine blessing, must and will prevail. That better, truer views may be accepted will be the only end and aim from first to last.

So much of a man's wrong-doing is at once referred to his religion, if he has any; but remember, *it is always by those of another belief*. The world stands aghast at the conflicts that from time to time have pitted man against his brother man, even "within the fold," as the term goes, and at once attributes it to their religion, saying, "If that is to be the outcome I want none of it."

Primed with this idea, they use it to repel every advance, however friendly. Surely no conviction can come with such an obstacle.

"Convince a man against his will,
He's of the same opinion still."

Force is a bad bait: few fish worth having were ever thus caught.

"You judge the tree, not by the blighted and withered apples, but by the healthy, full-grown ones; so the church is to be judged, not by its worst, but by its best members. We see but little perfect fruit, but the real nature of Christianity is revealed by the lives of believers that come nearest to the gospel ideal."

Nine-tenths, nay, ninety-nine-hundredths of all the world's errors may be traced to ignorance or misunderstanding, and the longer they are allowed to run into intricate and tangled paths the more difficulty in tracing the error to its source.

Like the tiny spring on the mountain-top, fed in its downward course by other streamlets, the waters broaden and deepen, becoming a mighty rushing torrent and bearing away all things in its course.

If we too have become victims of error, most gladly will we

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receive the light needed to dispel it. Each tenet that contains not an element of the truth we would grasp must be rejected; that is our ultimatum, and let it also be the platform on which each soul shall stand that truly hungers for the bread of life.

Coming to these lectures in this spirit of mutual good-will, ready to receive as well as to give of our substance, what results may not be secured! Let the Catholic faith be fairly, clearly stated. If it tallies with truth, what more? If not, we would be the first to cry out, Let its errors be exposed and branded as they richly deserve. And just here is the gist of the whole matter, through which conviction must come, if it come at all. Call the creed a mere shell if you will, but does not the outer covering of the fruit indicate that which is within?

Do you seek for an apple within an egg-shell, or wheat in a husk of corn? Is the creed of the Catholic Church a mere formula, or the living, vivifying exponent of a legacy, divine, eternal, immutable—the dying testament of the Man-God?

Look at it carefully, examine it closely in the lights and shadows falling thereon, in the sneers and anathemas hurled against it from every quarter of the globe and through all ages, in storms and tempests, through revolutions and heresies, in caves and dungeons, on the rack and at the stake; has it ever changed one iota of its declaration, from the first *Credo* to the final *Amen?* Mere words could never have done all this. Such effects have been wrought only through the grand, magnificent truths of which our Creed is the symbol. Still more, the work accomplished by this faith of ages in behalf of humanity must be considered. Let all these "be weighed with the weights of the sanctuary," then and then only be condemned or approved, made to stand or fall. For after all what better test of one's faith than its power to be or to do what its theology promises?

### THE TIME IS VERY OPPORTUNE FOR THE WORK.

Never has there been greater need than now of just such a venture as this of Father Elliott's. Civilized Christianity seems poised as in a balance, "to sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," which a feather's weight for the right or for the wrong may determine. It is a question of religion or no religion, God or no God; but remember, "*One with God is a majority.*"

It may be well to ponder seriously and incorporate into our very life these truths, that the religion of which we hear so much said and see so little practised, in its vital essence is less in the mere abstract knowledge than in the practical, sanctifying

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effect of that knowledge; less in views and opinions than in right living; less in the saying and preaching and more in the doing. We need not a greater quantity of religion, but a better quality. Not so much a grand store-house for our theology, as a good, active mill for grinding out that faith into works. It is the only God-given religion worth having.

To grasp religion in its integrity, we must look at that central Figure underlying all creeds, Jesus Christ, from whom radiate principles and doctrines unparalleled for wisdom, logic, and sanctity, all based upon the golden maxim, "Love God and thy neighbor as thyself." Looking thus at religion we will understand our mutual relations with this Divine Master. The vital question will then be forced home to each one, What am I to Christ? What is Christ to me? In what measure and to what extent does he overrule my life, moment by moment? Am I drawn or driven, sweetly led or forced, to my duties as a man and a Christian? Does my religion lead me to a higher standard of life, a truer, broader view of my duty to God, to my neighbor, and to myself? In these questions we find the essentials of religion.

Since Christ is the founder of Christianity, and of its sequence Catholicity, the closer our contact with this Redeemer of our souls the better Christians shall we become. It is his spirit, his life of self-sacrifice that we must imbibe.

The truest adoration is the most devoted labor. Present duty is the essence of right living, and the motor of the religion he offers.

If Christianity is not acceptable, then give us something better; but whatever it may be, we must have as a central figure one who has voluntarily suffered, died, and rose again as the Redeemer of mankind. Can rationalism, natural religion, scepticism, or agnosticism give us such a pivot upon which to hinge our faith? Weigh well the pros and cons of such a substitute for vital, practical Christianity, then what do you find? At the best superficial half-truths based upon prejudice and undigested statements. Remember, "it is the logic of facts that disproves all theories." And just here a necessary comment. Doubtless Catholics, as well as non-Catholics, misjudge one another in religious matters. Certain it is that many regard the term "liberal Catholic" as a misnomer, since freedom of thought is denied a Romanist; they forget that by the very "liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free" we are delivered from all bondage, even that of sin, if we so will. The church has been

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branded as tyrannical, dogmatic, too conservative, and behind the times generally. There may have been some show of reason for this assertion at certain periods of history. But it may be well to keep severe judgment in abeyance, or modify it somewhat. The greater the distance of an object, the less distinct its view. They look at the events of Sixtus V. and his predecessors through a long vista. Each succeeding record of these events may and doubtless has been garbled or exaggerated; besides, the condition of affairs, and the character of the people as well, may then have required positive methods and a more conservative policy; yet even when these stringent measures somewhat relaxed and more liberal views prevailed, still the church's doctrines, then as now, lost nothing of their verity; that could never, never be since founded upon principles enduring and unchangeable as their divine Law-giver.

The church is both conservative and liberal—elastic, if you will—the one never conflicting with the other; conservative in abating not one jot or tittle of her hoary creed; liberal in adapting its policy to the needs of the times. The spirit of this nineteenth century is conciliatory, tending to freedom of thought and earnest endeavors for the elevation of humanity. Such broad Catholicity may lead some to question its orthodoxy, and yet therein lies the strongest proof of its integrity. All this will Father Elliott clearly prove.

### THE ADVANTAGES RESULTING ARE SELF-EVIDENT.

The faith of many within the fold will be strengthened, who may have wavered before the sneers cast at their supposed bigotry and intolerance; while non-Catholics, held back by these very bugbears, will readily yield to better reason when they see that many of these hindrances were mere figments of the brain, or caused by misunderstanding of the truth. There need be no fear that this conciliation will cause dismemberment of the church, or its submerging beneath the waves of any ism of the day. In her very elasticity, if you choose to so call it, lies her safety and that of thousands within and without the fold, as already hinted.

This is the Christianity that Father Elliott will earnestly advocate.

In the multitudes crowding the halls of our large cities to hear this fervent son of St. Paul will be found those of all creeds and of no creeds, each with a doubt to be cleared, prejudices to be removed, conflicting views to be reconciled, burdens of the soul to be lifted—in short, a religion to be given

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that shall be beyond and above cavil or criticism. Some will be led by idle curiosity like the Athenians of old, "always eager to see and hear some new thing"; others, perchance, to ridicule and defy the man of God in his stronghold. The poor and wretched, too, will be there, the desolate wayfarer on life's highway seeking relief for mind and heart. Such has ever been, and still will be, the cry of suffering humanity through ages past and in ages yet to be. Such a draft can only be met by one equipped at every point and ready for all demands.

There is no fear that the good father will be found wanting. He goes forth as the apostle of his divine Master, and in his name alone. Certainly he is no revolutionist, no reformer, as the term goes. He does not aim to give a new religion, or even a new doctrine; nor will he repatch the old. No, no; he will impart to those not of our faith views and lights regarding Christianity as given two thousand years ago by its divine Founder, proving that there is nothing coercive about it, no fettering of the best and highest thought of which we are capable, no overriding of our common sense or manly freedom of thought and utterance. It chains us not by force but by attractiveness, it subdues us because we yearn to be subdued by its power. The divine in us reaches upward, and the divine above reaches downward, and the two mingle, and that is a living faith in a living Christ. What more can be asked? what more could be given?

It will be the duty of the lecturer to show the religion of Christ in its fulness and beauty, and let the benign influence of that religion work its own way with men of good will.

It is thus that feeble, helpless man becomes the instrument and channel of Divinity itself. What sublimity and grandeur in such a vocation! Having such a prestige, there need be no fear as to the success of this new venture. Heaven will bless what Heaven inaugurates.

F. M. EDSELAS.

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# "AS UNTO THE BOW THE CORD IS—"

*LETTER FROM MISS MARGARET MORLEY TO MISS CHARLOTTE KING.*

DEAR CHARLOTTE:

If my errors had been as vivid as scarlet, I could accept in the spirit of penance the heavy punishment that has been thrust upon me; but that insignificant peccadilloes, innocent little blunders mostly (you need not smile derisively), should have merited this durance vile, is Justice not only unrelieved by the presence of Mercy but a sorry goddess with scales awry.

From the beginning I protested against uncle's trip to this forsaken town, but old Mr. Soren at the bank said he had been entirely cured by the mineral baths, so of course my gentle guardian must go and do likewise, though as free from rheumatism as I. And to add to misfortune, he has become acquainted with three congenial cronies who play whist from four in the afternoon till twelve at night, with barely an intermission for tea, so that his past longing for the Springs has developed into present infatuation, and he listens neither to pitiful entreaties nor desperate hints that the sea-air would banish King Ache for ever.

I must give you an outline of the exciting daily routine. We rise at eight and breakfast at nine. At ten the whole invalid population, consisting of innumerable children, five or six flashily-attired maidens whose friendly overtures I have not encouraged, several undesirable males, some decrepit men and women old enough to excite the suspicion that the mineral water is from the long-lost fountain of youth, adjourns to the baths. After one trial of that dreadful sulphur I refused to venture again, so spend the three hours before dinner in writing letters on the broad veranda, or playing to an imaginary audience in the breezy hotel parlor. At one the watery throng returns with appetite intensified by the conflict with Neptune, and after a hasty scramble into different clothing it waits in the halls impatient for the first sound of the gong. Our dinner-guests are a heterogeneous medley of the whist enthusiasts, two of the motley-arrayed damsels, an infirm old lady with the brightest grandson of twelve, who is my one and only

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cavalier, uncle, and your unfortunate correspondent. The genial Autocrat would speedily resign his honorable position at the breakfast-table were he forced to listen to our intellectual conversation. The health of all, or rather the *ill-health* of all, is the one absorbing topic. How each one did *not* sleep, whether he felt better or worse (to my disordered brain it seems invariably worse), what novel symptom has appeared during the night, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. I find that not only the sins, but the aches and pains, of the fathers are visited on their children, for at dessert, the maladies of the diners having hitherto been aired so much *more* than sufficiently that the mind wearily paraphrases Lamb's statement into "if talking were curing what constitutions these mortals would enjoy," we have served as piquant sauce to ice-cream and fruit the pathological history of former grandsires. You remember I always envied Clara Matz her lovely pale beauty, but since my arrival at the Springs have blessed my rude health and glowing complexion every minute of the day, though I did hear Mrs. Grant, Freddie's grandmother, tell uncle she did not think it could be a healthy color. But enough of these invalidisms. From dinner till bed-time one sleeps, walks, sews, and reads, chiefly the latter occupation. I am positively ashamed of the quantity of light literature consumed in these few days; but what can one do when uncle is at whist, acquaintance is limited from choice, and the one young gentleman you are sure would prove entertaining, and whose conception of you coincides, knows no one to introduce him?

As usual, I have reserved the most interesting news for the last item in my epistolary category, fearing that you would discover the sun still shining even behind the dense pillar of cloud enveloping me, and knowing the slightest glamour of romance would rob my tale of woe, for you, of all its piteousness. Yes, there is really a man—and, Charlotte, such a presentable man—tall and dark, with curly hair and small moustache, and fine brown eyes which are most expressive. I caught them sparkling with fun the other morning when Mrs. Hogers, a regular martinet of decidedly uncertain summers, informed the piazza on which the boarders all were congregated, "She never, *never* could think of marrying again. Poor, dear Mr. Hogers was such an exemplary man, it would be *almost* impossible to replace him." And, Charlotte, he has such a stylish appearance, wears the finest of white flannels with becoming scarlet ties. I rather fancy him somewhat of a dude, though it is an immense

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relief to find one immaculate man among this crowd of don't-careables.

But to tell you of my first glimpse—for I have basely kept secret a funny incident that occurred the very day of our arrival. The train was overdue a half-hour, so when uncle and I stepped on the platform the hotel 'bus had departed and there was but one carriage at the station, a most dilapidated affair, a remnant of Revolutionary grandeur. Into it we piled, uncle so encased in shawls that an onlooker would have thought it bleak November instead of balmy June. Just as the driver "clucked" to his bony nags, that like Don Quixote's fairy steed were all blemishes, no limbs, a deep, masculine voice behind us called out: "Hold on a moment, driver." It had a pleasant, musical ring that was most likable, and I waited eagerly for its owner to appear. All I could tell at first sight was that he seemed tall and commanding, and was attired in a pretty suit of gray. He stepped in, almost stumbling over uncle's feet, which were stretched out in the absurdest way. He had to sit opposite me, there being no room for him with uncle's bundles, and I assure you he improved his opportunity by staring me out of countenance. I hear you remark that he must have been challenged, but really, Charlotte, I only stole a peep now and then, for after his apology to uncle I was filled with an intense desire to laugh. It was a case of "he began to courtesy and I began to grin," for the corners of my mouth would twitch spite of sternest efforts to subdue the unruliness. I was grateful to the obliging sprite who prompted me to don my largest hat, for the brim concealed my eyes at least. Imagine my sensations, as Evelina says, during that drive of ten minutes! Not one word disturbed the silence, the mummy at my side not daring to uncover his mouth, and only the noisy clattering of the chaise, that I am convinced will soon mysteriously dissolve like the historic famous conveyance, prevented my laughter from audibly disgracing me. Once I caught a glimmer of fun in the eye of my picturesque *vis-à-vis* (he has two optics, of course, but the singular noun suits more appropriately this thrilling recital), but I quickly fastened mine on my gloves, praying softly for deliverance. When we joggled up to the hotel door he waited until uncle and I alighted, then jumped quickly out and crossed the veranda.

Since that memorable ride together I meet him continually, and rejoice to see him as solitary and alone as your servant, in spite of the battery of smiles and glances levelled at him from

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the gaudy Amazonian regiment. His name is John Hartley Cameron; quite distinguished, is it not? I may as well confess at once, as I am sure your suspicions are aroused, that I found his appellation in a consultation with the register; but do not feel guilty, as I am positive he resorted to the very same means to discover mine, for I saw him in the office poring over the book, and he asked Freddie this morning if Miss Morley and he did not have jolly times together? Freddie said to me: "I told him, Miss Morley, you bet we had!" (My champion is a typical young American in his use of the vernacular.) "I told him you was most as good as a boy, as you could run and jump, and wasn't afraid of spoiling your dress; and I said, Miss Morley, how we raced down-hill that day" (I really did, Charlotte; but do not be horrified, as it was bath-hour and no one saw Jill "tumbling after" but a couple of dignified hens, who did not appear to be scandalized), "and I said you almost beat me." In my anxiety to hear the unknown's reply I did not contradict the *raconteur*, though really victorious. "What did Mr. Cameron say about our run, dear?" I quietly asked, apparently interested solely in my little companion. "He said something about Atalanta. I remember the last word because Uncle Jim has a yacht named Atalanta. But why did Mr. Cameron talk about a yacht, Miss Morley?" Hear my diplomatic reply, worthy of Machiavelli if he was as astute as they painted him! "Why, dearie, I suppose he was thinking what fun it would be to have a sail; but did he ask you anything else, Freddie?" "I don't think so," thoughtfully. "Oh, yes!" brightening; "I asked him if you weren't pretty, because you know you are, Miss Morley, and he said 'That doesn't express it, my boy; you're a very fortunate youth, Frederick'; and then he wanted to know if I'd go riding this afternoon, and I said 'You bet!' and I like him most as well as you, Miss Morley." Our profitable conversation ended thusly, and my cavalier and his handsome guardian are now enjoying themselves in the latter's pretty cart.

You remember, in *One Summer*, Gem brings Leigh and Mr. Ogden together? Well, I have a presentiment that Freddie will lead us to acquaintance. Of course Miss Howard's characters had had a disastrous first encounter, while nothing as romantic as a wounded hero and incensed heroine will mark our commonplace introduction. Do not let your imagination fly at once, to the rhythm of the bridal chorus, into a land of silk and tulle and fragrant orange-blossoms. The *One Summer dénouement* is

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far from my thoughts, having no wish to injure with my pretty umbrella the remarkably fine eyes of Mr. John Hartley Cameron. I merely want to meet the most cultivated gentleman in the hotel, so that my enforced stay may prove less of a penance.

This lengthy epistle is full of the "unprofitable" Carlyle so deplored, besides fairly bristling with that objectionable first pronoun, but for what can you hope from so benighted an individual in so benighted a health-resort? The beauties of the surrounding scenery might prove of interest, for it is really a delightful spot; but as the "splendor in the grass and glory in the flower" vanished for me the moment of arrival, I fear the future historian's account of this southern clime would so contradict my outlines that later, when reading the famous *Life and Letters of a Young Girl*, the verdict of humanity would pronounce her a hopeless invalid, seeing everything through a glass darkly, from which opinion, after her week here, she earnestly prays to be delivered.

Ever thine,

MARGARET.

*LETTER FROM MISS MARGARET MORLEY TO MISS CHARLOTTE KING.*

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE:

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum, jingle all the electric bells in the house, dance, sing, and hold a jollification meeting generally; for verily I say unto you the long-looked-for has come at last: this deserted Sahara is transformed into a blooming paradise (Kipling says blooming, so of course I can use it); all nature looks smiling and gay as the old song testifies, and, most fortunate of all, somebody's cranky disposition has regained its normal buoyancy. The right honorable John Hartley Cameron has been presented to the fascinating Margaret Morley, who, unaided by her youthful squire, accomplished the meeting in her own inimitable manner.

Charlotte, talk about romantic encounters! Umbrellas and rainy nights are tame accessories compared with wild horses and morning sunlight, and the *One Summer* episode is dull and colorless by the side of this stirring adventure. But if I do not start at once with the description I never can manage to relate it properly, as it only happened an hour ago and I still tingle with excitement at the recollection. This morning, waking about

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six o'clock, and not wishing to waste the beautiful early hours in bed, I dressed hurriedly and got to breakfast at half after seven. The dining-room was well-nigh deserted, and, leaving word of my whereabouts in a note pinned to uncle's napkin, I started over the hills and far away. I tramped for an hour and a half, stopping often to snatch a wildflower, until my belt resembled a vivid rainbow; then turned and faced about, a trifle tired and dusty but immeasurably more contented with my surroundings after the short communion with rosy Aurora. I had reached a sharp turn in the road where Mrs. Mooney, the hotel laundress, has her small cottage, when the clatter of approaching hoofs and a cry of "Me darlin', O me darlin'!" drew my attention to a tiny tot sitting in the middle of the street serenely unconscious of approaching danger.

Do you remember a girl in one of Roe's novels saving a child in a situation like this by running straight across the road? The recollection came like a flash, and I tore over and caught the baby with one arm and blindly staggered on without turning, just barely escaping the horse. When I could realize what had happened I found the infant's arms clasped about my neck, the mother embracing us both, crying and imploring the "Howly Mither to bless yes this day, miss!" while the hero of the scene had jumped to the ground at imminent danger to his limbs, and was standing near looking very pale and frightened. The blood flew into my face as I recognized Mr. Cameron, and I was the only one of the triumvirate who heard his agitated explanation. The horse is a young colt that has never been broken, belonging to a farmer on the other side of the railroad, and as Mr. C—— is fond of riding, having lived out West for two years, he undertook to subdue the fiery creature. Not perceiving the child, he was only conscious of the danger when a white figure darted in front of him and he heard the mother's screams.

Most of this explanation I learned afterwards in our walk back to the hotel; but heard enough at the time to realize how badly he felt for his share in the excitement. When the grateful parent finally detached her pretty offspring, and with tearful prayers continued to bless her breathless deliverer, I started hotelwards very demurely, without vouchsafing a single syllable. This did not suit his lordship, who, taking off his hat, said with a very engaging smile: "Miss Morley, much as I regret the shock to the poor mother, I find that I cannot be properly sorry for my carelessness, as it furnishes me a means of fulfilling a much-longed-for wish." Then he added mischiev-



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ously, "I shall have a Roland for Fred's Oliver this time, and can console him for yesterday's defeat by relating how a white-robed Atalanta out-distanced a man who is very proud of his skill on horseback." I muttered something, am not conscious what, which excited his ready laughter, and found myself marching on with my companion, the bridle thrown over his arm and the subdued horse meekly following. It was a delightful walk. I recovered my accustomed *sang-froid* in an instant, and we had a gay time, Mr. Cameron being very bright—quick as a flash in *repartee*, the handsomest man I know (what a relief at last to be able to employ the present indicative!) and altogether the most fascinating. We reached the veranda too quickly, though I assure you we hurried not, and were glad to find it vacant; not caring to have the gossip-loving crowd witness our dramatic entrance. Mr. Cameron left me at the door, being obliged to dispose of the horse, after imploring permission to play escort to-night to the promenade concert, which I graciously accorded, inwardly rejoicing and outwardly calmly careless. I dashed up-stairs two steps at a time, and rushed to the glass to see myself as he had seen me. Of course my hat was all awry, my face brilliantly red, and the pretty flowers on my dress drooping sadly; but what cared I? having met the enemy and returned conqueror—for the time being.

I now wait impatiently for dinner, at which no longer need I dodge Mrs. Grant's ample form to peep surreptitiously at his manly countenance; I wait *more* impatiently for the probable joys the afternoon has in store; and *most* impatiently for the certain delights of the evening's gayety.

With the continuation anon, I am,

Lovingly,

MARGARET.

*LETTER FROM MISS MARGARET MORLEY TO MISS CHARLOTTE KING.*

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE:

I felt very guilty this morning when your second note of impatient inquiries stared at me from the breakfast-table; but really the days have been so full of delightful episodes that all letter-writing had to be temporarily abandoned. Such a gay time as I've been having!—mornings on the river with Mr. Cameron as captain bold, and Freddie and I the crew of the captain's gig. The afternoons are devoted to music, when most of

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this small world is *dolce far niente*. I certainly hope that Chopin's nocturnes will continue to soothe the savages above us, as the piano's charms would fade should our *tête-à-tête* concerts be disturbed by the entrance of the Amazonians. Mr. Cameron is a charming listener, being, as he naïvely quoted, "sentimentally disposed to harmony but organically incapable of a tune." I think that rather an excuse to be lazy, as his conversational tone is rhythmical enough, but as he positively refuses to warble I am melodious for two. By the way, writing of recitals recalls an incident in which my haughty spirit was crushed, the exalted was humbled to the dregs of self-abasement, and pride simply tumbled off its pedestal.

After an hour of Bach and Schumann and Mendelssohn, last Wednesday, I mellowed into Chopin's exquisite Berceuse, following it with nocturne and aria and fantasia, letting the lovely spiritual music carry me where it would. Ending with the funeral march, my whole soul was in harmony with the beautiful, mournful notes of the touching melody. After the last sad chord I felt incapable of adding anything more, so turned from the piano, catching my auditor, whom I had totally forgotten, with the queerest expression on his face; like Hulda, "kind of smily round the lips and teary round the lashes." The whole look was rather a guilty one, and I knew some mischief was afloat. "Well?" I demanded, questioningly. "Modesty blinds you, Miss Morley," was the provoking answer; "the praise is inadequate, your cradle to the grave performance was marvellously done indeed." This was said in the most baffling manner, the odd smile and moist eyes defying me to continue. You remember I always take a dare, so immediately retorted: "Nonsense! You look as excited as Columbus probably did when he saw the Indians on the Bahamas." "Most astute of mademoiselles, I have indeed made a discovery which I rather fear to proclaim, as my savage" (with a quizzical glance) "has a fiery temper, and I may be called on to sacrifice my curly locks instanter." All this while, like Alice in Wonderland, I was growing curiouser and curiouser, and insisted on hearing his thought. "Well, Miss Morley, I have warned in vain, as you seem bent on my destruction. Anyway, I owe you some revenge for the numberless times you have slighted my society, and the cruel suppressions my budding eloquence has received." I had been leaning on the piano looking at his graceful figure reclining in an easy chair, but as he spoke he approached me, while his face lengthened seriously. "It is partly a confession I have to make,

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and I come as the humblest penitent to be forgiven. Please do not condemn me hastily, as, remember, I've had so little chance to learn much about you." Mr. Cameron uttered this speech in the most wheedlesome tone, with eyes fixed pleadingly upon mine. "Will you promise to be lenient?" "I cannot say until I've heard your offence," I answered gravely, for curiously I dreaded what was to follow, "but in spite of the fiery temper" (for that speech rankled, though I felt it was deserved after the hot struggle we had one day over a boat-ride) "I trust that my judgment is sometimes tempered with mercy." "Well then, fair Portia, for the ordeal. I did not realize until I heard your beautiful interpretation of Chopin, and saw how your face reflected the slightest change in the harmony, that you possessed a heart. At least," as I started involuntarily, "I imagined you just a gay, delightful girl, with no thought beyond the moment's pleasure." "Yes," I responded quietly, but in the iciest possible manner. If a photographer's clamps had been attached to my head I could not have been straighter or stiffer—waiting silently for the end, without once removing my eyes from his embarrassed countenance. "Of course, Miss Morley, I knew you were not heartless exactly, from the brave way you rescued that baby, something few girls would have done. By Jove, but I mean that you—that I—oh, I've made a fool of myself!" commencing to pace up and down angrily. "I am sorry I cannot contradict you, Mr. Cameron; good afternoon." And, with the slightest inclination of the head, I stalked from the room with the air of a tragedy queen, that would prove as remunerative on the stage as Irving's majestic stride.

For three days I was utterly oblivious of Mr. Cameron's existence—a stratagem worthy of Von Moltke, as I was not only besieged with flowers, notes, and candy, but had to encounter plaintive glances at the table three times a day, he having joined our "goodlie companie" some time before. It is not necessary to tell you that I was a veritable martyr to principle during that triduum of voluntary exile; but I really was more hurt than I care to confess, we had been such good friends, and one hates to be considered unsympathetic, for it amounted to the same thing, though Mr. C—— has since denied he ever intended any such assertion. Of course I had refused to allow him to make any of the silly, sentimental speeches that all men proffer as the only suitable mental food for girls; but we had been gay and jolly and sensible, enjoying a good time generally, and my vanity resented his accusation. But to proceed with

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the story: I had resisted sternly all overtures of peace—returned the notes, flowers, and candy unopened, and remained serenely unconscious of the brown eyes; but Freddy upset my studied equilibrium. He had puzzled his small brain over our actions, and could not be made to understand that the triple alliance was dissolved.

Coming into supper the third day, I found, to my horror, that Fred, Mr. Cameron, and I were to be alone at table, it being unusually late, as I had overslept and the others been driving. I would have beaten an ignominious retreat from the room as soon as I discovered the situation, but unfortunately encountered Mr. C——'s mischievous glance, which decided me to march forward boldly. He should not think me cowardly as well as heartless. My place was next the boy, with the disturber of my peace of mind opposite; could anything have been worse! But listen. As soon as I was seated the small torment at my side started: "I had a fine ride this afternoon, Miss Morley." "Did you, dear," I replied, giving undivided attention to the strawberries. "Why didn't you come too, Miss Morley?" Sensation! Fortunately he did not wait for an answer, but ran on: "I missed you ever so much, and so did Mr. Cameron. I asked him, and he said he always would miss you when you weren't there! Didn't you, Mr. Cameron?" After this bombshell the blood rushed into my face, and, simply convulsed with laughter, I stole a peep at my *vis-à-vis* and found him in the same helpless condition. But my embarrassment was so trivial compared with his painful confusion that I relented, and even felt rather sorry for the miserable victim; so when Mr. Malaprop added: "Won't you come riding with us to-morrow, please?" I answered gently, "If Mr. Cameron will ask me, dear." Of course he did, Charlotte, after that, and we had a gay little tea, though the sinner was refreshingly humble and begged pardon beseechingly on the veranda after Master Reconciler had been decoyed to sweet repose. I gave him the rose I wore in my hair as a peace-offering, and since then no disturbances have perilled our friendship, even though one member of the league is blessed with a "fiery temper."

Mr. Cameron told me his history. His father and mother are both dead, and his only sister married an Englishman and lives in London. He runs over to see her every second summer, and between times manages the estate his father left. Uncle met old Mr. C—— once, and found a courteous gentleman—a statement I readily credit—owning one of the finest homes in Bos-

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ton. The son still resides in the American Athens, though he sold the house uncle admired and keeps his Lares and Penates in a suite of bachelor apartments, which I guess are marvels of elegance, judging from the faultless taste of their beauty-loving occupant. He had been very ill in April with pneumonia, and after a fierce struggle with death gained the victory, though it left him prostrate with weakness. As the improvement was rather slower than the physician expected, he sent him off here to try the baths, with favorable results as you know.

His sister, Mrs. Archibald Mavering, and he are great chums. He writes her every week a long account of business, social engagements, the people he meets and books he reads, and she retaliates promptly with sketches of English life, interspersed with bits of advice, questions and answers, manifesting a ready interest in his interests.

Out rowing the other morning, he showed me part of a note which had arrived in the early mail. Evidently young Mr. Telltale had been describing his present companions, for his sister kindly said she was glad to hear that his dull days had been brightened by my acquaintance. "I enjoyed so much, my dear Jack," the letter ran, "your breezy account of that first meeting. Miss Morley must be as fearless as she is pretty when she braved that dreadful horse to save the poor little baby." The rest was turned down, so further curiosity had to remain unsatisfied. "Don't you want to hear how Anna knew your appearance so well?" said the Jack referred to, wickedly enjoying my blushes. "Oh! I've no doubt you make your associates assume a virtue if they have it not and dress them up as occasion demands," I answered nonchalantly. "That you have wronged me doth appear in this, my fair coxswain. I did not trouble to write your description, knowing the uselessness of words to paint a chameleon, but instead of wasting valuable time just sent a photograph." "A photograph? I have not had one taken in four years!" "Begging your pardon with due humility, Miss Morley, you have had one taken within three weeks, and as you are inclined to be as sceptical as Mark Twain's Innocent, I will prove my words." He stopped rowing, drew out a handsome card-case from the pocket of his flannel coat (I believe he put it there purposely, as even dudes do not usually carry cards about in white tennis costumes), and held before my astonished eyes a water-color sketch of a girl's head. It was a daintily-painted picture, like me and yet absurdly unlike, being a thousand times prettier than the original. "Where did it

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come from?" I asked breathlessly. "Well, if I cannot bake and cannot brew, or sing a song as well as you, I am not totally destitute of all accomplishments," Mr. C—— replied, with the meekest, most mock-modest air conceivable. "I paint rather nicely now and then, and during a certain three days' torture kept soul and body together by working at two portraits of a certain young lady." "I hope you did not send one like that to your sister?" I asked anxiously. "Although your demonstrative is decidedly uncomplimentary, I did send one like *that*, only it was a trifle elongated, sort of sweetness long drawn out you know, as I wanted Anna to learn how tall you were and did not dare, as yet, write Orlando's answer." Fortunately for Mr. Cameron, the merry reply had escaped my memory, so for once his audacious speech passed unrebuked. He would not give me the picture, but promised to paint another if I would sit for it regularly.

This letter has no rhyme nor reason, and exceeds all bounds of space, patience, and propriety. It has taken several days to compile its contents, and I can only hope, with a certainty of disappointment, that you will be as interested in the reading as your friend has been in the writing.

MARGARET MORLEY.

*LETTER FROM MISS MARGARET MORLEY TO MISS CHARLOTTE KING.*

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE:

This is without exception the dullest, stupidest spot in the United States. Everything is flat, stale, and unprofitable with a vengeance; and if I could only lasso uncle as those dreadful dog-catchers treat the poor canines, I would land both him and myself with a jerk in Newport or Bar Harbor.

All of which dismal grumbling means that I am once more minus an escort, Mr. Cameron being called to Boston to attend to some miserable business transaction last Wednesday. The telegram arrived just before we started rowing, and he left on the three o'clock train that afternoon. Of course he insisted that he was sorry to go, etc.; but as his last words were that he would run up by Saturday if not before, and this is Monday and he cometh not yet, I fear his protestations are of small value.

From your delicately veiled insinuations, Charlotte, I am afraid you imagine my interest in Mr. Cameron's welfare more

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serious than it really is. As I have reiterated over and over again, times without number, he was the only person at the hotel with whom I cared to associate. We were together a good deal, of course, being both victims of unkind circumstances, so naturally I miss his pleasant society, being doomed still to remain in this abomination of desolation. Mr. Cameron in the joys of civilization sensibly has forgotten his companion in exile, and if only one of those grim fates of Michael Angelo's had given me a like opportunity, I should have done the same I am sure.

So you see, Charlotte, the facts do not warrant your "summer romance," which has terminated like all the others—without end most appropriately, having never had a beginning except in somebody's busy brain.

As this letter is not apt to prove very entertaining, the scribbler now enjoying the distinctively feminine ill that flesh is heir to—a headache—I will close at once with an earnest exhortation to respond quickly and at length with the gay doings of all my world, an act of charity which will bring the sunshine into this shady place of dreary monotony.

Yours in the fiery furnace,

MARGARET.

*LETTER FROM MR. JOHN HARTLEY CAMERON TO MISS CHARLOTTE KING.*

MY DEAR MISS KING:

My *fiancée* having coolly informed me this morning that you believed she looked upon me with disdainful eyes, in the interest of Verity I desire to correct her written statement with the circumstantial evidence fortunately at my command.

Having been detained in Boston over Sunday about some pressing business arrangements, I slipped away Tuesday morning and reached the Springs in inward trepidation, expecting to discover Miss Morley flirting outrageously with some youthful adorer, for she occasionally indulges in that wicked pastime, as you doubtless know.

("Do not believe a word, Charlotte; I will not be so maligned!") Kindly skip the parenthesis; it is of no literary value.

Reaching the hotel I reconnoitred a bit, but not perceiving the special magnet desired, walked over to a favorite retreat,

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and found the maiden all forlorn thrown picturesquely on a huge rock. She was robed in the pretty gown I particularly admire, and was altogether a graceful statue of Niobe all tears.

(Another interruption seemed imminent, but by prompt action I have spared you.)

I crept up as noiselessly as possible, but in spite of painful efforts the terrible grumble and rumble and roar of a man's quiet so alarmed the weeping oread, who expected at least a regiment of brigands, that she jumped to her feet with a terrified expression. By dint of the cleverest questioning I learned that the marks of woe on her piquant countenance were partly due to "Mr. Conceit's" absence—a confession which so charmed vanity after the indifferent "good-by" a few days before that I importuned further without mercy, till at last Miss Aggravator reluctantly promised to descend from her pedestal and walk by the side of the happiest individual in Christendom till death do us part.

As I intend to return to Philadelphia with my possession, whether she will or no, when Uncle David realizes that whist is a delusion and a snare, I shall take the greatest pleasure in refuting any other false impressions in *propria persona*. Do not fear Miss Morley, as I can employ a most effective revenge which silences her completely. Sincerely yours,

JOHN CAMERON.

KATHRYN PRINDIVILLE.

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## AT ALL SACRIFICES.

AN obscure but nevertheless truthful philosopher of the present generation has declared, with a conviction founded upon much observation, that the *average American home of to-day is rapidly becoming only a roof over the old people, and a lodging-house for the young.* Puristically inclined critics may object to the term average in its accepted sense as being too broad and general in character when applied to the domestic ethics of a great people. Granting this much conditionally, we must, however, admit, in some measure at least, the existence of a far-reaching evil when such a statement can not only find credence but can go unchallenged.

The evil, in whatever measure it does exist, is a radical one. It touches the very foundations of society; for the family is the corner-stone of society, and it is the family that makes the home.

The *home elevated* is the centre of a moral living, the *home degraded* the epitome of all social evils, and the *home sustained* the dearest trust of a noble manhood and womanhood.

Perhaps rapt in deep meditation, our philosopher has silently, in the shadows of night, sauntered down some stately avenue in one of our large and busy cities, and through the half-darkened windows and by the deserted firesides of every second house he has seen the ghosts of noble purposes, lofty ideals, and high destinies keeping watch over the lifeless ashes of sordid ambitions, unholy cravings, and shattered hopes. On the ball-room floor, in the luxuriant box of the crowded theatre, amid the heavy smoke and wine fumes of the club-house—*everywhere* and *anywhere* which is *not home* wander the owners of these spectral forms—a myriad of domestic exiles seeking happiness.

A thousand times types have arisen in his pathway, as the half-intoxicated youth reels past from one saloon only to find another open door a half-block away; or the master of a cool million, forgetting self-respect, creeps into the abode of convivial and vicious life.

At last the chains of his silence are loosened and he cries out, What were the homes of such as these?

The question finds an echo, but alas! so feeble is its plaint

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that no answer is heard amid the mighty clamor and marching tread of that wave of high and low, rich and poor, outcast and virtuous, Pharisee and publican.

Home—that beautiful, sacred term; that word which signifies a harbor for the sailor, a goal for the traveller, a retreat to the weary, a refuge for the erring, an ideal like Bethlehem, a realization like Nazareth—a hope whose infinite confines are heaven!

There is no evil without a primal cause, and no deserted fireside that has not its reason. Where are these two factors to be discovered? Certainly not in the attractions of the street, for the latter is only an alternative when the greater attraction fails. The ball-room, the club-house, and the home of equivocal drama may be more gaudy, crowded, and exciting, but in none of these is found a substitute for the home charm unalloyed.

The Philosopher speaks again:

*Affection*, *unselfishness*, and *contentment* have perished for *want of nourishment* by these firesides, and the genii of indifference, selfishness, and restlessness—that grim trio—have arisen in their places to exult in this domestic destruction.

This simile repeats itself a thousand times, and again a hundred thousand times throughout our land, and we learn its infallible signs from the criminal court records, the murderer's execution, the suicide's death, the embezzler's flight, the daily divorce suit, the social scandal in high and middle class life. The reports of the foundling's home, the work-house, and the over-crowded insane and idiot asylum wards add their testimony to the rest, and thinking minds exclaim, Where is the home and its influence?

"But we must sacrifice something for society," says the ambitious mother; "our husband's position demands it; our children's interests are controlled by it; and if we are to benefit by society we *must* serve it."

Unknowingly this worldly mother has sounded the key-note of that refrain which is the mighty commandment ruling popular social usages.

What blessing can rest over a home, or what amount of love, Christian culture, and holy peace pass in through its portals, where every breath, idea, and act, from those of the money-making father to the school-girl daughter, is tinctured, formed, and controlled by such a sentiment—*at all sacrifices?*

To be sure a colossal fortune, a position, a social leadership or brilliant alliance may be the outcome of such principles; but the perfect joy of a hard-working provider, a

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respected manhood, a tiny realm where the queenship is absolute and unending, or a Christian love blessed by parental affection, are not companions to these. And yet there are those who, standing and choosing, take the former, and to these, and these *alone*, should a word of warning be given.

Home is every good man's haven and every true woman's kingdom. To be the head of a house, the strong support of those dependent upon him, the living example of all manly qualities, the teacher of his sons, the ideal of his daughters, the protector and lover of his wife, should be every honest man's ambition; and she who is mistress of one hearth, the beloved of one heart; the proud mother of noble sons and daughters, should make, as only woman can, a home from man's providings.

The husband toils from morn until eve with brain and nerve and heart. In the home let the wife do her part. She may be the mistress of one or a dozen servants, but in either case let her know more than her menials, and her brain hold the skill and experience for direction, while her handmaid possesses the willingness to learn and perfect herself.

Do not let the baby lips lisp the night prayers to a hireling, or the growing daughter save all her confidences and developing ideas for the school recess and inexperienced ears. Help the sons, grown and growing, to think their *own mother* the nicest, brightest, and best woman they know.

When the business day is over, and the strife and wear of its uncertainties are reluctantly laid away for a twelve-hours' oblivion, and the tired husband and father crosses the sacred threshold of home, bring peace, and love, and brightness to greet him. He will be the braver and stronger for it on the morrow.

The society queen, the belle of a hundred balls, the subject of newspaper encomiums, the talk of the club-room, will roll by in her solitary state. Her *dancing-card* is *full*, but her *heart may be empty*, while yours, O proud woman of the happy home! is brimming over with holy love and contentment. As she stands to-night, amid her group of admirers, and listens to their well-seasoned compliments, there may be a hunger within her heart and a longing through her life for just what you of the fireside would not part with for all the glories of a queen of Sheba.

The daughters of good mothers, the maidens of hallowed homes, are the hope and life of the future social condition of our land. To them a nation now and to come looks for the

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character of its future, and to them and their memories a future generation will be entitled to point with respect or scorn, according as they live or unlive the examples from the past lessons of a glorious motherhood.

To be *noticed* in society, or to be *felt*, are two very different things. To be called the *best-dressed woman* in an assembly is one way of being a success, but to be recognized as a *womanly woman* is a far more glorious heritage. To be approached by men with the air of a *bon comrade* may contain a trifle of flattery for the moment, but to be sought with the *respect* and *reverence due a pure womanhood* is elevating to both.

To do *all things* which society dictates has an element of popularity and accommodation in it, but to possess the courage to draw the line and say *no* before the *limits of good taste* and *Christian principles* are reached, requires something *more* than a passing phase of fervor and enthusiasm. To be witty yet kind, sensible yet interesting, may require a little meditation, and a few mental tonics *not found* in the novels of "The Duchess" or the society columns of a sensational newspaper.

*Small talk* with wisdom is one thing, but *small talk eternally* is another, and a mind only nurtured by *chit-chat* and gossip will as surely run to seed as does the poppy after a hail-storm has beaten its gaudy dress away.

Young women are not all blessed with the linguistic accomplishments of a Madame de Staël, but they can at least show the *prudence* of the wise virgins and *fill* their lamps. If the mind is properly fed the *soul* will surely bear its impress, and the *thoughts* and *conversation* reflect their healthy condition in even the commonplace of every-day life. Home influence and fireside exchange do this. There is moulded the character of the true man and woman, and from no well-conducted home ever went forth into the works and activities of life a single soul who fell *irretrievably*. The death-bed of the impenitent sinner, the expiring agnostic, the feeble scoffer at God's holiest institutions, could not be the possible product of an early and elevated home influence; or, if such were the case, commandments, moral precepts, and truths as old as a world would be confounded in their veracity, and the time-honored laws of good living be atrocious fallacies.

At this hour, and in the midst of this age of culture, progress, and enlightenment, religion, orthodox creeds, and laws of control are not popular institutions. Church-going, outside of certain circles, is purely optional, and when indulged in at all,

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the material side, personal display, curiosity, and sensational sermonizing are the magnets which fill the pews.

Young men seize the Sunday morning hours for extra sleep or a perusal of the voluminous morning papers, while their sisters, indulging in *café au "lit,"* read Daudet or manicure their dainty digits.

Where is the small voice which should say to these laggards in the Lord's vineyard, "The seventh day is the day of the Lord—keep it holy"? Too powerless to reach the deadened conscience of a youth *raised for society, fed with society, wedded to society, and killed by society.* May the day not come when a modern Diogenes, lantern in hand, will walk through the daylight streets of our great centres of social culture seeking for the truly Christian home!

Our young Catholic womanhood have a noble and great task before them by becoming in their lives and deeds the expounders of a true living, centred in the Christian-cultured home, emanating from the same, and controlled and controlling all associating elements through its influence.

They must be of the world, have a hand in its good works, its noble purposes, its progress and worth; but into these walks let them take the purity, faith, and strength of their best ideals.

As the bards of old went from castle gate to castle gate, knocking for admittance with the sounds of gentle poetry and noble music, let our young Catholic women go from heart to heart in the great world of life, and, touching *only* such chords as will waken lofty strains and heavenly melodies, gladden the stranger within the halls, silence the scoffer and moral satirist, win the wanderer from the cheerless highway, and prove to watching generations that *a Christian home influence, a Christian training, and real Christian culture* are synonymous with a true manhood and a true womanhood.

HELENA T. GOESSMANN.

*Amherst, Mass.*

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# A RECENT CONVERT'S PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

## II.

N the morning of Saturday, February 18, the English pilgrims awoke to find themselves in Rome. It seemed like the work of a fairy godmother. To be borne into the city in the middle of a dark night and hurried through the gloom to one's hotel, where in the shortest possible time the wearied traveller forgot the fatigue of a whole day's railway journey in the oblivion of a sound sleep, and then to open one's eyes to the bright sunlight of a Roman morning, and wander out to gaze upon streets and buildings and historic sites full of a multitude of associations that carry one far and away from this modern world—it was like a childhood's dream when the delighted dreamer finds himself amongst the scenes and personages of a favorite fairy tale which has suddenly become real. Rome appeals to all minds. Whether one be a lover of antiquarian research, of historical study, of painting, sculpture, or architecture, or of the picturesque effects to be seen in an old-world capital, he will find Rome fascinating. But for the Catholic who, in addition to all these things, understands and loves religious Rome, with its centuries of associations as the centre of the Christian world, its connection with the persecutions and triumphs of the church from the days of the catacombs to those of Leo XIII., with its very dust hallowed by the blood and marked by the foot-prints of saints from the Apostles Peter and Paul down to St. Leo, St. Gregory, and St. Augustine, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Philip Neri, and countless others,—for the Catholic, Rome has the power to stir a solemn emotion which none other can feel.

The first day in Rome was begun by Mass in the Borghese chapel of the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, the largest church in the world dedicated to the Blessed Mother. During Mass the pilgrims sang with great devotional effect the Litany of Loretto and a number of hymns in English. After Mass Cardinal Vaughan gave the pilgrims an interesting address upon the great church in which they were assembled and the relics which it contains.

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ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

A stranger from the north, whose ideal of religious architecture is the Gothic, finds much that at first seems odd and unusual about the churches of Rome. The exteriors, as a rule, are very plain, while all the lavish beauty is within. There is scarcely a trace of Gothic to be found and only a very little stained glass. Even in St. Peter's the windows are simply for purposes of light and are filled with plain glass. But one does not notice or think of the windows, for the magnificent beauty and richness of the mosaics, sculpture and paintings, the carving, jewels, and costly shrines, chain the attention and more than compensate for the absence of pictured glass. One fine campanile of a Roman church has been copied exactly in New York, and is acknowledged to be one of the greatest ornaments of the city. Why should not the experiment be carried further? A most striking and beautiful result might be attained if some large Catholic parish about to erect a new church should eschew the debased carpenter's or master-mason's Gothic so much in vogue, and build a great edifice in the Roman style. If constructed of the buff brick so much in favor at present, it might have the exterior façade decorated with mosaics, with the result of producing the same brilliant and artistic color-effects to be seen in Rome. The rest of Saturday, after securing tickets for the great function of the next day, was spent in visiting certain favorite shrines and churches, and in presenting some letters of introduction with which most Catholics who visit Rome are armed. We had the privilege of seeing the famous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor in the Redemptorist Church, and of meeting in the college adjoining the venerable Father Rector, F. Douglas, C.SS.R., who bears a most marvellous personal resemblance to St. Alphonsus.

THE JUBILEE MASS IN ST. PETER'S.

It seemed over-cautious advice to be told to be at St. Peter's by five o'clock, if possible, for a service appointed to begin at nine. But, as a matter of fact, crowds began to gather in the piazza on Sunday morning as early as four o'clock. At six the doors were opened, and from that time until half-past eight an ever-increasing stream of humanity poured into the great edifice until sixty thousand persons had found place within. Then the doors were shut, a half-hour before the appointed time. A rumor had spread that some atheistic students from one of the

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state colleges had formed a plan to enter St. Peter's and endeavor to interrupt the ceremonies by raising a disturbance and panic amidst the vast concourse of people. The appearance of several forged tickets seemed to confirm the rumor, and as a precaution the doors were shut. Unfortunately this resulted in barring out some four or five thousand pilgrims, including a few English who arrived a little late.

As is customary on great occasions, the interior of St. Peter's was draped with red. To some it seems like gilding the lily to cover up beautiful marble with temporary red hangings. But this at least can be said: the decorations were not mean or flimsy. Rich crimson brocade bordered with real gold-woven lace—not tinsel—was used. The high altar had many tall wax lights, and immense bouquets of natural flowers were about it and the Confession of St. Peter in front. A wide alley-way was kept down the centre of the church by the Palatine Guard, through which the procession of the Holy Father was to come. Five ambulances, with Sisters of Charity attached to each, were established in different parts of the church, in order that any persons who became ill during the ceremony might promptly be cared for. There were a few tiers of temporary wooden seats by the high altar. These were occupied by the diplomatic corps and persons of distinction. But all the rest of the great congregation stood. If it was somewhat trying and wearisome to be on one's feet for three or four hours in the midst of a seething, restless crowd, all was forgotten when the ceremonies at last began.

Cardinal Vaughan.



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THE ENTRANCE OF THE POPE.

At a quarter to ten the notes from a bugle band stationed in a window above the *atrium* announced the entrance of the Holy Father. No sooner did the people catch sight of the Pope than a most extraordinary scene ensued. There came at once a spontaneous outburst of feeling which it would have been impossible to repress. A vociferous cheering, that was almost deafening as it rolled from one end of the building to the other, burst forth from sixty thousand throats. Handkerchiefs were waved, and the voices seemed never to tire until the procession reached the high altar and Mass began. Then all was stillness and attention. At any other time such a scene in a place of religious worship might have seemed out of keeping with our ideas of reverence. But it was the only way in which that vast multitude could show outwardly its love and sympathy for the Holy Father who is the Supreme Pastor of the faithful; cold silence would have been impossible. Even the less emotional English were stirred with the enthusiasm of the occasion, and were not behind their Italian brethren in the faith in swelling the volume of sound. "*Viva il Papa*," "Long live the Pope!" went up in one prolonged roar. His Holiness, preceded by Swiss guards, choristers, cardinals, and the Pontifical court, was borne slowly up the church in the "*Sedia Gestatoria*," blessing the people as he went. While the Pope said a low Mass the choir sang several anthems composed for the occasion. In the *Domine salvum fac* there was an answering chorus sung by one hundred and fifty children from the Christian schools in Rome. They were placed in the gallery of the great dome two hundred feet above the pavement of the church, and their voices seemed like the voices of angels floating down. At the elevation of the Host a marvellous stillness reigned, while every head was bowed (for the dense crowd made kneeling impossible) and the clear, liquid notes of the silver trumpets, only heard on rare occasions like this, came from the dome in a long, low melody of inexpressible sweetness. At the end of the Mass the *Te Deum* was sung to a Gregorian tone by the choir and the vast congregation. The latter took the alternate verses and *kept time*. It was one of the most impressive features of the whole ceremony. Even the Italian peasants from the country seemed all to know by heart the Latin words of that great hymn. To conclude all, the Holy Father, from a position near the statue of St. Peter, gave the solemn Papal Benediction "*Urbi et orbi*." On emerging from

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St. Peter's a wonderful sight met the view. The whole piazza —the largest of its kind in the world—was one dense mass of human beings. Apparently all Rome had crossed the Tiber and gathered at St. Peter's. In the afternoon Cardinal Vaughan gave Benediction in St. George's Church, the chapel of the convent of the English nuns in the Via San Sebastiano, and afterward held an informal reception in the parlors of the convent adjoining. At night the city was illuminated and the streets were thronged. Some of the illuminations on private palaces and other buildings, notably that on the Belgian College, were very striking and beautiful. St. Peter's itself was illuminated—for the first time since 1870. According to an ancient custom, the palaces of ambassadors accredited to the Holy See were illuminated with immense wax candles, two in each window.

### PROGRAMME OF A WEEK.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, to whose kindness and forethought the pilgrims owed it that they were able to accomplish so much during their short stay in Rome, had arranged a programme for the following week by which each day was begun with Mass at some famous church, after which attention was called to any interesting facts not likely to be generally known in the history of the church or the saint to whom it was dedicated. Any relics which the church contained were then exposed for veneration. These Masses were celebrated especially for the conversion of England, as well as for the other intentions of the pilgrims. On Monday, Cardinal Vaughan celebrated in St. Peter's at the altar of St. Gregory the Great, the Apostle of England, and over the body of that saint. After Mass a procession was formed, consisting of about two thousand persons, which moved from altar to altar singing hymns and litanies. At the "Confession" of St. Peter, where his relics are, all joined devoutly in special prayers for England.

The next day, in the Gesù, the Holy Sacrifice was offered at the altar of St. Francis Xavier, where a part of his body brought from Goa now rests. A great number of pilgrims received Holy Communion from the cardinal. On Wednesday, at the Oratorian Church (called still in Rome the "Chiesa Nuova") and over the body of St. Philip Neri; on Thursday, at the Church of St. Ignatius, over the body of St. Aloysius; on Friday, at Santa Maria sopra Minerva, under the high altar of which is the body of St. Catherine of Siena, Mass was celebrated for us. It was a great privilege, also, to be allowed to visit

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the different rooms and chambers once occupied respectively by St. Philip, St. Aloysius, St. Catherine, and St. Ignatius, where one can see some of the very furniture and articles of common use familiar to the eyes of those saints in lifetime. The sight of these simple material things which great saints handled and had about them is an inspiration. After all, it is not of angels but of weak human beings like ourselves that God has made his highest saints. Who of us has not the privilege of aiming at the same perfection, or a chance of reaching it? We began our day on Saturday at San Pietro in Vincoli, where the chain of St. Peter is preserved, and on Sunday we attended Mass at San Silvestro in Capite, the church which the Holy Father has given for the use of English-speaking Catholics in Rome. It is a beautiful little church, approached through a court-yard brightened by the green of palm-trees and the flash of a little fountain. It is served by English priests, and the frequent sermons in English draw hundreds, not only of Catholics but of English and American Protestants residing in Rome. Father Rivington, a convert and formerly a member of the Cowley Brotherhood in the Anglican Church, preached a course of sermons on Sunday afternoons during the winter. Many Protestants, attracted by his great eloquence, went regularly to hear him, and the church was always crowded.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

"ROMAN SUPERSTITION."

A frequent remark made to one who has begun to see the weakness and uncertainty of Protestantism and to be attracted toward the Catholic Church is this: "If you could only go to

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*Rome* and see the superstition to be found there, you would be cured!" Sometimes it is put in this form: "If you could only see what *I* have seen in Rome, you would be satisfied where you are!" There are two different impressions brought back from Rome by those who visit it. Some who go to spy out the land bring back an evil report to their friends and neighbors. On the other hand, devout Catholics who are just as intelligent and well-informed come back enthusiastic and thanking God for the great privilege they have enjoyed. Which impression is the correct one?

## TWO ROMES.

In the first place, a very true thing was said by Father Faber in one of his letters while he was still a Protestant: "Now that I have been to Rome I do not wonder at the contradictory accounts given of the mighty capital of Christendom. There are two separate Romes: the Rome of the English, exclusive, frivolous, ignorant, surrounded with *valets de place*, who think to please Protestants by inventing scandals of the pope or amours of the cardinals or priests; eating ices, subscribing to reading-rooms, buying cameos, examining artists' studios, coursing over picture-galleries, reading the last novel, going to Mass to hear the music, 'not discerning the Lord's body.' This is one Rome. The other is made up of residents, native or foreign, quiet cardinals, humble Jesuits, unobtrusive monks, pious scholars, kind-hearted, simple-mannered, erudite—full of interest of all kinds—the existence of which second Rome ninety-nine out of a hundred of the English tourists no more suspect than that of a secret club at Ispahan. Of sin there is perhaps neither more nor less than in any other great capital, and a considerable increase of it pious men of different persuasions agree in referring to the increase of English, French, and American tourists. As in the church itself, so in Rome, there is quite enough evil to hide the good from the unsympathizing, uncandid, or unobservant. I find much, very much both to love and revere." God does not force the human will nor compel virtue. Even under a true religion there must be individuals who exercise their free will to choose moral evil. "It must needs be that offences come." One of the greatest obstacles of missionary effort in heathen lands is the presence there of men from Christian countries who are of evil and scandalous lives. With such apparent examples before them of the result of the religion, intelligent heathen often refuse to listen to Christian teaching. Nominal

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Catholics who live lives contrary to Catholic teaching put stumbling-blocks in the way of those seeking the truth, and have much to answer for.

But there are many who are quite above mere scandal-hunting, who try to get some idea of religious Rome, and who return to their homes to talk of "Roman superstition." Do they get a true view of things? Is there superstition in Rome sanctioned by the church which must be regretted or apologized for? This brings us to the fundamental question, WHAT IS SUPERSTITION? An ultra Protestant, who neither understands nor believes the Catholic faith, would see superstition anywhere in the Catholic Church. He only sees a little more of the same thing in Rome. Not understanding fully the meaning of the Incarnation, such a person rejects certain logical corollaries of that great truth—as the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the invocation of saints, and the veneration of relics. He could find those things anywhere in the Catholic Church, of course, but ordinarily he comes little in contact with Catholics. In Rome all these distinctive beliefs and practices are forced upon his attention at every step.

A Catholic who realizes what it means that Christ took human flesh, that he rose and ascended into heaven with a real human body and the same body which he had before his crucifixion; that these very bodies which we have now are to be raised and, reunited to our souls, are to reign for ever in glory; that Christ's body is the medium through which flow to us graces from the divine nature with which it is indissolubly connected; that our bodies are made members of Christ's body by baptism, and are to be kept in purity and treated with reverence on that account, and because worthy of being called "temples of the Holy Ghost"—a Catholic finds it perfectly easy and natural to honor the saints who share the incarnate life of Christ and are reigning with him; to understand that their sacred bodies and relics deserve veneration and may often be the medium of supernatural gifts; to understand, indeed, the whole principle of the hallowing of material things for spiritual ends—*i.e.*, that matter is not inherently evil, as the Manicheans said, but (to quote Cardinal Newman) "susceptible of grace, or capable of a union with a Divine Presence and influence." A Catholic has no feeling of repugnance or surprise at the evidence that God has by his almighty power wrought miracles amongst his people in our own days. But all these things are roughly classed together as "superstition" by the Protestant. It is a patent fact

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that except in the Catholic Church the sense of the nearness of the supernatural has departed out of modern life.

There is a pregnant sentence of Father Hewit's which is worthy of much meditation: "Protestantism is but an arrested Rationalism." Many earnest Protestants fail to see that they are making common cause with the rationalist and the unbeliever. If it is necessarily superstitious to venerate relics and to believe that miracles may be wrought through them, then why is not the Bible story of the dead man restored to life by touching the relics—*i.e.*, bones—of the prophet Elisha superstitious also? Some years ago a Congregational minister was in Rome. He scoffed at the accounts of miracles that had lately occurred at the tomb of a saint. He was challenged to investigate the evidence. He did so, and he finally returned to his Massachusetts home no longer a Protestant minister but a Catholic priest. The arguments by which Protestants try to disprove or discredit modern miracles in the Catholic Church would, if successful, destroy the credibility of the Gospel miracles as well. Many men of intellectual acumen, both believers and unbelievers, have already pointed out this fact. The miracles at Lourdes, *e.g.*, are so simply incontestable that an atheistic physician from Paris and a Protestant divine from America both acknowledge in published works that, to whatever power these things may be due, at least they are veritable facts. The Catholic attitude is not an absolutely credulous and uncritical one. Good and conclusive evidence must be furnished before reputed miracles are endorsed by authority as genuine. But the Catholic attitude is that such things are *possible at any time*, and the Catholic is not at all surprised when they occur.

Those who are willing to believe in the Gospel miracles because they are far removed by the vagueness and mist of a distant age, but recoil from the near approach of the supernatural in the life of to-day, may quite naturally find what they call "superstition" in Rome. The question is, Had they lived in the Gospel times on which side would they have been—with those who received with joy the signs and wonders wrought by Christ and his Apostles, or with the unbelieving Jews? It is noticeable that, in spite of his desire to call himself Catholic, the average High-Church Anglican betrays his essential oneness with the bolder forms of Protestantism by his scoffing at modern miracles and the veneration of relics.

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PROTESTANT MISTAKES.

Again, many mistaken accounts of Rome come from the inability of Protestants to *understand* a great deal that they see. To hear some tourists talk of what they saw in Rome reminds one forcibly of the story of the woman who was being taken about a European cathedral, and who finally interrupted the attendant in the midst of an elaborate description by saying, "But what are *you?*" "I am a verger, madam." "Oh! I didn't know but you might be the triforium or the nave or some of those things!"

Some suppose that the authenticity of all relics preserved at Rome is a part of the Catholic faith. They do not understand that the Catholic readily admits varying degrees of authenticity. Some relics are clearly and incontestably what they are claimed to be. Some have less evidence. The history of others goes back into the uncertainty of a vague tradition. The Catholic in the case of relics long venerated and held in esteem gives the benefit of the doubt to faith, and is inclined to admit the traditional genuineness in the absence of any evidence to the contrary. But at the same time when that evidence comes he has no hesitation in accepting it frankly. For example, Cardinal Vaughan in speaking to the pilgrims of a picture of the Virgin in the Borghese Chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, traditionally supposed for a long time to have been painted by St. Luke, said that evidence had now brought to light the fact that the painting was done in the fifth or sixth century, and that consequently it was a mistake to attribute it to St. Luke. Nevertheless, he added, that does not alter the fact that the picture has long been venerated, that many prayers have been granted to those who prayed before it, and that, therefore, it should be held in veneration still. Visitors to Rome, then, should remember that the authenticity of relics is not *de fide.*

Many misunderstand what they see of popular devotions. A few years ago a canon of the Established Church in England, who was one of the acknowledged leaders of the High-Church party, was making a visit to Rome. On a certain feast of Our Lady he went into a church and watched the people who were in devout prayer before a much-thought-of statue of the Virgin Mother, which was surrounded with flowers and lights. On coming away he met an English Catholic priest whom he knew. "I am sure," said the canon, "from what I have seen that those people think there is some divinity in that statue itself."

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"Let us test it," said the priest. "Stand at the door, and when some of the more devout worshippers come away, ask them." The first who came was a working-man. He was highly indignant at the question, and wanted to know how it was that they understood so little of the Christian religion as not to know the proper distinction. Several others were questioned with similar results until the canon acknowledged himself mistaken. But if he had not happened to meet that priest as he came away, the worthy man would doubtless have gone back to England and have told from that day to this of "the superstition which I saw with my own eyes in Rome!"

Very great mistakes are made about the state of practical religion. It is not unusual to see in print a letter from Rome, in which the Protestant writer assures his readers that "religion is practically dead in Italy," and that "the churches are deserted." More inaccurate statements could scarcely be made. An English gentleman who has resided much in Rome, and has carefully investigated the matter, assured the present writer that he could show him between thirty and forty thousand people at the early Masses in the Roman churches on any ordinary week-day morning. The Salesians, an order of mission priests, found one of the newer parts of Rome insufficiently supplied with parochial ministrations. They commenced work there, and have built a magnificent great church dedicated to the Sacred Heart. It is crowded to overflowing with devout worshippers, and the whole tone of that neighborhood has been changed. In Turin the writer and a Catholic friend made a tour of personal investigation one week-day morning. A start was made at five o'clock, and the first visit was to the Oratorian Church. There we saw several large congregations succeed each other at different Masses, and great numbers of people receiving Holy Communion. The next church we reached about half-past six. It was full to the doors, and the whole congregation was singing the *Miserere* kneeling. Another church directly across the street was full also. But by the time the ordinary English or American tourist reaches these churches—at nine or ten o'clock—most of the people have gone. Protestants often fail to understand, also, that by the custom of the country the majority of the people on Sundays also are wont to go to the early Masses. The tourist may see but a handful at High Mass, and yet the church may have been filled several times over in the first morning hours. Sodalities and different associations for devout Catholics flourish. In Rome the Circolo

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di San Pietro, a society for men much like the St. Vincent de Paul societies, does a great work.

PROTESTANTS OF LONG RESIDENCE IN ROME BECOME CONVERTS.

One significant fact worthy of notice is this: that many Protestants who reside long in Rome become converts. They get over the hasty and superficial impressions of the Catholic religion which the non-Catholic tourist is apt to carry away with him, and begin to see beneath the surface. One prejudice after another disappears, until at last the sincere seeker for truth applies for admission to the Holy Catholic Church. The writer met an American lady who was spending her second winter in Rome. She scouted the idea of ever becoming a Catholic, but having found so many of her first ideas about the Catholic religion to be wrong ones, she began to read and investigate. She has since been received into the church, and is very happy.

In answer, then, to the questions so often asked this may be confidently affirmed: one who *understands and believes* the Catholic faith will find no superstition sanctioned by authority in Rome. He will find great faith and devotion, and many holy shrines and spiritual privileges which more than repay a pilgrimage. Of course there is a certain amount of unauthorized superstition amongst the simple and uneducated, there as everywhere else. It is said that in rural England there are many old women who hold the belief that to be confirmed every year is "good for the rheumatics." But no one holds the Church of England responsible for the notion. There are plenty of popular superstitions in Scotland and New England which we do not lay at the door of Calvinism. So, also, whatever superstition may be found in Rome is simply of that universal and ineradicable kind inherent in human nature, which the church is in no way responsible for. Surely if there is any superstition to be found in Rome a Catholic pilgrim has a better chance of seeing it all than any Protestant ever can.

Interesting visits were made to the basilica of St. Paul's Without-the-Walls, which has the most magnificent interior in the world, richer than St. Peter's; to the Tre Fontane, where St. Paul was beheaded, and to San Lorenzo, a most interesting type of an ancient basilica and containing in its crypt the body of Pius IX. That celebrated pontiff is buried under a very simple white marble sarcophagus, having left directions in his will that not more than two hundred dollars should be spent upon his tomb. The different national colleges for the education of priests

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attracted many visitors. We had the pleasure of meeting Monsignor O'Connell, Rector of the American College, who is very popular in Rome. Three different receptions were given to the pilgrims: one by the Duke of Norfolk, another by Cardinal Vaughan, and the third by the Circolo di San Pietro. An imposing function was the singing of a jubilee "Te Deum" by the Papal choir in the presence of the College of Cardinals at St. John Lateran. Another interesting ceremony was the taking possession of his titular church of San Gregorio by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. The cardinal preached in English upon the life of St. Gregory, who from that very spot sent St. Augustine to England.

### THE AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE.

The last and crowning event was our audience with the Pope. The Holy Father makes a wonderful impression on all who see him, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. His gentle manner and saintly appearance, his evident pleasure at the enthusiastic attachment displayed by his spiritual children, the character displayed in his animated and expressive countenance, all combine to give one the feeling of being in the presence of an unusual personality. Nearly all the pilgrims had the privilege of kissing the Holy Father's hand, and many he addressed individually. To each pilgrim was given a medal commemorating the Jubilee. The next morning we left Rome, and there were few, if any, who did not feel like Solomon's royal visitor, that the half had not been told them. We left with a deep conviction of the truth of what Cardinal Vaughan had said to us on our first morning: "If there be a place that can be called a 'Holy City,' then Rome is that city."

Jesse Albert Locke.

*New York.*

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MARGARET M. HALVEY.

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL. LILY ALICE TOOMY.

ALICE TIMMONS TOOMY. ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

SOME OF THE DELEGATES TO THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

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# THE WOMAN QUESTION AMONG CATHOLICS.

## *A ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE.*

ALICE TIMMONS TOOMY—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY—
KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

ALL the portents of the time point to a future when for many customs, laws, and practices prescriptive now there will be no distinction between the sexes. Pushing legislative obstacles aside, the mass of women in this country sweep on in social revolution, somewhat like the tide in its movement, not altogether silently yet without clamor; gently, yet with the conscious force of a mighty impulsion. He who would reverse the part of Canute and bid this advancing wave go no further than his will, would show himself a poor student of history. There must have been some solid basis of foundation for the ancient Greek myth of the Amazons and their *raison d'être:* a state of things may have arisen in some archaic commonwealth or kingdom when the woman proved herself "the better man," and took all the privileges out of weak man's usurping hands; and as in nature experience is constantly repeating itself, so in human history. Though the foundations upon which the framework of our political structure rests seem proof against reactionary assaults, we must not be fatuous in our reliance upon their stability. It is not impossible to conceive that the time may come when a feminine hand may hold even the helm of state.

This proposition may be startling, yet it is one that ought to be faced. Other states that felt as deep-seated as we have had to bow even to this inevitable. But with these there was the difference that the advent of a woman to the kingly or imperial throne was the result of a dynastic exigency; in the case of a lady president of the American Republic, it must be the outcome of a constitutional revolution; and we would be simpletons to shut our eyes to the fact that the present tendency of things does not preclude such a possibility. The social revolution which has been going on during the past quarter of a century has been, perhaps, making smooth the way for a greater one still. When we find women pleading in the law courts, there cannot be much

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astonishment at finding them on the rostrum. And once on the rostrum, what is to prevent them from invading the presidential chair? The terms of the Constitution, some will answer. But this defence is swept away by the retort that the Constitution was of man's making, and what man could make, man, with woman to help, can unmake.

It is not likely that in our era, or perhaps in any other, such a state of things may arise; but it is not impossible, and the fact ought to be seriously faced and soberly discussed. The question, Are women as fitted for political power and for the

MISS MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

ruling of the state as men? is not unworthy of attention. Unfortunately, it is not one easy of answer, for the history of the world, since it came to be written, does not furnish us with any analogues. The fact that we have had a Zenobia, an Empress Irene, a Catherine, a Maria Theresa, does not give us any light to a conclusion. They were exceptional women, and they had men for counsellors. A lady president, with a feminine cabinet, would raise up a new condition of things, whether for good or evil, in our national and international polity. We have at present women claimants for perfect political equality with men; and all who discuss the momentous question of the propriety or

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impropriety of conceding this claim ought to think it out altogether, so far as they are able, irrespective of the consideration of sex. The world is made up of men and women; and whatever is best for the common interest of both is the one great perpetual principle of human polity. It is upon this basis, then, from a high ethical point of view, the question should be considered.

But whilst this, the most interesting problem of the near future, probably, is ripening to maturity, the world cannot stand still. New social conditions are being constantly evolved from its changing circumstances; its moral needs are as constant and as pressing as its physical necessities. Avenues of life are now being opened up to women which a few years ago were never dreamed of. The avocations which are available to them now number thousands where a generation back they did not number ten. Thus multitudes of women are withdrawn from home life.

Hitherto the machinery of eleemosynary and educational work was largely aided by the womankind of the various households; these for the most part are now drawn away by the studio, the school, the warehouse, the office, and the factory. The amelioration in the position of women is one of the most signal and most gratifying marks of our age; but its effect has been to throw a greater amount of responsibility upon what may be called our reserves. Whilst the trained levies are out on the battle-field, the reserves must take their places in garrison duty. Within the Catholic Church there is a vast body of these reserves. We have indeed an *embarras des richesses;* our difficulty is how and where to utilize them. We have not only the regular army of professed religious, but a vastly more numerous unenrolled army of lay women, all eager to help in beneficent work, but all without orders and all ignorant of the plan of battle. The Congress of Catholic Women shows this; but it shows more. It shows that within the camp itself two schools of strategists exist. The policy of the one is what we may call the aggressive; of the other what may be described as masterly inactivity abroad, a strong stirring up of the dormant energies at home. There is nothing wonderful in the existence of such a dissonance. It is not man's privilege alone to differ with his fellow; but he may reasonably look to the gentler sex for a rule in the composing of discords over a question in which the general welfare is the common object in view.

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DELEGATES TO THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

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The present question is not what part has woman in what has hitherto been regarded as man's sphere, but what part she ought to take in what is pre-eminently her own. That that sphere is large enough for all her present ambitions, her most thoughtful advocates will allow. There are countless ways in which she can exercise an influence towards the amelioration of evils common to all; there are infinitely more in which she can root up and destroy those peculiar to her own garden—the noxious weeds of pernicious custom and inveterate prejudice. Here is a field where women have room as wide as a prairie, and in some respects as savage-wild.

The world rough-hews the work: it is for the hands of woman to shape much, very much of it. And therein nature has shown her wisdom in the selection—or rather God has so ordained it—in that to woman is given the quicker sympathy, the more enduring patience, the readier mind to work out problems of ways and means, and adjust apparently irreconcilable conditions in deft and subtle ways. To her has been given a sort of sleight-of-hand in the smoothing of difficulties which has been denied to man; and she may console herself with this assurance, that, however the conflict for power fare between herself and him, man never will seek to invade that domain of beneficence which has been marked out by divine decree as woman's ground in the moral order. For our part we think there need be no conflict whatever between women themselves over this subject. The rules of discussion which prevail with men will prevail, in the end, with women.

What need to split hairs over points of detail when there is an entire concurrence as to the end? In every city, every town, every hamlet, every parish, there is abundance of work to do, and why waste the precious time in warfare over the methods of doing it? Earnest minds are not wanting, and on the earnest minds the task of outlining the plan of battle must, in the course of things, devolve. A beginning must be made; and to this end we have taken some steps to smooth the way, by way of preliminary. We have opened what we may call a Round Table Conference of representative women from either camp, and we hasten to present the views of a few, uncurtailed and unconfined by anything save a consideration for the space at our disposal. The ladies who have favored us are Mrs. Toomy, Miss Katherine E. Conway, and Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly.

It is needless for us to say anything on their claims to speak upon any subject touching the status and interests of woman-



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kind, or society at large for that matter, for they have long since established their own right to be heard.

We make no comment of our own upon these various pronouncements. There may be other claimants for a hearing before anything practical is done; and possibly there may be no need for our opening our lips at all in the discussion. The words of the Divine Master ought to be a sufficient guide for man and woman; his example is there to fortify us in cases of doubt. His tenderness spurned all conventionality; he hesitated not to brush robes against the sinner when there was a good work to be done; he made the Sabbath-law elastic when charity called him to succor the afflicted. His love for the children knew nor sex nor race; all were his. We need do no more than consider what he said and did, and act upon the same principles in every difficulty which arises. For the larger question which the more loud-voiced raise, the time has not yet come to speak—may not come for many moons of years—mayhap, in fuller knowledge of the truth of things, may pass away without demanding any answer. When our eyes are wider opened all may know that

> "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
> Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time
> Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
> Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
> Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
> Distinct in individualities,
> But like each other even as those who love.
> Then comes the statelier Eden back to men."

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## THERE IS A PUBLIC SPHERE FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN.

ALICE TIMMONS TOOMY.

THE Catholic Women's Congress held in Chicago, May 18, gave an outline sketch of the work of Catholic women, beginning with a paper on "The Elevation of Womanhood through the Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," and closing with the life-work of Margaret Haughery, of New Orleans, the

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only woman in America to whom the public have raised a statue.

The enthusiasm awakened by this congress drew a large body of Catholic women together, who organized a National League for work on the lines of education, philanthropy, and "the home and its needs"—education to promote the spread of Catholic truth and reading circles, etc.; philanthropy to include temperance, the formation of day nurseries and free kindergartens, protective and employment agencies for women, and clubs and homes for working-girls; the "home and its needs" to comprehend the solution of the domestic service question, as well as plans to unite the interests and tastes of the different members of the family. Each active member of the league registers under some one branch of work according to her special attraction. The underlying idea of the league is that Catholic women realize that there is a duty devolving on them to help the needy on lines which our religious cannot reach, even were they not already so sadly overworked. Tens of thousands of our ablest Catholic women are working with the W. C. T. U. and other non-Catholic philanthropies, because they find no organization in their own church as a field for their activities. Every Catholic woman who has had much association outside the church is frequently met with the question, Why don't you Catholics take care of your own poor, and not leave so much work for other churches to do for you? The truth is that ours is the church of the poor, and manifold as is the charity work of the religious and the benevolent societies, a vast amount has to go undone because there is no one to attend to it. It seems safe to compute that fully one-half our church members are among the needy, one-tenth of our members are wealthy, and the remaining forty per cent. are well to do. The occupations of the very wealthy seem so all-engrossing that the care of the needy seems to fall naturally on the well-to-do, who are happily not so far removed from the poor in condition as to be insensible to their wants. Mankind has repeated the "Our Father" for well-nigh two thousand years, and yet the great body of humanity seems only now waking up to the fact that "*our* Father" implies a common brotherhood; that "no man liveth to himself alone"; that we are our brothers' keepers. Surely then, in the face of these great facts, it can only be through misapprehension of terms that the question is asked "Is there a public sphere for Catholic women?" As well ask "Is there a public sphere for the religious?" since who is so public as the man or woman who

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gives his whole life, with all its powers, for the good of humanity? It cannot be that the estimate of the Catholic woman is so poor that it is supposed that her love of home, her sense of duty and womanly instincts will suffer by her taking counsel with a body of women for a few hours every week as to the best methods of improving the condition of her fellow-women? Catholic women enter into the gaieties, and even the follies, of society. Many lose more money and time for dress and fashion than would be consumed by works of philanthropy. Yet no alarm seems to be taken as to the danger to womanliness in this sphere!

Almost every subject of practical utility to humanity has been set for discussion during the Chicago congresses. Already many vital questions of morals and progress have been ably considered by experts. Many of those experts have been women, and even some of these women were Catholics. Can any one doubt that the church and the world have gained by their success? Is not every good thought crystallized into a plan of action—a fresh guidance in well-doing?

However wise or pious a woman may be, she meets with daily problems for which no literature offers solution, but from which the light of other women's experience may clear away the difficulty. The great power of the age is organization, and nowhere is it more needed than among Catholic women, whose consciences and hearts are so keenly alive to evils that individuals find themselves powerless to overcome. The proof that the Catholic Women's League is needed is shown by the daily applications for affiliation, and for an organizer to go to other cities and establish branches.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr, ever zealous in good works, writes of the "Catholic Women's National League": "This compassionate work, to which woman seems called by her very nature, if left to individuals is likely to be desultory; its continuity depending upon family and personal circumstances; whereas an organization takes the work along through summer and winter, sickness and health, convenience and inconvenience, the one who has dropped out of line under some pressure of necessity takes up work again, with a feeling of gratitude that all has been going on well in spite of her shortcomings. Our educational charities providing Catholic instruction for our veriest little ones, by taking them from under the feet of laboring mothers in their small rooms and giving them an intelligent use of their hands, so as to prepare them for industrial occupations in

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every grade for which they may prove to have a capacity—these free kindergartens become nurseries for good mechanics and citizens, for skilled needle-women of all kinds, with whom a taste for beautiful forms and harmonious colors may be a fortune; in every case raising the grade of labor by the superior intelligence with which it is pursued. The mercifulness of these day nurseries is only appreciated by those who realize what it is for a poor mother to leave her unweaned babe all day in the care of her other mere infants, in order to eke out the father's wages in behalf of their increasing family. The day nursery takes care of her baby; the kindergarten gives occupation to her restless boys and girls; and after a hard day's work she returns with a heart and step lightened by finding her children fresher and sweeter for the kindly influences around them all day." Then, again, providing homes for Catholic self-supporting girls has immense importance. In the midst of a life necessarily cut loose from family and friends, this home preserves a Catholic atmosphere—Catholic habits and traditions, establishing a standard of Catholic opinion on all matters instead of a worldly one. One word for our name, "National League." Thus named because we live under the rule of a league of grand States, and under such rule hand should touch hand, shoulder touch shoulder, from Maine to Louisiana, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; thus adding to the natural force of individual activity a momentum which will be equal, we trust, to the ever-increasing demands upon our sympathies; while upon occasion we shall be found to possess a standing army ready to throw itself into the work suggested by any emergency. Volumes might be written to show the true relation of Catholic women to humanity; but surely enough has been said to answer the question, "Is there a Public Sphere for Catholic Women?"

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## THE HOME IS WOMAN'S SPHERE.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

WHEN, to the query "What is the greatest need of France?" the first Napoleon answered, "MOTHERS!" he voiced the most imperative need of all ages, all nations; and of none more than our own.

It was an Indian tradition that the world rested on the back

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of a giant tortoise—the creature that always carries its home with it. By analogy, the world rests upon the Christian mother. Society, the commonwealth, the church are based upon the tortoise-like keeper of her own home.

Woman's true sphere is the domestic one. God made her to be the queen of home. When she is driven out of it by a resultant of forces, she is in a state of violence, her life is out of joint.

Man's days are spent in toil and struggle in the outer world. He sees little of his children—can give but a few hours of his bread-winning time to their training and development.

The good mother is always with them. Her influence is all-pervading. Be she as rich or as largely retinued as Sheba's queen, she cannot, she dare not, shift her responsibilities to the shoulders of others. Even when her little ones are in the daily care of good religious, she is bound to look to their instruction, to the formation of their characters.

The vexed question of Catholic education finds its best solution at the fireside. The intellect and heart of the Catholic child must be opened, moulded, developed by God's first of teachers, first of preachers, at the altar of the hearthstone.

What work accomplished by gifted women in art, literature, science, or statecraft can compare with the moulding of a single childish character, with the gospel of salvation engraven upon a single childish soul?

Exceptional women have been born to exceptional vocations. Females of masculine minds, of almost masculine *physique*, have ruled nations and controlled epochs. Deborah, Judith, and Esther, in the Old Law; Catherine of Siena, Joan of Arc, and Isabella of Spain, in the New, were called to extraordinary missions—to be the saviours of their people, to be the guides and counsellors of sages, saints, and kings. But the exceptions only prove the rule.

Charlotte Corday cannot pose as Judith of Bethulia; nor the witch-wife of Salem as the martyred Maid of Orleans.

The average woman can have but one mission, one kingdom —that of home.

Rich or poor, married or single, gifted or giftless, she can have but one model—the VIRGIN OF VIRGINS, Mary the wife of Joseph, Mary the Mother of Jesus.

From the immaculate source that produced the incarnate God have flowed all graces, rights, and privileges to Christian women; and the stream cannot rise higher than its source.

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Mary was the most gifted, as well as the most blessed, of women.

Her intellect was never wounded by original sin. She had all the wisdom of sinless Eve, with the splendid superadded lights of her own personality, her own peculiar office.

Her mind was the broadest, deepest, highest, the clearest, keenest, and brightest of all created minds, save that of Christ Jesus our Lord. It was the *Mirror of Justice* reflecting with brilliant fidelity the peerless Mind of the Godhead.

Her *Magnificat* proves her the first of Christian poets, the wisest of Christian seers. Yet she sang her prophetic song but once, and then only in the privacy of Zachary's home—then only to glorify her God and abase his little handmaiden. The best years of her life were passed in the simple, humble duties of her Nazarene home. She swept the house, she spun and mended, cooked, washed, and carried water from the well. And when her tasks were done she listened silently to the voice of her Beloved, and kept all his words, "pondering them in her heart."

"But" (may be urged) "Mary was a Jewess; the traditions and usances of her people forbade her to take part in public affairs." As the Mother of Jesus, Mary had the power (had she had the will) to abrogate the customs and traditions of her people. Her divine Son freed his disciples from the pharisaical observance of certain mosaic practices; and Mary could have freed her sex from all the fetters of the old dispensation. She could have given them all the freedom, all the (so-called) "rights" they now demand. It was part of her perfect consistency that she did not.

Except on two occasions, the Woman of women did nothing extraordinary.

If she obtained the change of water into wine at the marriage-feast of Cana, if she sanctified the Baptist in his mother's womb, it was just by these two miracles that she explained and emphasized woman's vocation, woman's duty, to the Christian home.

She obtained the miracle of the water changed to wine not merely to satisfy the needs of an embarrassed wedding-party, but to show that Christian marriage changes the natural water of a carnal passion into the pure wine of "a chaste love and spiritual delight."

The sound of her sweet voice filling the unborn Precursor with the Holy Ghost prefigured the sacramental grace of Bap-

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tism, which frees the soul from original sin. The natural contract of marriage ennobled and sanctified, its offspring made holy and happy—these are the meaning and results of Mary's two miracles.

In all else we find only her submission to her spouse, her devotion to her Son in their obscure home.

When Joseph arose from his midnight sleep and told her they must take the child at once into Egypt, can we fancy her convening a congress of the wives and mothers of Nazareth to protest that woman should *not* be the annex of man? Can we fancy her reading a paper to prove that the angel should have delivered his instructions to her rather than to St. Joseph? or, that none but a tyrant could have demanded so hasty a preparation for so long and hazardous a journey?

Oh, no! Mary was not a woman of affairs. She had but one affair—the doing of the divine will; and our Lord took pains to proclaim that she was more blessed in that doing than in the divine maternity itself.

Her life was a hidden one, altogether free from self-assertion.

She was invisible when Jerusalem gave its grand ovation to Jesus on Palm Sunday; and she sat in the last place in the cenacle when the Paraclete descended upon the Apostles at Pentecost.

She trained the first Christian women to imitate her humility, her self-effacement. Through St. Peter she taught them that their adornment should not be that of coiffure, gold, or apparel, "but the hidden man of the heart in the incorruptibility of a quiet and meek spirit."

She warned them, through St. Paul, "To love their children, to be discreet, chaste, sober, having a care of the house, gentle, obedient to their husbands"; and "to keep silence in the churches; . . . if they would learn anything, asking their husbands at home."

In this word-picture of Mary and her maids of honor do we recognize the features of our nineteenth-century woman?—of the woman of congresses, of committees, reforms, revolutions, contentions?

Alas! the manna of quiet domestic duties has grown tasteless to *la dame des affaires*. Her soul loathes that very light food. She wants something more spicy—something highly-seasoned with novelty and excitement.

Having a care for the house, looking to her husband's com-

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fort and to the souls of her children is tame and tedious work.

To throw aside the tiresome details of home-keeping; to board, or live in a flat; to slaughter the unborn innocents; have a free foot, unfettered by duty to house, husband, or children, are not these the crying demands of *fin de siècle* women?

They dress like men, they talk like men. They force themselves into the manliest avocations of men, and strive to fill them, loud-voiced and aggressive, to the criminal neglect of their own bounden duties.

Eve was content with one of Adam's ribs. Her daughters of to-day want (what the Irishman called) "his entire system."

"I prefer woman's *privileges*" was Jean Ingelow's reply when asked if she favored woman's rights.

Let women jostle men shoulder to shoulder on a common platform; let them "stump" it through a political campaign, hustle round the polls, or swell the ranks of a Salvation Army; and they must not complain if they miss their privileges in their rights, if they lose for ever man's chivalric devotion, his worshipful reverence, his protecting tenderness.

All that is gentle, attractive, womanly withers under the hot sun of publicity and notoriety.

Solomon, in his love-song of the ages, tells us of his Beloved, that her eyes are "dove's eyes." Ah, yes! good friends, tender, timid eyes, the eyes of the sober-tinted dove, that hides in the clefts of the rocks, but that will ever be fairer in the lover's sight, dearer to the Bridegroom's heart, than the stalwart eagle that soars, unblinking, to the sun, or the fierce parrot that flaunts its gaudy plumage and chatters eternally on its perch.

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## WOMAN HAS NO VOCATION TO PUBLIC LIFE.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

TO the writer it seems settled beyond question that woman, as woman, can have no vocation to public life. Vocation implies a need to be filled, and full competence to fill it on the part of the one called. Woman, being after man and from man, does not represent humanity in the full and complete sense that man does. It cannot be necessary, nor even useful, that she should try to do what she cannot do.

This on the negative side of the argument, which is further

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strengthened by the fact that woman, as woman, has been created for a peculiar and definite purpose; and the equipment for it, not to speak of the accomplishment of it, debars her, broadly speaking, from public life.

"Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse."

The vocation of the overwhelming majority of women is to wifehood and motherhood; and their bodily and mental sensitiveness and timidity, and the fixed aversion, or at least indifference, of most of them to public work, are safeguards raised by God's own hand about the sanctuary of life.

We Catholics recognize for women another and higher vocation, to which but a small number are called. But the instinct against publicity, so strong in the woman of the home, is intensified in the woman of the convent. Natural love moves the normal woman to self-sacrifice, almost to self-effacement. She is proud to surrender her name, to merge her identity in that of her husband. Supernatural love acts on the lines of nature, and the nun gladly sinks her individuality in her order, her membership in which is the sign of her special and exclusive union with the Divine.

The territory between the home and the convent is small, and the Catholic women within it are ordinarily there in the fulfilment of some very evident filial or sisterly duty—another manifestation, indeed, of the sacrificial spirit of normal Christian womanhood.

But, it is at once objected, women have filled and do fill certain public places with credit, and the Catholic Church herself in the persons of such women—to quote from best-known examples—as Catherine of Siena, and Joan of Arc, and Isabella of Castile, has furnished the strongest possible arguments to the modern American pleaders for the free admission of women into public life.

The writer realizes the force of these examples as fully as do the most ardent advocates of "the emancipation of women"; but they bear for her in a different direction.

While believing that woman, as woman, has no public sphere, she believes also that the woman as an intelligence, a rational creature, responsible for her own deeds and free to choose her own state of life, may be or do what she can; and that some women by virtue, not of their womanhood, but of their strong individualities, marked ability, and the demands of unusual environment, may have a special call to some public duty.

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But these things having been at all times granted by the Catholic Church, one marvels to hear the "woman question" raised among Catholic women. What doors, indeed, has she closed on intelligence and ability as manifested by women but the doors of the sanctuary and the pulpit? and here the ecclesiastical law but emphasizes the Divine law against women as priests and preachers. Women may have free scope in philosophy and theology, law, medicine, letters, the liberal arts, the trades and industries, as students and teachers; their own ability and opportunity alone determining their limitations. When Novella d'Andrea was teacher of canon law, and Maria Agnesi professor of mathematics, and other women professors of anatomy and Greek in the Papal University of Bologna—to say nothing of women students in the same institution—there was very slight esteem for women as souls or intelligences either in old England or New England.

The state, not the church, has ruled on the question of women in government and politics.

With this liberal attitude on the part of the church, the Catholic woman in public life has still remained the exception. Catholic women have still, as a rule, made early marriages and been the joyful mothers of many children; or have followed an early vocation to the cloister. Their intellectual force has ordinarily been expended in the training of their own children; or, in the nun's case, in the training of the future congenial wives of intelligent men.

Cardinal Manning stated no new discovery when he declared that some women might have as marked vocations to certain professions—and this independent of possible concurrence of said vocations with marriage or the cloister—as any men might have. Yet, reviewing the whole field, it must be said that there is no very observable drift of Catholic women to celibate professional careers; and that our women who have attained fame in literature, art, etc., ordinarily draw the line very sharply in their own case between the author or artist and the woman.

Still more evident is it that there is no appreciable tendency among Catholics to organize aggressive or defensive leagues of women as women; no consciousness of distinctly feminine—as apart from human—interests to be agitated for; in short, no morbid consciousness of womanhood. In good works outside the home they have co-operated with men, and moved under the guidance of the church. They have never needed to be told that isolated and independent effort on the part of women

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is against the laws of nature; the fruitless expenditure of energy in planting devitalized saplings and following roads that lead no whither.

The indifference of Catholic women of every grade of intelligence and education to woman suffrage, and the disinclination of the most of them to identify themselves with the public work of organized women in its recent manifestations of "Woman's Congresses," "Woman's Days," etc., furnish a strong argument against women in public life. For the Catholic woman is the normal woman.

But what of the effect of the higher education of woman? The notion that it will materially affect the situation seems to be based on the false assumption that it is a movement apart. Said the scholarly Bishop of Peoria, the Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding: "The higher education of the priest is the highest education of man." May we not further say: the higher education of man involves also the higher education of woman?

This higher education—we use the word education in its fullest sense—will produce not a more abundant yield of women-publicists; but of noble, intelligent, and virtuous women for the home and social life.

In all this "woman question" the partisans of alleged progress seem to forget one foundation fact: that, as between men and women, it is not so much a question of greater or less, or better or worse, as a question of different.

Neither are they satisfied to let the exceptional remain "the index of the possible." They want to make it the index of the ordinary.

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## THE A. P. A. CONSPIRATORS.

THE intellect of Pope Leo, with the keenness characteristic of the highest minds, pointed out the sure lines of defence against politico-religious secret societies when he gave the cue to Leo Taxil and his brother-workers, authors of *L'Ennemi Social*—to tear the mask from the faces of the plotters, penetrate and divulge the secret of the lodges, and batter down their ramparts by publishing their official documents.

Now, we acknowledge that the danger from "American" conspirators is not alarming, especially as the overwhelming majority of the editors of our great papers have declared against them. Still, considering the persistency of their art of lying and the foul nature of their dark complots, on the one hand; and on the other, the gullibility of hundreds of thousands of uninformed and unformed individuals in our mixed populations, it becomes a moral necessity to lay bare the malicious designs of these knaves. This we shall attempt to do principally by the hands of non-Catholic sympathizers with the church, and, we may add, fellow-sufferers.

### PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE NEW KNOW-NOTHINGS.

There is little doubt that the Hon. John Jay, of New York; Edwin Mead, of the *New England Review;* the notorious Joseph Cooke, and the equally malodorous Justin Fulton, together with the *British American Citizen*, started the ball in Boston by instigating and setting on foot the trial in which was attempted the practical closing of the parochial schools. There were made grave charges against Catholic authorities regarding the uses of the cathedral basement and vaults, and bigotry had its vacuous fling at Catholic abuses—the tyranny of the clergy, abominations of church practices, and un-Americanism of her system of schools. The world knows how Catholics came out of the ordeal. The ringing success of the celebration, in 1889, of our hierarchical centenary at Baltimore made the papers of the country comment too favorably upon it to suit the stomachs of the rabid bigots of certain cities, and incited their zeal to form the A. P. A.

Where and how it was hatched it is impossible to determine.

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But it is clearly proven that at first the famous initials stood for American Protestant Association, which were interpreted in the past year or eighteen months to mean *American Protective Association;* no doubt for the very obvious reason that self-respecting Protestant churches would not father the bantling, whose spurs were found later on to be sharpening for a thrust at every professor of Christ's doctrines. For, it may as well right here be broached to the Christian reader, that these underground sectaries are aiming a deadly blow, over the shoulders of Catholicity, at all the Christian denominations, as will be seen later on.

The Junior Order of Mechanics have identified themselves with the plotters. It grieves one to be convinced that the title of Orangemen, which many Catholics, not all Irishmen, with the sanction of Bishop Spalding of Peoria, are attempting to fasten on these Apaists, though not strictly demonstrated, is very near the truth. The New York *Sun* correspondent writes:

"An Episcopal clergyman of Omaha describes the Nebraska branch as being composed chiefly of Englishmen, Canadians, Orangemen, Scandinavians, and Germans. Scandinavians and Orangemen are said to form the bulk of the society in other States."

How far the skirts of the Freemasons are clean, it remains for them to prove.

Congressman Hon. J. C. Tarsney, in his speech at Saginaw, Mich., March 23, judges that the first class of people responsible for the movement are "men who, having no religion of their own, scoff at the religion of everybody else, whether that somebody else be Catholic or Protestant, and utilize the prejudice and the possible ignorance of many of our citizens for the purpose of creating divisions, and at last to bring to themselves personal profit. These are of the class of men spoken of who shout 'America for Americans'; many of whom with the cry upon their lips, shouting 'America for Americans,' still hold allegiance to the government of Great Britain."

Putting this and that together, we may conclude that the A. P. A.'s are a hybrid conglomeration of British and other foreign subjects, disgruntled party-whips, apostates from all denominations: Ingersolites, Chiniquites, Fultonists, Cookeites, anarchists among the orders of labor, officered by secret society leaders under the probable headship of Albert J. Pike, late of Kansas, and declared foe of mankind.

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SOME OF THE REPTILE ORGANS.

That flaming headlight, *America*, of Chicago, has tried to set the country ablaze all these seven or eight years—principally on the score of the public-school bugbear, and, it would seem, the Catholic policemen of New York and Chicago! The *Patriotic American*, of Detroit, Mich., on April 8, 1893, forges the "Bull of Pope Leo," among other brotherly doings, and continues diatribes against the Jesuit son of William Tecumseh Sherman, Rev. Thomas Sherman. The Cleveland *Leader* need only be mentioned, and the *Loud Cry*, of which more anon, is rather a campaign sheet, without publisher or editor, than a newspaper. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* admitted the forged bull among its "ads," but got a deserved scoring from the *North-western Chronicle*. Burton Ames Huntington, hailing from Minneapolis, proves himself unworthy of the title of "Rev." by his three-hundred-page book, *Coming American Civil War*. One of his stories in the fore-part of the book about Bishop Spalding's consignment of rifles he denies *in toto* on page 178; but still sticks to the assertion that the Winchesters were received. A number of apostate priests have hired themselves to vomit blasphemy with a few Protestant ministers, whom they scandalize by vilifying their former Catholic brethren and perhaps too patient superiors.

A particular allusion is due to the *British American Citizen*, *alias* the *American Citizen*, published at 7 Bromfield Street, Boston. A batch of their business letters signed by R. J. Long, manager, lie before the writer. Some of these are marked at dates so close together as February 23 and 25, under the respective *aliases*—one would fairly assume to catch their customers from the British side, you know, and the American side. They ride astraddle Niagara!

They publish their Toryism—fit successors of the hirers of the Hessians: they need *not* proclaim their hypocrisy in throwing dust into the eyes of wide-awake Americans. Orangemen will find no Boyne here, and they shall not invent one.

SPECIMENS OF THE A. P. A. SPIRIT.

That the sectaries do not confine themselves to mere words, inflammatory and malicious as they may be, is proved from their too probable connection with the Edwards school law in Illinois, and the similar experiment in Wisconsin. Their first attempt at expelling the "foreigners" was unfortunate. The

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natives and adopted citizens turned on the real foreigners and made them swallow their compulsory and sumptuary law, in about as quick time as the populists of Belgium forced the chambers there to throw open the doors of suffrage to the nation. At Toledo, Ohio, they played their best game, and elected the city council and the school board. The city fathers started their paternal administration by dismissing every Catholic official; but when it came the turn of the school board to complete the same arrangement with the Catholic public-school teachers, the conspirators quarrelled among themselves, and finally had to oust a fellow-member, Dr. Scott by name, who laid it down as on the programme that "them Catholic teachers has to go." True to his no-religion animus, he would get rid of a Hebrew teacher too, "as he hated a Jew as bad as he did a Catholic." In the trial resulting in his dismissal, it was proved that this Amalekite tried to induce examiners of Catholic candidates to falsify their reports; and persuaded principals to give false information about Catholic teachers already employed, that they might be dismissed.

On the same principle the public-spirited and cultured gentleman, Bishop McGolrick, was defeated in the election of the committee of the Public Library. They do not dare to try such election ruses at the Twin Cities, where Archbishop Ireland, official chaplain of the troops of the State, not only rules over his Catholic brethren, but holds the highest place in public esteem as an American of the Americans. The blundering revolutionists having completely failed, thanks to the esteem in which the bishops, clergy, and people are held in the East, thought that they would turn their batteries on the wild West. In January by a flank, secret movement they carried Cheyenne, Wyoming, by a majority of one hundred and seventy-five. After but four months of their high-handed rule they have been defeated by a majority of three hundred!

At Davenport and Keokuk, Iowa, the "Americans" have been raging in vain; for they found opponents in the *Gate City* and *Democrat* of the respective localities, who took up the cudgels in defence of Catholics, who were inclined to ignore the whole disreputable business. We cannot forbear from quoting one authority adduced in the former journal:

"Whoever shall examine with care the American constitutions will find nothing more fully stated or more plainly expressed than the desire of the authors to preserve and perpetu-

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ate religious liberty, and to guard against the slightest approach towards the establishment of inequality in the civil or political rights of citizens based upon differences of religious belief" (Cooley's *Constitutional Limitations*, page 468).

An episode in the great demonstration at Saginaw, Michigan, March 23, 1893, is worth recording, to prove who are the lambs and who the wolves in this meeting by the muddy waters of political strife. Congressman Tarsney, at the end of his scoring of the A.-P.-A.'s, read this letter:

"SAGINAW, W. S. MICHIGAN, March 3, 1893.

"*Colt's Patent Firearms Man. Co., Hartford, Conn.*

"SIRS: I am chairman of a committee appointed to purchase a large amount of rifles and revolvers, somewhere between one hundred and five thousand. We do not wish to deal with a middleman, but *direct with the firm.* It will be *for your interest* to deal with us. Please send me a catalogue and your *lowest price* for *cash* with order for from one hundred to five hundred or more, and nearly as many revolvers as rifles. Can you furnish them on short notice? Hoping to hear from you by return mail, I remain,

"Yours respectfully,

"REV. IRA CASE.

"2018 N. Fayette Street, Saginaw, W. S. Mich."

To prove the signature genuine beyond a doubt, it was compared with the Rev. Case's signing of a petition for the cleaning of a Catholic neighbor's back-yard!

Here is the gist of an interview between one J. C. Curry, agent of the Colt's Company, and the reverend agent of the A. P. A.:

"Mr. Curry asked the question, 'Are these goods to be bought by the members of the order?'

"'*A.* They were to be paid for by the committee on delivery, C.O.D.'

"'I suppose things must be getting pretty warm around here, judging by appearances?'

"'Yes; we have positive information that the Catholics have between five and ten thousand arms stored in this city, and liable to use them at any time.'

"Mr. Curry asked, 'Is the organization growing or receding?'

"*A.* 'We are growing rapidly. We are holding meetings every night of the week and initiating new members. The committee meet next Monday night, and we will write to you at the Russell House the result of their deliberation, and it may be you'd better come back here to see the committee. Any other communications had we will write to the firm, and they may send them to you.'"



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The search of the churches of Fathers Dalton and Reis, at Saginaw, resulted in finding no basement in which to store arms in one, and in discovering that the basement was the church in the other; and no fire-arms brought to light in either.

The similar events in Peoria, Ill., and the series of sermons by the Rev. Thomas Sherman, S.J., directed against the A.-P.-A.'s in Detroit, St. Louis, and Omaha, are too well known to need either repetition or comment. It may be remarked, though politics cannot here be discussed, that Catholics generally deprecate the formation of an unnecessary and irritating Catholic party, but they distinctly give fair warning that no political party or its allies can afford to insult two millions of voters.

## OATHS AND RITUAL OF THE A. P. A.

We have before us two accounts of the government, ritual, and oaths of the secret organization which claims anywhere from 1,500,000 to 15,000,000 of members in the United States. One is published by R. L. Quackenbush, ex-A.-P.-A.-ist, in a document sworn and subscribed to before John Herz, N. P., Scott Co., Iowa. It substantially agrees with the two-column article printed April 18, 1893, in the Indianapolis *News*. Their "most sacredly-guarded and secret name" is the AMOREANS, whose derivation we have long sought in vain in Josephus, Alph. Edersheim, and Holy Writ. If it mean anything it must coincide with the *Ammorheans*—"rebels"—the sworn enemies of the true religion whose five kings were routed by Joshua.

The reader will scarcely have the patience to glance over more than the first *scroll* and the last of the five oaths; but in passing his eyes over the entire document he will note that the schemers durst not pollute the name of our Lord Jesus Christ by even casual reference to One they fear.

"A. P. A. A. P. A.

"SCROLL.

"Declaration of Principles.

"I hereby declare that I am a firm believer in a Deity. I am not a member of the Roman Catholic Church, nor have I any sympathy with Roman Catholicism; that in my opinion no Roman Catholic should be allowed any part or parcel in the control, or occupy any position in our public schools. On the contrary, I realize that the institutions of our country are in danger from the machinations of the Church of Rome. I believe that only by the removal of Roman Catholics from office of trust can JUSTICE, RIGHT, and TRUE AMERICAN SENTIMENT be fully subserved; and that by the concerted and continued

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efforts of the lovers of American liberty only can such results be consummated and continued.

"I pledge myself to defend the Government of the United States, and the State in which I reside, against invasion, disorder, treason, or rebellion, either by ecclesiastical, local or foreign foe, and against the usurpation of temporal or spiritual power whereby men become slaves to party and the Roman Church.

"I am willing to bind myself by a vow sacred and inviolable.

"I am a Protestant and have been for —— years.

"I belong to the —— church and ——, a secret society.

"Age —— Residence ——

"Occupation ——

"Recommended by —— ——

"Date —— 18

"A. P. A. A. P. A."

The final oath, taken from a secular paper, is as follows:

"I, —— ——, hereby denounce Roman Catholicism. I hereby denounce the Pope sitting at Rome or elsewhere. I denounce his priests and emissaries, and the diabolical work of the Roman Catholic Church, and I pledge myself in the cause of Protestantism to the end that there may be no interference with the discharge of the duties of citizenship, and I solemnly bind myself to protect at all times and with all means within my power the good name of the order and its members, so help me God. Amen."

The profession of Protestantism is but a poor mask, torn off effectually by a number of prominent non-Catholic ministers, on whom in great measure has devolved the defence of our common Christianity in this contest.

These pages cannot be concluded without an allusion to the alleged papal bull of excommunication and extermination. We will permit the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, Ky., to comment on it editorially, May 28, 1893, under the caption

"A PATENT FORGERY.

"The 'Pope's letter,' to which our correspondent calls special attention, professes to be taken from the *Patriotic American*, Detroit, Mich., of April 8, 1893. As this so-called 'Encyclical' is being extensively circulated recently, and is causing much excitement among persons who accept it as genuine, we deem it worth while to give it some little attention. It purports to have come from Leo XIII., and to have been 'given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the twenty-fifth of December, 1891, the fifteenth year of our Pontificate.' After reciting that the 'American Republic, under Protestant rulers, is with the worst enemies of the Church,' and has 'seized upon the lands discovered by Christopher Columbus, a Catholic,' ignored the rules of the Church, etc., the

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document proclaims a general excommunication of all heretics, and continues:

"'Moreover, we proclaim the people of the United States of America to have forfeited all right to rule said republic, and also all dominion, dignity, and privileges appertaining to it. We likewise declare that all subjects of every rank and condition in the United States, and every individual who has taken any oath of loyalty to the United States in any way whatever, may be absolved from said oath as from all other duty, fidelity, or obedience on about the 5th of September, 1893, when the Catholic Congress shall convene at Chicago, Ill., as we shall exonerate them from all engagements, and on or about the feast of Ignatius Loyola, in the year of our Lord, 1893, it will be the duty of the faithful to exterminate all heretics found within the jurisdiction of the United States of America.'

"We understand this to be one of the papers circulated by the A. P. A., an organization formed on the lines of Know-nothingism. It is hardly necessary to say that the 'encyclical' is a clumsy forgery. It has been repudiated over and over by members of the Catholic hierarchy when brought to their notice, but this does not prevent its being circulated. To take one instance out of many of the want of skill shown by the forger, we may note that the date, December 25, 1891, is said to be in the *fifteenth* year of Leo XIII. As he was elected Pope in February, 1878, the date mentioned was in the *fourteenth* year of his pontificate. The whole document is full of absurdities, and bears on its face, from beginning to end, conclusive evidence that it is not genuine."

The kind and acute writer, however, fails to note that the *Loud Cry*, which publishes this clumsy calumny, has not the grace to be indited by *any sort of a Christian.* His diatribe of blasphemy vomits destruction on all the churches:

"All churches to-day are seeking the friendship of the world and more or less mixed with errors, each one proclaiming they are the 'entrance to life.' Each one, as bodies, have refused to advance in the light as revealed in the Scriptures, and opposed truth, asserting that it was from the devil, thereby making themselves a mouth for Satan—one of his heads.

"God has had and has a people in all churches now upon earth, and now calls upon them to come out. All who obey and follow him will be saved, all who do not will receive 'of her plagues.'"

. . . . . .

"Thus we see the seven-headed monster complete, made up of professed Christian churches, united and determined to change the word which God says is everlasting.

"If any man have an ear, let him hear: He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword."

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If, after these self-confessed bids to abandon Christianity and murder all its professors, one want further proof of the combined Sabbatarianism and Diabolism of this *Loud Cry* of the imps, let him put these two extracts together:

"All churches will unite in the immediate future, compelling all, under penalty of death, to observe Sunday as a day of rest. Thus will she and all of her daughters be 'drunken upon the blood of the saints.'"

. . . . . .

"If the churches had followed the plain word of God, this woman would have been swept out of existence years ago; but instead of doing this, they each one support her by advocating some one of her false doctrines."

Notably, the *Christian Union* has joined with the *Independent* in condemnation of this fratricidal fanaticism. Says the latter:

"No word from us will do any good in warning a set of bigots, chiefly in the West, against their circulation of forged documents against the Roman Catholic Church."

And Governor Stone, of Missouri, will go down in history as the second Governor Wise (of Virginia), who got the credit of stamping out old Know-nothingism in the Old Dominion. The Missourian's words deserve a tablet of brass:

"Your association is undemocratic and un-American, and I am opposed to it. I have not a drop of Know-nothing blood in my veins."

As for his excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, who is raised so high on the shoulders of the yeomen of the New World press that the rabble's insults cannot reach him, let the *True American* voice their sentiments:

"The present visit of Monsignor Satolli is generally credited to a desire on the part of Pope Leo XIII. to place himself and his church more closely in touch and intelligent accord with American institutions, and when he observes how great has been the progress of the Catholic Church in America, he must be impressed with the thought that that progress has been in full line with our institutions, and comes out of our peculiar condition in which the government refuses to interfere with sects and forbids any interference with its functions."

THOMAS JEFFERSON JENKINS.

*St. Lawrence, Ky.*

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# THE LAND OF THE SUN.

## THE CITY OF THE CONQUERORS.

IT was certainly a life full of novelty and idyllic charm which the party of Americans enjoyed for a few days on this Mexican hacienda. Their hosts also enjoyed the interest which they expressed in the picturesque phases of an existence totally unlike their own, and spared no effort to amuse them and gratify the curiosity they so frankly displayed. In the cool freshness of the marvellous Mexican mornings the general would ride out with his host over the vast fields with their varied crops, and the wide plains where herds of cattle pastured; and later, smoking in the orange-shaded court or the arcaded corridor with its extended and beautiful outlook, absorb information which not even Russell could have afforded of the inner social and political conditions of this little-understood country. As for the others, their amusements and occupations were as varied as the hours of the day. To them all was fresh, wonderful, and delightful; and there was but one sentiment of sincere regret when the days of the visit came to an end.

It was decided that without returning to Guadalajara they would go direct to the City of Mexico, and this being settled, it farther appeared that Don Rodolfo intended to make one of their party to the capital. "I may be able to render your stay there a little pleasanter," he said modestly. "I am not such a guide to things artistic and antique as your Mr. Russell—but I can show you something of the social side of our life."

"And I am sure that will be *much* more interesting," said Miss Gresham with an upward glance of her violet eyes. It had by this time become amusingly evident to the rest of the party that those eyes bestowed all their eloquent glances on the young diplomatist, to the total neglect of Philip, who could not, however, on his part be said to be observant of the fact—so much was his attention absorbed by the darker and brighter eyes of Doña Mercédes.

"It is a very interesting little comedy that you have arranged for us, Dorothea," said her sister, smiling. "The shield and defence for Philip's susceptible heart that, with much cost to our

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own comfort, we have brought along, has at the time of danger gone over to the enemy and left him completely at the mercy of the threatened danger."

"It is very unkind of you to twit me with my folly, Margaret," replied Dorothea. "It is enough for Mr. Travers to do that. How could I guess that another man—a man with the gloss of Paris upon him—would appear to distract Violet's attention? Not that I think it is so much distracted in reality as that she perceives—she is very quick about such things—that her power of attracting Phil is over, and that in a contest against the charms of Doña Mercédes she would be worsted, which has led her to transfer her smiles to the man who, happily for her, appeared at the critical moment. Now she can flatter her vanity that she at least appears to have thrown over Philip for Don Rodolfo; whereas, had there been no Don Rodolfo, she would have had to face the fact that her spell has lost its power over him."

"And a very fortunate thing, I am sure," said Mrs. Langdon. "It does not follow that anything serious will come of his fancy for this pretty Mexican girl, but should it do so—although marriages between foreigners are seldom well advised—it will be a happier event than any result which an infatuation for Violet Gresham could lead to."

"For my part," said Dorothea boldly, totally untroubled by any consciousness of inconsistency, "I hope that something serious *may* come of his fancy for Doña Mercédes. I have fallen in love with her myself. She is absolutely charming. But I am afraid her parents have higher expectations for her than poor Philip can fulfil."

"I fancy there is no doubt of that," said Mrs. Langdon, heroically repressing a desire to laugh.

Doña Mercédes appeared to reciprocate Dorothea's fancy. Despite the fact of their possessing a very imperfect mode of communicating with each other—for the English of one was on a par with the Spanish of the other—the youth and gaiety which they possessed in common triumphed over all obstacles, and made them develop such a liking for each other's society as proved sometimes rather exasperating both to Philip and Don Armando. On the whole, however, this quartet agreed harmoniously, and generally were to be found together in some corner of the wide corridors, or the shaded nooks of the enchanted garden, trying Spanish songs at the grand piano in the *sala*, or riding over the wide, beautiful plains when long even-

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ing shadows were stealing over them, and fresh evening winds blowing across them from the violet hills and the shining lake.

One day-long excursion on the lake, in which the whole party participated, when they went in primitive boats to an island that was like an idyl of peace as it lay cradled on the gentle waters, covered with luxuriant verdure, in the midst of which was a palm-thatched Indian village and a tiny chapel most ancient, picturesque, and pathetic in its semi-decay, they were none of them likely to forget. In fact they were all ready to agree with Dorothea when she declared that she had spent a day in primitive Mexico, and now understood exactly what the conquistadores had found as they marched through its virgin scenes. In this secluded, wave-encircled spot, life had changed no whit in the outward aspect of the dark, gentle people who dwelt there since that distant day when the first brown-robed son of St. Francis had stood among them and preached with winning sweetness the faith they so readily embraced. It almost seemed as if that first *padre* might push off from the shore and come toward them now, so unchanged was all the setting of the scene, as the strangers rested under the deep shade of spreading trees in the clean-swept space before the doors of the lowly dwellings, where chairs were placed for them with an exquisite courtesy, and water offered in the earthen vessels of the country. At their feet the sparkling waves gently washed the beach and plashed among the rocks; the dazzling surface of the lake spread, a shimmering, silver sea, into remote distance; the hills on the mainland swam in softest tints of aerial azure, while the children of the *pueblito*, with their skins of bronze and dark eyes shaded by long silken lashes, brought for inspection and possible purchase some of the relics of the earlier times with which the island was strewn, fragments of pottery and arrow and spear heads of obsidian or natural glass. It was truly a day of primitive Mexico, none the less so for the cross that rose above the palms, crowning the quaint tower of the tiny chapel, where the love and faith of these simple people found touching expression in the fruits and flowers laid upon the altar.

But all these idyllic days and scenes came to an end too soon. It became necessary for the visitors to tear themselves away from this life which was like a page out of another world. So, attended by one of the sons of the house, and with many expressions of regret at parting and urgent invitations to

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return, from their hospitable hosts, they turned their faces southward toward the brilliant city that lies beside its lakes in that high valley where the wandering Aztecs halted in their triumphant march and founded their capital, long centuries ago.

It was a matter of discussion whether or not they should pause at Querétaro, but it was finally decided that they would pass by this spot so full of painful associations. The mournful shade of the Emperor Maximilian dominates, and will ever dominate this fair city, as it lies on its smiling plain. The story of treachery and savage cruelty is written for ever in letters of blood upon it, and no one who feels the piteousness of that past story—that futile effort of the best element of Mexico to found in the country something better and more stable than the military despotism which under the mocking title of a republic crushes all individual freedom now as then—can wish to linger here, where the lonely and desolate Cerro de las Campanas lifts its barren slope toward heaven as a perpetual memorial of the noble blood shed upon it.

"I am glad that we shall pass the place in the night," said Dorothea with a slight shudder. "I don't wish to have my sympathies so painfully wrought upon as they would be by the sight of it."

"Is there much of interest there apart from the terrible tragedy that seems to envelop it?" Mrs. Langdon asked Russell.

"Not a great deal," he replied. "Not enough to repay you for having your sympathies, as Miss Dorothea says, painfully excited. It is a fine old city, with lovely plazas and picturesque churches; but no one of any sensibility can escape the memory of the brave and unfortunate archduke, who bore the fatal title of Emperor of Mexico. In the beautiful central plaza one sees him in imagination taking, as was his habit, his evening walk during the siege, or sitting, with the dark shadow of coming fate upon him, on the stone brink of the fountain. In the theatre of the city sat the court-martial that executed Juarez' orders by condemning him to death. In the Convent of the Capuchinas—now, of course, a barrack—one may see the cell where he was imprisoned, and from which he went forth to his death on that sad Hill of the Bells."

"There were many people who thought of that hill at the downfall of Napoleon Third, whose cowardly treachery sent him to his death," observed Travers.

"He should have been wise enough to have left the coun-

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try when the French troops were withdrawn," remarked the general.

"Had he been a coward he would have done so," said Don Rodolfo. "But he felt that it would be an act of treachery on his part, or at least of baseness, to abandon those who had chosen him as their leader. It proved an unwise decision, for the end could have been no worse for them had he gone; but one can only admire the heroism that made such a decision possible."

"Yes," said Russell; "it makes one forget, or at least pardon, the weakness of policy which alienated those who might have been powerful friends, by a hopeless endeavor to conciliate irreconcilable enemies."

"His policy in that respect was certainly weak," said the young Mexican, "but his intentions were excellent; and Mexico's best hope for a good government perished with him. But it is a painful subject, especially for us, who suffered much from our adherence to the party that brought him to the country and followed him to his death, so I am not sorry that the ladies are not tempted even by the desire for opals to pause at Querétaro."

"I confess that I should like an opportunity to get some fine opals," said Miss Gresham regretfully. "It was very sad, of course, about Maximilian and poor Carlotta, but I do not see that we can help them *now* by staying away from Querétaro."

"It is not a question of helping any one, but of sparing ourselves," observed Dorothea with some asperity. "I do not suppose that Querétaro is the only place in Mexico where one can buy opals."

"They are found there alone, but can be bought in abundance in the City of Mexico," said Russell.

And so it came to pass that under the cover of night they swept by that city, the news of the treacherous fall of which once thrilled all the world. Yet it was a proof of the contradictory element supposed to be inherent in the feminine nature that Dorothea, who had been most eager for this night passage, was the one who accompanied Don Rodolfo to the rear platform of the car, from whence he pointed out in the moonlight that long gray hill on which the final tragedy was enacted—where he who had been born in a royal palace took

"— his latest look
Of earth and sun and day"

before he fell under the bullets of a savage soldiery.

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It is very early morning when the through train from the north enters, by the great cut of the Nochistongo, the Valley of Mexico—that valley which Cortés declared to be "*la cosa mas hermosa en el mundo*" when, having climbed the eastern hills beyond Lake Texcoco, he looked for the first time upon it. And the traveller who does not echo the words of the bold Spaniard, as he, too, looks for the first time upon its surpassing loveliness, must be insensible indeed to all natural beauty. For the most beautiful thing in all the world it still remains, with its spreading leagues of green fertility, its broad white roads leading between rows of stately trees toward picturesque towns and verdure-embowered villages, its shadowy woods, its shining waters, and its vast chain of encircling mountains dominated by the majestic forms of Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl, which lift their massive, snow-clad summits into the blue depths of heaven, eternal guardians of the plain below.

More and more beautiful this plain seems to grow as the train speeds across its wide expanse. The radiant splendor of a Mexican morning is spread over it like a mantle of glory, while enchanting pictures succeed each other on every side. Beyond thick-set hedges of century plants stretch wide fields and pastures, with water flashing in the *acequias* which cross the land in all directions and produce its bounteous fertility; glistening domes, and towers richly carved and softly pink or gray in tone, rise in the golden air from unseen towns; the roads are filled with picturesque groups of people, and burros with great panniers bearing the produce of the land toward the great city near at hand. With fascinated interest the party of strangers watch these varying scenes, yet, in the case of some of them at least, the eye was not satisfied with seeing alone. Before the imagination unrolled a more vivid panorama yet: the marvellous story, with all its brilliant and romantic phases, of which this valley of paradise has been the theatre.

"It was not strange that the Aztecs halted in their progress and founded the seat of their empire here," said Mrs. Langdon. "They must have felt that they had reached the culminating point, that not even this wonderful land could show them anything more beautiful. There was no need, one would think, of an eagle or a cactus branch to tell them where to build their city."

"Without that sign they might not have thought of placing it, like another Venice, on the waters," said Russell. "I have often tried to fancy what a picture lake-girt Tenochtitlan must

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have presented to the gaze of the Spaniards who looked upon it first."

"With its great temple and floating gardens, and the shining surface of its lakes covered with canoes filled with feather-clad warriors brilliant as tropical birds!" said Travers. "It is the fashion now to discredit those descriptions of Prescott which were the delight of one's youth; but he drew them directly from the Spanish chronicles, written by those who saw what they described. And who should be believed, I would like to know, if eye-witnesses are not? For my part I devoutly credit every word that old Bernal Diaz wrote, and the more I see of the country, the more my envy of the conquistadores grows into a passion. Never before were mortal men so permitted to realize their wildest dreams, or to find their wildest dreams surpassed by reality."

"We are not passing over the scenes of any of Cortés' early operations just now, are we?" asked the general.

"No," Russell answered. "All of these were conducted to the eastward of the city. But every foot of this valley is historic ground, and filled, to the imagination, with great historic figures. I am sure"—he looked at Dorothea with a smile—"that you can see at this moment a band of the bold adventurers who have just conquered the imperial city riding along the highway yonder, with their armor and lances glittering in the sunlight, their plumes tossing, their banners gleaming against the sky. And let us not forget what manner of device those banners bore blazoned upon them. 'Friends,' said that of Cortés, 'let us follow the Cross; and if we have faith, by this sign we shall conquer.'"*

"Ah, there were no qualms of doubt in *their* faith," said Travers. "How splendidly robust it was, how absolutely a living and controlling force! And, therefore, what great things it animated them to accomplish. Not to understand how far the passionate ideal of a religious apostolate inspired the great Spanish conquests of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is not to understand the era or the people at all."

"There is no doubt of one thing," said the general, "that, whatever inspired him, Cortés was one of the greatest captains of that or any other age. Never before or since did conqueror attain such great results with such inadequate means, never did soldier of fortune rise so suddenly to the full height of unparal-

* Amici, sequamur Crucem, et si nos fidem habemus vere in hoc signo vincemus.

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leled opportunities and display such splendid daring, genius, and resource."

"There are some blots upon his character," said Russell. "But when we consider the age and his exceptional position, also the fact that he was in training a mere soldier of fortune, we must acknowledge that they are very few, and may well be forgotten in the lustre of his great qualities, his heroic courage, his brilliant genius, his indomitable resolution, and his wisdom and moderation in victory."

"I think," said Dorothea, "that we should be grateful for the fact that it was Spaniards who discovered this marvellous country, and who were therefore able to plant here a civilization so picturesque, an architecture so delightful and harmonious, and a charm of romance such as no other people possess or can bestow."

"There are deeper and greater reasons than those to be grateful that we have here New Spain—" Russell was beginning, when Don Rodolfo, who was devoting himself to the instruction of Miss Gresham, turned and pointed.

"Mexico!" he said—and there, shining before them in the early sunlight, and undimmed by faintest stain or blur of smoke, were the stately towers and gleaming domes of the City of the Conquerors. A splendid mass of glowing and varied color, it rose above its encircling walls, from which the waters of the lakes that once encompassed it have now receded, leaving in their stead emerald fields level as the waves that danced over them at the time of the Conquest, and crossed by broad, straight avenues, lined with noble trees, that follow exactly the course of the ancient causeways as they lead to the different gates. There are no squalid or grimy suburbs to disfigure the approach. Straight from the expanse of the vast green valley, from the wind blowing freshly over leagues of cornland and meadows where the rich alfalfa stands knee deep, from the amethystine mountains and the lines of graceful pepper-trees with their drooping boughs, the train plunges into the city's heart, and presently ends its long run from the northern border in the station of Buena Vista.

No matter how often one has made this entrance, there is always delight for the eye and spirit in the drive from the station through the streets in the exquisite freshness of early morning. Clean-swept as those of Paris, asphalt-paved, and lined with handsome buildings, the mere sight of these streets conveys to the stranger a realization that he is in no obscure provincial

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city, but in one of the capitals of the world—opulent, fascinating, brilliant, abounding in attractions for all kinds and conditions of men. The drive has, moreover, the advantage of being through a quarter abounding in noble residences and beautiful gardens, and when, turning into the broad and stately Avenida, the carriage rolls past the green glades and dreamlike vistas of the Alameda on one side, while on the other rise splendid houses with fronts of richly sculptured stone and balconies of delicately wrought and gilded iron, the new-comer must be impassive indeed who would not echo Dorothea's cry of enthusiastic admiration.

A little farther, a turn to the right, and they stopped before the entrance to the most picturesque hostelry in Mexico—one is tempted to say in the world—the Hotel del Jardin. Russell had declared that a single glance would tell them why he had chosen this hotel; and certainly no more than a single glance was necessary after they had entered a vestibule, mounted a short flight of marble steps, and passed through wide gates of wrought iron, to make them pause to take in the picture before them.

They did not yet know the significance of this picture, but there could be no question of its charm for the eye. A great garden, a mass of flowers and shrubs, with here and there noble trees which lifted their wide crowns of green foliage toward heaven, while roses and azaleas, pomegranate and jasmine bloomed in their shade, filled a quadrangle of several hundred feet in extent, around two sides of which extended an immense building, with apparently innumerable doors opening on a wide gallery below and a narrower balcony above. The shining pavement of this gallery stretched in glistening vista before the new-comers, with tall iron railings on one side dividing it from the beauty and fragrance of the garden, and on the other partially open doors giving a glimpse of spacious rooms. It was evident that there were no inner passages at all, that every apartment opened on the vast, flower-filled court.

"By Jove!" said the general; "this is more like a palace than a hotel. What is it?"

"It is all that is left of the greatest monastic foundation in New Spain," Russell replied. "The story of its ruin is too long to tell now. Let us settle ourselves and afterwards you shall hear it."

Dorothea, however, remained motionless. "It is enchantingly picturesque," she said, "but there must have been terrible in-

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justice, not to speak of barbarism, to bring it to *this*. And I don't wish to have any part in sacrilege—not even the small part of a lodge within stolen walls."

"I do not feel in that manner," said her sister. "The place has already so laid its spell upon me that I think it will be a privilege to rest within such ancient and venerable walls. In the injustice, the barbarism, and the sacrilege which have wrought this wrong we have no part—not even the passive part of approving or condoning."

"Well said!" remarked Mr. Travers in a tone of approbation. "Mrs. Langdon has an incomparably good sense which always contrives to see things in the right light."

"I observe that it is generally the light in which one would wish to see them," said Dorothea, "and this leads me to suspect that Margaret is something of a diplomatist. But, as usual, I find her point of view so agreeable and convenient that I am ready to adopt it."

"Mrs. Langdon is right, señorita," said Don Rodolfo. "It is not worth while to punish yourself for the misdeeds of others. Our country is indeed shamed by the acts of sacrilegious vandalism of which this is the greatest, but if the spirits of any of the despoiled monks could speak to you, I am sure they would say that you are welcome to this, their ancient cloisters, because you come with a gentle heart and a good intention."

"Our friend Don Rodolfo waxes complimentary," Travers murmured aside to Dorothea. "He is quite right about the good intention. I can see by the light in your eyes that if you had the power, the desecration of these walls would not continue an hour longer. But when he speaks of a gentle heart—" here the speaker lightly lifted his shoulders in that Gallic gesture which is more eloquent than many words.

Dorothea vouchsafed him no reply. She turned to the others. "Come," she said. "Since papa and Mr. Russell have gone to secure our rooms, let us see where we are to be lodged."

A few minutes later saw them settled in large, airy chambers on the second floor, from the balcony in front of which they looked down on the lovely garden and into the green branches of its tall trees. Apart from all associations it was a fascinating spot, but with these associations it possessed a charm more deep, penetrating, and pathetic than words can express. For, as the gaze wandered beyond the enclosure filled with bloom and fragrance, where something like a cloistral peace still reigns, it passed over intervening streets and houses to be caught and

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held by the sight of a building so vast and imposing as to rivet attention at once. Like the survival of another world, this great edifice lifted above the roofs of the modern dwellings surrounding it grand, fortress-like walls of dark-gray stone and evident antiquity, crowned by a dome of incomparable grace and majesty.

"What a superb old church!" said the general. "Is it the cathedral?"

"No," Russell answered. "It is the ancient monastic church of San Francisco, compared to which the history even of the cathedral is tame. We are standing now in a portion of its monastery, and those walls at which you are gazing embody the whole story of Mexico from the time of the Conquest even to its last and most shameful chapter."

"They look as if they might embody the history of the primeval world, and might last to witness the end of ours," said Dorothea. "Nothing could give a deeper impression of majestic strength. Tell us its story, Mr. Russell."

"Where shall I begin?" asked Russell. "It is, as I have said, the story of Mexico. It was Cortés himself who gave to the first Franciscan missionaries—the little band lovingly called the Twelve Apostles of Mexico—the land on which it stands, and which had been occupied by the gardens and wild-beast house of the kings of Tenochtitlan. We are told that the first church was constructed of hewn stone from the steps of the great Teocalli."

"That old church yonder looks as if it might be the same," said Travers, regarding the massive antiquity of its walls.

"No," said Russell, "it is of later construction. But this monastery was the first, as it remained to its end the greatest of the religious foundations of New Spain. Here was erected the first parish church for the Indians in the New World. From this spot went forth the missionaries who, undeterred by dangers and hardships, penetrated the remotest parts of the country, winning a nation to Christianity, laying broad and deep the foundations of the moral and social order which we find today, and gaining the hearts of the people by standing ever between them and the possible oppression of their conquerors. It is not too much to say that every descendant of *los naturales*, as the natives were called, owes such a debt of gratitude to the monks who have been robbed and driven forth here as all the mines of Mexico are too poor to pay."

"And it has been paid—thus!" said Mrs. Langdon, waving her hand toward the scene around them.

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"Yes," said Russell. "Was ever destruction more complete? It seems difficult to believe that any people could have been guilty of the incredible vandalism of destroying the very cradle of their national life; for apart from all the claims to veneration as a sanctuary, the most historical spot in Mexico perished when the barbarous hand of the destroyer fell upon the monastery and churches of San Francisco."

"It must have been of immense extent, if this building in which we are standing was the monastery of that church," said the general.

"In its three centuries of existence it naturally acquired great wealth and splendor," said Russell. "Around the majestic central church—that sad wreck yonder—were gathered a group of chapels famous throughout Mexico for their beauty, their antiquity, and their associations of holiness. Known as the seven churches of San Francisco, they formed a whole of unequalled beauty and inestimable value to the scholar, the antiquarian, and the artist. Of this noble group of sanctuaries only the great church remains, a piteous spectacle of desecration. Its altars are demolished, its splendid decorations gone, its interior, once glowing with color and beauty, has been described as 'a horror of whitewash and desolation,' where some band of Protestant sectaries hold their meetings in this spot where the greatest and most historical functions of religion had from the foundation of the country taken place."*

"But why," asked the general, "should such a special rage of destruction have spent itself on a spot with such peculiar claims to veneration?"

"Partly because of those claims, but more especially because of the extent and value of the property included in the boundaries of the monastery. Cupidity as well as hatred of religion found a pretext in the shallow story of a pretended plot against the government to seize what had so long been coveted."

* The history of this foundation may almost be said to be the history of Mexico, for contained in it, or linked with it, is almost every event of importance in the colonial or national life. From this centre radiated the commanding influence of the Franciscan order—the strong power that kept what was won by military force, and that by its own peaceful methods greatly extended the territorial limits of New Spain. Here Masses were heard by Cortés, and here for a time his bones were laid. Here through three centuries the great festivals of the church were taken part in by the Spanish viceroys. Here was sung the first *Te Deum* in celebration of Mexican independence, the most conspicuous man in the rejoicing assemblage being General Augustin Yturbide—by whom, virtually, Mexican independence was won; and here, seventeen years later, were held the magnificent funeral services when Yturbide—his imperial error forgiven and his claim to the title of Liberator alone remembered—was buried. Around no other building in Mexico cluster such associations as are gathered here.—*Thomas A. Janvier.*



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"And this was the garden of the monastery!" said Mrs. Langdon, gazing at its green beauty. "These old trees have looked down upon the monks pacing beneath them, and upon how many other figures of the past—the saintly men who evangelized the country, the Spanish viceroys with their splendid trains, the sons of Aztec kings and chiefs! What scenes rise before the imagination as one thinks of it all!"

"This hotel," said Travers, "is evidently formed of the cloisters."

"And much beside," said Russell. "The infirmary, the rooms of the commissioners-general, the *sala de profundis*, an exquisite chapel of San Antonio, the lovely cupola of which, covered with blue and yellow tiles, you can see yonder, were all here. That picturesque old wall which bounds the garden on its farther side was the wall of the refectory, 'in which was room for five hundred brothers to sit at meat.' It is now a livery stable!"

"Margaret," said Dorothea indignantly, "you may talk of feeling it a privilege to be within such walls, but I most distinctly do *not*. I feel as if by merely being here I have part in the desecration, the sacrilege, the unspeakable barbarism!"

"But you have not," said the general practically, "so don't be fanciful, my dear. This is a lovely spot, and its ancient associations only make it more interesting in every respect. But now I really think we had better be seeing about some breakfast."

This moderate suggestion met with general approval, and in a restaurant at the gate—to which one corner of the beautiful garden has been sacrificed—they breakfasted in a sufficiently satisfactory manner, the more so perhaps for the charming picture to be seen through the open window by which they sat, where the gaze wandered over masses of shrubbery and banks of flowers, and where by simply putting forth the hand it would have been possible to pluck the purple, luscious fruit from the boughs of a bending fig-tree. Breakfast over, they set forth to make acquaintance with the city in which centre all the charm and fascination of this fascinating country, all the thrilling story of its romantic past, and all the wonderful blending of old and new civilizations. Like Mexico itself, the capital is full of an almost inexhaustible interest, and of a spell that grows deeper as one knows it longer and becomes more steeped in its picturesque traditions and phases of life.

Perhaps the first thing which struck the strangers as they issued from the Hotel del Jardin into the broad and handsome

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Calle Independencia was the excessively modern aspect of their surroundings. It was Paris again, which was brought to their minds by these stately houses built of light-colored stone richly carved around the doors and windows, and brightened by balconies of gilded iron, while passing into the street of San Francisco, the brilliant shop-windows might have made them fancy themselves in the Rue de la Paix. The throng of people filling this always crowded street was also, as a whole, modern and cosmopolitan in the extreme; only accentuated here and there by some marked example of the native type. Russell smiled when the general observed that the city differed strikingly in this particular from those they had already seen.

"This," he said, "is the thoroughfare where all the modern life of the capital shows itself; but if you turn aside and follow one of these intersecting streets for a short distance, you will find yourself in scenes and surroundings as purely Mexican as if the viceroys still reigned in their palace, and no railroad had yet penetrated the country. There are quarters of the city where the sight of a foreign face and the sound of a foreign tongue are as unknown as in the most remote village."

It was difficult for the travellers to credit this in the midst of the signs of wealth and luxury surrounding them. Perfectly appointed equipages swept by, ladies whose toilettes were of the most distinguished elegance lay back on their cushions or crossed the crowded pavements into shops where the choicest *confections* of France were to be seen; the brilliantly varied life of an opulent society passed in ceaseless stream. Presently the glittering thoroughfare came to an end on the great Plaza Major—the heart not only of the present Spanish city but of primitive Tenochtitlan. This plaza, part of which was included in the grounds belonging to the great Aztec temple, and a part to the palace of Montezuma, has a history full of picturesque vicissitudes and turbulent chapters. It is of immense extent, and would be exceedingly imposing but for the garden (dating from the French occupation) which occupies a portion of its space, and unfortunately ruins a view of the cathedral. It is impossible to condemn too strongly the artistic mistake of destroying the effect of the superb façade of this great edifice—the finest on the American continent—by the ill-judged planting of trees and shrubs in front of it. The gardens which encroach on the space of the atrium should specially be swept away, so that the noble proportions of the building would not be obscured as at present.

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Built on the exact site of the Aztec temple (teocalli), which the Spaniards destroyed, and the land of which was at once set aside that upon it might be erected a Christian church, this great sanctuary is a fit peer for those glorious cathedrals of Spain on which it is modelled. Splendid, massive, and in its proportions only equalled by the most famous churches of the Old World, it is at once impressive in its architectural effect and deeply interesting in its historical associations. Passing through the gardens—lovely in themselves as verdure can render them, but an offence to the eye from their position—the party paused in mute admiration before the superb façade which rises, with a majesty that nothing can diminish, above its circumscribed atrium. The basso-relievos, statues, friezes, bases, and capitals with which the whole front is profusely decorated are all of white marble, and make a harmonious effect with the light-gray stone of which the church itself is constructed. Above this noble façade, with its three vast portals and its elegant Doric details, rise the great towers to a height of more than two hundred feet, finished with very beautiful architectural details, and crowned by bell-shaped domes capped by spheres and crosses of stone. The cornices of these towers, as of the building everywhere, are surmounted by balustrades of carved stone, which serve as pedestals for colossal statues of the doctors of the church and the patriarchs of the monastic orders; while above the central portal is a group of the theological virtues, with their symbols. Crowning the whole is the great dome surmounted by its slender, graceful lantern. Immediately adjoining the cathedral on the east, and forming one mass with it, is the very beautiful church of the Sagrario—the first parish church, which is dedicated to Santiago (St. James), the patron of Spain. This exquisite building is in the churrigueresque style, and communicates with the cathedral by interior doors. "Its rich façade and harmonious mass," says a very competent art critic, "contrast agreeably with the grander mass and severer style of the cathedral. So admirable is the work—in its elegance and purity of complicated filigree carved in stone—that it may be accepted as a standard of excellence by which to judge other productions in the same curious but (when judiciously used) highly effective style."

The interior of the cathedral in that style known as the Spanish Renaissance, which prevailed so extensively in Spain during the sixteenth century, is majestic and impressive in the extreme. No words can fitly describe the effect which its vast

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space, its noble proportions, and its time-dimmed splendor produce upon one who enters it for the first time, or after long absence. There are some unsatisfactory details, but these are totally lost sight of in an overwhelming impression of stately magnificence. One walks in a dream down the wide aisles, past chapel after chapel, before the grated doors of which scattered groups are kneeling, and within which lamps are burning before such rich old altars as can be seen nowhere else out of Spain, altars that from floor to lofty roof are one mass of elaborate carving, covered with gold, that has taken with the lapse of time an incomparable tint and in the midst of which priceless paintings are set like gems. According to the Spanish fashion, the choir is erected in the middle of the nave, a church within a church. But although it lessens somewhat the interior effect of imposing space, it amply compensates by a marvellous beauty of detail. The stalls are of dark old wood, carved with basso-relievos of the most exquisite finish; two immense organs in carved cases rise from the lateral tribunals to the height of the arches of the aisles, while the great gates, which make the entrance as well as the railing of the tribunals, and the railing which encloses on each side the passage-way between the choir and the high altar, are composed of a metal known as tumbago (a composite of gold, silver, and copper), of immense value. Of this precious metal the base of the high altar is also formed. This altar is modern, and strikes a jarring note of lack of harmony with the other details of the church. That of Los Reyes (The Kings), immediately behind it in the apse, is superb. To see anything like it one must go to the great cathedral of Seville, where the same artist executed another altar equally rich and splendid in effect.

But space fails to tell how the group who had already seen so much of Mexico wandered entranced through the rich, dim aisles of this splendid church which was laden with the palpable incense and impalpable prayers of centuries, or stood enraptured before paintings by Murillo, by Pietro de Cortona, and many other famous artists in the spacious sacristies and chapter-room.

"Go to the Museum!" exclaimed Dorothea in reply to a suggestion of this kind when they finally emerged from the beautiful interior of the Sagrario. "No, let us not lessen the effect of what we have just enjoyed by seeing anything else. Primitive Mexico must wait. I cannot bring my mind to its consideration after having been steeped in an atmosphere so differ-

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ent. Give me until to-morrow to adjust my mental attitude to the Aztecs."

"As a matter of fact and precedence, the Aztecs should have come first," said Travers. "We should have examined the remains of primitive Tenochtitlan before devoting ourselves to the contemplation of this perfect example of the religious art and life of Spain, transplanted to the New World."

"I am unable to realize that I am in the New World at all," said Dorothea, looking up at the majestic pile which towered above them.

"You will realize it very soon," said Don Rodolfo, "if you will go over to the National Palace and see the Aztec relics, some of which were taken from the very spot on which we now stand."

"Come, come," said the general, "I think there is a very special fitness in going just now."

So Dorothea's objection was overruled, and they spent the remainder of the morning in that great, cool hall, opening from the flowery court, where the gods of old Mexico sit in silent and solemn state, grouped around the sacrificial stone which once flowed so redly with human blood. Russell pointed out the effigy of the sun carved upon the upper surface of this stone, indicating that the work as a whole was a votive offering to that deity. "It is," he said, "little understood how far the ancient Aztec worship was a worship of the sun. This great stone, for example, erroneously called the Calendar Stone"—he walked over to it as he spoke—"has been conclusively proved by archæological research to be the Stone of the Sun, which was originally placed on one of the artificial mounds in the centre of Tenochtitlan, where it served as the base of the smaller perforated stone to which the victim was tied, and upon the two stones the gladiatorial sacrifice was performed."

"A sanguinary relic to have been placed in the foundations of a Christian church," said the general, remembering the inscription on the southern wall of the cathedral saying that from thence the so-called Calendar Stone had been removed.

"Its purpose was not understood when it was built into the cathedral wall, nor for a long time after," said Russell. "But as the Stone of the Sun, it is of all the relics of ancient Mexico the most distinctive."

"And perhaps the most interesting is this statue," said Don Rodolfo, leading in turn toward the famous recumbent figure exhumed by Le Plongeon in Yucatan. "It was at first sup-

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posed to be a personal monument, and was given the name of Chac-Mool; but that theory seems entirely upset by the fact that no less than three similar figures have been discovered in different parts of Mexico. It is evidently an idol or symbol of the widest significance, and I agree with our own learned archæologist, Señor Chavero, who believes it to be the God of Fire, and that the disc held in his hands is the emblem of the sun."

"Our humorous *Mexican Guide* remarks that 'very bitter controversies have raged and are still raging over the upturned stomach of this defenceless stone image,'" said Travers. "But I am on the side of Señor Chavero. The God of Fire is a much more imposing personality than Chac-Mool, of no particular distinction at all."

"My favorite," said Dorothea, "is the curiously-misnamed *Indio Tristo*. So far from being sad, he is the merriest little Indian ever put into stone, I am sure."

So talking, they wandered in fact and imagination through this strange, silent prehistoric world, which suggests so much and tells so little of the ancient life of the country, with its shadowy traditions of remote antiquity, its monuments whose story no man can read, and its sanguinary worship which sentimental writers inveigh against the Spanish conquerors for sweeping away. "Spain has the unenviable credit of having destroyed two great civilizations," says one of these writers, who has presumably stood before the Sacrificial Stone which still seems to the fancy crimson with the blood of the thousands of human victims slain upon it, and from thence has stepped into the sunlight to see the Cross gleaming on the great cathedral towers above the spot where that accursed stone once stood, but who to the Symbol of Redemption would prefer the God of Fire in Mexico, as the Crescent in Granada.

CHRISTIAN REID.

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## THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

**The Miners' Legal Eight-Hours Movement.**—Great advances have been made in the movement for regulating by law the number of hours to be worked by miners. A bill to secure this object has been read a second time in the House of Commons. Even Mr. Gladstone, who only so recently as last year endeavored to pulverize the arguments of the supporters of the bill, has yielded to the strong current which has set in in its favor, so far at all events as to vote for the principle, reserving, however, to himself the right to propose the mitigation of the universally compulsory character of the provisions by the introduction of local option. This further curtailment of the freedom of the adult laborer, although supported by a majority of the miners, is by no means their unanimous wish, those employed in the Durham and Northumberland collieries being strongly opposed to the proposal, as also are a certain number of those in South Wales. At the International Miners' Congress, however, recently held at Brussels, the representatives of 994,000 miners of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria voted for this legal limitation, the representatives of only 100,000 voting against it. More than this: the congress, on the motion of a Scotch delegate, has bound the miners of the various countries to a universal strike in support of this demand in the event of its being refused in any of the countries represented at the congress. In some of these countries there is undoubtedly a strong case for taking such a step. In Belgium, for example, work is still carried on for twelve hours, the miners having been unable by negotiation to bring their employers to a perception of the injustice of their demands. In such cases laws ought to be made to serve as a protection for the weak, and even the strongest opponents of state interference must be willing to recognize that there is no other way out of the difficulty. If any one is to be blamed, it is the employers who, by a cruel use of their advantageous position, have forced the weaker party to take refuge in legislation.

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**Extension of State Control.**—That the state is ever more and more extending the sphere of its control, every year shows. The railway companies of Great Britain are now no longer free to deal with their employees as they please. The hours during which they may be kept at work have, by a bill which has passed both houses of Parliament, been brought, not directly indeed, but still effectually, under the control of the Board of Trade. As we have already sufficiently explained the procedure of this bill, now a law, we need not enter into particulars. Another instance of the state's interference with the adult is to be found in the proposal of Sir John Lubbock to regulate the hours during which shops may be kept open. For many years voluntary efforts have been made by the better class of shop-keepers to bring this time within reasonable limits, but these efforts have, in too many instances, been frustrated by the more avaricious and grasping. Often a single recalcitrant tradesman has forced scores who were willing to close to keep open in self-defence. The many are forced to suffer on account of the greed of a few. A case is known in which one man kept two hundred and fifty shops open. To remedy this evil the House of Commons has unanimously accepted a resolution for giving to local authorities such powers as may be necessary to carry out the general wishes of the shop-keeping community with reference to the hours of closing. It is not proposed to pass regulations by act of Parliament for the whole kingdom, but to leave this to be done by each town or city, for it is recognized that what may be suitable for one place may be unsuitable for another. Nor is it proposed that the general community of any place should dictate to tradesmen, but it is left to the majority of each particular trade to settle for itself the limit of hours, and then to call upon the local authority to compel the minority to acquiesce in the wishes of the majority. In this way it is sought to bring greedy and grasping traders under the control of their more worthy brethren, and to make life better worth living for all alike.

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**The "Slavery" of Shop Assistants.**—It may be well to give a few particulars in order to show how tyrannous is the greed of gain, and what the abuses are which have rendered it necessary to propose to take away the liberty which has been abused. If we bear in mind the fact that the demand of working-men for the limit of eight hours a day, or forty-eight hours a week, is now generally admitted to be moderate and reasonable,

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and that ten hours a day, or sixty hours a week, form at present the limit in a majority of occupations, we shall see how hard is the lot of the shop assistant. For it was proved before a committee of the House of Commons that the hours of labor in stores in many districts ranged as high as eighty-five a week. Thousands and thousands, it is reported, were being worked fourteen hours a day and sixteen on Saturday. Doctors are of the opinion that these hours are dangerous or even ruinous to health, especially to the health of women; that on this account it was a matter of national concern, for women who had been thus treated could never become the mothers of healthy children. The majority, therefore, of the doctors in London have signed a petition calling for legislative interference. The moral consequences are as serious as the physical. Thousands of shop men and women scarcely see their families from Monday morning to Saturday night, and as a consequence they are too tired on Sunday to go to any place of worship; their only thought is to rest for one day at least. As Sir John Lubbock said: "It is understating the case to call it slavery, for no slaves ever worked or could be worked so long." Cardinal Manning was so impressed by these evils as to draw up a petition to the House in favor of legislation, and to send it to the clergy of his diocese in order that they might obtain signatures to it. It is this abuse of liberty which renders it necessary to restrict it, and to set at defiance the so-called principles of political economy. For the natural love of right and of justice, strengthened and enlightened by Christian charity is, we are happy to say, becoming more and more the dominant force of the day.

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**Ethics and Economics.**—Testimony to the power of the new movement in opposition to the long-prevailing maxims has lately been given by one of the greatest living authorities. Mr. Goschen in the annual address delivered by him in his capacity of president of the British Economic Association recognized the complete overthrow of the old economists, the total destruction of their authority. Fifty years ago to assail the doctrines of Mill was the *anathema maranatha*—the unpardonable heresy. Any writer who made an attempt to criticise Mill's cardinal position in those days was looked upon as almost crazy. But now Mill's authority has gone, and but few are left to do him honor. In Mr. Goschen's opinion many valuable and inexorable truths have been rejected along with what has been shown to be erroneous. For after all, the truth of the matter with refer-

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ence to the current doctrines of the times, is that the larger number of those who pose as their expounders are the mere disciples of some one who is in vogue, and when the master has been proved wrong in one point his whole school dissolves. This is what is taking place in the so-called science of Political Economy. Its teachers have been discredited, "authority has been lost, and we now find ourselves in the midst of economic anarchy, and engaged, not in a duel, nor triangular duel, but in the midst of conflicts waged by upholders of many sets of doctrine, none of which has succeeded in maintaining a position of absolute recognized supremacy." Such is Mr. Goschen's description of the present position, and we cannot affect any feeling of sorrow at seeing the overthrow of principles which, under the dignified name of science, have attempted to give to the lower instincts and desires of man the right of supreme control over his conduct.

**The Economic and the Real Man.**—And when we consider the reasons which have led to this overthrow our satisfaction is all the greater. The economists who have been routed taught—or, at all events, expressed their meaning so obscurely that their students believed that they taught—that man is influenced by self-interest alone, and that this self-interest is the safest guide to the well-being of the community. Human motive was analyzed from step to step, and was found by a chain of reason ultimately to eventuate in every case in an effort at self-satisfaction. According to Mr. Goschen, the economists did not mean to represent man in his entirety as thus constituted, but only the "economic" man, which was to serve for the purposes of their science the same end as the skeleton serves for the purpose of the physiologist. However this may be, the practical result was that under their influence selfishness became man's highest virtue, and political economy a method of organizing greed. The revolution which has taken place is due to the perception by the mass of the people that there are in man aspirations after objects higher than his own advantage; that duty, self-sacrifice, the service of others, form part of man's mental nature as much as self-interest, and that they are more entitled to control the individual and to promote the welfare of the community. This is the main reason for the change, although we cannot deny that another cause has contributed to the same result—the perception of the fact that to the precepts of the older economy the present unfair distribution of the

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products of industry is due. Mr. Goschen's attempt to reconcile ethics and economics—the science of right with the science of the pursuit of wealth—is not so successful as his exposition of the present state of things. It is not, perhaps, a wonder that this should be the case, for a greater authority has said: "You cannot serve God *and* mammon."

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**The "Labor Gazette."**—A striking proof of the consideration in which the working-man is now held, and a practical exemplification of the revolution in opinion of which we have been speaking, is found in the fact, to which we have in a former number referred, that a department of the British Board of Trade has been formed to look after his interests, and that a journal is issued every month by this department for his benefit. As this is, we believe, at the present time the only journal under state auspices devoted to the interests of labor, it may not be out of place to give our readers an idea of its contents; the more so that by doing so students may be led to consult it for themselves. For being a government publication, the greatest pains are taken to secure the accurate and impartial information which too often is not desired by partisan organs, whether of the capitalist or of the workman. The supplying workmen with information of practical importance for the obtaining of employment is, of course, an important part of its plan; but over and above this its aim is to provide for students a sound basis for the formation of opinions. The information on labor questions collected by the various government departments and by foreign governments is analyzed and sifted, and published month by month. Labor correspondents have been appointed in a large number of districts, and reports are given by them on the state of trade. The June number, for example, contains reports from twenty-seven districts from correspondents on the spot. It gives a list of the changes in wages, whether by way of increase or decrease, during the preceding month; of the trade disputes of the month, their cause or object, the number of persons engaged, the length of time during which they lasted, and the result. It also gives an account of the important legal cases affecting labor during the month, and to the labor questions in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, the United States, and the colonies five or six pages are devoted. There are articles also on the Co-operative Congress, the recent strike at Hull, and the International Miners' Congress, besides other matters of a more technical character.

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In order to place the journal within the reach of those for whose sake it is issued, the price is only one penny. If the British workman goes wrong, it will not be due to want of available knowledge.

**The Unemployed in Switzerland and Belgium.**—However difficult and disheartening questions of wages and hours of work may be, the question of the unemployed, of those who can get no wages at all and whose hours of work have sunk to zero, is far more distressing. Many expedients have been suggested, of which the one most in favor among large masses of working-men is that the state should be made responsible. The classes, however, naturally condemn this plan as socialistic and throwing upon them the burden of affording support to a large and ever-increasing number of men. In Switzerland, owing to the partial want of employment during the past winter, a number of working-men have been led to study the question, and have proposed a plan of insurance, preliminaries for carrying which into effect have been taken in the cities of Berne, Bâle, St. Gall, and Zurich. The following principles have been laid down: That the organized unions of the working-men and the municipal authorities should jointly take in hand the organization and administration; that assistance should be given as much as possible in kind; that the persons insured should themselves pay a certain contribution in order to remove from them the stigma of taking alms, and that such contributions should have been paid for some time before assistance can be claimed. In Brussels, also, the same matter is being dealt with; the mayor proposes the establishment of a fund for the unemployed, which will be directed by a council of seven persons, of whom two will be employers, two will belong to the working-classes, and three will be communal councillors. It will be supported by the subscriptions of members and employers, by private contributions, and by public subsidy. The workmen will contribute forty centimes a month, which will enable them to receive at least one franc a day when out of employment in the winter if unmarried, and one and a half francs if married and having a family. Of course only those who are on the spot and who are familiar with the circumstances can form a judgment as to the practicability of these schemes, but it would seem that they should meet with the approbation of those who oppose the state's being made liable for the supply of work to all its citizens.

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**State Socialism in Australia.**—The financial crisis through which Australia is passing does not, of course, directly concern us. Indirectly, however, it is of interest, as showing that working-men have proved themselves unable, even where their power is most unfettered either by tradition or by the superior influence of the capitalist, to shield themselves and the country from disaster. In fact their opponents say that the present distress is directly due to the attempt of the working-classes to manage state affairs for their own benefit. Money has been borrowed, they say, in order to construct railways and other works, the chief reason for these railways and works being to provide employment at high wages for working-men. Now no more money can be borrowed, and the crash has come. If this is so Australia forms a useful object-lesson for the rest of the world, and especially for those who wish to transfer the control of the state more and more completely into the hands of the workmen. In another, although nearly allied, matter Australia forms an interesting study. Few people are aware to what an extent in this young country state socialism is being carried. Mr. C. H. Pearson in his recent work, which has excited so much attention, on *National Life and Character*, points this out very emphatically. "The Englishman," he says, "in Australia tends to adopt a very extensive system of state socialism. He goes to the state for railways and irrigation works; the state in Victoria provides him with costless schooling for his children; the state in New Zealand insures him; the state everywhere provides work for him if times are bad; and it is more than probable that the state will soon be called upon to run steamers, to work coal-mines, and at least to explore for the miner in any kind of ore. In Victoria, and more or less in all the colonies, though least of all at present in New South Wales, the state tries to protect its citizens from foreign competition. The so-called nationalization of land is being approached. Victoria has reserved a large part of its land from sale in order to try the experiment of state landlordism; New Zealand is considering the policy of buying back the land it has alienated; and meanwhile is proposing to tax large properties on a graduated scale that may incline owners to break them up. South Australia is discussing the same problem." This is all the more remarkable as the majority of the colonists were, on their arrival, strongly imbued with the traditional theory that the less the state interfered the better. It shows how powerless are the most deeply-rooted notions

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when they conflict with what is, or with what appears to be, the interests of the man or the community.

**International Arbitration.**—Those who are always looking back, and who think to measure the achievements of the future by those of the past, will doubtless treat as a mere fad the proposal to make treaties for the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, with a view to the ultimate and complete abolition of war. The same class of minds would doubtless have looked upon the abolition of slavery as utterly impossible, might even have left private quarrels to individual arbitrament. There are others, however, who take a more hopeful view, and one more beneficial to the world, and among these are the members of the British House of Commons, following in the wake of the United States legislators. A resolution was passed unanimously a few weeks ago, in response to the invitation of the President, to the effect that the House had learned with satisfaction of the proposals made by the President, and that it cordially sympathized with the purpose in view, and expressed the hope that her Majesty's government would lend their ready co-operation to the government of the United States. These proposals do not go the length of authorizing a treaty by which both nations bind themselves to the settlement of all disputes by arbitration, but call upon the government in the event of disputes arising to refer them to arbitration. After the expression of the judgment of the respective legislative bodies of the two countries, it would seem that the executives would feel bound in each case to be guided by these resolutions. It was claimed during the debate that, although to the United States was due the credit of the first official expression in favor of arbitration, Great Britain was entitled to boast that in practice she had, between 1822 and 1885, recourse eighteen times to this means of settling disputes, and this in spite of the fact that in only four cases had she been successful. While we may be unable to indulge great hopes of the complete abolition of war in the future, all good men should work in that direction by using their influence, whatever it may be worth, in favor of referring each dispute as it arises to the peaceful way of settlement which has so often been adopted.

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## TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

WHAT a relief it is to get hold of a book that is really refreshing to the mind, free from that eternal "trail of the serpent" which crawls through the vicious literature of the day, and at the same time full of delicate humor! It is as the oasis in the desert to the disgusted life-wayfarer who, because he or she *must* read for amusement, must needs take the prurient draught if they would take anything at all, so subtly have the keepers of the well mixed up its waters. We have a right to be thankful to Kate Douglas Wiggins (a name at which she herself seems to poke fun in a sly way in the course of her work) for having given us the twin volume *A Cathedral Courtship* and *Penelope's English Experiences*.* They are really charming revelations of the American feminine mind, and not mere emotional bits of ingenuousness like Marie Bashkertseff's. The humor sparkles in every sentence; the necessary sentiment, where it is thrown in, is thrown in as a condiment, indispensable to the perfect making of the dish. Her narratives take the shape of friendly correspondence and diaries, and have all the *vraisemblance* of real confidences. Of course such outpourings must have a human centre and culmination, and equally of course, we may perhaps say, the centre and culmination must be the "old, old story." The way in which the inevitable is dealt with in these two delightful bits of writing show the author's deftness and discretion. She ventures upon dangerous ground in one of her sentimental chapters. The fact that such a past-master in the art as Sterne had shed inky tears over a dead ass does not deter her from endeavoring to elicit our indignation against the erratic independence of a live representative of that long-suffering tribe. However, she does it well, and we not only forgive but applaud her. We hope we shall hear from Kate Douglas Wiggins, over the same or any other name, again.

A poet asks "What constitutes a State?" and answers the query, after a series of negatives, to his own satisfaction; the journalist of to-day is seeking information on the point "What makes a gen-

* *A Cathedral Courtship* and *Penelope's English Experiences*. By Kate Douglas Wiggins. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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tleman?" and we can only marvel at the diversity of the answers he has received. There can be no wonder that, with such elements of uncertainty in the high political order and the masculine estate, some anxiety should be displayed to make the feminine position clear. Therefore we look with complacency on the appearance of a new book of etiquette, especially as the claimant has the advantage of being the work of a lady who has already written something worth preserving as a guide and censor—we mean Miss Lelia Hardin Bugg. Under the title of *A Lady** the novice trembling on the verge of her *début* can learn all that she must do and all that she must avoid—the correct thing, in fact, up to date in "society." But we are glad to see that the writer draws a distinction between "good" society and "high" society, as often in the latter no very rigid rule is observed whenever wealth or title or social *prestige* seeks the hall-mark of fashion for moral delinquencies. The observations of the writer on the moral canons which ought to be followed in all good society are good, and there may be those to whom they may be necessary and useful. But we do not think they will be needed very much by any of our Catholic maidens nurtured in schools and brought up amid associations whose atmosphere is as the pure air and sunshine to the tender plant. But to those who have not had such advantage this book of etiquette is likely to be of service.

Although Florence Marryat does not inherit much of her father's humor, so far as we are enabled to judge, she possesses a good deal of his literary skill in other respects; hence, although her writing is not very brilliant, it is clever and pleasing. She is a woman of sympathy, and, like the unhappy Carthaginian queen, knows from suffering how to feel for those who suffer. Her latest work, *Parson Jones*,† tells a story of the material and mental struggles of a Church of England clergyman, who, trying to rear a family on a very jejune stipend, fights a battle at the same time with internal enemies; and doubtless there are many such examples to be found at the present day in the ranks of a church which has been a sort of *refugium peccatorum* for impoverished families and persons of wavering faith. Her dialogue is extremely natural, and there is a refreshing soundness in some of the ethics which she introduces which contrasts forcibly with the cynicism which pervades the writings of some other women who have taken to literature as a vocation or a

* *A Lady: Manners and Social Usages.* By Lelia Hardin Bugg. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Parson Jones.* By Florence Marryat. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.



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genteel relaxation. Hence those who do not require anything of a very exciting order to interest them will find a quiet pleasure in her style.

Mr. Washington Gladden's "Æneid" begins with *Tools and the Man*,* for he is one of those who believe that a chisel is a better weapon than a bayonet, and that he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a greater man than a Sesostris or a Bonaparte. There is a vast deal to commend in the way in which he puts forward his views and schemes on Christian sociology, in the book of lectures to which he has given the uneuphonious title. Its matter is sound and thoughtful; its spirit excellent. His common sense appeals as much to the capitalist as to the workman. He scans the whole field of battle as between capital and labor, and he puts it to the marshalled forces whether they ought not to submit their disputes to the arbitrament of justice and moral law rather than to the ruder ones of the strike, or mayhap the sword and the bloody revolution. It is pleasant to note that the noble principles embodied in the encyclical of our great Sovereign Pontiff are finding adoption, acceptance, and imitation amongst the better class of thinkers. They commend themselves to all men of good-will, no matter to what particular creed they belong. The pleasure which we derive from the perusal of such works as Mr. Gladden's would be enhanced if they were more accessible to the general mass of readers and workers than they can be either in the shape of lectures delivered before select audiences or books which must of necessity be available only to the very few.

A more than ordinarily valuable *vade mecum* is *Blaine's Handy Manual*. It claims to embody a million facts, and, though we have not had time to verify the assurance, it appears to be well founded. It is gazetteer, law-adviser, mythological authority, medical referee, ready reckoner, historical compendium—in fact it would be difficult to say what it is not a guide and authority upon. The compilation of such a book must have been a labor of Hercules. And the greatest marvel about it is its price—twenty-five cents. The publishers, George W. Ogilvie & Co., Franklin Street, Chicago, will mail it, free, to any address at that figure.

The golden jubilee of Villanova College, which occurs this year, is marked by the advent of a valuable historical sketch of the institution, published thereat. The Augustinians of St. Thomas of Villanova have an old record in Pennsylvania; but

* *Tools and the Man*. By Washington Gladden. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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the foundation of their institution in Delaware County, confirmed by a brief of Pope Gregory XVI., dates from fifty years back. It had its vicissitudes since then—notably in the early years of the Know-nothing movement, when the church and convent of St. Augustine in Philadelphia were burned by the fanatical mob—but this institution has happily survived them all to fill a noble record. From the work which it has accomplished we may cordially say to it *Esto perpetua.* The volume in which the narrative is inscribed does much credit to its printing-house, being turned out in excellent typography, handsomely bound, and embellished with many fine portraits and scenic illustrations. In the forefront it bears a very choice ode written for the jubilee of the institution by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. The historian is the Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A.

A good deal of pleasant entertainment will be found in a little study of German life by Marie Ebner Von Eschenbach, entitled *The Two Countesses,** one of Cassell's "Unknown" series. The translation is the work of Mrs. Waugh. It is in shape of a diary, supposed to be written by a young lady who, as member of an aristocratic family, is brought up in the stiffest brocade of German formality, and is about to have her matrimonial arrangements disposed of by her parents entirely irrespective of her own sentiments. These dispositions she ultimately contrives to set aside, much to her own and the reader's satisfaction. There is a good deal of *esprit* and vivacity in the narrative, and nothing whatever to pain. It gives a good idea of that cast-iron social system of Germany which forms an insuperable obstacle to its national advancement by keeping its respective classes widely apart and without any bonds of mutual sympathy.

An appropriate book for Summer-School readers is Rev. John Talbot Smith's recently issued novel, *Saranac.*† It is a study of life amongst the heterogeneous residents by Lake Champlain. Like life itself, it is varied by sunshine and shadow, smile and tear. While its plot is somewhat intricate, it is worked out in a very natural way. The author is a keen observer, and he possesses a facile gift of portraiture. Whatever tendency he has towards moralizing is curbed by a wise discretion which preserves him from the danger of wearying the reader by prolonged digression and aimless wandering. Thus

* *The Two Countesses.* By Marie Ebner Von Eschenbach. Translated by Mrs. Waugh. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *Saranac: A Story of Lake Champlain.* By John Talbot Smith. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company.

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the interest in the narrative is sustained from start to finish. We have no hesitation in commending *Saranac* as a really entertaining work of well-founded fiction.

Manuals or guides to certain arts or avocations are as a rule dry and technical, but a striking exception is to be found in Octave Thanet's brilliant work entitled *An Adventure in Photography*.* It is a very captivating story of the calamities, the efforts, the blunders, and the successes of amateurs with the camera, typified by the writer and his wife, which is made interesting in every page by the keen wit and happy pleasantry of the author. Through all the stream of humor there runs a current of keen observation and practical direction which makes the work extremely valuable. Never was a dish of useful instruction garnished with a more sparkling dressing.

From a combination of fortuitous causes the name of Cromwell is linked in the Irishman's mind with the most horrible images. He is the rugged Pyrrhus of Irish history, dripping from head to foot with blood of babes and women as well as aged men, and even in the mental view of many Englishmen he is not much less a horror. Still, in some sense this is an injustice to Cromwell. Some of his predecessors were monsters of cruelty slow and deliberate, revelling in torture and savagery, while his methods of extirpation were short and sharp. Torture entered not into his plan of pacification, while Elizabeth's ministers positively gloated in it. While their massacres in Munster were on a vastly more comprehensive scale, as we may gather even from Spenser and his contemporaries, the atrocious cruelty to individuals of note whom they got into their power showed that their savagery was not the mere fury of the field of war, but like that of those oriental despots we read of in whom cruelty and delight in human suffering are hereditaments. How it comes that the sovereign who in England was long affectionately spoken of as "good Queen Bess" was in Ireland generally referred to as "the Hag," will be understood by those who read of Mountjoy's wars and the attempted plantation of Munster, and Spenser's letters on the famine which ensued thereupon. Some idea of the gentle methods by which she sought to commend her father's religion to the hierarchy and people of Ireland may be gained by looking over the pages of Dean Kinane's memoir of Dr. O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel,† in her reign.

* *An Adventure in Photography.* By Octave Thanet. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *The Life of Dr. O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel.* By Very Rev. Dean Kinane, P.P., V.G., Cashel. New York: Benziger Brothers; Dublin: Gill & Sons.

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The tortures inflicted upon that saintly old man were exquisite beyond description. They were prolonged, too, in order to preserve his life with the view of making him abjure his faith and acknowledge the queen's supremacy. No crime whatever was alleged against Dr. O'Hurley when he was seized and outraged in this way; there was no attempt to put him on trial for anything; it was done simply by order of the lords-justices, two creatures of Elizabeth's named Loftus (an apostate), Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and Sir Henry Wallop—an ancestor, we believe, of Lord Portsmouth's. The torture used was called "the boot"—a contrivance by means of which the sufferer's feet and legs were slowly boiled in oil till the flesh dropped from the bones! This was the means by which it was sought to make this venerable ecclesiastic renounce his faith and his spiritual allegiance. His constancy under the dreadful ordeal was never shaken; and at length, enraged that they could not overcome it, his tormentors ordered his execution. He was hanged on St. Stephen's Green, in Dublin, on the 30th of June, 1584, without the formality of trial or sentence—an outrage upon even what was known of British law in the territory of the Pale in those days.

Two things Dean Kinane has established in this little memoir—first, that those English historians who have denied that the archbishop was tortured in the manner related have more boldness than discretion; second, that for no other reason than that he would not renounce his spiritual allegiance to the Holy See and become an apostate to the Catholic faith he was tortured and executed. He has proved the torture from entries in the state archives in Dublin Castle; he has also proved that the excuse that the archbishop was executed for high treason has no foundation, inasmuch as there was no process of trial gone into.

Although the actual details of Dr. O'Hurley's life and episcopate are very meagre, Dean Kinane fills up the narrative in a painfully interesting way. The record of the tortures and execution of others of the Irish hierarchy and clergy in the same awful period gives us a vivid picture of the effort made by the English Reformers of that day to compete with the endeavors of the pagan Roman emperors to stamp out the Christian religion. To the agony of physical tortures of every kind there was added the revolting manner of putting the victims to death —a process so horrible as to make one think the law must have been invented by fiends. The bare reading of it is sickening and loathsome beyond description. It was through such an or-

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deal as this—all through the long period from Henry VIII.'s reign down to the middle of the last century—that the bishops, priests, and Catholic population of Ireland had to pass. Though we live in a brighter era and a freer clime, our path is not free from calumny and threats of danger; and it is therefore well to be reminded occasionally of what our kinsmen in faith and race have lived down in the brave days of old.

There is no book of chivalry, no chronicle of romance, that can be compared for one instant, for its thrilling force of narrative, with the record of the saints of the church. It is truly a marvellous story, opening up to our view strange scenes of forgotten but picturesque barbarism, of heroism and purity, dazzling in its radiance, transcendental in its constancy. The saints of God's Church, the men and women who sealed with their blood their testimony to God's law, are, next to Divine revelation, the most incontestable proofs of its truth. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect which even a casual study of the Rev. Alban Butler's famous *Lives* must have upon the mind of the most indifferent. A fresh edition of this ever-famous work was produced in New York, by the Messrs. Virtue, in 1886, and the value of the work was enhanced by an introduction written by the Rev. Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. This introduction is now reproduced as a separate work by Benziger Brothers, under the title of *The Witness of the Saints.** It cannot but be immensely helpful to the reader of the larger work, in emphasizing and elaborating many points, and dispelling many illusions under which easy-going Christians often labor. The side issues treated in the introduction are many, their bearing upon the major question often very important, the method of treatment forcible and likely to be remembered. As a handy book for the busy Catholic it is most heartily to be commended.

The Messrs. Benziger have just produced in book shape the series of "Reminiscences"† of Bishop Wadhams which appeared some little time ago in the columns of this magazine over the signature of the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth. The work is ushered in by a preface from the pen of the Right Rev. H. Gabriels, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg. The subject of the memoir and the biographer may be said to have been the Damon and Pythias of the Tractarian movement in the United States,

* *The Witness of the Saints.* By Henry Sebastian Bowden. New York: Benziger Brothers; London: Burns & Oates, limited.

† *Reminiscences of Edgar P. Wadhams, First Bishop of Ogdensburg.* By Rev. C. A. Walworth. New York: Benziger Bros.

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and our readers need no commendation of the work which is now presented to them in a separate shape, as it has already been perused with profit as well as with considerable pleasure. They will find the volume embellished with many fine plates relevant to the memoir and the scenes with which Bishop Wadhams was associated.

Those who like crime-conundrums, with the solutions withheld until the last chapter is reached, will find such a one in J. G. Bethune's tale, *The Third Man.** The very trite device of getting a photograph of the eye of a dead person as a clue to the perpetrator of the crime is resuscitated to play a part in this "shilling shocker." People who like to read what clever detectives fiction-writers make in following up crimes of their own invention may find some amusement in this ingenious narrative; the incurious in this field will look for some sounder mental pastime.

Through the courtesy of Mr. James Charles, publisher of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette* (Dublin), we are enabled to get a glimpse of the latest stage in the debate over the orthodoxy of Ireland's great apostle, St. Patrick. Certain worthy persons in Ireland have long been hugging the delusion that their Protestantism has the sanction of antiquity, in so far at least as their independence of the chair of Peter is concerned; and as regards dogma, they rely on the "Confessions of St. Patrick" to show that they are identical with the ancient Irish Church in belief. Perhaps it is useless to commend to this particular section of Christians a perusal of the pamphlet entitled *St. Patrick's Liturgy*. The author (Rev. Canon Courtenay Moore, M.A., Rector of Mitchelstown, Ireland) concedes altogether too much for their taste. He has taken the trouble to read ecclesiastical history, from the days of the Council of Nicæa down to the Reformation, and out of the knowledge thus acquired he is able to say that the attitude of those who are disposed to "wipe the slate" of the history of the church embraced in that vast period is not "either sound, safe, or satisfactory." He quotes a very striking case in point, which had best be given in his own words. "When I was a very young clergyman in my first curacy," he says, "I had as a parishioner a gentleman of mature age, a lawyer by profession, a university graduate, and an excellent, pious, earnest-minded man. He was all this, and yet after our acquaintance began I discovered that church history was almost a complete blank to him. In consequence I offered him

* *The Third Man*. By J. G. Bethune. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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the loan of a volume of Robertson, which he accepted, but returned in the course of a week with a letter to the effect that if he continued to study it he must become either an infidel or a Roman Catholic." The mass of people who are addicted to the habit of self-delusion are not easily cured of it; this is an old experience. Hence we do not believe any great rush on Robertson's history will ensue upon the publication of this piece of testimony, since the alternatives held out are at present equally repugnant to the wilfully blind. But we are bound in fairness to add that a perusal of this able and erudite pamphlet of Rev. Mr. Moore's leads us to wonder that he still clings to the remnant of a spar of the wreck which he and thinkers like him have brought about, when they can find safety on the secure and proximate shore. His *Liturgy of St. Patrick* proves —if proof were wanted—that the great apostle of Ireland believed what all Catholics of to-day believe, and what all earnest Protestants reject. The only reason why he does not cast aside the yoke of Protestantism is found in the weak allegation—we shall designate it by no stronger term—that the Roman Catholic Church of to-day teaches certain dogmas as necessary to salvation which in St. Patrick's day were not taught. We presume he refers to the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Vicar of Christ. He must be well aware, assuming our surmise to be true, that this is only a technical difference, for a man of his erudition must know that what has in modern days assumed the form of a definition had in the early days all the acceptance of dogma throughout the whole church. St. Patrick's belief in the former is sufficiently attested in his references to the Blessed Virgin. In the Book of Armagh enough is found to show that his faith in the See of Rome was as strong as that of St. Augustine. "As ye are children of Christ," he says to his followers, "so be ye also children of Rome." But, in good sooth, everything is illogical in the position of halting believers like the rector of Mitchelstown. He believes that St. Patrick was no "Protestant" in his doctrines; he proves that he was a Catholic; and he believes that the Catholic Church preserved the true light of Christian faith all through the pre-Reformation ages of the church. He certainly cannot believe that she has lost it since; hence, where is his logical position? There are many men such as he in the Protestant Church, both in England and Ireland, we have not the smallest doubt, who lack the courage of their convictions, and their position is pitiable.

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*Carmen Leoninum* is the title of a series of poems in Latin addressed by Rev. J. A. Alizeri, C.M., to the Sovereign Pontiff. They are works of high merit—forceful, elegant, and of choice Latinity. The work, which has been printed at the *Union and Times* office, Buffalo, is embellished with several high-class engravings.

The author of the *Verbum Dei*,* or the Yale Lectures on Preaching, is a Congregationalist minister of considerable renown in London. It is not easy to classify Mr. Horton as a theologian in any of the known categories; he is one of the modern advanced divines who is largely a law and standard unto himself. That he should utterly reject and look with high disdain upon sacerdotal and sacramental ideas, upon church authority and polity, might be expected; but that he should handle the Bible with so much apparent, so little real, respect ought to create no small surprise among his coreligionists, who are known in many places in this country as orthodox. Doctrinally, then, he is very advanced—indeed, quite out of sight. But for all that these lectures prove him brilliant and able. His thesis is that the *raison d'être* of a preacher—his absolutely necessary equipment—is the reception of a message, a communication direct from God, merited by prayer, study, a holy life; and his life-work is its reception and its deliverance. Now, this thesis, at once so high and, rightly understood, so true, is argued out in a way at once brilliant and scholarly in these nine lectures.

While, then, we disclaim concurrence in much that he has written on the point of revelation, its nature, process, and extent, this does not forbid approval of much also that is high and valuable, reverent and practical in his suggestive teaching.

A third edition, revised and enlarged, of Birkhauser's History of the Church has been published. It is pleasing to know that there has been such a demand for this reliable history as to necessitate the publication of another edition. Its use is not confined to the seminary, where it is a valuable textbook, but it is a reliable reference book in the hands of the intelligent laity.

The English student will soon be able to form an extensive library of books pertaining to church history in his own language. Darras, Döllinger, Hergenröther, Alzog, Birkhauser constitute no mean list of authors whose works are in English; nor do they

* *Verbum Dei:* The Yale Lectures on Preaching, 1893. Robert F. Horton, M.A. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

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complete the list. We do not deem it necessary to add here a word to the favorable notice already given Professor Birkhauser's most excellent work* in the pages of this magazine.

A book of meditations, *Saturday Dedicated to Mary*,† is the eighty-third volume of the *Quarterly Series*, edited and for the most part written by the fathers of the Society of Jesus. In this series of books is Father Coleridge's valuable and remarkable studies on the Life of Our Lord, the whole amounting, we believe, to some twenty volumes, the most exhaustive and valuable work of the kind that we know of in the English language. Father Cabrini's volume of meditations is a worthy addition to the Quarterly Series.

Father Clarke's introduction is an essay on why Saturday is dedicated to Mary, and is not without instructive information.

## I.—AN IMPORTANT WORK.‡

A new edition of the *Catholic Dictionary*‡ has just come from the press of Messrs. Benziger. The first edition of this work received warm praise from many as an invaluable thesaurus for the Catholic, lay or cleric, in search of ready information; the new one claims an enhanced value because its contents are more comprehensive than those of its predecessor, and because it has been carefully revised. The word "dictionary" gives but a very meagre idea of the wonderful store-house embraced in this volume. It contains everything that a Catholic needs a meaning for, from a mere title to a dogmatic definition. The accuracy of the letter-press and the solid character of the binding are features in the publication which cannot escape attention.

## 2.—CARDINAL NEWMAN'S DEVOTIONAL LIFE.§

Every line written by Cardinal Newman will be welcomed and treasured up by thousands. While the general public will doubtless not be so much interested in the present volume as would be the case if it dealt with other topics, there are many

* *History of the Church from its Establishment to our own Times.* By Rev. J. A. Birkhauser. Third edition, revised and enlarged. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

† *Saturday Dedicated to Mary.* From the Italian of Father Cabrini, S.J. With Preface and Introduction by Father R. F. Clarke, S.J. London: Burns & Oates, limited.

‡ *A Catholic Dictionary.* By William E. Addis and Thomas Arnold, M.A. New edition, revised and enlarged with the assistance of the Rev. T. B. Scannell, B.D.

§ *Meditations and Devotions of the late Cardinal Newman.* New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

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who will on this very account look upon it as of special value; for by its means an insight is given into the inmost mind of the cardinal, into his life of devotion and communion with God, and into his spiritual practices; and it thus reveals how tender, simple, and deep was the piety of one of the keenest intelligences and most perfect writers of the century. Moreover, it may serve a still more practical purpose. We have many prayer-books; in too many of them the sentiments are exaggerated, and the language is of such a character that it is hard to describe it. "There are no Catholic prayer-books in English," the cardinal said to the present writer twenty-five years ago. Something, perhaps, has been done since then to improve the style of our ordinary books of devotion; however this may be, those who value reality, simplicity, and purity of style even in their devotions, and who are often tempted to cast envious eyes at the treasures which the Episcopalians possess in their Book of Common Prayer, will rejoice that the cardinal has left behind this volume of meditations and prayers, as a type and model of what is fitting and proper both in religious sentiment and in its expression.

Father Neville in the preface to this volume speaks of the cardinal's purpose to write a "Year-Book of Devotion." The papers here published were likely to have formed part of this work—a work of which we are unfortunately deprived through the pressure of other occupations. They represent the fragments which have been gathered up with loving care. In Part I. there are twenty-nine meditations on the Litany of Loretto for the month of May, a Novena of St. Philip, and two Litanies of St. Philip, besides a short note in answer to objections to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Part II. embraces meditations on the Stations of the Cross, twelve meditations and intercessions for Good Friday, and various litanies and prayers. In Part III. there are nearly fifty meditations on various points of Christian Doctrine, such as Hope in God, God and the Soul, Sin, the Resurrection, the Forty Days' Teaching, the Ascension, the Paraclete, the Holy Sacrifice. What the cardinal wrote in the prospect of death on two occasions, March 13, 1864, and July 23, 1876, forms the conclusion of this little work. How great the cardinal's affection was for the Father Ambrose St. John with whom the readers of the *Apologia* are familiar, is shown by the directions given under the last date: "I wish, with all my heart, to be buried in Father Ambrose St. John's grave, and I give this as my last, my imperative

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will"; and on February 13, 1881, he added: "This I confirm, and insist on, and command."

Of Dr. Newman we believe that it may without exaggeration be said that he saw and gave expression to the complete truth as to every subject which he undertook to treat. In his recently published volume Mr. Wilfrid Ward has brought out very clearly how right the cardinal was in the unhappy controversies attendant upon the Vatican Council. This volume of meditations and devotions places in an equally true light many subjects of even greater importance, and will, we are sure, form a guide *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.*

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### 3.—THE LABORS OF THE APOSTLES.*

Nothing could be more timely than the appearance just now of Bishop De Goesbriand's book, *The Labors of the Apostles.* This is the period of missionary crusade, and the impetus which it has already received must gain very largely from this powerful accession. To all intents and purposes this work is a missionary work. It is a clear, unadorned, but irresistibly logical statement of the truth of the Catholic faith. In it the divine origin of the church is most lucidly set forth, and the narrative of the labors of the disciples to whom was given the commission to go out into the world and teach it and preach to it, is given with such explanation of the circumstances of each country in which they fulfilled their commission as renders everything related in the Acts of the Apostles clear to the poorest understanding. The book is one especially suited to the minds of non-Catholics; while to thousands of Catholics themselves it must also be welcome, as furnishing a whole armory of arguments in case they find themselves in a position when a defence of the faith that is in them is called for.

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### 4.—HUNOLT'S SERMONS.†

Vols. ix. and x. of *Hunolt's Sermons* have been forwarded us by the publishers, Messrs. Benziger. The whole series consists

* *The Labors of the Apostles: Their Teaching of the Nations.* By Right Rev. Louis De Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington.

† *The Christian's Last End;* or, Sermons on the Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven. In Seventy-six Sermons. Adapted to all the Sundays and most of the Holydays of the Year. With a full Index of all the Sermons, an Alphabetical Index of the principal Subjects treated, and copious marginal notes. By the Rev. Father Francis Hunolt, priest of the Society of Jesus, and preacher in the Cathedral of Treves. Translated from the original German edition of Cologne, 1740, by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D., missionary priest, Queenstown, South Africa.

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of seventy-six discourses from the pulpit by the reverend author, who was a priest of the Jesuit order attached to the Cathedral of Treves. They were originally published at Cologne in 1740; and the present translation has been made by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D., of the Queenstown (South Africa) mission. The title under which this series was published is *The Christian's Last End.* The literary style of these sermons is simple and strong, full of forcible argument and apt illustration. Each sermon is preceded by an introduction outlining the argument and the lines upon which the preacher ought to proceed in treating of it in the pulpit. There is no kid-gloved dealing with sin in these homely but eloquent discourses; no paltering with scientific theories; no compromise with half-heartedness and indifferentism. Though their style comes from a past age, they may be studied with great profit by all those who are preparing for the sacred ministry, or are in actual work, as well as by the devout and earnest lay reader.

## NEW BOOKS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

*Stories of the South. No Haid Pawn.* By Thomas Nelson Page. *How the Derby was Won.* By Harrison Robertson. *Aunt Fountain's Prisoner.* By Joel Chandler Harris. *Thrar y Soult.* By Rebecca Harding Davis.

MACMILLAN & CO., New York:

*Pietro Ghisleri.* By F. Marion Crawford.

HUNTER, ROSE & CO., TORONTO:

*History of the Early Missions in Western Canada.* By Very Rev. W. R. Harris, Dean of St. Catherine's.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati:

*Sunday Meditations and Selected Prose Sketches.* By Donn Piatt, author of *Memories of Men who Saved the Union. Don Piatt:* His Work and His Ways. By Charles Grant Miller. *Poems and Plays.* By Donn Piatt. *Meditations and Conferences for a Retreat of Ten Days,* according to the Spirit of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal. From the French of Abbé Duquesne.

HARPER & BRO., New York:

*Woman and the Higher Education.* Edited by Anna C. Bracket. (Distaff series.)

GEORGE BARRIE, Philadelphia:

*The Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.* Edited by Maurice Francis Egan. Parts 16 to 24.

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# EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Catholic Church gives no countenance to such displays of violence as were manifested as sort of side shows to the great Christian Endeavor Convention in Montreal, but on the contrary deprecates them in the strongest possible way. Those who take part in them are usually persons outside the sphere of any authority; but, lawless as they are, they have their feelings, and would it not be more consistent with "Christian Endeavor" to respect them? It is best to let sleeping dogs lie. The conscientious convictions even of a mob ought not to be outraged in the name of religion. It is but right to say, however, that the offensive speech which caused the disturbance was repudiated by the Christian Endeavor assembly.

The early prophets were all wrong about the ultimate results of the German elections. On the numerous second ballots which were held after our last note upon the subject was written the government gained some advantages, so that, by judicious finessing with the many small political parties, the imperial chancellor may be able to carry his modified scheme of an army bill. It is eminently gratifying to note that the famous Centre Party, the bulwark of Catholicity in Germany, has held its own fairly all through. It emerges from the contest the strongest and most compact party of all the German groups.

The fact that this great party should have so well held its own whilst a wave of Social Democracy is sweeping over the whole Fatherland may seem to some a startling paradox, but to many thinking minds it must appear to be the natural outcome of the wonderful appeal to the common conscience of mankind on behalf of the rights of labor addressed by the great-hearted Leo XIII. in his late encyclical. Social Democracy would seem now to have reached its high-water mark, but it is hard to say where its rising flood would have stopped were it not for this wise and humane appeal of the Pope to the better instincts and judgment of human nature.

The new Reichstag assembled immediately after its election, and its deliberations were opened by an address from the em-

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peror. The tone of this speech was almost one of entreaty to pass his pet measure, the army bill. This, perhaps, is not to be wondered at; but the chief reason put forward by the fidgetty potentate would seem to show that he possesses a sort of wit like that attributed to the blundering Sir Boyle Roche. "I want to give Europe," his Majesty said, "in the strength of the German army a guarantee for peace." There would be something to laugh at in this barefaced pretence were it not for the grim red vista which it opens up as the inevitable termination to all this policy of blood-tax. Bismarck himself now appears to be terrified at the monster he has helped to create, for he has aroused world-wide attention by the tenor of a speech which he delivered a few days after the elections were over to a delegation of admirers. To beware of the growing power of Prussia and to organize against it was the warning which, in effect, he gives to the minor German States; and he pointed out how, under the Federal Constitution, this can be done effectively. This from the man who made the German Empire, and made the King of Prussia its head, is a striking instance of what is called the irony of fate. We are reminded of Samson pulling down the temple by this spectacle of Bismarck turning against the structure which he built and cemented with blood.

The first reading of the army bill was carried by a very narrow majority—198 to 187, and its subsequent passage threatened to be stormy enough. Over the debate upon it, on July 14, a very tempestuous discussion arose, the stormy petrel of the incident being Count Herbert Bismarck. He opposed the two years' limit for military service in the bill most vehemently, on the singular ground that the army was likely to be tainted largely with Socialism. As a cure for this Count Bismarck fought hard for a three years' period, and was so obstreperous that he was several times called to order. As it was only by accepting the principle of a two years' period that the emperor got the Reichstag to accept his bill at all, Count Bismarck's proposition, if adopted by the government, would have been fatal to its chances of passing in any shape. What difference a two years' limit or a three years' limit could possibly make, as a killer of the Socialist bacillus, it would not be easy to explain.

So successful were the tactics of the Unionists in the House of Commons in delaying the progress of the Home-Rule Bill that the government has been compelled to take resolute action.

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In the course taken formerly by the Tories to rush objectionable legislation through Parliament, Mr. Gladstone found a precedent ready to hand. It was their hands which fashioned the closure, and on their heads, like the guillotine on the neck of its inventor, the machine is now falling. At the end of July the prime minister gave notice that the government would take the necessary steps to have the bill reported to the House within a month, by getting through it in four stages with the help of the closure. Since then it has made astonishingly good headway. The only serious trouble over it arose at the clause dealing with the retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Gladstone had fixed the number at eighty, instead of the full representation, and to this the Parnellites carried their opposition so far as to vote against the government on an amendment. This move was more for show than anything else —just like the sortie of a garrison about to capitulate—a mere taste of fight to save their military honor; for Mr. Gladstone had previously announced that he left the question an open one, and would not accept an adverse vote as a defeat of the bill. The Parnellites, or Redmondites, were bound to do something for appearances' sake; and this is the whole performance —a very poor display of Parliamentary fire-works.

Manhattan College had its gala-day on June 23, when the annual ceremony of bestowing the honors won by its more ardent or gifted students was gone through in presence of admiring relatives and friends and the general public. The event was quite a musical and floral demonstration, and is likely to form one of those pleasurable reminiscences which lighten our way through life. Archbishop Corrigan presided at the function, and the eloquence of the Honorable W. Burke Cochrane was invoked to drive home the lessons of noble emulation in piety and good-citizenship imparted in the course of the collegiate training. It is superfluous to say that this was done in felicitous fashion by that versatile orator, whose gift it is to embellish everything he touches. Mr. Cochrane pointed out that Catholicism and patriotism must go hand-in-hand, so that to be a good Catholic was synonymous with being a good citizen. What part was borne by the great Catholics of a past generation in rearing our edifice of national liberty and framing our imperishable Declaration of Independence was dwelt upon by the orator in magnificent periods, whose force and brilliancy electrified all in the vast spell-bound assembly. In his closing address, subse-

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quently, Archbishop Corrigan strongly endorsed the precept of linked piety and patriotism, and counselled the young *alumni* to bear in mind always the double duty they owed to their holy religion and their great Motherland. Such in effect was the monition given by his Grace, in an address brief but full of the quiet force and refinement of manner which are his natural characteristics. "It was appropriate," he said, "that the speakers should refer to our beloved country, its past, its present, and its future. Love for our country is in the heart of each one of us, and we who were born here have certainly great reason to grow up in the most tender feeling towards this land."

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The Catholic Summer-School of America is now in session at Plattsburgh. The Syllabus of Lectures shows that a most varied and attractive intellectual feast will be served to its scholars. We could hardly desire for the average fair-minded non-Catholic American any more convincing evidence of the falsity of the old and ever-new charge made by the Protestant press and pulpit of the intellectual inferiority of Catholics than a perusal of the little pamphlet sent us by D. C. Heath & Co., publishers, containing the Syllabus of Lectures.

He would not need to be told that scholars of such unquestionably high eminence in the fields of science, religion, and polite literature, whose lectures are here announced, are not manufactured to order. They are the evident outgrowth of an exalted intellectual life matured under the inspiration and fostering care of the Catholic Church.

Such an observer would not fail, we think, to draw one other important conclusion which would at once sweep away from his mind the accumulated dust of Protestant anti-Catholic prejudice. That lectures of such a high order of learning and profound erudition are not only given, but that they can command, as they certainly are doing, an audience of notable numbers, is equal evidence that we are able to furnish at short notice a body of intelligent listeners to them.

Nothing will aid more powerfully towards controverting the cowardly and malicious hue and cry of "popular ignorance" and "intellectual slavery," which our enemies have been industriously keeping up against us, than this most worthy exhibit of popular Catholic intellectual vigor offered to the thoughtful American public at the Summer-School. The result of their



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efforts, as indicated by this syllabus of the work at the school, is one of which the Board of Studies may well be proud.

The plea made by Father Yorke in the March CATHOLIC WORLD for the self-sacrificing and noble-hearted sisters who are devoting their lives to missionary work among the savage tribes of Alaska is still bearing fruit in numerous donations. THE CATHOLIC WORLD has already sent $135 received from generous friends, and still the offerings continue to pour in. Before long the last vessel carrying supplies and help for the coming winter will leave San Francisco. After it leaves, the sisters are shut out from civilization till next spring, and a long, bitter cold winter is before them. Any donation sent through us we shall be pleased to forward.

The attitude of the English Catholic Unionists towards the Irish Home-Rule Bill is simply incomprehensible. They continue to issue manifesto after manifesto against that measure of elementary justice, professedly out of concern for the interests of the Catholic religion, with a wearying iteration that reminds one of Castlereagh's "weak, washy, everlasting flood." The latest document over their signature contains hardly any variation in its terms from its predecessors. The signatories have only again to say that they are afraid the interests of religion will suffer if the claims of Ireland be satisfied, because, forsooth, some of the present Irish representatives have developed in their political career revolutionary tendencies! Do the signatories ever ask themselves why these "revolutionary tendencies" were developed? Was it not simply because the voice of the country was perpetually stifled, and the system of alien misgovernment was swiftly dragging it down to certain destruction? Do they not know that the Holy Father himself has expressed his warm desire that the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people should find their fulfilment? Ireland has always hugged the jewel of her religion to her breast—often her famishing breast—even when the clouds of despair and death lay black and lightning-riven upon her anguished head. The countrymen of those English "Catholic Unionists" came to her with their faggots and their steel in the one hand, their gold in the other, to shake her constancy; and the base bribe was spurned as scornfully as the cowardly menace.

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# THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Fénelon Reading Circle made a brilliant record for good work accomplished during the year ending June, 1893. Among the distinguished speakers who attended the meetings were Rev. John M. Kiely, Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., Rev. John L. Belford, Brother Azarias, and Mrs. A. T. Toomy. At the closing meeting in the Pouch Mansion a reception was tendered to the chief patron of the Circle, Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn. In a brief address he reminded the members of his former visit, and said that in the administration of a diocese a bishop had to have assistants; the vicars-general and the chancellor, for instance, for the care of the spiritual discipline and the temporalities. So in the social organizations he had to select directors. From his observation of the work done by the Fénelon he was convinced that he had made a wise selection in the director he had named to represent him in the Fénelon Reading Circle. He thought he was animated by some of the spirit, the gentleness, and the tact of the great Fénelon. He thanked Father Flannery for taking such good care of the members of the Circle of which he considered himself the head. He made some suggestions as to the future course of study, and concluded that the next year would show even more satisfactory results.

* * *

Rev. M. G. Flannery, the director of the Fénelon Reading Circle, in his address dwelt on the marvellous personality of Fénelon, whose book on the education of young women is recognized as a standard work on educational literature. Bernardin Henri de Saint-Pierre, in his *Études de la Nature*, tells us how that wonderful literary genius, that strange mixture of angel and demon, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, sauntered with him one day into a monastery as the monks were chanting a singularly beautiful litany. Rousseau was overcome with emotion and remarked: "Now I experience what is said in the Gospel—'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.' There is here an atmosphere of peace and happiness that penetrates my very soul." "Ah!" replied Bernardin, "if Fénelon had lived you would have been a Catholic." Rousseau turned to him with tears in his eyes and said: "Oh, if Fénelon were alive I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey!" If these characters, such antipodes of one another as the infidel Rousseau and the Quaker Whittier, the Calvinist Guizot and the Unitarian Channing, could have been so bewitched by the surpassing sweetness of the soul of Fénelon, who will wonder that the Catholic women of this Circle took him for their patron and made his name a household world in this fair city? So much for our name. Now then for our aims. That the low ideas of the Greek and Roman world concerning the position of woman, or the still lower and more humiliating notions prevalent in oriental lands, do not obtain among us to-day, is due to the spirit and power of the Catholic Church alone. She has not forgotten who were the stanchest and most faithful friends of her divine Founder during his earthly sojourn; who followed him about with uncomplaining self-sacrifice, and, as the Gospel tells us,

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ministered to his wants with such affectionate assiduity. The church gratefully remembers that

"Not she with traitor's kiss the Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, when apostles shrank, did danger brave,
Last at his cross, earliest at his grave."

Thus the church was the friend and protector of woman, and continued so up to the days of the Council of Ephesus, when the true doctrine of the incarnation was defined and the unspeakable dignity of our Blessed Lady placed beyond question, and down to the earlier middle ages, when the stupendous task devolved on her of civilizing, softening, and refining the barbarous hordes that swept over Europe. Then she instituted chivalry, one of the aims and purposes of which was the honor and defence of womanhood. And we may safely say to this institution, and to Catholic Christianity that inspired and fostered it, the dignity and the honor and the liberty enjoyed by woman to-day are solely and undoubtedly due. Not only is it the aim of the Fénelon society to disprove the verse of the poet Wordsworth, that "high thinking and plain living are no more," but also to refute the time-worn slander still heard from the lips of the malicious or the ill-informed, that the policy of Catholicism has been to keep women in subjection and ignorance. The human mind, says Emerson, insists on intellect and sanctity. It will not tolerate the one without the other; and it is only the fusion of these two that makes a character deserve and command respect. Now, this is precisely the aim of Catholicism among men and women alike—the cultivation of enlightened holiness—and it is also and pre-eminently the aim of this society. Furthermore, the Fénelon Circle would have it understood that it is not in sympathy with any of the societies of the so-called woman's emancipation movement that is sweeping over the country, and that lends itself so easily to masculine ridicule. This society is essentially conservative. The members are first, last, and all the time loyal and devoted daughters of Mother Church, ever anxious to please her, ever anxious to be in touch with her spirit, to remain within traditional lines, and vehemently disclaiming all utopian aspirations to rule or contend with or teach men. For they ever bear in mind what Fénelon once wrote to Mme. de Maintenon: "There are ways in which a woman is permitted to teach—*i.e.*, by giving counsel on matters within her own experience, and with all due submission to authority. Women may not teach or decide with authority, but they may edify, counsel, and instruct on matters already authorized." I am happy to say that these thoughts of the Archbishop of Cambrai—which are none other than the teaching of the apostles and Catholic tradition—are both believed and practised by members of this society. They are quite content to remain busy Marthas in their homes and silent Marys in the church. Not theirs the ambition to disturb the old order and to bring confusion into the harmonious relationship that Catholic Christianity has ever sought to establish between men and women. There is rather the ambition to aid the church in her work of enlightening and cultivating the individual and the community—men as well as women—so that eventually the relationship of woman to man may become what it ought to be, in the words of Tennyson, "Like sweetest music set to perfect words."

* * *

The president of the Fénelon Reading Circle, Miss A. M. Mitchell, presented a report which is deserving of careful consideration by all members of Reading Circles. She relates the history of the Reading Circle movement fostered by the Paulist Fathers. About three years ago a few Brooklyn women, catching the

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spirit of the agitation, determined that the City of Churches should not be behind in this intellectual revival, and, stimulated by the kindly encouragement and personal assistance of Father Barry, they formed what is now regarded as the pioneer Reading Circle of Brooklyn. The late Father Fransioli placed at their disposal a room in the old hospital building on Congress Street. This room was fitted up by the members and used by them until a little over a year ago, when the inconvenience of its location made it seem desirable that they should move to a more central part of the city, and this led to our taking up our quarters in this building.

The first two years of the society's existence formed a fruitful experience to those concerned. This kind of work was new to Catholic women, their knowledge of organization had been confined to the sodality, or some similar form of church society, whose object was to stimulate piety or a spirit of charity among the faithful. The Reading-Circle movement called for an organization in which intellectual improvement should be the guiding motive. This was a new field of action, and our women, going into unexplored regions, had many difficulties to encounter. It is not surprising, therefore, that they seemed many times on the verge of shipwreck and felt strongly tempted to give up the ship. A few brave spirits struggled on, however, and about a year and a half ago they saw new life infused into the society by the adoption of a constitution and the election of a regularly constituted board of officers. A small number of people may be able to get together and discuss what they have read in a very informal manner without feeling the need of guiding strings; but as soon as their number increases to any extent it is a self-evident fact that there must be some properly organized form of government. I emphasize the matter because I am well aware that the use of a constitution in Reading Circles has met with some opposition. The argument advanced against its use is that it intimidates those who are not well versed in parliamentary tactics, and so acts as a barrier to freedom of expression. I do not think that the members of our society have suffered any serious inconvenience from this source, nor that any valuable ideas have been refused the light of day for want of familiarity with Cushing's Manual. On the contrary this method of clearly defining the rights and duties of members developed greater self-reliance. The feeling that what was everybody's business was nobody's business entirely disappeared, and the adoption of a constitution marked the turning of the tide that launched "The Fénelon" into safer and surer waters.

The growth of the society can be gauged by the fact that the active membership has doubled during the past year, the limit, which is fifty, being now reached.

The active members meet on the last Tuesday of every month to report on their reading. The course outlined for this year was "The Ladies of the French Salon." As the salon had its rise in the seventeenth century, the study of this subject gave us considerable valuable information in regard to events that were contemporaneous with Fénelon.

The active members were divided into groups, which were designated respectively as the history, biography, and literature groups. At this monthly meeting reports were submitted of the reading done by the members during the month, and a paper prepared by some member of each group was then read. This was supplemented by some instructive talks by our spiritual director on topics having a religious bearing, notable among these being his talks on Jansenism and Quietism.

In framing our constitution we recognized the fact that there were a number

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of women so much occupied with the duties of their daily avocations that they could not find time to follow the reading of the active members. To enable these to keep in touch with the movement we formed an associate membership. The associate members attend on the first Tuesday of every month what is known as our monthly tea. A lecture is always provided for this day, and we have enjoyed several fine literary treats during the year. Among the subjects presented by the lecturers were "Tennyson," "The Latin Translation of the Vulgate," "The Illiteracy of Pronunciation," "A Talk on Ethics," and "How to study Dante." As an evidence of the popularity of these gatherings, I need only say that the associate membership numbers at present about one hundred.

Last, but by no means least, is our honorary membership. We take great pleasure in assigning a place on this list to all those who have shown an interest in the work of the society by lecturing for us or lending us the encouragement of their presence at our monthly teas. Our Right Rev. Bishop heads this list. By his gracious consent a year ago to take the society under his patronage he has given marked evidence of his interest in the work we are trying to accomplish; and as we present for your inspection to-day what we have done during the past year we trust you may feel that your confidence in us has not been misplaced.

Under the guidance of our efficient spiritual director such a strong impetus has been given to reading that we have already matured plans by which we hope before long to be able to boast of a well-stocked library. We have on our shelves at present some of the works of many of our leading Catholic authors. We hope in this way to pay the debt of appreciation we owe to those who have burned the midnight oil in giving expression to what is best and noblest in human nature, and who proved that being a loyal child of Mother Church has not impaired but rather stimulated their genius.

I have tried to briefly outline for you what the Fénelon Reading Circle is aiming at, and what it has succeeded in accomplishing during the past year. We feel that we have only laid a few stones in the foundation, but we have tried to lay them wisely and well.

We all recognize that this is the age of intellectual activity and pre-eminently that of intellectual advancement among women. A few days ago the greatest gathering of representative women that the world has ever seen met at Chicago to discuss topics of vital interest to the women of two hemispheres. It is gratifying to find that Catholic women were not entirely devoid of representation. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the veteran leader of Catholic women, deplored the fact that this representation was so small, and the press seemed to evince surprise that we were represented at all. This proves to us that we need lay organization among our women. We are too prone to rest satisfied with what is being accomplished by religious orders. They do much, it is true, but the very condition of their lives limits their sphere of action. We have an illustrious example of what a Catholic lay-woman can accomplish in Queen Isabella of Spain. In this centennial year it would be well for us to remember that, four hundred years before the boasted advancement of the nineteenth century was dreamed of, she gave an intellectual stimulus to Spain that commands the admiration of the world to-day. A model wife and mother, she gave personal supervision to the instruction of her children, nor did she stop here. Her large, womanly heart took in those beyond her own household, and with the utmost solicitude she provided for the proper training of the young nobility. At her request Peter Martyr founded a school for their instruction, and writing of the enthusiasm that prevailed he said: "My house all day swarms with noble youths reclaimed from ignoble pursuits to those of letters."

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Prescott says that it was due to her personal attendance at the academic examinations that the women of Spain, as in no other country of which he was aware, took part in the public exercises of the institutions of learning and delivered lectures from the chairs of the universities. The chair of Latin classics at the great University of Salamanca was filled by a woman, Donna Lucia de Mendiano, and that of rhetoric at Alcala was filled by Donna Francisca de Lebrija, daughter of the historian of that name. All this was done by that remarkable queen besides attending to the numerous cares of state, which the prolonged war with the Moors at that time made particularly arduous.

We cannot all wield the sceptre of an Isabella, but we can at least try to imitate her example by doing that which is clearly within our grasp. If we cannot found schools to draw people from ignoble pursuits, we can interest women in Reading Circles. Let not the silly fear of being considered "strong-minded" keep our young women from being identified with such organizations. Isabella lost not one jot of her womanliness by having an intellectual bent. It was the firm soil that strengthened and offset the spiritual side of her character. Let not the plea of social demands lead women to withhold their interest with the cry of "want of time." The busiest people are always the people who have the most time.

Mlle. de Scudéri was a prominent social leader in the salon of the seventeenth century. She found time to entertain her friends, and at the same time accomplish a great deal of literary work. Here is what she indicates as the limit to which a woman might go according to the Rambouillet code:

"One can know some foreign language and confess to reading Homer, Hesiod, and the works of the illustrious Aristotle without being too learned. One can express an opinion so modestly that, without offending the propriety of her sex, she may permit it to be seen that she has wit, knowledge, and judgment. That which I wish especially to teach women is not to speak too much of that they know well; never to speak of that which they do not know at all; and always to speak reasonably."

Surely those who are most chary of the limitations of a woman's sphere could not find any fault with such precepts as these.

Finally let it be our proud boast that the women of the Fénelon Reading Circle are fully abreast of the spirit of the age. Our religion forms a safe anchor that will at all times keep us within reasonable bounds and at the same time stimulate us to lend a hand in every movement that is onward and upward.

* * *

The constitution framed under the guidance of Miss Mitchell is here given:

"ARTICLE I.—The society shall be known as the Fénelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn.

"ARTICLE II.—Its object shall be to disseminate a taste for literature in general, and Catholic literature in particular.

"ARTICLE III.—Its officers shall be a president, a vice-president, a recording and a corresponding secretary, a treasurer and librarian. There shall be in addition to these a committee of three members, known as the Advisory Committee. This committee shall be appointed by the president. The business of the society shall be transacted in executive meeting held once a month.

"ARTICLE IV.—The society shall hold its meetings on the first and third Tuesday of every month. The third Tuesday from October to June inclusive shall be a business meeting of members, and all important business shall be finally voted upon at these business meetings. None but members shall be present at these business meetings. Ten members shall constitute a quorum. Special meetings

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may be called by the president upon a written application of three members, and all regular members are to be specially notified of the proposed meeting.

"ARTICLE V.—The financial year shall begin on the third Tuesday of January, and the fee then payable shall be $5, which may be paid in two installments of $2.50 each. If the fee is not paid before the expiration of one month from the time of election, or the beginning of the financial year, the person from whom it is due, having been notified, shall cease to be a member.

"ARTICLE VI.—Any Catholic woman may be eligible to membership. The name of a new member must be presented by a regular member of six months' standing. When a name is presented for membership it shall be referred to a committee on membership, who shall notify her if she be elected, and on payment of an initiation fee of $2 she will be duly admitted to the society. The regular membership shall be limited to fifty."

BY-LAWS.

"*Section 1.* The President shall preside at all meetings. She shall appoint the Advisory Committee and such other committees as the business of the society may require. In case of her absence or disability these duties shall be performed by the vice-president, or the chairman of the Advisory Committee. The vice-president shall hold herself ready to assist the president in any way.

"2. The recording secretary shall keep a correct record of all meetings. The corresponding secretary shall receive, read to the society, and answer all letters pertaining to the society's affairs, and shall preserve all papers. She shall notify all members of their election and of the limit of time when the fees are due. She shall keep a correct list of members with their addresses, and shall attend to all other business of the society relating to its membership and documents. She shall make a written report of the year's transactions to be presented to the society at the annual meeting. The records and correspondence shall be open at all times to the members.

"3. The treasurer shall receive, collect, hold, and pay all the moneys of the society subject to its order. She shall keep an account in detail of all moneys received and expended by her, and shall render her report in writing at the annual meeting.

"4. The librarian shall keep a correct inventory of the books in the library. She shall see that all books loaned are charged to members until returned to her.

"5. The Advisory Committee shall make all arrangements for the literary and social entertainment to be given the first Tuesday of every month, and shall also act as a committee on membership.

"6. At the business meeting in November the president shall appoint a committee of three to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year. This nominating committee shall notify their nominees, and in case of any refusal shall supply the place. This list shall be presented to the members at the last business meeting of the year, which takes place the third Tuesday in December. The election shall take place at this meeting, and if any person nominated be not elected the members shall ballot till every position is filled.

"7. No person shall hold more than one official position at any time, nor shall serve for more than two successive years in the office to which she may be elected; but any officer shall be eligible for re-election after the intervention of one year from the time she last held the position. The term of office shall expire with the annual meeting.

"8. There shall be an unlimited associate membership to which men and women are eligible by the same method of election as regular members. The fee of associate members shall be one dollar a year. Associate members shall be invited to the literary and social meetings which take place the first Tuesday of every month; but can have no voice in the management of the society, nor access to the courses of reading. Any member wishing to withdraw from the society shall send a written notice of her intention to the secretary. The regular members are supposed to follow the courses of reading prescribed by the spiritual director."

* * *

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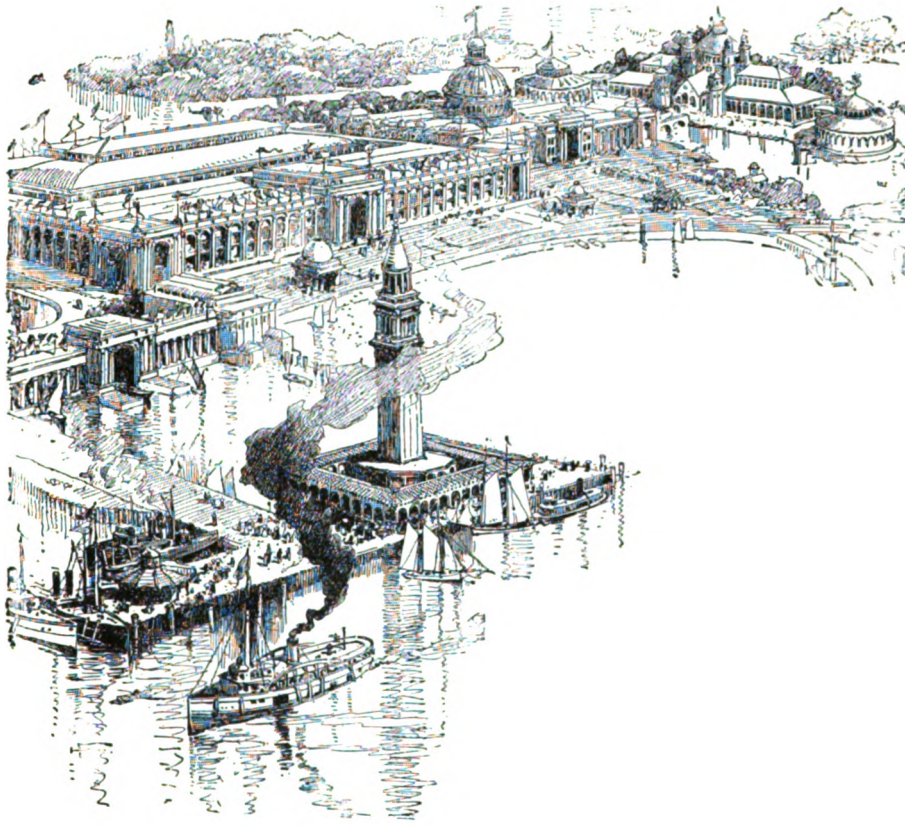
# Columbian ✣ Exposition,

## Section H, Block 1,

## Chicago.



WE would respectfully call your attention to the exhibition of ECCLESIASTICAL METAL WORK which is now being shown in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building of the World's Fair in connection with our other departments.

## Gorham • M'f'g • Co.,

• • Silversmiths, • •

*Broadway and 19th St.,* *New York City.*

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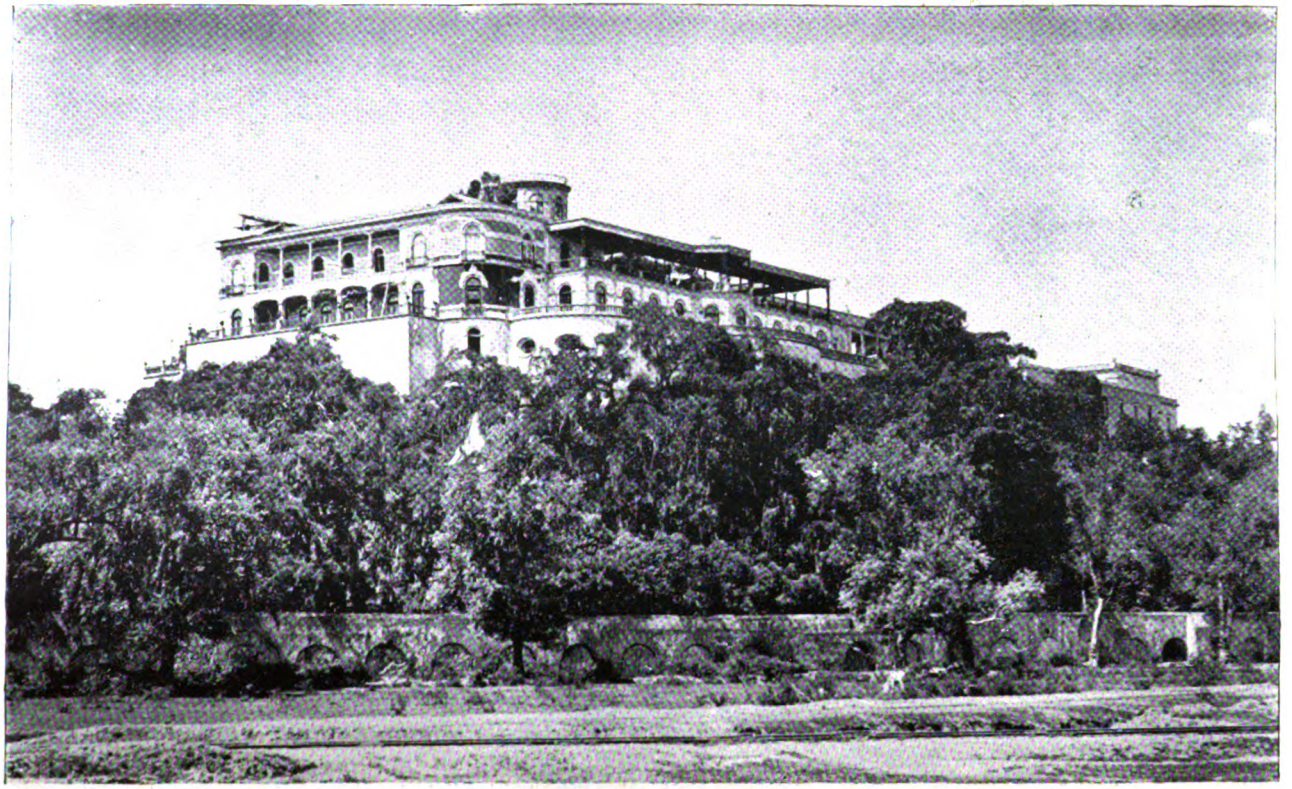

"THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC LOOMED MORE AND MORE GRANDLY SEATED ON ITS ROCKY THRONE."

*(See page 835.)*

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVII. SEPTEMBER, 1893. NO. 342.

## THE SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES IN THE NORTHWEST.

### *THE VISITATION CONVENT OF SAINT PAUL.*

THE Visitation Order may be said to mark the place of intersection between ancient and modern notions of conventual life for women. It may be noted, however, that the history of the order is in singular consonance with its providential position. It is the direct offspring of one of those great and pure friendships between man and woman which unfallen Eden knew, which Plato vainly dreamed of, but which the House of Nazareth first truly realized, since it alone has had the virtue to propagate and maintain their likeness. Always fruitful along the direct line of its development, the Visitation stem has in our own day put forth two new and vigorous shoots springing from a more than ever intimate connection with its double root, as if to emphasize the nature of its marvellous fecundity. Here we refer to the Oblate priests and Oblate sisters of St. Francis de Sales, congregations approved by Pius IX. almost at the close of his pontificate, which claim the late Mother Chappuis of the Visitation of Troyes as their founder, and which have already done excellent

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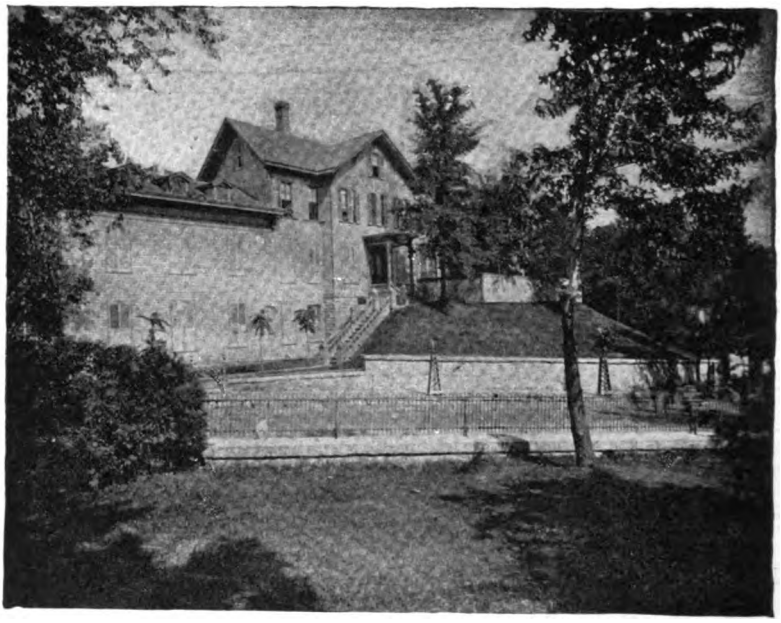
work in extending the Christian faith by foreign missions and the apostolate of the press.

Another peculiarity in the history of the Visitation is found in the fact that its actual form and prevailing purpose, as well



"'TWAS A TWO-STORY HOUSE WITH A WINDOW OR TWO."

as the lines on which it has developed, bear the unmistakable impress of an overruling Providence, working indeed through human means marvellously prepared and adapted to its purposes, yet so careful to divest them of merely human will and intention that the result actually attained is not unseldom held to have been purely accidental. It is well known that neither the original intention of St. Francis de Sales nor the characteristic traits of St. Jane Frances de Chantal's early devotion succeeded in giving their joint work the shape at first contemplated by them, and toward which it tended for several years after its inception. And it is not uncommon to find good people lamenting that deflection from the great bishop's purpose by which his daughters successively dropped external works of charity and assumed strict enclosure, the contemplative life, and the instruction of young girls. He did not himself lament it long. We find him, indeed, protesting first against the cloister, and afterwards against the schools which he was at once desired to open in his con-

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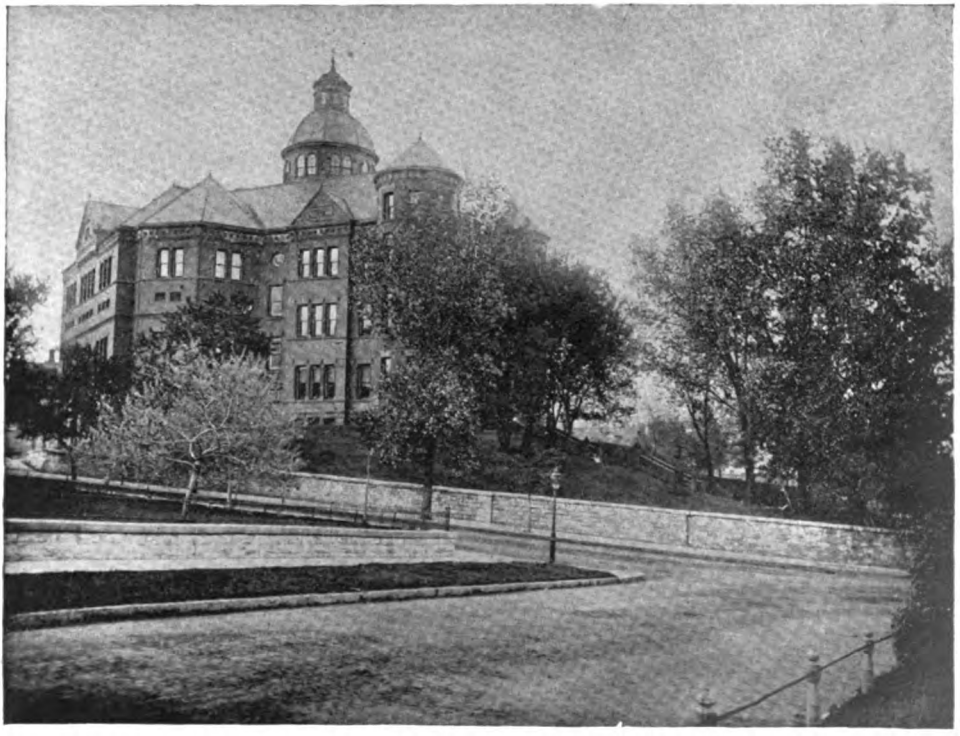
vents after enclosure had been established. He even went so far as to hazard interpretations of the Divine will which were speedily contradicted by the order of events. "God," he wrote to a superioress when the school question was first mooted, "has not chosen your Institute for the teaching of little girls, but for the perfection of women and maidens." But if this was his first persuasion, how easily was he not led to recognize in the impassable obstacles which lay in the path of his intended progress, and the equally invincible leadings and attractions of the substituted cause, an indication that, in the thought of Divine Providence for modern times, the "perfection of women and maidens" is hardly to be dissevered from "the teaching of little girls." "The spirit of your Institute," he writes again, "requires you to understand that if you can be useful for the glory of God,



"THE PRESENT SITE WAS SECURED THROUGH THE EXERTIONS OF COLONEL PRINCE."

*laboring at any work whatever*, . . . you would not on this account be less agreeable to his Divine Majesty." It is so easy to acquiesce with the Divine will and purpose when it seems to coalesce with our own, so difficult when they set aside all our

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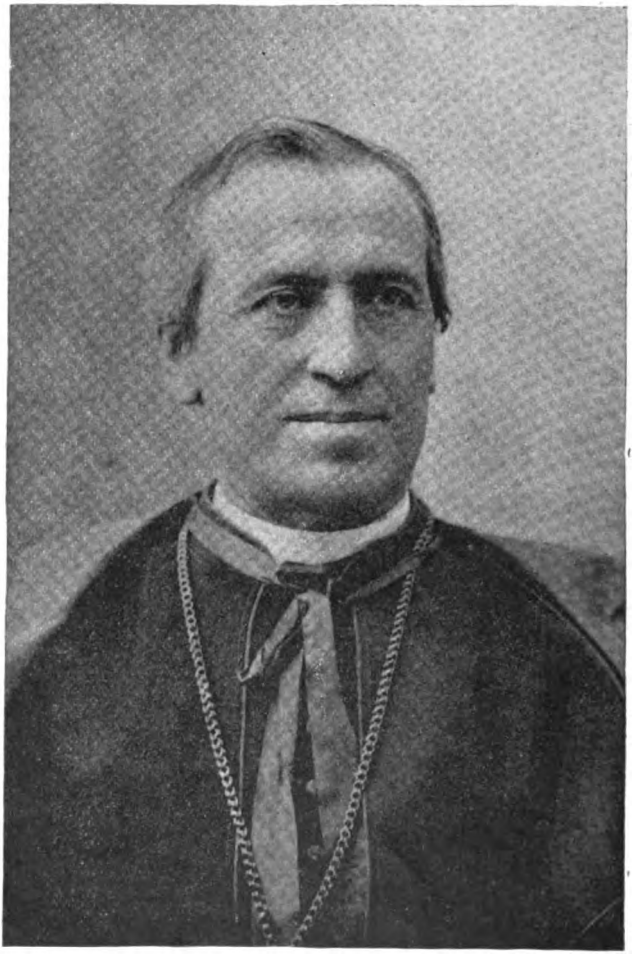
cherished preconceptions, that it is pleasant to find St. Francis de Sales called upon to give the most striking of object-lessons in the practice of that virtue which most of all he loved to preach: that of simple adhesion of man's will to that of God as actually displayed in the order of Providence.

Moreover, although it is easy to show that the Visitation



ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

school had no place in the original plans, and even contradicted the private inclinations of its founders, it is still more obvious that it was from the very start one of the works most clearly purposed by that overruling will which prepared the singular ways along which those founders had been led to their sacred and most fruitful union. Even into the first convent, the "Holy Source"

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of Annecy, St. Jane Frances de Chantal had brought her little daughter Frances, hoping, doubtless, that the child might develop a religious vocation, but constrained in any case by maternal duty to superintend her early education. Her eldest daughter was married; her son was under the care of his grandfather; another little girl, who might otherwise have been her sister's companion at Annecy, was carried off by death. Frances had, however, a few companions of her own age, some of whom very soon received the "little habit," a sort of uniform usually worn by the early pupils, who frequently exchanged it for that of the novitiate. But Frances de Chantal, as if to give another humanly indeliberate note of the Providential intention wrought out in the new order, not only never wore a semi-conventual dress but never manifested even a passing inclination for the religious life.

ARCHBISHOP GRACE.

But if he did not stamp this cherished offspring with his intellectual prepossessions, St. Francis de Sales moulded it all the more thoroughly, for that very reason, in the image of his spirit. Sweetness, humility, flexibility, true marks of the "handmaidens of the Lord," were and have remained the heritage of his daughters, and the world into which they came has never failed to recognize in them the qualities which go to make "nursing mothers in Israel." Their schools have been famous in France since they were first opened, and the American convents derived from them have been not less so.

The Visitation of St. Paul, with which we are immediately concerned, is a filiation from that of St. Louis, Mo. In 1872 Monsignor Caillet, the justly beloved pastor of St. Mary's, first went to St. Louis on behalf of Archbishop (then Bishop) Grace to ask for a foundation. His request was taken into serious consideration when he returned to renew it in the following year, and in May, 1873, Mother M. Vincentia Marotte and Sister Xavier Wickham, accompanied by Rev. William Walsh, confessor of the convent, visited St. Paul, remaining some days as the guests of Colonel J. S. Prince. They were most kindly received

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by all, and among those who contributed largely and in many ways to make the new foundation possible, special gratitude has

"THEIR THEORY OF EDUCATION IS NOBLE."

always been felt toward Archbishop Grace, Monsignor Caillet, Colonel J. S. Prince, P. J. McQuillan, B. Beaupré, and P. H. Kelly.

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All preliminaries having been completed, the usual Visitation swarm—six religious—took flight from the hive. They were singularly happy in their superior, Mother Mary Agatha Russell, a

(1) STUDIO; (2) SCHOLAR'S PRIVATE ROOM;
(3) MUSIC ROOMS; (4) STUDY HALL.

"The end sought is the development of the highest type of womanhood."

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woman of superior mind and great piety, and well fitted for her position by long experience in the religious life and school work of the house of her profession, in which she had held important offices during many years. Mother Agatha's experience, although it had included more than one voyage across the Atlantic, had been so exclusively interior for many years that this long and tedious voyage (it lasted twelve days) up the Mississippi was almost novel to her; altogether new was the sight of a train of cars, and her naïvely expressed surprise drew around the nuns an amused but wholly respectful crowd of fellow-voyagers, all of whom, and especially one old Methodist minister, were foremost in pressing upon them every attention and assistance in their power.

The new community travelled under the care of Monsignor Caillet and the Rev. E. Fenlon, chaplain of the convent, and arrived in St. Paul August 12, 1873. Their first home was in Somerset Street, a particularly pleasant spot in the then fashionable "lower town." The house was but a small one, and the St. Louis nuns who had been making merry in recreation times over the somewhat unwonted dignity of a "foundation," and exercising their fancy concerning the aspect and proportions of the quarters that awaited their departing sisters, commemorated their journey and its end in some of those "verses" which have always been a feature of Visitandine common life. One of the couplets describes their emotions

> "When 'the gray abbey walls' broke on their view,
> 'Twas a two-story house with a window or two."

It was ready to receive them, however, and they were glad to take immediate possession. The first Mass was celebrated on the Feast of the Assumption, when enclosure was regularly established. The new institution was incorporated under the laws of the State of Minnesota, and in September a band of twenty-seven pupils was enrolled, the first Visitandine children of the Northwest.

The most sanguine expectations were realized for the new establishment, and after eight years it was found necessary to find more commodious quarters. The present site, on the corner of Robert Street and University Avenue, was secured through the exertions of Colonel Prince and Mr. P. R. L. Hardenbergh, and the community transferred themselves thither in June, 1881, followed, two weeks later, by the school-rooms and dormitories of Somerset Street, which travelled up the hill on

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wheels and by slow stages, the community going out every morning to sight their "portable property" through a spy-glass as it lumbered through St. Paul.

(1) STUDIO FACING NORTH; (2) BOARDERS' SITTING-ROOM;
(3) ROOM OF DIRECTRESS; (4) DORMITORY.

"The Visitandine stamp on their work is unique."

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Both the community and the school increasing, it soon became apparent that a new house was a necessity, and after much thought plans were drawn, and in 1888 it was considered possible to erect half of the proposed building. On the feast of St. Francis de Sales, January 29, 1889, it was formally opened with imposing ceremonies by Archbishop Ireland.

During their twenty years in St. Paul, the Visitandines have trained a large proportion of those women, both Catholic and Protestant, whose influence has been most powerful for good in the social life of the city. Their pupils come, however, from all quarters, and still number almost as many Protestants as Catholics, the Visitandine stamp upon their work being unique, easily recognizable, and profoundly appreciated. The aim of that work is to perfect the soul through the body, the nuns feeling that the harmonious development of the entire nature alone fits a girl to do a true woman's work here, and to gain thereby the reward of the "good and faithful servant" hereafter. Character is developed by strengthening the will so as to obtain self-control. There is no lesson, no regulation of discipline which is not directed to this end. This is the nourishment of a higher life, and if properly used the result will be a strong character, able to cope with the demands life makes upon it. It is for this misty future the present of education must prepare. For it the girl must be armed. The lessons conned from day to day may pass from memory, but the mental gymnastics required in their preparation develop the mind and fit it to receive higher thoughts; the moral lessons inculcated guide the feelings; the degree of self-control gained by daily exercise of the will determines the way the balance turns when temptation is weighed against duty. The special branch of study, the regulation presently enforced are but secondary in this view of education. The end sought is the development of the highest type of womanhood, and not mere scholarly attainments or a charming manner, so that when the girl,

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet,"

receives as a reward her golden crescent, emblem of the beginning she has made, she comprehends that life, if carried out on the lines on which it has been formed, will round out into a perfect whole, shedding a soft radiance on all who come within its influence. The part of the girl's true friend is to aid her to recognize the spirit of God in her life, and teach her to make her

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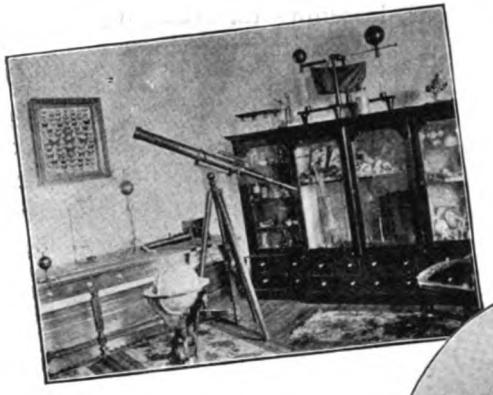
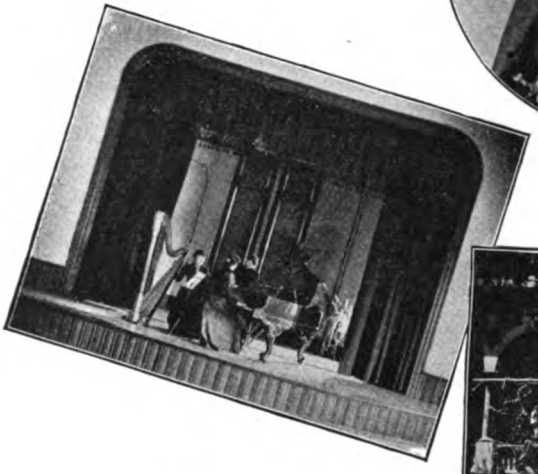
aspirations correspond with the designs of her Maker by living the fullest possible life—not one of negative good, content to





(1) LABORATORY; (2) MOTHER AGATHA RUSSELL;
(3) STAGE; (4) CHILDREN'S PLAY-GROUND.

"The pupils have come from all quarters."

avoid positive evil, but a life using memory to recall the past as an incentive to the future, using self-control so as to be able

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to act with the superior part of the soul when the inferior part is swept with storms of feeling, using prayer so as to bridge death and bring eternity near, lessening its dread mystery, making it a factor in daily life, and basing piety not on emotion but on principles.

It will be seen that the aim of the St. Paul Visitandines is high, their theory of education noble. It remains only to be said that their practice is in full accord with it. The curriculum provides for a preparatory course of study, followed by an academical course of four years which prepares its graduates to

AFTER THE WIND-STORM (WHITSUNTIDE, 1893).

enter any of the colleges which receive women. Elective studies, suited to particular cases, may, however, be selected from these courses, since different degrees of mental activity must be recognized. Some grasp ideas and see relations with ease, while others of equal capacity develop more slowly and require more pains and instruction than can be given in class. From the beginning of the preparatory classes to the end of the course the girl is required to use her pen to express her thoughts, and efforts are made to stimulate her inventive powers. The courses in literature and the history of art are particularly good, embracing in the former both the biographies of authors and critical study of their best-known works. E. G. MARTIN.

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# THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK IN THE UNITED STATES.*

HE stands erect and has a far outlook whose feet rest upon the mountain of the Lord. The ages move in review, the nations march past: his outlook is universal.

## THE STATE OF THE CASE.

The outlook in the United States is many millions of independent men and women whose characteristics are liberty and intelligence. Their eternal destiny and the means of arriving at it are eagerly discussed, but amid a bewildering conflict of opinions. This most modern of nations yet holds to a vague idea of Christ as the world's redeemer, of the Bible as God's book: for the rest, the only common creed is progress, human dignity, and the destiny of the great Republic. Any claimant for a hearing in religious matters must before all else be able to square his fundamental principles with these beliefs.

Catholics are mingled among this people in the proportion of about one to six, and are the only perfectly organized body of Christians. These are also distinguished by liberty and intelligence, though fully half are new-comers or their children. They are endowed with an absolutely certain knowledge of man's eternal destiny as well as of all the means of arriving at it, and are masters of the most renowned of intellectual forces—the faith of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church. The problem is how to place this virtue of Catholic faith in a missionary attitude and secure it a hearing; how to turn all the organic and personal force of Catholic faith into apostolic zeal for the eternal salvation of the entire nation.

As a matter of fact we are only beginning to act as if we felt that our fellow-citizens were our brethren in sore need of the truth of God. We have as yet failed, as a body, to take the entire American nation into account in a religious point of view, have not felt it a duty to proclaim to them that the certainty of Christ's truth is with us, that the pardon of sins is in the contrition, confession, and satisfaction of the sacrament of

* A paper read at the Columbian Catholic Congress.

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penance, that the union of their souls with God is in the communion of His Son's body and blood in the Eucharist—and the other necessary means of enlightenment and sanctification.

The problem is, how to induce Catholics to attempt the conversion of non-Catholics, and to realize that until they offer them the true religion there is a cloud upon their own title to it.

## WHAT IS GOD'S WILL?

God would have us missionaries to the American people. Does any Catholic dare to contradict that? If so, let us hear from him.

Suppose that my neighbor's house and mine were separated by a dense woods, and that some morning I should wake to find a noble avenue cut through between us; what would such a miracle mean? That God willed me to make my neighbor my friend, to visit him familiarly, and to love him. God has done more than this with Catholics and non-Catholics in America, and by community of all that is good in civil and industrial life, by close social ties and personal friendships, has opened our hearts mutually to each other. Let us be friends in the truest sense of the term, the religious.

The dense and tangled forest of prejudice has already been pierced. That vice of honest minds is now chiefly to be found among the more ignorant. Few converts but will tell you that their first step was surprise that Catholics had been falsely accused. There are men and women all around us who have but to learn *just what we are* as a religious body, to be led on to conversion; they already know that we have been basely calumniated. In the better class of minds we shall have to contend mainly with such difficulties as lie in the way of all supernatural religion—timidity, dread of the mysterious or a false view of reason's prerogatives, unwillingness to submit to the unchangeable truth. And in a multitude of other cases men and women fail to become Catholics only for the same reason that many of our own people refuse to be good Catholics—worldliness, sensuality, fastidious objection to our vulgar crowds, family pride, human respect. St. Paul's example shows how to deal with these: "And as he reasoned of temperance, and righteousness, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." If even that wretched bribe-taker trembled, our honest fellow-citizens will do more. Let us but manage to bring to bear a patient and intelligent exposition of what our religion actually does for

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us in our inner and outer life, and then a realization of the need of salvation, the shortness of life, and the rigors of the judgment will do the rest.

There can be but one excuse for a Catholic, especially one of intelligence, and above all a priest, not addressing our erring brethren: that they cannot be induced to listen to him. And who has ever fairly sought a hearing and been denied it? How many instances are there not where men of no peculiar gifts have filled their churches, and even public halls, with audiences full of Protestants, giving respectful attention to Catholic truth. The trouble is not want of audiences, but want of men and methods persistently to follow up the work.

## OUR OPPORTUNITIES.

The collapse of dogmatic Protestantism is our opportunity. Denominations, and "creeds," and "schools," and "confessions" are going to pieces before our eyes. Great men built them, and little men can demolish them. This new nation cannot but regard with disdain institutions hardly double its own short life, and yet utterly decrepit; cannot but regard with awe an institution in whose life the Great Republic could have gone through its career nearly a score of times. I tell you that the vigor of national youth must be amazed at the freshness of perennial religion, and must soon salute it as divine. The dogmas of older Protestantism are fading out of our people's minds, or are being thrust out. It is not against the religion of men's ancestors, but against each one's religion of yesterday, as unsteady in grasp as it is recent in acquisition, that we have to contend —we who speak for Him who is of yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever.

Consider, then, how it is with our noble-hearted friends: in their case it is religion wandering here and there in search of a church. How many earnest souls are about us, weary of doubtful teachings, glad to harken to, ay and to believe, any one who promises them relief.

See, too, and admire, how their religious instincts strive after organic life. As Calvinism dies, Christian Endeavor is born and counts a million members in a day—good works making little of faith, as at first faith made little of good works. See that while Methodism leaves the slums and is petrifying in lordly temples and in universities, the Salvation Army scours the gutters it has turned from with loathing.

I tell you that the people around us are religious, that they

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long for God and are ready for those divine rules of the higher life called Catholicity.

No form of belief faces civilized irreligion with half the courage of Catholicity. A vigorous man exults in the trial of his strength. It is incredible that an intelligent Catholic shall not command the attention of thoughtful minds on questions of such absorbing interest as—What becomes of our dead?—Can we communicate with them?—Can we get along without the Bible?—What think you of Christ, whose Son is he? We have the truth on all such vital questions; Catholic truth is simple, credits itself, and is in the highest degree commendatory of the church as compared with the Protestant denominations.

Only make a parallel of Catholic principles and American fundamental ideas on human dignity, and you will perceive that we are up to the times and kindred to the nation. There can be little doubt that this Republic shall be made Catholic if we love its people as God would have us.

We are right, and we can prove it. How very much that means. It is God's will with men that those who are right shall know how to prove it, and those who are wrong shall be brought to listen to them. If all that we had to give were a right scheme of social amelioration, we should win the people, because we should be right; or if it were a true discovery of how to fully develop electrical forces, we should win the world of science and industry. But oh! it is the true religion of God about which we are right—every man's sorest need, every man's sweetest joy. That is in our case the tremendous meaning of the claim—We are right, and we can prove it. The cruel fact is, that dreamers of social reform work harder and succeed better than we who are the children of light, and they whose only end is money are the best models in our day of devoted and well-directed endeavor.

Why, when it was to fly in the face of high Rome, to be burned to death, to be devoured by wild beasts, countless thousands yearly rushed into the church. And now it is to float into the haven of peace and joy, it is to taste the sweetness of the Lord Jesus Christ without any persecution, it is to embrace a religion whose dogma of human dignity and equality—listen to Leo XIII. as he expounds it!—adds to American greatness the placet of higher Rome.

I do not want to believe those prophets of ill-omen who tell us that we are shortly to find ourselves in the midst of a nation which has lost the knowledge of Jesus Christ as its redeemer,

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which knows no heaven or hell but the sorrows and joys of this fleeting life; but there is much to confirm that gloomy view. And what voice shall call them back from so dark a doom but the trumpet note of Catholic truth? Who should be foremost in print and on platform and in the intercourse of private life, pleading for Christ and offering his promises of eternal joy, if not Catholic bishops, priests, and laity?

## PERSONAL TRAITS OF A MISSIONARY.

The first element of hope in any enterprise is that the right sort of men and women are undertaking it. The sanctified soul makes the best missionary. Good men and women are the power of God unto salvation. The Bible is the Word of God and it enlightens me; but a zealous Christian is another Christ to me. The union of men with truth is not union with books or even ideas, but with God and with each other, and that immediately.

The diffusion of Catholics among non-Catholics makes a personal and independent tone of Catholicity necessary in any case, but it also distributes missionaries everywhere, independent religious characters who can maintain the truth with the least possible external help. It is God's way. One by one men are born, become conscious of responsibility, die, are judged. One by one, and by personal influence, non-Catholics are made aware that *they are wrong;* and then one, and again another of their Catholic friends personally influence them to understand that Catholicity is right.

Combined action can do much, but the supreme combination is that of virtue and sympathetic interest in a single person. Family, social, business relations are made by Providence for this end: that they may become channels of heavenly influence.

Councils have done much for religion, but men and women have done more, for they made the councils. There were great councils during the two hundred years before Trent, and with them and between them matters grew worse. Why did Trent succeed?—held amid wars, interrupted, almost disjointed. Because the right sort of men at last had come: popes, bishops, theologians. It was not new enactments that saved us, but new men—Ignatius and Philip Neri, Teresa and Francis de Sales and Vincent de Paul, and their like.

The real force of life is personal, is soul upon soul, and must be our real missionary force.



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HOW TO GAIN A HEARING.

Catholics are, therefore, to be made missionary by personal qualities which shall attract their non-Catholic acquaintances—the American virtues of self-control, independence of character, love of liberty and of intelligence, these must shine out with a Catholic lustre. To them must be added other natural virtues dear to our countrymen, such as truthfulness, candor, temperance, industry, fair dealing; these must find heroes and exemplars plentifully among us. All this is necessary to introduce the supernatural life, divine faith, and hope and love; Catholic unity; confession and communion. "First the natural man and then the spiritual man," says the apostle. Give us fervent Catholics who are typical Americans, and brotherly love will do the rest. If non-Catholics are felt to be brethren by nationality, soon St. John's test will claim its application: "We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren."

Interest in the advancement of God's kingdom must become a note of personal Catholicity. We must open our hearts to non-Catholics as to brothers and sisters; each of them who reaches the circle of our influence must feel our kindly interest in his religious state, if it be no more than sympathy with his sincere belief in what is common to all.

The men and women who are right will persuade those who are wrong, if they want to. Truth is mighty; but that means truth thrilling upon the lips of men and women, gleaming in their eyes, beautiful in their lives. We need not pray for orators; he that speaks from the heart is eloquent enough. If a man loves American souls because Christ died for them, he will win his way to save them.

The personal use we make of the truth of God is a good test of our valuation of it. It is this way in the gift of the truth: if it is not worth sharing it is not worth keeping. A people not eager to share Catholicity with kindly neighbors and fellow-citizens are not likely to live up to it themselves; certainly they are not worthy to enjoy it, much less to transmit it to their children.

The biographer of St. Philip Neri, speaking of the singular power and warmth of the saint's heart-beat, says that "when he knew any one to be tempted, especially with sensual temptations, he would draw him tenderly to his breast, and so dispel the temptation at once, and fill his soul with a sweet serenity and

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heavenly peace." Take your doubting non-Catholic friend to your heart, at least figuratively, and your words by their very tones of sympathy will dispel his errors.

The following lines from Cardinal Newman, entitled "The Religion of Cain," and headed by the text "Am I my brother's keeper?" are instructive:

> The time has been, it seemed a precept plain
> Of the true faith, Christ's tokens to display;
> And in life's commerce still the thought retain,
> That men have souls and wait a judgment day;
> Kings used their gifts as ministers of heaven,
> Nor stripped their zeal for God of means which God had given.
>
> 'Tis altered now; for Adam's eldest born
> Has trained our practice in a selfish rule—
> Each stands alone, Christ's bonds asunder torn;
> Each has his private thought, selects his school,
> Conceals his creed and lives in closest tie
> Of fellowship with those who count it blasphemy.
>
> Brothers! spare reasoning; men have settled long
> That ye are out of date and they are wise;
> Use their own weapons; let your words be strong,
> Your cry be loud, till each scared boaster flies;
> Thus the Apostles tamed the pagan breast,
> They argued not but preached; and conscience did the rest.

### THE EVIL OF RELIGIOUS SELFISHNESS.

Religion cannot exist in the soul without a principle of fecundity by which it demands to be communicated. Selfishness, besides being a vice, is a malady. It was the primary evil of Protestantism, and it has proved its ruin. The Bible is the common heritage of God's children; the Reformers made it each man's private property; hence disunion and then doubt. And any Catholic who fancies that he can use his faith as if it were his own exclusive property is in error, and is in danger of being decatholicized.

The missionary spirit is needed for our own inner life, in order that racial, local, family influences may be restricted to their subordinate spheres. These tend to supplant the universal. Nothing tends to make a man universal, catholic, better than the noble virtue of zeal for souls. "Blessed is the man who hath found a true friend" is perfectly true in its converse: blessed is the man who is true friend to another.

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It is easy to see, therefore, that a spirit of defence is not the missionary spirit, but one of aggressive charity. The dread of defection, and the tendency to mournful exercises of reparation, indicate a tone of mind quite unmissionary. Catholic faith is too often and too closely identified with religious traditions and practices brought from the Old World, producing a narrow and suspicious disposition. The sensation of exile is injurious to the missionary vocation. "To the Greek and to the barbarian, to the wise and to the unwise, I am a debtor."

To my mind our very dissensions, whether on matters of principle or of policy, are reason for encouragement, for they have shown an independence of conviction which yields to no human tribunal, and in bowing to a divine tribunal does so frankly and without cringing. Turn this independence of thought into missionary channels, and the results will be equal to our deep personal sincerity multiplied by the incalculable power of our divine organization.

How to go to work is an easy problem, since we have a perfect organization which can utilize the resources of modern civilization. Let us but have the determined purpose—the men of action bent upon success—and the ways and means are the divine methods of the church and the modern opportunities of the press, the platform, and the incessant intercommunication of all classes in America.

American bishops, priests, and laity working together in an apostolic spirit will missionize the entire land in half a decade of years. The immediate effect will be to throw every form of error upon the defensive, to set every religiously disposed person to sorting out and dividing calumny from fact, to start a small and perceptible stream of conversions in every locality. It seems like a dream, but it is really a vision of the future, and the not distant future either. Having done nothing, we have many thousands of converts: what may we not hope from an universal apostolate?

## THE BISHOP IS THE CHURCH'S MISSIONARY AS WELL AS HER RULER.

If what I have been saying is true, the practical suggestion which follows is that every diocese should have at least one or two priests who shall be exclusively missionary—I mean, of course, secular priests, and missionaries to non-Catholics.

As the Bishop has one of his more experienced clergy to do Bishop's work as vicar-general, one of the younger priests to

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do Bishop's work as secretary, an expert to do Bishop's legal work as chancellor, so should there be one or two priests to do Bishop's work as missionary to his "other sheep not of this fold," wholly devoted to arousing the consciences of non-Catholics. If there is an administrative need of help, and an epistolary and a legal need of help, so is there a missionary one.

And this is the answer to the difficulty, "The Bishop hasn't got priests enough to take care of the parishes." If this were absolutely true he would dismiss his secretary to a parish, recall the professors in the seminary to parishes; if he cannot take care of the necessary routine and educational work of the diocese without sharing it with priests, neither can he the apostolic work without a missionary. Or is it not to be deemed a necessary work? Did the Holy Ghost say only that Bishops were to *rule* the Church of God committed to them? Who was it that said, "Go forth into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"? Have this and kindred texts no meaning for the Church in America?

The diocesan missionary should be the Bishop's right arm, as the Roman Propaganda is the Pope's.

### THE PRIEST IS A MISSIONARY IN HIS PARISH.

What can a priest do in his parish? He can give courses of doctrinal sermons, inviting the presence of all thinking men and women through the press—or he can get his neighbors to do this in his church for him. He can act and look and speak as belonging to this people and nation, deeply interested in the common welfare. He is the appointed champion of religion and morality in his parish, and he should act accordingly. He should be the public foe of all vice. In him gambling, and saloon-keeping and saloon-going, bribe-taking and oath-breaking, should find their bitterest antagonist. He should be the known advocate of every good cause of whatever kind—well known as the friend of all good men. "I became all things to all men that I might gain some"—a saying often quoted, little understood, and less practised.

All this is parochial duty anyway; but it is pertinent to our subject that such conduct builds the Catholic priest a pulpit in every household in his town, and enables him to introduce the Catholic religion to men's notice under the most favorable circumstances.

The parish priest should watch the local papers, and defend and advocate the truths of religion, natural and revealed. He

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should carefully provide that Catholic journals come to each family, and see to the distribution of the printed truth generally.

### THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS.

And this opens to view one of the mightiest of apostolates—the Apostolate of the Press.

In most places the secular press carefully excludes everything hostile to Catholicity, and opens its columns to communications from respectable Catholics, especially the clergy. Oh! why is not this golden and universal opportunity better utilized? There are multitudes of converts who were first drawn to us by a paragraph in the daily paper.

A small band of laymen in the city of St. Paul put their heads together and then their limited means, and the Catholic Truth Society of America is the result, beginning a glorious propaganda of the printed truth. One man in New Orleans, Judge Frank McGloin, has devoted the recent years of his life to the same work, and with marvellous success. Faithful souls are to be found in every parish who ask, What can we do to save our neighbors and friends? The answer is the Apostolate of the Press. The Catholic weekly and monthly press has a limitless missionary field, and is daily seeing its way better to cultivate it.

### PRAYER FOR CONVERSIONS.

What gives much promise is that the Apostolate of Prayer is spreading everywhere. Many if not all the contemplative communities are engaged in it, and most heartily so. Men and women everywhere are being stirred by a secret thought—Let us pray for conversions. Those actively engaged say—Will they accept a book, a leaflet, a Catholic magazine? If so, I leave to God the rest. Give me a non-Catholic audience, says the apostolical priest, and I leave to God the rest: it is God's will that I should seek a hearing from them. Prayer will do the rest. As a result of this apostolate of prayer, men and women will everywhere arise among us gifted from on high with a life mission to impart the truth to their fellow-countrymen.

You see, then, how to go about it. Not alone by spasmodic efforts of zeal (though even these are useful), not only by starting societies (though there is a wide field for all such, new and old). But each Catholic must have a missionary element in his personal belief and practice of religion. And the church is her-

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self essentially a missionary society, not excepting her ordinary form of diocese and parish. Utilize this divine missionary society to its full capacity, but above all encourage personal zeal.

Let every parish have its stated courses of lectures and sermons for non-Catholics, and public prayers for their conversion, just as regular as the yearly Forty Hours' Devotions and the Lenten and Advent courses. Let there be a class of converts in all the larger parishes.

Let every Catholic periodical have its convert's department.

Let every diocese have at least one diocesan missionary.

Let every family have its little library of doctrinal and controversial books and pamphlets, its Catholic paper and magazine; every man and woman their little list of non-Catholic friends for whom they are ever praying and ever asking prayers, to whom they are ever talking and ever lending books.

Let the entire American Church face outward and move on, working and praying, towards the greatest victory of the Holy Spirit this thousand years—the conversion of the Great Republic.

## OBJECTIONS.

Of course objections are heard. For example: Keep to your place. I dread lest you will precipitate a public controversy in my parish. You are taking on yourself the work of the bishops. Why don't the bishops do it? Why don't the priests take up the work? Why don't the laity do their part? It's dangerous to make experiments. Where's your eloquence? Where's your learning? Have you ever made a course of philosophy? Don't be a crank, don't attempt the impossible. Don't be deluded by your study of early days—the church is not what it once was. (That is to confess that it is now racial and not universal, no longer youthful, but old and stiff-jointed. Our Holy Mother the Church has passed the age of child-bearing.) Be safe. There's a lion in the way. Where's the money to come from? Are you the dynamite that's going to blow up the Presbyterian religion, the Episcopal, the Baptist, the Methodist—or the big religion which says Mind your own business? John Hughes failed, John England and Martin Spalding failed—are you impertinent enough to think *you* can succeed?

Or other objections: They don't want you—they have no use for Catholicity. Establish my little sodality—that's the best thing to do. They are a rotten race and totally depraved; let's huddle ourselves and our little ones away from them, or

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they will contaminate us. They are as bad as outright apostates, nearly all in bad faith. A race that once has renounced the truth has never been known to return to it, etc.

Yes. Appeals to cowardice. Appeals to race hatred, to sloth, to despair. Such croakings once had weight, but that day is passed.

## ENCOURAGING SIGNS.

We everywhere behold signs of the opposite spirit. The diocese of Covington is given a farm, and the bishop sets it apart to support missionaries to non-Catholics.

Another bishop has engaged a missionary to assemble and address non-Catholic audiences in public halls in the smaller towns of his diocese; and several other bishops would be glad to make the same arrangement.

A zealous parish priest is inspired to pray for conversions, and from looking about him for company he prints a little prayer, and in less than a year more than a hundred thousand copies of it are asked for and distributed.

For the colored non-Catholics there is a young society, the Josephites, small in number but full of courage and hope, and equipped with a college and seminary for the training of missionaries. Associated with them is a body of apostolic women, the Mission Helpers. "The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole earth," and his gifts and calling are without repentance.

## CONCLUSION.

Multitudes among the surging crowds about us are now subject to a mysterious yearning towards the ancient religion of God, the ever-youthful Bride of the Lamb. One word from your heart, one glimpse of your shining altar, and the riddle of life is solved. All about us are minds darkened by passion, enslaved by lust, blinded by pride of wealth, in despair from poverty, sickness, disgrace; you have the cure upon your tongue if you have the love in your heart. They need the grace of God a thousand times more than you do. Will you not strive to give it to them?

They suffer from the deep wounds of adversity, and have no such balm of consolation as your good confession and happy Communion. The toys of prosperity mislead them, for they have no such appreciation of the transitoriness of this life as the Catholic religion imparts. They are just beginning life, and you offer them not the chart and compass of heavenly truth

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—you who read the heavens and who know the paths of the great deep. They are dying on the burning desert, and you will not cry out to them, Ho ye that thirst! come to the waters.

How many of them look into human life and behold only vice and its writhing victims, and beyond this life only the blank of agnosticism; and you can people the air about them with many thousands of the angels and the spirits of the just made perfect.

Young men are there, buffeting the flames of sensuality, and the sacrament of penance with its unearthing of the secret demon and its finding of the true friend—which of you will not tell them of it? It saved you in youth, will not you offer it to them? How can we enjoy the grace of God, and be conscious that we have done positively nothing for those who are perishing for lack of it?

Come, then, Bishops of the Church of God! open wide your eyes, and from your mountain-tops see the States of America white for the harvest. "And Jesus when he came out saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and he began to teach them many things" (*Matt. vi. 34*).

Come, ye priests of God, and join your voice with him who said: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; *them also must I bring*, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Come, ye men and women of the faithful laity, and join the glorious work of converting America; for the spirit of God is waiting to choose you all to be his messengers.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name, declare well his salvation from day to day, declare his glory among the nations, among all people his wonderful things" (*Ps. 96*).

WALTER ELLIOTT.

*Paulist Convent, New York City.*

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## FATHER WALWORTH'S POETRY.*

POETRY is an indefinable thing; it charms and fills man's breast with emotion, but there is difficulty in defining wherein the charm finds its life. It may be, as some would say, in the flow of words, and in their rhythmic ordering, and to some extent this is true, for poetry should be a harmony; or others will say it may be in the thought behind the words; but it will be found more certainly in the combination of these. It is the poet's duty, as it is his exalted privilege, to lift men's thoughts from the affairs and the deeds of commonplaces and mediocrity into the realm where the purest outcome of human nature shall find abode, and this great end can be accomplished only when the divine touch shall have been placed on the poetic intellect.

Poetry is not mere rhyming, and indeed this art of the pen is only the merest accessory, for it is not the outer ear which must be aroused, but far greater and nobler and higher is the poet's work. The poet must address the inner sense. He can approach into the holy of holies hidden in man's innermost being; and thither he must come, or else the summons is not the birth of soul, or the summoner worthy to be called a poet. As the result of this view, the virtue of poetry must exist in the idea which is behind the word expressed; it must lie in the conception created in the mind. The form of utterance will be then but a little thing, only as dress is to humanity. In fact, if the thoughts be couched in what the ordinary reader will call "nothing but prose"; but if the heart is stirred, if the tear comes to the curtain of the eye to pay its tribute before the world of men; if the emotion of pleasure, of pain, of indignation or approval shall beat against their imprisonment within the heart, then the reader is in the immediate presence of a divine thing, which poses under the designation of poetry.

It follows from these suggestions that poets are difficult of disclosure in this world of ours. Of verse-making there is no end, and the air is burdened with unwelcome voices, but poetry is a scant and scarce commodity. In this country few there are

* *Andiatorocte; or, The Eve of Lady-Day on Lake George, and other Poems, Hymns, and Meditations in Verse.* By the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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who have found the inspiration in the breath breathed from the life of religion, or who can find their repose singing of Him whose loving heart was attuned to the harmonies of that heaven whence he came to dwell among the sons of men.

The Reverend Clarence A. Walworth is a parish priest in charge of St. Mary's, of Albany, New York. The son of that eminent jurist who occupied so long, and with so great distinction, the office of Chancellor of the State of New York, he was intended for the bar, to which he received a call, and he passed his youth amid the stirring affairs of the world of lawyers; but the inclination of his temperament was toward meditation, and in early manhood he entered upon the study of theology. At this time he followed in the footsteps of his ancestors, and rested within the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, continued and completed his studies under its auspices, until the time arrived for his being ordained, when the power of another light led him within the fold of Rome, where for nearly half a century he has been a shepherd of the people. It is only from out the toils and the sacrifices of that sphere that the voice of his Muse has been uttered.

Of Father Walworth it may be said, as Coleridge said of George Herbert, he "is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate, it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a *Christian*, and both a devout and a *devotional* Christian; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves." Yet he does not confine his fancy. Albeit the hue of religious contemplation glows upon all his words, or is distinct within the thought they voice, for he is nature's lover, devoted to her grandeur and her simplicity, finding tones in her breathings which speak to his soul, and give him abundant opportunity to listen to what seems the living work of God. Let us hear him as he soliloquizes beneath his ancestral pines in Saratoga:

> Lo me in the old grove again!
> In sweet society, but not of men.
> How familiar, yet how odd, to me
> These pines that round me gather,
> Seeming to know me and nod to me,
> As they knew and nodded to my Father
> Long ago!

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He loved them: and I know
That then they whispered in his ear
With the same familiar confidence
They show me since.
The young and giddy cannot hear
What they say; for it is only
To the old, and lonely,
The groves confide their history.
To us they unlock the mystery
Of life, and death, and love, and pride,
That in their dusky archives hide.
I know these relics of the forest well,
I know their speech;
And I can tell
What each says to each
When stirred, and what they think when still.

I have seen them in commotion,
Roused by some tale of woe
Or wrong, when they swayed to and fro,
As when some common strong emotion
Urges a human crowd from healthful quiet
To passion and mad riot.
Indignant, then they lift their boughs;
Sullenly they knit their brows;
Wild threats they utter beneath;
Curses they mutter between their teeth;
Their needles hiss with scorn and hate;
Their cones vibrate,
And seem to spit and spin
With the fury they are in.
'Tis the orator winds that blow,
The demagogue winds, that stir them so.
So terribly are they sometimes swayed
That I have been afraid
To sit below.

. . . . . .

And to the end of the poem he bespeaks the fancies of the old pines, and voices all their varying moods. In it all one feels the association of a close student of the trees, and with a man to whose heart the simplest movement of nature approaches very near; and the likeness which his mind bears to the mind of the great Englishman, of whom Coleridge spoke so lovingly, may be traced in many of Herbert's poems.

Though we may detect many points of likeness, for traits of genius are all akin, yet not in Herbert or any other author can be found a finer expression of the charm of meditation, or of that instinctive turning of a religious soul from the unsatisfying human being to the all-satisfying divine.

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I.

The more I see of men, the less a man am I.
'Tis only in the night that we can see the sky.
'Tis only when the earth is hid that heaven comes nigh.

This lesson have I found all my life through:
The more I learned of men, the less I knew;
For, by false lights, they darken the beautiful and true.
. . . . . .

Wouldst know the rule to find the only true and good?
Go shut thy closet door; let none intrude.
God teaches the still heart in solitude.

II.

The silence of the cell is full of holy thought.
Angels come visiting when men go out.
To souls that stay at home they come unsought.

There solemn voices speak that only speak by night.
There truths distorted and confused are seen aright,
And the words of Holy Scripture gleam with golden light.

Then come back lessons learned from lips that speak no more;
And holy aspirations, such as moved us heretofore;
And tears spring to our eyes for sins that we deplore;

And a sweet voice whispers, "Peace"—a voice we know;
And melodies stir in the soul, solemn and low;
And the cell seems full of heaven that was lone a moment ago.

In still more sublime measure are the same thoughts given to us in the heroic stanzas of "The Unknowable":

They tell us, God can never be made known;
That every thought of him we try to frame
Must of necessity be false; His august name
Itself out of gross ignorance is grown.
He is the Unknowable; He has no throne;
Religion is the soul's midnight, no more;
We can but bow before a darkened door
Which meets all worship with a hollow groan.
. . . . . .

The lines beginning "The earliest altar where my faith took air" are those which fill the heart with more delightful emotions, as they bear one's thoughts backward to the pure days which were arrayed in the beautiful tints of life's sunny, unclouded morn.

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From the constantly recurring beauties of Father Walworth's verse it is difficult to choose excerpts, and as difficult to find an end. To my mind, however, he is most delightful in his meditative moods; when the world and its belongings are excluded he communes with his innermost thought. The exquisite "Night Watching" exemplifies this condition of his mind:

The clock strikes Nine. I sink to rest
Upon a soft and bolstered bed:
JESU, what pillow held Thy head,
What couch Thy breast?

The clock strikes Ten. With sleepless eye
I stare into a spaceless gloom:
Come hither, wandering soul: stay home.
Voices are nigh.

Eleven. Peace, needless monitor!
Oh! when the heart looks through her tears,
To gaze upon the eternal years,
What is an hour?

'Tis Midnight. No: 'tis holy noon,
Love and sweet duty make the day;
Night rules, with these two suns away—
Night and no moon.

Another hour! and yet no sleep;
The darkness glows with solemn light,
How full of language is the Night,
And life how deep!

Already Two o'clock! well, well;
Myself and I have met at last
After long absence, and the Past
Has much to tell.

Ring out! ring out! my watch I keep.
O Night, I feel thy sacred power—
How crowded is each holy hour,
Borrowed from sleep!

One, Two, Three, Four! Ye speak to ears
That hear, but heed not how ye roll;
The hours that measure for the soul
Are spaced by tears.

Strikes Five. Night's solemn shroud of crape
Begins to fill with threads of gray,
And, stealing on those threads away,
My joys escape.

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Oh, stay with me! I fear the light,
With all its sins and gay unrest.
Sweeter the calm and conscious breast
Of holy night.

I do not know where there may be sought successfully any figures more touching and sublime for their simplicity than the ones in this poem which mensurate time, as concerns its real value for men, by tears, and liken the dark robes of Night to the delicate fabric of crèpe; find the joys of meditation fleeing as upon the slender threads of the robe, to dissipation in the light of day, which is arrayed to the pensive thought in the garish garments of the votaries of sin and frivolity.

In the realm of religious contemplation, where he permits his pen and his fancy an unrestrained action, Father Walworth is strikingly original, and vested with a compelling power. He can bear his reader with him unto the very presence of the divinest scenes ever occurring in this lower world, and lead the thought within the holiest of holy places; nor shall the closeness of its approach have any tendency or effect save to enhance the power of perception, and exalt to regions where Faith only has been accustomed to find peaceful abode. Thus, in "Gethsemane," the mind is not astonished when participating in the soliloquy of the Son of God.

How real the agony, and how full of that which is intensely human, the closing words foretelling the remorse that must fill the minds of those followers who could not watch even one hour when the tragedy of Calvary was on the very eve of its unfolding!

Not often are we admitted to the inner cloisters of the soul when the spirit of prayer is over one, at least in our modern, self-conscious world. In the past great souls felt no such hesitancy. St. Thomas, St. Bernard, St. Catherine, St. Gertrude, open the door of their hearts, and reveal to us the secrets of their divinest moments; and among the moderns the first of English thinkers, Cardinal Newman, has permitted us to penetrate into the very sanctuary of his inner life, and in this he stands almost alone. Father Walworth, however, in one of his "Revelations of Divine Love" has opened wide this door of his inner life, and again in the "Immaculate Conception" he invites the sympathetic soul to enter into the penetralia of his life.

There remains yet another and quite distinct element in which Father Walworth's pen is at home, equally as in those which we have pointed out; and that is beautifully illustrated

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in his song entitled "Therein." It is a picture in words, where one observes the pleasantest, homeliest landscape, while the life of the depicted scene is real enough to enable the imagination to hear the sound of voices, and participate in the enjoyment which surrounds the persons making up the humanity of the occasion. Whoever in the "dull round" of his life has found his steps delaying at a road-side inn, or in the hostelry of some hamlet distant from the haunts of men, and secluded from the tumult of the city, will find himself at home in this locality to which Father Walworth has given form and actual existence in the poem beginning with

"I know a valley fair and green,
Wherein, wherein
A clear and winding brook is seen,
Therein;
The village street stands in its pride,
With a row of elms on either side,
Therein.
They shade the village green."

In his study Father Walworth is surrounded by the books which all men of letters love. The room itself is austere in its simplicity, but it seems the very abode of peace. Over the mantel, beneath which a cheerful fire glows, there depend three pictures: one of his father, the great chancellor, whose companion is the representation of the face of that mother who was the priestess through whom, as he says in "The Unknowable," the poet "offered his first prayer." A sweet, beautiful face, beaming with tenderness and graciousness, with which one falls in love upon the seeing. Between these pictures there hangs a third, of the home of his childhood; and the whole three have been the inspiration of some of Father Walworth's most delightful verses.

SILAS WRIGHT HOLCOMB.

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## HOW, PERHAPS, TO STUDY SHAKESPEARE.

I AM very often asked to recommend to Shakespeare clubs and classes a method of studying Shakespeare. I invariably suggest that, instead of studying the plays in succession, or committing to memory long passages, or allotting them by characters, an act at a time, to mixed gatherings of men and women who shall read them aloud with such effort at expression or elocution as each may be equal to, it is better to endeavor to bring out not only the beauties of the diction, or the harmony and symphony of their trend, but rather to obtain a knowledge of the vast lore of place and time and event; some hint of the *entourage* and environment in and among and surrounded by which Shakespeare wrote and perfected all this mass of literature and transcript of humanity.

There are many professional "teachers of Shakespeare," so-called, who go at the text as if it were a geography or an arithmetic; prescribe a "stint" or task of so many lines, and give regular series of questions with stated answers to their pupils; the pupil to endeavor, from working at the stint of text, to arrive at the answers. A better way would be, I think, to recognize the fact that to each question there might be many answers, and to endeavor to stimulate the suggestion of as many as possible. But I think incomparably the best way would be for each student to select his own stint, and to suggest his own questions. Let me sketch, very briefly indeed, one or two only of the many phases which a study of Shakespeare, so conducted, might develop.

I take it that very few readers of Shakespeare's plays—that certainly none who read them to any purpose—have failed to be impressed, among the other characteristics of their many-sidedness, with the perfect appositeness of their sentiments to even the commonplaces and economies of our present *menage* and civilization, in the teeth of the fact that the *menage* and the civilization of their date were as utterly and irreconcilably different from those of ours as they could possibly have been. Now, when our club of beginners takes up a play, instead of assigning parts and reading it aloud, let one take the stand-point of a lawyer, another that of a physician, another that of a painter



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of pictures, a diplomatist, a politician, a jeweller, a worker in any of the ornamental or useful arts, or even take the stand-point of one who is none of these, but only a "looker-on in Vienna," an observer of others, a social philosopher as one might say—let each then gather the allusions to his or her selected profession or craft in the plays, and ascertain wherein each expression or allusion reveals the state of that craft or profession at Shakespeare's own date, and wherein it is or is not applicable thereto to-day. Allowing for all the crudeness of purview—even of the very youngest students—for all the ineptness of the student's own views, perhaps, of the professions and crafts, the stand-point of which they are occupying—and allowing, too, for the often limited libraries of Tudor, Elizabethan, and Jacobean material at their hand—I yet venture to say that the study of the plays thus pursued will result in a perennial interest, and a constant newness and freshness of yield, and which will hold together the club or the class, and render the merest suggestion of fatigue or of weariness, or a proposition to disband, or of that comatose state which is the early death-knell of too many literary clubs of men and women—especially of young men and young women—all but impossible.

I need not enlarge upon the very evident proposition that the study of Shakespeare so conducted is a study of events, of manners, of affairs, of economics, poetry, art, not only of the past, but of contemporary days. That it is, in fact, a study of everything appropriate (and nothing is inappropriate) and that the daily newspaper, or the current review, or the last magazine, is, or may be, as much and as useful a part of the library of the member who has the floor for, or who takes part in, the discussion of the evening, as his copy of the plays itself. But possibly I may outline my idea of this possibility of making a study of Shakespeare a study of pantology (and of just as much pantology as interests him, to the exclusion of so much of it as does not interest him) by taking and treating very briefly indeed, and rather suggestively than finally, Shakespeare's handling of his material, let us say from a given three of these stand-points, viz., the lawyer's, the physician's, and from that of the mere man of leisure and of *savoir faire*.

And first as to the lawyer. Not only have the innumerable legalisms in the plays been collected in considerable number by Campbell, Heard, Rushton, Davis, and plenty of others—but men like Grant White, and especially Mr. Davis, have pointed out how these legalisms are not lugged into the text,

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but grow out of it; that they are not parrot-like and by the way, but structural; that the story, the speech, and the reasoning move in legal lines. And I certainly am not going to enlarge upon the thereupon oft-reappearing paradox as to whether, by reason of all this, William Shakespeare was or was not himself a practising lawyer at some time of his life. Indeed, I should advise Shakespeare students—unless they are students of very long standing—to let this paradox and all the other paradoxes, except, perhaps, one to be further alluded to, severely alone. What I suggest to the student is to inquire now how Shakespeare spoke of practising lawyers—that is, of such of his fellow-subjects as earned their living or occupied their time by practising law.

The student will find this allusion to legal lore far larger in bulk and more frequent in detail than reference to any other technical matter in the plays. Indeed, so progressive and cumulative is this legal intention, that sometimes the employment of a technical legalism by one character, will be made to suggest the legal doctrine in which it finds use; and, however abstruse, the other characters will take up the line, and the dialogue will run on for a while in terms of that legal doctrine. But the student all the same will be surprised to find that, while Shakespeare always quotes the law with respect *quoad* law, he cannot find too frequent opportunity to gibe at the lawyers who were the practitioners of it. I am afraid what he saw had somehow given him a poor and a very mean opinion of practising lawyers. He never, or next to never, alludes to a lawyer, except as keeping his fee rather than his profession first in mind. And so rigidly does he dislike, as I am compelled to believe, the legal fraternity, that when, on at least two occasions in the plays, great legal questions of the title of the French or of the English throne to possessions elsewhere arise, he makes the sovereign hold a veritable *Lit de Justice*, and refer the question, not to any lawyers at all, but to the bishops assembled. Thus the play of "King John" opens with the discussion of the great question of the title of the crown of France to England; while the play of "Henry V." opens with an exactly similar discussion of the title of the English crown to France, which the young king declares—when Katharine says it is impossible that she should love the enemy of France—that he loves so well that he will not relinquish "a village of it." (A retort which, like the rest of that inimitable courtship scene, is Shakespeare's and not Henry's, for nothing in history or chronicle shows Henry, brave as he was,

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to have been an expert at conversational thrust and parry.) It is certainly a very curious thing that Shakespeare should never, in all the four hundred characters he has introduced, show an advocate pleading for a client. He makes Portia pretend to be a lawyer, in order to personate the learned Belarius. But Belarius was summoned not as an advocate, but as *amicus curiæ*, or friend of the court, unless he was called in (as is the custom in Italy, I am assured, to-day) as one of what are known as *concertiatori*, or arbitrators with power to take the case away from the court on legal questions, and settle it in the presence of the court by adjustment of interests. But, under correction, I am willing to make the assertion that while many vicariously speak for others in the course of the multitudinous panorama of life, movement, and character in these vast plays, no lawyer—as an advocate—is ever introduced, even in the great state trials, so many of which Shakespeare, in the course of his historical plays, has occasion, or would have had excuse, to treat dramatically.

Or, secondly, as to the physician—or what was called the physician—of Shakespeare's day. Here the student will find, I think, that it is well to speak cautiously. Perhaps it would be safest to say that while there was considerable reading of the old authorities, Galen and Paracelsus, and what was understood to be Æsculapius, the learned book-men who read them were not, as a rule, practitioners themselves, but, as we would say now, *doctrinaires*. They spent a great deal of time in writing down notes and excursuses in bad Latin, on the texts, or what they supposed to be the texts, of these venerable persons; but nothing of what they wrote so carefully seems to have been of the slightest value or importance to anybody.

Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, was, I think, one of these medical pundits. He certainly left behind him a big book of notes on all sorts of medical topics, and I am sure a great many editors have tried to make "head or tail" of it, without, so far as the world knows, any very startling success, or with any improvement or amelioration to anybody. (Of course, here would come in a pleasant theory that when Shakespeare gibes pleasantly at all these "authentic fellows" he was thinking of his son-in-law, Dr. Hall. And I should recommend that the theory be started, for although improbable, from consideration of date and circumstances, it would be a perfectly harmless theory, and its discussion in a Shakespeare club would stimulate a great deal of independent research, and considerable per-

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sonal interest. From which it will be seen that my idea of studying Shakespeare is to get entertainment and pleasure and pastime out of it; it is not bread and butter. I never heard of anybody getting very rich or very famous out of the study of the greatest of dramatists, and I should be the very last to recommend that one so allow himself to be absorbed by his study as to neglect his business, or even, which is not impossible, get to be a bore. As Hedda Gabber says in the play, "Specialists are not interesting travelling companions.")

But while the one or two learned persons were poring over the black-letter Latin of "the authentic fellows," the country was perfectly overrun with "water-doctors," witch-doctors, and charlatans, mountebanks and quacks of all sorts, who would undertake to cure everything or prescribe for any disorder, mental or physical, on the spot; indeed, one might almost say that their favorite resources were their own inventions of the moment, and that so ignorant were the great generality of the common people, clowns, and oafs, and yokels, that no one of these inventions could be too absurd to extract a groat or a penny from the patient. In fact, the degradation into which the practice of the healing art had fallen in Shakespeare's day is hardly to be dignified by our term "quackery." These were the times when the people were advised (as they were by Dr. Andrew Roorde) to wash their faces only once a week, and to wipe them only with scarlet cloths, if they would be healthy!—when pills made from the ground-up skulls of men that had been hanged, or a draught of spring water that had stood overnight in the skull of a murdered man, the powder made by pulverizing a mummy, the blood of "dragons," the entrails of all sorts of reptiles were prescribed for special disorders. These physicians or "doctors" treated humors by stroking them with the hand of a dead man; to cure a child of the rickets, or St. Vitus' dance, they held that the only way was to split a young tree lengthwise, pass the child's head downward between the sections, and then tie the tree together again; just as the tree knitted together, so the child would recover; and when the tree was whole again, at that moment the child's cure would be complete. Then there were "love philtres" for sale at every apothecary's; promorphics were prescribed—that is, a concoction prepared on the theory that a broth made from any vegetable or fruit which in shape resembled any human member or organ would cure any malady incident to that member or organ. Even the most learned men and women of the day, from

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Queen Elizabeth and her Lord Bacon down, believed in all these things. Let the student take Lord Bacon's writings and find how his lordship not only seriously guaranteed all this fantastic rubbish, but went further, and found in certain metals which had been in certain hands remedies for certain mental ailments, and the like.

Now, when we turn to Shakespeare, we find, curiously enough, that he seems to have been fully aware, not only that there was a great science of medicine which could be practically administered for the health and healing of man, but that most of those who pretended to administer it were humbugs. The student will find plenty of hints at this humbuggery scattered through the plays, and he will find also plenty of allusions to the nobility of the true art of healing. Let me allude to one instance, too (there are a great many more), where Shakespeare shows his own knowledge of those vegetable specifics which nature has supplied for the *materia medica:* the case of the good Friar Lawrence, whom Romeo discovers just returned from a morning in the fields, where he has been filling his basket with "simples" (that is, simple herbs). This, indeed, was one of the most regular charities of the friars for long years in England—to prescribe for the ailments of the poor, and to watch over their bodily as well as their spiritual health. It is a matter of well-known history that for long generations the poor of England and the Continent enjoyed much better medical treatment than the rich; for while the rich were always at the mercy of the charlatans and the quacks, the poor were gratuitously treated by the good friars attached to the religious houses, who doctored them with simples, or with such honest if heroic surgery as their facilities afforded. They cauterized with a red-hot coal from the kitchen fire, no doubt; but, however the patient might squirm, it did the business better than a "sailor's thumb," or "liver of blaspheming Jew," or any of the things mentioned as compounds of the Witches' Broth in "Macbeth," worn in a bag around the patient's neck.

To return a moment to Friar Lawrence. Let me mention that Dr. B. Rush Field, one of the soundest students of Shakespeare, as well as of noble physicians, has given with extreme tenderness and gentleness an estimate of good Friar Lawrence, and a list of the "simples" which he had gathered in his basket.* Let the student note, too, how, although there were all sorts of witch-doctors and dealers in philtres and compounds for mad-

* *The Bankside Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 16.

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ness and all mental as well as physical disorders, Shakespeare, in two solemn moments in the plays—the awful somnambulism of Lady Macbeth, and the *finale* and the crack of the terrible strain of elemental and mental storm and stress in the case of poor old Lear—makes the wisest of the attendants prescribe, not charms and philtres and incantations, but *sleep*. When Macbeth, paralyzed by his wife's somnambulistic revealing of his whole course of crime, turns to the attendant, and with a wailing piteousness that would move any heart asks: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" the doctor replies: "Therein the patient must minister to himself." And in "Lear," when the poor old King's measure of physical and mental misery is full, the attendant advised putting him to sleep by music, that sleep may knit up the ravelled sleave of his care. It is perfectly safe to assert that no one of Shakespeare's contemporaries of whom we can find record would have declined to prescribe, or to find a charlatan to prescribe "for a mind diseased," or to merely say that sleep, "nature's soft nurse, balm of hurt minds," was best. Lord Bacon, I suppose, would have prescribed fine shavings of gold from a clipped coin of the realm that had been in circulation as many years as the patient was years old, or something equally extravagant. Falstaff and Sir Hugh Evans and Hotspur are not the only characters whom Shakespeare makes gibe at and ridicule the worse than ridiculous curative lore and procedure of the day. But all Shakespeare's contemporaries took it seriously enough, and the crown and the great nobles paid large salaries to charlatans who invented and prescribed the most ludicrous specifics for the simplest aches and pains. Queen Elizabeth's disbursements for this purpose were something enormous, and Dr. Wiseman, the court physician of Charles II., many years later solemnly declared that of the ninety-two persons whom the monarch "touched" for king's evil nearly all were cured. In short, the student will find for himself how, while to the general mind all learning seemed to be "smothered in surmise," and, as Mrs. Quickly says, "to consult a fool and a physician was to cast away a child," Shakespeare himself read in Nature's infinite book of secrecy the real healing art, and in numberless places speaks in just such similes and to just such effect as any learned doctor does to-day, when medical science has reached so far, its highest point, and nothing seems impossible. And so perhaps it was because of what he read in that book of nature that he was very careful not to speak too enthusiastically or

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too highly of Elizabethan practitioners of the healing art. I am sure I could suggest special phases of this branch of research almost *ad infinitum.* For instance, where did the picture of Romeo's Mantuan apothecary come from? Charles Dickens, in his *Pictures from Italy*, says that he saw plenty of tradesmen, apothecaries and in other walks, who were just as lean as that apothecary, and that, in short, Mantua was at the time of his visit full of just that sort of lean and pinched characters—as lean as ever Dr. Pinch, the school-master in the *Comedy of Errors*, could have been. Those uncontestable allusions to the circulation of the blood, written long before history credits Harvey with its discovery—how did he stumble upon that? and so on. But, I repeat, this paper is intended to be suggestive and stimulative only. So I run on to my next proposition.

And lastly, as to Manners. Where did Shakespeare learn to delineate that unfailing and faultless courtesy with which he invariably endows his noble and favorite characters, even when they are enemies, in their intercourse with each other? "Good father, you shall rather command with years than weapons," says Cassio to Brabantio. "Inter these bodies as becomes their worth," says Richmond, when he had slain Richard on bloody Bosworth field; sharp contrast, is it not, to Guise's speech over his murdered foeman—"The smell of a dead enemy is always pleasant." I must confess that I for one am nonplussed by such speeches as these, of which the student can easily make a list of hundreds of examples. It was a harsh age; there was much punctilio, indeed, and ceremony of the precise and fantastic sort which went out with painful disappearance say about a century ago, but very little of courtesy—that quality of the heart which is instinctive rather than expressed in genuflexion and obeisance—even between friends. But between enemies, if not entirely unknown, it is certainly safe to say that it was of the utmost rarity. The story of the noble Sydney who refused the cold water because the poor soldier's necessities were greater than his own, rang down through the ages because it was a courtesy absolutely solitary and unparalleled for those days, though not unparalleled since; and the exception proved the rule. Sydney's example was not followed surely to any further chronicle for many a long age.

And as to conventionalities—the etiquette of eating and dancing, the ball and the masque—the age, as Monsieur Taine says, was not far from the middle ages, and the man of the

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middle age lived in a barn-yard. If one will read the rules which Elizabeth's lord chamberlain prescribed for those who were invited to her feasts—quite too rude for present ears polite—prohibiting things which no man or woman to-day would think of doing even in the closet, and then open any one of Shakespeare's plays, he will find himself compelled to exclaim: "How could these plays have been written in such an age as that?" Miss Sewell has lately written a charming story, *Maid Marian*, in which she pictures one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor stepping out of a picture-frame at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and going down to dinner. The beautiful patrician drinks her soup in one draught from the tureen, tears her roast with her dainty fingers, and uses her mouth for her finger-bowl! (Queen Elizabeth, indeed, had a table-fork presented to her in 1611, but she kept it in a glass case as a curiosity; but she did exactly what Miss Sewell makes Lady Marian do, and everybody did likewise.) These, and such as these, were the very least among the manners of the time. And yet in these very days William Shakespeare—not a sovereign, or courtier, or nobleman, but a commoner who stood without—wrote these plays in which all the sweet courtesies and delicacies and amenities of the quiet and gentle life of to-day find their sweetest and fullest expression! Observe, even in casual meetings in the plays, how perfectly conventional it all is, even judged by our own standards! Enter to Hamlet, Horatio, Bernardo, Francesco. Hamlet greets as an old friend, as indeed he was, Horatio; to Bernardo he gives his hand and a speech; but to Francesco, whom he has never seen before, he bows, with a "Good evening, sir." Precisely what a man of breeding would do to-day, and yet every school-boy knows that our manners are a thousand times advanced from those of that earlier day. And I need not suggest to the student that he study the rencontres between Shakespeare's men and women. It will not be long before he will have a treatise on chivalry which will be tremendously at variance with the actualities of Shakespeare's day. In this one respect Shakespeare was not a photographer. Read that raining fire of courteous banter between Benedict and Beatrice, or that gallant love-making of Henry the Fifth and Princess Katharine, and imagine that those were the days when Queen Elizabeth boxed the ears of her ministers of state if they did not agree with her; and when a noble lord, after his guests had assembled at dinner around his board, would order his fool to take a leap over their heads

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into a big bowl of custard upon the table, in order to see the custard spatter into the faces and over the rich dresses of his guests!

But it is hard to remember that I am only outlining and suggesting a plan of study, and not exhausting that plan itself.

Now, in conclusion let me say a word as to that most familiar and favorite and, I may add, easily manufactured form of argumentation—the paradox—to which I have alluded above.

Few things, indeed, are more attractive to the young student in any field than this Paradox, and in Shakespearean matters, especially where this very quality of adaptability of passages from the three-century old plays to the phases of our own contemporary life is so paramount, they are as plenty as blackberries. How could Shakespeare have known this? what could have told him that? where could he have discovered the other? and so on. Trust me, the answer to all these questions will come with study and with research. It is only the indolent, or the *laissez faire*, or the too easily satisfied student who will save himself the trouble of investigation by answering them with a paradox. Paradoxes are not without their uses, of course. But only let one realize how easily they can be manufactured in any field, and he or she will see how little confidence is to be placed in them, in any result which they develop, or in any proof of anything which they afford. Take the simplest and most familiar of cases—the railway. What would any one think of a student of railway management who should solemnly utter such a paradox as that the most dangerous railway crossing in the world was the safest in the world? And yet such a statement would be strictly true. For the most dangerous railway crossing in the world would be the one most carefully and sedulously watched by human eyes, and so would actually be the safest in the world. And yet this paradox would prove nothing at all; no lessons in railway management could be gained from it. And to reason from it as by analogy would be only to find one's self groping among the most flagrant absurdities. Or let us take this other paradox (which would lean to the nature, perhaps, of a purely logical fallacy): supposing somebody should assert that a republican form of government was the kind of government in which the assassination of rulers was the most frequent. Nothing could be more absurd upon its face than that. And yet the paradox could be proved by citing the fact that in the United States, within a

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period of seventeen years, two Presidents—Lincoln and Garfield —were shot to death by assassins.

To draw such analogies back to our Shakespearean matters I say, therefore, let the Shakespearean student especially beware of paradoxes. That is, all but one. I care not how much he studies or is fascinated by that paradox of all paradoxes—the paradox Baconian, the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays! Were there any danger of his falling a final victim to the "Baconian theory," so called, I should be the last to give this advice. But I am so certain—so sure from my own experience and from what I have heard or know of the experience of others—that the more one studies that strangely-asserted paradox, the more convinced he will become of its absurdity, and the improbability of there being anything in it, that I say, Go ahead—study it exhaustively, in Delia Bacon's, Judge Holmes's, and Mrs. Potts's big and philosophical and able books —and the result will be safe! However he may waver, however he may be carried away by Miss Bacon's enthusiasm, or Judge Holmes's logic, or Mrs. Potts's marvellous learning and research, he will come, sooner or later, to realize that the constant lesson of literature and of affairs, and of increasing knowledge and experience, when bent to Shakespearean channels, is how much Shakespeare knew of the universe, and of the heart and mind of man, and how little, how very little, Bacon knew of either! How Shakespeare was the sum of all that was, the soul of all that was to be, in human affairs; and how little, how less than nothing, Bacon knew; how, for instance (for I repeat, that I am only rapidly indicating lines of investigation in this paper), he once wrote a synthetic treatise upon the passion of love, and defined the bounds and metes and demarking lines of it, as if it had been a piece, plot, or parcel of ground he had been delineating to a purchaser. How while Shakespeare, we have seen, was laughing in his sleeve at the ignorance of the "water-doctors," and leeches, and so-called surgeons, Bacon was calmly prescribing certain charms against certain maladies, and certain promorphics to ward off local pains, or to cure local injuries or diseases. And so on and so on.

But to follow out this line would be in some sort to meet rather than to stimulate the research which I recommend to the beginner in Shakespearean study. To such an one I can only say I envy him his entrance, for to know Shakespeare is a liberal education, and not to know him is to have something to live for. Perhaps I cannot close this paper better than by call-

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ing attention to an instructive repetition of history which we have witnessed in the last few years in our own country and in England. The student will remember, that during the closing years of the last century (say in and about 1780–1799) the Ireland forgeries which run to such an enormous extent, and their dramatic exposure (not by scholarly criticism, but by circumstantial evidence), stimulated to an immense extent the study of the plays. In Sir James Prior's life of Edmund Malone the result is described in the following rather dry paragraph:

"Editors and commentators appear at every turn and in all societies. In the club-house we meet three or four of a morning. In the park we see them meditating by the Serpentine, or under a tree in Kensington Gardens—no dinner-table without one or two—in the theatre you view them by the dozens. Volume after volume is poured out in note, comment, conjecture, new reading, statement, misstatement, contradiction. Reviews, magazines, and newspapers report them with as little mercy to the reader, and give occasional emendations of their own."

Now we, in the last few years, have seen a perfectly similar interest awakened, not only among students and literary classes, but among general newspaper readers, who had never found occasion before to give these matters the slightest attention. The "Baconian theory," so-called; half a dozen "cipher theories," so-called; the exploiting of these, and the conventional answers to them in periodical literature and in permanent book-form, have resulted in giving us exactly just such a spectacle as Sir James Prior above describes. But with this great advantage in our favor, viz.: that while the agitation to which Sir James Prior alludes exhausted itself in æsthetic and textual comment on the plays, expressions of opinion as to their relative beauties and the like, our present interest has been in the examination of historical and circumstantial evidence—the re-reading of old records, the re-survey of old landmarks, and the practical study of the *entourage* and vicinage in which, and surrounded by which, the scholar and gentleman, William Shakespeare, lived and worked. And surely this is best!

Appleton Morgan.

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# VISIT TO RAMONA'S HOME.

*A TYPICAL SPANISH RANCH.*

WE all have our day-dreams, as well as those of the night. A goodly share have been mine, full to the brim and running over—at times almost possessing me. Passing strange are they as imagination, with loosened rein, gives free course to whim and fancy, desire and purpose.

Were you ever so caught by the characters of a book that you ate and slept, walked and lived with them, and they with you? Of course you were, for is not all humanity in touch somewhere with its complement—the response of heart to kindred heart?

A few years ago and I was thus possessed, if you please, and it brought such real happiness that I want every one within seeing or hearing distance of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to share it with me. This day-dream came after following Ramona through her checkered life. She was not to me the heroine of a romance, the mere creation of Mrs. Jackson's fertile brain, but a veritable creature who, through much suffering, had at last found peace.

Feeling thus, it seemed almost a matter of course that I should learn soon after of an old Spanish ranch in Southern California where everything was still carried on as in Ramona's time.

What a pleasure, thought I, to visit that spot, revel in its beauties, and see the very people who had made the life of Alessandro and Majella both sad and joyful!

But is this possible? No; for tourists have made such a Mecca of the place that trains will not stop at the little station nearest the ranch, except by express permission of the family. Yet if we really wish to do anything obstacles only whet the desire until realized, and so it proved. The less prospect of having what I wished, the greater my resolve to gain it.

The vacation allotted to bread-winners approached. California was the objective point for my summer's outing, and Southern California too. If I only could!—again and again echoed my heart's desire.

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"Ah! Coz Meil, glad to see you. Allow me"—and turning, there stood my good friend, Father H——, ready to assist me on the cable-car.

"This is a doubly pleasant surprise, father, to meet you here, and better still to see you looking almost well; for, indeed, after your siege with la grippe and the typhoid last winter, we all feared you would hardly rally."

"That's what the prophets foretold; but my good mother's nursing, and two or three months near Los Angeles, have disproved their word, giving me a new lease of life."

"You say near Los Angeles?"

"Yes, Miss E——, in the Del Valle family. You've heard of the general's famous ranch, the scene of Ramona's life?"

I almost lost breath at these words. Could I have heard aright?

"And you were really there, the very place I've longed to see?"

"Yes, indeed—wish I had time to tell you all about it. But this is how it happened: Rambling near there one day my horse dropped a shoe; the heavy clouds just then told of a storm at hand. I ventured to ask assistance from a herdsman not far off, who recognized me as a priest. With respectful greeting he said: 'Ah, mio padro, no time for the horse till storm come; you have welcome here with Señora del Valle; no padre passes her door'; and, leading the way, in spite of my doubts, soon found myself cordially welcomed by the señora and family—the general having died some years before. But see here, I must get off at the next crossing, so will be brief. The few hours I intended spending at the ranch ran into weeks. There being no resident or visiting priest for the place, I was easily prevailed upon to pass my vacation there. Receiving the necessary faculties, I said Mass daily in the little chapel, gave instruction to the children for their First Communion and Confirmation, not overlooking the older persons, thus making me a full-fledged parish priest for the season. But here's my place; must leave you; so good-by, cousin."

"Good-by, father"; and he was gone, leaving me too disappointed to utter a word. What a goose I am! Why didn't I ask father for his address? Just as I thought there was a chance to realize my heart's desire here it has slipped from me, and I am no better off than before. Looking from the car-window I hoped to see in what direction my friend had gone, but there was no trace of him. Yet in this, my disappointment, hope still remained in Pandora's box.

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A few days later, while still brooding over my regrets, the carrier brought comfort in the following letter:

DEAR COUSIN MEIL: In our hasty leave-taking on the car I did not have time to tell you what I trust will give pleasure, that I can make it possible for you to visit the Del Valle ranch through the enclosed note of introduction.

Accept, with best wishes for a pleasant journey and safe return. Yours faithfully in Christ, J. M. H.

Again I almost lost breath, and read the note once more to be sure of its reality. This time there was no dreaming.

A few days more and I was booked for Southern California, where the iron horse landed me amid groves of orange and lemon, fig and pomegranate. Los Angeles—City of the Angels, well named, embowered as it is in flowers of matchless beauty and luxuriance. What a change from the grand but barren and rocky heights of Denver to so lovely a spot! This my first trip through the Santa Clara valley was full of charms, from the moment I caught first glimpses of hedge-rows of lilies and roses, enclosing gardens filled with our rarest flowers in almost wasteful profusion, which, with the snowy magnolia and other trees, made the air heavy with their fragrant bloom. Paradise! Paradise! I caught myself saying again and again between my gasps of wondering admiration.

The quaint adobe houses, between more pretentious modern structures, quickened the memory of those early Spanish settlers who, with the Franciscan fathers, had left traces of their work in ruined churches, villages, etc. Each stone had indeed been hallowed by prayer and ritual, but still more by toil, hardship, and suffering, that told of a faith supreme, and proof against all difficulties.

A day or two of rest, then on to Ramona's home, about forty-five miles west of Los Angeles. It is named Camulos, meaning juniper, the founder being Ygnacio del Valle. This is the only typical Spanish ranch in California. All others have become so Americanized by innovations and improvements that little remains of primitive methods and customs.

Leaving the station, I was driven through thickets of wild mustard, looking like fields of molten gold, as the yellow blossoms swayed with the breeze. Passing Indian villages of brown adobe huts, where swarmed big-eyed, half-naked children and babies, then came groves of willows and cottonwood, and just

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beyond the sheep corrals, barns and stables of the Camulos ranch, some fourteen hundred acres in extent. All these led to Ramona's—*my Ramona's*—home. She had been so linked with my life as friend and sister from the moment we first met in the thicket of mustard, when, peering through to see the good old Padre Salvierderra, that face, kissed by southern sun and gentle breeze, was revealed in all its loveliness; then on with her through all that strange career. As I came nearer and nearer it seemed like returning to my childhood's home, where each dear, familiar spot would have a touch of tender attraction, linked with the memory of one who had thus stolen into my heart's affections, becoming to me another self. Its familiar approaches made my blood tingle with the quickened pulsations of heart and mind. Little wonder, then, that the tears filled my eyes. There was the adobe house of Señora del Valle, surrounded by verandas, where people of all ages and conditions were sitting, lounging and making merry. This somewhat abashed me, fearing I might intrude upon some family *festa*. However, my note of introduction was all-sufficient. "Any friend of good Father H—— is ours also," was the cordial response to my apology, as the señora, dignified and affable too, presented me to her family. This welcome was fully confirmed during my brief visit. Spanish hospitality is proverbial, but a double share fell to my portion on the strength of friendship for Father H——. Home-friends could not have done more for comfort and pleasure.

Not being familiar with the Spanish tongue, I fell back upon French, which is also spoken there; the few courses I had taken in the natural method of Berlitz serving me admirably, with some broken English from the señora and her children. The make-up of her personal household, whom I met on the broad veranda some eighty or a hundred feet in length, included two sons, a daughter, daughter-in-law, and two lovely grandchildren, one of them an ideal Ramona. Fruits, refreshments, and cool drinks were served there by one who seemed the exact counterpart of the Margarita I had known as Ramona's steadfast friend and servant.

The ringing of the largest of three bells hanging in a belfry summoned the family to Vespers. Although cracked, this bell still retained something of its former melody. Brought from the San Fernando mission, its record could be traced back to 1770 at least. A Russian inscription, too much blurred to be read, doubtless told its age and history.

The señora and party were followed by the rest of the house-

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hold—maids, servants, workmen, and all. She conducted the service, assisted by members of her family.

The little chapel was tastefully, and even richly, adorned. A large crucifix and a picture of San Rafael for altar-pieces, with statuettes in niches, and other pictures, beside fresh flowers in beautiful vases and urns, spoke of the faith and love that prompted these offerings. The little hanging-lamp told us, too, that the divine Master awaited our coming.

The service ended I still lingered, unwilling to leave the sacred place; the señora also, with two or three others, continued their devotions. Everything around me only recalled more vividly the scenes of Ramona's life. How often had she been there, pouring forth her heart's affections, desires, joys, and sorrows! The altar-cloth, with its mended rent, was not the least of the suggestions before me. The calm repose and solemn stillness of that hallowed spot were broken only by the melody of ever-singing birds, floating in rippling waves through the open windows—a chorus of praise to Him whom we there adored.

As the señora covered the altar and put away the sacred vessels, vestments, etc., I gladly assisted her. In a press at the side of the altar, where they were kept, she showed me rich chasubles, albs, surplices, etc., many of them sacred heirlooms brought from Spain long years before; much of the delicate, filmy lace was the handiwork of the Mission Indians and servants on the ranch.

Everything there proved the faith and piety of the señora and her family. In truth, of all the traditions preserved by the house of Del Valle none are more tenderly, sacredly cherished than those relating to our holy faith. Two large crosses capped the hills, one on the north, another on the south side of the ranch—beacon lights they were for all passing within their range. Spanish through and through, not less were the señora and family Catholics in heart and soul, in life and action.

I learned this when, leaving the chapel, my kind hostess spoke freely her sentiments: "Gladly would I restore the old Franciscan missions were it possible; so much good yet to be done; but of what use? They would soon go like the first ones. Settlers, settlers all the time come in, always for money and fine houses; but the church—ah, no! little care they." And then the sigh and shadow of sadness on that noble face told how truly her lips echoed the heart's emotions.

"Now for a stroll," continued the señora, taking my arm as



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we left the chapel; "you must see something of Spanish life on a real ranch, if you please."

"Thanks, señora, nothing would suit me better." I told her then of my love for Ramona; how closely our lives had been linked, that this visit was the fulfilment of my dream for many a year, hence my joy to be thus privileged.

"It is well, and I am glad. So many already come, but strangers to us, we have not always a welcome—too much time and trouble; but friends, as you"—and she pressed my hand—"I always say, Do not go. When Mrs. Jackson came and found her Ramona here, with Allessandro, Margarita, Juan Can, and all the rest, I was away. Too bad; would like so much to see her—good soul, may she rest in peace! Such a friend to the poor Indian! How she worked for them! One half-dozen such people do more good than the whole government."

"You know of Miss Drexel?"

"Ah, yes, indeed! She walks in Mrs. Jackson's shoes, and fills them too. They tell me she is a sister."

"Yes, señora, and mother too—Mother Katherine, now hard at work training novices for Indian and negro missions. If her plans are carried out, with government approval, we shall see a change for the better. She is no idler, knowing full well there'll be few holidays in this undertaking."

"Do you know of her plans?"

"Somewhat. I believe when ready the sisters of her community will take charge of schools to be opened on the reservation for Indians; negroes are also included in this good work, and all so taught as to become their own bread-winners, marked talent being guided accordingly."

"A grand work, indeed, my friend; that I call the religion of one's life. But here we are at the sheep corral; you remember?"

"Remember, señora? How can I forget any spot here?"

"Some sheep there are, but not as when Ramona and Philipe gave orders to Alessandro and his band. Here is the mill to crush olives; a wine-press for the claret, and on the other side they make brandy, etc."

"What are the large buildings beyond?"

"Warehouses for grain, wool, skins, etc.; meat, smoked and dried, they have ready always in that low building behind the storehouse."

The vegetable garden, with flowers and fruit everywhere, told of energy, thrift, and plenty. I could plainly see that

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the señora held her forces well in hand, having an eye to every part of her broad domains, not only giving orders but seeing them executed. "Since the general's death I must fill his place, and my own too. The help of my sons I have; yet more of one than the other, who lives with his family at Los Angeles. I trust myself best of all. Is not that well?" she asked in a merry tone. Of course, I fully assented; and indeed the señora was more than equal to the charge—verily could have ruled a kingdom. Strong of will, self-reliant, shrewd at a bargain, a stranger to fear or anxiety—thus did she impress me; yet all these virile characteristics were encased in a woman's heart, loving, tender, and true to the very core; her magnetism was irresistible; dignity and affability perfectly blending made the Señora del Valle the charming, regal woman she was.

"Do you never tire of this responsibility?" I ventured to ask in a moment of confidence.

"Yes, oh so much! it is weary work at times, and gladly would I have it no more. But these people, they are mine; what shall they do if not here? Come, you shall see what is done for them"; and leading the way we entered a room opening, as did all the others, on the veranda. Here were some fifteen children; busy with book, slate, pen, brush, and needle.

"Ah! your school I see, señora."

"Yes, Miss E——, and this is their teacher," at the same time introducing me to the pleasant young lady in charge.

"First they learn their religion—nothing good without that; then their other lessons like all children: music, painting, English, French, fancy-work, plain sewing, etc. Each child old enough has every day work to do in the house or garden. One time, you know, they may have their own ranch; then all this will make them able to care for it. Prizes I give to the best, of something useful to them; for you know, not always will children love study and work without help like that."

Then, going to the east veranda, the señora pointed to a small building this side of the sheep corral, at the same time walking towards it. "There the children of my Mexican Indians and other workmen are taught by a capable woman to read, write, keep accounts a little, sew, knit, do housework, gardening, etc. When Father H—— was with us he gave instruction every Sunday afternoon to all the people employed here. They also have their dances, games, and other amusements, for always work is not good. Here, just south of that artichoke patch, shaded by olives and vines, you will see the

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house where my sick are cared for by a faithful nurse. Where are so many people, some must be sick. One poor blind woman we have—I will say a little word to cheer her heart. Will you come too?"

"Certainly, señora"; and she led the way into the main hall of the long, low building. On either side were small rooms, plainly but neatly furnished with bed, table, chairs, and some holy pictures. Entering one of them, we found an old Spanish-Mexican woman, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, busily knitting although totally blind.

The señora greeted her kindly, as I could see by the happy expression of her face. The conversation being in Spanish, I was little the wiser for it, but felt sure sunshine had come to the poor old woman's heart, and was reflected, too, on the señora's; for as we turned away she said: "Much good I always feel to come here; I learn to be content and happy." Then turning to the nurse, who spoke French, gave directions that nothing should be wanting to the invalids; also calling attention to some little changes that might be made for their comfort. All this proved the motherly care felt by the señora for each one under her protection.

Crossing the garden, radiant in summer bloom, we came upon a little brook rippling merrily along. I was startled with glad surprise. "Ramona, again," I said to myself, and half-aloud too. The señora read my thoughts, if she had not heard them.

"Yes, here it is—the brook where she washed the altar-cloth."

Need I be told? Could I not almost see her there, even as Alessandro, when "he felt a light smite his eyes, as from a mirror?"

There she was, Ramona again—"hair in disorder, sleeves pinned loosely on her shoulders, her whole face aglow with the earnestness of her task as she bent low over the stones, rinsing the altar-cloth up and down in the water, anxiously scanning it, then plunging it in again. The sunset beams played around her hair like a halo; the whole place was aglow with red light, and her face was kindled into transcendent beauty." Yes, I seemed again to see it all, and gave myself up for a moment to the happiness it brought. A casual remark of my host dispelled the illusion.

"Do these people remain here long?" I asked.

"Some of them—yes, ten, twenty, even forty years and more. Others come and go; restless, they must have a change."

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Passing on to the foot of the grape-arbor, at the left of the little square garden, we came to the broad, flat stones on which formerly the family washing had been done. East of this were carpenter's shops, a blacksmith's forge, tool-house; fine stables for horses of every grade and condition, saddle, carriage, dray, and for field use; sheep and cattle in their pasture, with colts, calves, and lambs could be counted by the dozens.

The orchard, too, told of an abundant crop—peaches, pears, apricots, and almonds, with groves of orange in bud, blossom, and fruitage; and over all the soft, filmy haze, itself tinted with hues of a thousand flowers, that seemed reflected there from the soft and variegated carpet of Mother Earth.

"Beautiful, oh more than beautiful!" I exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight. "I could live here always."

"So it is, Miss E——; though so many years I am here, still it is ever to me so lovely; changing always, I think, makes it thus—never is it the same. But tired you will be; let us rest here"; and we entered a vine-covered arbor, the branches laden with luscious grapes, just touched by the white and purple down of ripeness; refreshing, too, they were as I gladly accepted some of the finest from the señora.

"There, the children are free now"; and we heard their merry shouts as they left the school-room. "Here, Carita," calling her whom I had already christened Ramona, "stay a little with our friend and make it pleasant, while I look after my men and women; lazy they are sometimes," she added, with an expressive look and shrug of the shoulders that told she had no use for idlers. "I'll join you soon"; and bustling away the señora went her rounds.

My new little friend, shy at first, soon yielded to my interest in her daily life, as she told me in very good English of her work, studies, amusements, etc. Noticing the music scattered around, beside a guitar and mandolin, I said:

"You play, dear, of course?"

"A little, señora," was the timid reply, "but my sister better. You like to hear her? We sing, too—my cousins Inez, Carmita, José, and Luis. I call them"; and, sounding a little ivory whistle two or three times in different directions, added: "I know not where they are, but this will bring them," as indeed it did; and not only those she had called, but a dozen more, shouting and laughing in merry glee, chatting, too, in their own soft, musical Spanish tongue.

Wonderful command had my Ramona over those beautiful

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young elves of the Camulos, for a look and word checked the outburst of mirth; perhaps, too, the sight of a stranger had its effect.

"I called you not all, only Luis, José, and their two cousins." The wishful looks of the others told their desires; my pleading, too, gained the favor. A few expressive words and gestures in Spanish proved that good behavior was the only condition for remaining.

Music then began in earnest—free, hearty, and joyous. Those beautiful Spanish songs were joined in by all; the music so light, airy, and graceful, as if each note had plumed itself for special flight, glowing with the heat and fire of that warm southern clime. Then came those gay, fantastic dances, into which these elves and sprites threw all the joyful abandon of their sunny natures. The regular figures and movements of our Northern and Eastern dances were wanting; but instead, all the more grace and witchery. Seeing my pleasure, they only gave themselves with freer spirit to the frolic. Their beautiful faces, expressing at will every emotion of their earnest, passionate nature, were indeed a study, where could almost be read their future of love and hate, joy and sorrow.

The gayly-colored costumes, peculiar to their race, only added effect to this charming scene. May our dear Lord and his Blessed Mother keep and preserve these precious souls! I found myself saying from my very heart.

The frolic came to a sudden pause as the señora entered.

"Too much children—tire you, I know."

"Just what I like, señora; all are so happy they must be very good."

"Ah!" and she shook her head a little doubtfully; but motherly love prevailed. "Yes, sometimes—oh, so good! and then—little *méchantes*." But spite of her dignity they well knew the señora's heart went out to them and gathered around for the caress, sure to come, as she folded them closely in her arms. "Now, *allez, petites, à votre diner*."

I detained them long enough to distribute some holy pictures, of which I chanced to have a few packages. Then what a change! How did the beautiful, earnest faith of these impulsive hearts reveal itself in the subdued, reverential mien, and soft, "*Gracios, gracios!*" with which each received her treasure, pressing it to heart and lips while slowly wending their way to the house.

"How blest, señora, are these little ones, safe, sheltered from whatever might weaken their faith; so firmly engrafted now, in

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after years it can resist whatever may be brought against it. A noble work indeed is yours among all these people."

"It is well you say so, my friend, for I lose heart many a day; it is weary, weary to me. But there is the call to dinner; shall we not go?"

"Thanks, señora," and we were soon in the long dining-hall, across the courtyard from the kitchen, and opening, like the other rooms, on the veranda.

"You will see our family together, for to dinner all should come."

The seat of honor, at the right of my kind hostess, gave me full view of the household, numbering some thirty or more, gentlemen, ladies and children, nearly all related by marriage with the Del Valle family.

My vigorous appetite, whetted by recent travels and a healthy digestion, welcomed the dinner that would have more than satisfied the most epicurean taste. Even the highly seasoned soups, meats, etc., more suited to Spanish than American taste, were not to be refused. Then came fruits, fresh or preserved as if in amber, and conserved, in fact prepared in many ways new to me, but all most delicious, which, with jellies, dainty cakes, and the best of tea, coffee, or chocolate, as might be preferred, made a feast fit for royalty.

The pure Spanish type was plainly visible in the faces before me: dark hair and eyes, olive complexion, with a certain supple grace and vivacity that told of the *dolce far niente* life prevailing there. Two marked exceptions, however, attracted my attention in the light hair and blue eyes of a boy and girl some ten and twelve years of age, telling that Northern blood must have found its way to this Southern clime.

How happens this I was on the point of asking, but delicacy forbade. The señora, however, read the inquiry in my face, and said: "Yes, it is true, these are of our family too, and as dear as if of my own flesh and blood. Movers do often cross our ranch en route for some El Dorado, or leaving it, heart-sore, for their home. But a few years since, and there camped such a caravan a half-mile distant. When leaving, one wagon did not go. A sad story was soon brought me by Luigo, one of our herdsmen. Father, mother, both sick, a little babe, and those two children, with no food, no help, nothing but trouble. I had them moved to one of the store-rooms, made pleasant as I could; but too late. In two days the children had no father, no mother; the little babe soon died too. I sent letters, as the father did tell me, to their people

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in the East, but only one answer came, from the uncle; he so poor—could hardly take care of his own. I knew then the good God had given me these poor little ones. It is well, and they shall be cared for as my very own. Our Blessed Lady will be their mother too; it is to her I gave them at first."

"Then all will be well, you may be sure, señora." And it was already so, as I could plainly see in their happy faces and in the loving caresses so freely exchanged with the other children. A few words with them later in the evening only confirmed this impression.

"My brother and I are so happy here we wouldn't leave if we could. The señora is strict with all of us, but so kind and good we can't help loving her."

"I'd like to hear any one say anything against her—wouldn't have a chance twice, I'll bet," added the little boy, as he struck the veranda-railing with his fist to emphasize the fact. "When I and my sister are big we'll have our own house up North, where the señora shall come and spend every summer with us."

"And it's to be a surprise, too," continued the little girl.

"That will be the very best way to tell the señora how much you thank her for all her kindness."

"Oh, look, look; there they are!" shouted both in a breath; "the first rockets; now for the colored lights; that was the signal!"

Just then the young Señor del Valle, with his sister, joined me, and the children ran away to find their companions.

"You came just in time to enjoy one of our greatest *festas*. This is the eve of San Ignacios," said the señor. "My father bore his name, and we always keep it in memory of that great saint as well as of the best of fathers."

The limits of this article will not admit a full description of that celebration. Certainly nothing was omitted to bring joy to every heart, young and old. Music by a Mexican band, with fireworks in the eve, ushered it in; addresses to the señora and her children, recitations, dancing, and singing were continued until a late hour.

The next morning, before any one in the house was astir, the singing of birds in the vine-covered porch under my window roused me from a heavy sleep. Humming a little response to this pleasant greeting, I thought it might be the signal for a general chorus from other members of the household, as in Ramona's time; but such is not the present custom; so beautiful, would that it might be now as then! My thoughts, however,

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readily turned to Majella, as I occupied her room, recalling vividly the scenes of her marvellous life. West of this was the one reserved for priests, and occupied by my good friend Father H——, also by the saintly Padre Salvierderra. Looking towards it through the open door, it really seemed as if I must see the venerable, gray-haired Franciscan in brown habit and cowl, with sandalled feet, standing at its threshold, ready to give me greeting, and his own fervent "God bless you, child!"

I knew the place at once, even before the señora pointed it out to me, as she did a few minutes later, after a pleasant "*Bon jour*, my friend," with kind inquiries about my health, night's rest, etc.

A stroll through the garden with two or three others, then to breakfast, which, in honor of the *festa*, was served in a large tent spread for the occasion, and decorated with Spanish and American flags.

Through the thoughtful kindness of the young Señor del Valle, a priest from Newhall, some twenty miles distant, arrived about nine o'clock A.M. and celebrated Mass in the little chapel, specially decorated for the occasion with the rarest, most beautiful flowers the ranch could furnish. The entire household, in holiday attire, filled the place, and during the service sang many beautiful selections. The Mexican band of the night before also contributed its share to this commemoration. The rest of the day was given up to mirth and festivity, much of which was so unique, and peculiar to the customs of the locality and people, as to be a constant surprise from moment to moment.

Music and dancing were, of course, the chief features of the occasion, as a Spaniard who cannot dance and sing is well-nigh tabooed. Each one took part, master and servant, mistress and maid, all full of joyous, rollicking life and fun. Indeed, it became so infectious, that I too entered heart and soul into the festivities, almost feeling as if I were with them "to the manner born." Distinctions were lost sight of, all mingling freely together, each determined to honor the day and the señora in every possible way.

Even the animals had their share in it, by their neighing and braying, bleating and cackling, gobbling, etc., adding to the general mirth. A procession of those on the ranch appeared just before noon, each well groomed and decked in flowers, bells, and gay trappings. There were sheep and bleating lambs, sleepy-eyed mules, bulls and oxen, cows and calves, mares with their colts prancing, fiery steeds and gay cavaliers, followed by a

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mimic harvest in a huge wagon. Here were samples of the year's produce—the finest and best, of course; golden-eared corn, sheaves of ripened wheat, flaming, feathery mustard, all as a setting to pyramids of luscious fruit; blushing peaches and pears, lemons, oranges, apricots, plums, olives, etc., in lavish profusion. Bringing up the rear, and almost unmanageable, were the geese and ducks, turkeys and hens, making such a "confusion of tongues" we were glad when they were out of hearing, and yet the procession would not have been complete without them.

All this was under the direction of Colomb, the head herdsman, a striking figure indeed in his brilliant holiday attire of buckskin trousers trimmed at the sides in rows of shining buttons, scarlet jacket and blue vest ornamented with gold braid, as was also the black sombrero. Heading the procession, he was in truth a typical leader, fit to marshal an army. At least six feet in height, broad-shouldered, straight as an arrow, riding his silver-gray stallion with the ease and grace of one born to the saddle: here, I thought, is my Alessandro. This impression was confirmed by a glance at his face, the olive complexion, coal-black hair, and eyes showing the mingling of Mexican and Indian blood in his veins.

Pausing before the señora and her party, with a graceful salute, he allowed the motley procession to pass on. The proud, self-complacent smile showed how fully he appreciated the well-deserved compliments so freely given him and his year's labor.

This truly family *festa* seemed equally enjoyed by hosts and guests. Other amusements followed until evening, when a special Vesper service was celebrated in the chapel in honor of the great St. Ignatius. Then fire-works and music by the band closed the festivities, and with it one of the happiest weeks of my life.

My last day opened with many a regret that it could not be lengthened indefinitely, but time was beckoning me away from this pleasant spot and its delightful people.

With many thanks for the happiness afforded, and I must confess almost in tears, I exchanged my farewells with the *adios* of the señora and her family, true types of those who had made Ramona's life so full of strange and mournful incident.

F. M. EDSELAS.

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# EDUCATION: UTILITARIAN, LIBERAL, AND JESUIT.

A TEACHER who should employ identical exercises to train a certain number of picked students for an exhibition of their individual powers, would find, if he drew out all that was in them, a most pronounced inequality among them. The identity of conditions which he provides has nothing to do with the diversity of endowments, which he must accept; and the likeness in the premises just accentuates the variety in the results. Similarly, in an age of universal instruction, an observer who should start by carefully noting the democratic principle, that education must be within reach of all, and perhaps even forced upon all, would have the more reason to be impressed, as he approached the consequences, and found them conspicuously at fault with his expectations. Overruling the arbitrary principle of a universal equality, there are many natural conditions of universal disparity. Time, place, birth, opportunity, necessity, will admit of no general levelling down or levelling up in society. The social level will remain as broken and uneven as the surface of universal nature always is and ought to be.

In one tint the educational results may be made to agree—in the dun color of mediocrity. Paternalism lays on too much in quantity for some, not enough in the quality for others, and a great deal of the capricious for all. Besides, all the figures being placed in the foreground, the conception is grotesque, and as to perspective, there is none. Every one is cultured, or ought to be. All the grades are to be open to all, from the primary alphabet to the top of the university. And this is taken to be the best adjustment to the needs of our times.

The theory of this adjustment is called Utilitarianism in education. It is an application of the principle of utility to instruction. The utility in question is that of serving the purposes of material prosperity, of comfort, or, in plainer terms, of money-getting. Such a notion of utility, assumed as the adequate measure of the interests affecting human life, is as ancient as man himself. But, as made an idol of, an idol of the tribe and an idol of the forum, it has a history of its own. Its niche was prepared for it by the anti-Catholic reaction of the Reformation, and it was enshrined therein by the natural philosopher of the Reformation. Bacon, who described so brilliantly the four "idols,"

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or illusions, which impose upon mankind, carved in his own workshop the theory of utilitarianism, which has become the most universal cult in the thought and in action of modern times.

Yet there are other ideas of utility than this of material welfare. We may say with perfect justice that no Athenian philosopher who whiled his days away in the Academy or Lyceum, nor Greek theologian who opposed the Roman pontiffs with finest-spun subtleties; no Epictetus or Seneca who spent his days in a barren philosophy, no scholastic of the age of dialectics, nor even scholastic theologian of the time of St. Thomas, ever pursued another end than the useful. Their pursuits were all adjusted to an end, either sterile and intellectual, or one more divine and useful than that; although in the scale of personal comforts they never rose higher than a brick floor and a pallet of straw, with food supplied from any quarter, and that of any kind. This might be called Intellectual Utilitarianism.

We have a still higher application of the term. The motive of utility has been urged in behalf of piety; and that not merely by courtiers or benefice-seekers, or other hypocrites, but by the Apostle St. Paul, who urges on the faithful the pursuit of a pious, godly life because of its utility. *Pietas ad omnia utilis est*—"Piety is useful for all things," including all that health and temporal prosperity which are consistent with much or with little of this world's goods, which depend neither upon a high nor a low nor a medium standard in the statistics of reading and writing, and which, in truly Christian populations, have been found associated with a just appreciation of the true and the beautiful, and, what is more, with a practical aspiration towards all that is just and true.

Taking utilitarianism in its material and lowest sense, we see the term applied to denote one method of education. Another term, "Liberal," has been universally employed to designate a higher order of intellectual and moral culture. It is the bearing of these two ideas on the Jesuit system that I wish to point out, supplementing therewith some observations made in a former number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.*

All systems of instruction may be reduced to a few constituent elements, such as Courses, Examinations, and the Method of conveying instruction. By a course, I mean a protracted line of teaching and study, governed by some principle of unity, and supposed to finish some branch of knowledge in a definite time. Several courses might be arranged under a principle of higher unity combining them in one organic complex-

* October, 1892: "The Jesuit *Ratio Studiorum* in Popular Literature."

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ity. Now, the first thing to be noticed is that the utilitarian programme has the merit of having introduced Parallelism in the courses of study and teaching. The modern phrase consecrated to express this idea of parallelism is, "So many hours a week in lectures and recitations" for such or such a branch. The arrangement is regulated by the law of demand and supply, not by any intrinsic educational value in the branch. How many "hours per week" are assigned to one study or another is determined by the coincident demand of many courses, which all happen to be useful or necessary. Hence the utilitarian pedagogue — frequently a minister of public instruction who knows as much about teaching as Rousseau did, or a practical superintendent whose knowledge of education is limited to reading the signs of the times—draws up a "programme of instruction," by cataloguing, in the first instance, the entire supply of marketable articles—arithmetic, book-keeping, reading, writing, Latin, French, drawing, political economy, type-writing, engineering, Greek, German, physics, chemistry, gymnastics, physiology, etc.; then he takes a comparative view of their importance to the public, the busy public, the money-making public; and, finally, he divides the twenty-five or thirty available class-hours per week, and the twenty weeks per semester, among the claimants. And so the programme is made complete.

These courses, constituting no organic body of educational instruction on the merits of their developing value, are entrusted to teachers who constitute among themselves no organic body of pedagogic value. Each teacher has his price; he is shipped on his own track; he runs parallel with other teachers, as his course lies alongside of other branches; and if the lines happen to intersect or converge, it is not because of any idea of a unity, whether pedagogic in the teachers, or educational in the culture-values, that has been conceived as governing all. Nor, for that matter, is there any essential unity of association between a given teacher and a given pupil. The teacher has charge of that section of the programme. He gives lessons and hears them recited. He keeps order. He reports. He shuts the door and goes home. The one organic function in the system which is fundamental, permanent, and common is that he draws his salary like every one else, while the people who pay it merely see that they get the worth of their money. All other elements in the plan are variable functions of popular opinion and popular demand.

The pupil too, whatever else he may or may not have an eye to, catches the idea, if he has any, of looking to the worth of

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his money, if he pays any; and if he does not, of coveting the worth of somebody else's money, whoever is under constraint to pay for him. Hence, in the light of the pupil's vast experience as to what is good for him, and in the exercise of that pedagogical discretion which he has developed by his experience, he is expected to covet the choice of his own courses. This introduces into utilitarian education the element of Election or Option. Were it not that some courses seem to be necessary for all parties alike, there is no reason, on the face of it, why everything in the programme should not be optional; and the babies might begin by "electing" to take the alphabet or leave it alone. Usually, their elders induce the innocents to take it.

Now come Examinations. These exhibit the pole-star of the system. Language would fail me in the effort to describe what examinations are in the eye of utilitarianism; and above all Written Examinations. They are the centre of gravitation; the lever that moves the pedagogic world; they are the irritant by day of the 'cute boy, the dream by night of the hectic girl; they are the bugbear and the nightmare of the teacher, for he does not know what will come of them, and they may strike him and his pupils on any side. They mean written questions, the same for all, with no personal presence of a living man to enter kindly into the thoughts and ways of expression of a living child. They are weapons of offence to strike the weak points. They are like the old instruments of torture, doing service for all sizes—the stocks, for instance, meant for the legs of all whom they concern, and therefore too big for some and too little for others.

I do not mean that written examinations are at all inconsistent with utilitarian education. I think them a beautiful and instructive adaptation to the vital conditions of the system. If their ruling ideas were carried out farther, and the whole system were made to go by correspondence, writing letters and getting answers—in short, going to school by staying at home and reading—I should see herein nothing but the ripe maturity of the whole plan. For what does it all come to? Merely the gathering of information—nothing else. In the class-room itself, where *viva voce* teaching is supposed to be carried on, the process consists in prescribing what is to be read, and how many pages are to be learnt for the morrow. The teacher keeps the machine going; and, as to his personal influence, he ranks with his text-book, the dictionary, and other such channels of information. Therefore, when he says every day, "Learn these pages for to-morrow," and on the morrow resumes, "Recite those

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pages assigned yesterday," it is not wonderful if, in his turn, the fulminating examiner strikes the same key from behind the awful clouds of his unknown personality, and smites the unknown personalities of fifty different boys with the same shock to their sensibilities: "Answer that!" It is not strange if all teaching and studying is made to be a study of chances and possibilities, on the basis of antecedent lists of examiners' questions. And, in fact, it is not unknown that the utterly contemptible degrees of utilitarian education can be prepared for by studying a "Manual of the Baccalaureate"—ending with the learning of the printed page, as the children began with learning their printed alphabet.

One curious and misleading feature of the whole system is the attempt it makes to absorb surreptitiously the Liberal Arts, and assume the style of Liberal Education. This, no doubt, is a covert compliment to a method better than itself. But the only real effect is to discredit what it travesties. What with its "hours per week," its parallelism, its credits and marks bestowed on "Latin and Greek," on "poetry" and "literature," and even "philosophy," it reduces these liberal pursuits to such a woe-begone state of destitution and degradation, that we may say, if the polite culture designated by these terms owned any real kinsmanship with the results of this pedagogy, it would neither deserve, nor ever recover, the character of education—classical, liberal, and humane.

This exposition of mediocrity, both literary and mental, is ticketed all over with credit-marks. The form of expression, the calibre of critical judgment, the creative imagination, point, copiousness, acumen, and all the other qualities of a cultured mind, being supposed to be acquired, are supposed to be gauged by means of credits and marks and weekly schedules, and especially by the statistics of written examinations. One thing is truly gauged and certified to by the results. It is that the real acquisitions of penmanship, spelling, and correct grammar go, under all the wear and tear of this mechanical art of pedagogy, to a common grave with the chest and lungs, the health and bloom of the victims ground down by the machine. However, as they have died in a noble cause, they are buried with honor under a solemn cenotaph, called *Statistics*. And, thus much said, let it be enough on the parallels and the options; on the slicing of hours per week, and the slicing of credits per line; on the sampling and labelling and ticketing of marketable information, which has been slily called an "Education."

Liberal Education proceeds otherwise. It takes for its

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object, primarily, the formation of the mind; secondarily, information; and finally, specialties in their own good time and season. Hence, in only one point does it coincide with utilitarianism, and that is in its secondary object, the storing up of information. But that it imparts, not shaped and cast to make a technicist offhand. It waits to make a specialist, as the final result of all the culture; as a house is put into its special form, not in the foundations but when it has risen above ground. For this purpose it takes a central study from which others ramify, as "branches" outspreading from a central trunk. Other pursuits which do not spring naturally from the central study are ranged as accessories—not as parallels. These accessories are comparatively few, because the natural branches of the central course are many.

As the central study in the lower division of the liberal arts a thorough and universal literary course, with a proportion of the exact science of mathematics, has always been considered the staple of a liberal education. Such a course is commonly called the Classics; not that nondescript "Latin and Greek" which a utilitarian programme pretends to include, but the Latin and Greek languages and literatures, with the vernacular tongue, embodying a full formation in grammar, poetry, and rhetoric. These lower studies, which are quite congenial to the expanding mind of the boy, and the arithmetic, geometry, algebra, which are very necessary to drill his thoughts out of their native looseness, are followed, as soon as he develops into a capacity for judgment and reasoning, by an exhaustive study of the methods of thought and the contents of thought, set forth in dialectics and philosophy. Then, the double course of classics and philosophy being satisfactorily finished, with their natural branches and needful accessories, it will be in season for students to adopt a specialty, or a profession, or to enter on the life of practical influence and importance which every citizen of to-day may command as his portion. These few ideas, thus briefly stated, require but a moderate development to show forth the meaning, scope, and process of a liberal education.

It may be said of the first stage, or classical studies, that Style, as far as it signifies a literary clothing, or an accomplished form of expression, is the primary object in view. A couple of reasons may be assigned for this. One is that such a form of literary expression represents the fruit of all the elements of liberal culture to be found in the study of polite letters. For a finished form of expression signifies a command of words and phrases, a discrimination of the useful and the beautiful, and a

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correct taste in idea, in imagination, and in the moulding of speech. *Loqui et apte loqui humanum est*—it is characteristic of man in his dignity to speak and to speak well. The second reason, I may mention, is utilitarian, but in a high sense of that word; for, as another adage says: *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*—"What avails it that you know, if nobody else knows that you know!" As the history of the world has shown, it avails much in all manners of life to command the use of the word. Spoken or written, the word is always a power of the age, and certainly not least so among ourselves. This power is acquired by the assiduous exercise of every form of composition on the models of original and powerful writers. Essays, poems, speeches, and all the exercises of debating societies, called in the Jesuit *Ratio* "academies," are as integral a portion of the intellectual life as reading authors, commenting upon them, and digressing into the collateral branches. In short, reproduction of a literary form, as an original exercise with the student, is the test of all his studies, whatever may be the classical original which he is examining. Hence, it will be seen to be quite in keeping with this labor of the schools that the literary periodical emanated, in the early part of the eighteenth century, from the professors of Jesuit colleges.

Talk and language are the most congenial of studies for the young mind. All the material elements of style, as well as the most ethereal ones, come naturally and adhere for life to the imaginative and tenacious capacities of the boy. It is not so at a later period, when judgment begins to ripen. Then the laws of thought and the subject-matter of philosophical ideas, just, broad, and fundamental, engage the reasoning faculties; and, the form or literary clothing of ideas having been already acquired, the substance and soul of science is now the exclusive object of pursuit. Supposing five grades, that is, about seven years for the completion of the literary curriculum and its accessories, three more years are conceived to be an adequate philosophical and scientific course preparatory to the professions or specialties. But, as the pressure of modern life does not admit of that, which was and is the adequate preparation and qualification for the Mastership of Arts in the Jesuit programme, at least one year of philosophical culture on the great issues of the day is prescribed as satisfying the barest requirements for the Baccalaureate. There is, indeed, a pressure for time. If such accessories as modern science and mathematics are taken in hand to be quite completed, almost as soon as the course of letters itself is finished, it is not strange if accessories elbow


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principal courses. And perhaps it may be admitted that the staunchest representatives of a liberal education suffer from a minor access of the utilitarian fever; just as the utilitarian pedagogue with more excuse affects the liberal frame of mind.

However, the notion of elective or optional courses, except in some accessory branch or other, is seen to be entirely foreign to the liberal idea. It is only when the broad foundation of a liberal culture has been laid that the man, whose mind has been rounded with a general formation, is to shape himself, at option and by choice, into the specialist. Otherwise, if the specialist is made first, there is no hope for a cultured man to evolve out of him; nor does he deserve to rank as a specialist; he is merely the technicist, whom utilitarianism has stereotyped for life among narrow-minded mediocrities. The laws of season and of time must be respected. You can bake an apple, but you cannot ripen it. You can give a permanent set to an immature mind, but you cannot mature it at will.

In all this the teacher is not a mere element in the course, ranking with the text-book or dictionary. He is the entire vital agency in the education of each individual boy who is in contact with him. He is the indispensable influence of living mind acting upon mind. As representing authority, indeed, he is but one, the nearest, of some half-dozen powers directing the progress of the student. In this the Jesuit system presents a marked contrast with the other types of liberal education, existing, for instance, in the public schools of Great Britain. Mr. Quick observes that the head-master, in a school like Eton or Harrow, sums up in himself all the characters which are distributed in the Jesuit system among the General, Provincial, Rector, and Prefect of Studies. But, in teaching, at least among the earlier grades, one master's predominant influence is set over one body of students, who are to be dealt with as individuals by an individual. Other professors come in, but as being accessory, like the branches they teach. There is no general dividing up and pulverizing of influence along parallel lines as numerous as parallel branches. Seneca has said: *Simile confuso est quod usque ad minima dissectum est*—a distribution that reaches to atoms is tantamount to confusion. And, when the pedagogic body itself is not an organic body, but a collection of units shaken together into a "faculty," their influences, which cross and neutralize one another, produce corresponding effects—negative and futile unto good, whatever may be the force of individual example or teaching unto evil.

The teacher's qualifications may be summed up in a few

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principles. *Quæ docturus est egregie calleat*—"He must be admirably versed in what he is set to teach." This first qualification comes of a complete general formation, up to the close of an ample course of philosophy, supplemented by a special "seminary" training for the specific duties of the class-room. This "seminary" or normal training for the class-room, as well as the "seminar" preparation for a specialty now so much favored in Germany, are expressly referred by those who have promoted them to the initiative of the Jesuit method.* With respect to the intellectual formation of the young, a maxim formulated is *Modice et pro captu*—"gentle in quantity and genial in kind." As to the growth of the moral character, the principle which animates the teacher determines the spirit of his personal influence; it is "the knowledge and love of the Creator, which is the practical fruit of the manifold labor of the schools." With the younger grades of scholars these principles are carried into effect chiefly by professors not advanced in years, and therefore more sympathetic with the many ways and sentiments of a dependent and tender boyhood. Professors more mature in years are better adapted to the more reflective and self-contained period of young manhood. In the case of both classes of professors, the type or kind which all of them alike exhibit is characteristic of the order that has formed them; specialties characterize the man. Hence, while there is a progressive readjustment of men to their work, according as their talents become more and more conspicuous, the general character of the work performed remains identical. The features of the organic body in its diverse lines of activity are recognized as those of a social individual.

In education, no solicitude can be too great which is exercised in the pursuit of that highest form of utility, "the Piety which is useful for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." It is true, as the Harvard prospectus has it, that "in every case the choice of what the man will be must rest with the man himself." But that statement is false, if it implies that the boy is to be left helplessly to grow, as if he were a weed that might be left to grow anyhow. It is true that boys are to be brought up in a "real" atmosphere, breathing the "common air" of mankind, as the cant phrase goes with that teaching class of men who take things easily. And perhaps it is the best maxim for themselves and for the young under their charge; since it is not clear what good they could do. But the Jesuit principle, like that of all

* Compare the *Educational Review*, June, 1891, p. 38.

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religious orders, is that the common air in question is the air pure, not the air infected; not the common air of a stagnant marsh, but the fresh and bracing atmosphere of virtue on the hill-top, where a manly integrity and a vigorous Christianity respire freely. Nor need the measure of such virtue and Christianity be like that of the boys' intellectual work, *Modice et pro captu.* We do not measure fresh air that way; the more of it the better. Nor need we measure that way the daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice, or the life of prayer and the Sacraments, or the vigorous development of Christian youth which has issued from the sodalities, first instituted in these colleges. We do not accept the principle of the *doctrinaires* who say, as we have heard one affirm, that he did not believe in receiving the Sacraments oftener than once a year; why? "because the Church says we must go (*at least*) once a year." The unfrocked monk and the apostate priest of the Reformation thought more cleverly than that, as the present representatives of Lutheranism clearly show.

One reflection more, on the application of a liberal education to the actual conditions of our present busy life. I have referred to the professions and liberal specialties as the natural outcome of this form of culture. They are such professions as those of an author, a journalist, a linguist, a lawyer, physician, clergyman, and the like. The question arises, what is the rank of a life of commerce, those walks of business which are filled by the great body of intelligent men?

The question is pertinent, and it is easily answered. The walks of mercantile life are no longer those of the mere trades; least of all, under a constitutional form of government. The other day a bookseller was leader of the House of Commons; and while conducting the House he was still plying his business on the Strand, and at the railway depots of the whole United Kingdom. This in old, aristocratic England; how much more so in a republic which has never recognized an aristocracy! Every one here is, in theory, as much at the top of the social ladder as any one else; since all are equal. Each one's judgment is appealed to in public and in private, by speech, print, and conversation. His private opinion helps to form that public opinion which is the recognized arbiter of all things, higher even than the natural or divine law. He is himself called upon to speak, to write, to give his decision—on what? On everything. In the magazines and reviews of a single month, in the journals of a single day, there is not a question left untouched in ethics, religion, politics, social economy. Nor are these issues so much

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submitted to the judgment of the business man of the day, as they are imposed upon him by the most mediocre class of journalistic scribblers, who, while they address him as a philosopher, school him as if he were an idiot. Hence fallacies and quibbles without end; the gravest delusions and the grossest errors.

And is an intelligent man to submit to all this for want of an education? Or is that want supplied in the twinkling of an eye by the imbecile flattery, or the ignorant assurance, which prompts him to speak out, and tells him how to do it—"Know what you have to say and say it!" This is like that bewitching cant which murmurs sweetly in the crowded day-dreams and empty offices of young lawyers—"There is always room at the top of the ladder—get there!" Merely to state a plain truth well, and expound it, is an exercise both for power of thought and felicity of expression. But to detect an error and expose it demands, not merely the double exercise of thought and expression, but also the analytical conception of underlying principles and the dialectic skill which thrusts after it has parried. The formula for refutation of error might be rather this: "Find out what another should have said, and did not say; say it for him, and leave him powerless to reply." But perhaps a passable education will meet our actual emergencies; a Catholic citizen only wants to get on somehow! This reminds me of the naïve aspiration of that would-be Greek scholar, who knew not a word of Greek, but would just like enough to get on: he said, "Just enough to read any quotation he might come across!"

I will present one specimen taken from an article by a State Superintendent of Education. In six lines there are perpetrated an historical misstatement, an ethical error, a political fallacy, and a literary ineptitude. He says:

"It is not enough for the state to attempt to educate the poor alone, any more than it was once enough to provide a few great universities for the rich. The education of the rich and poor together is of the highest public importance. The sciences and the fine arts, the cultivation of public æsthetic taste and a love for the beautiful, are all substantial supports of the government."*

I take the trouble to pick this sample out of the heap only because, with all its assumptions of utilitarianism, it is in reality an endorsement of Liberal Education.

THOMAS HUGHES, S.J.

*St. Louis University.*

* A. S. Draper, *Educational Review*, January, 1891, p. 29.

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## SONG OF THE WINDS.

HUZZA! O'er the waste of the dark, wide ocean
On let us sweep with resistless breath!
Hurl the white waves into wild commotion!
Scatter destruction, and terror, and death!
We are loos'd from our bonds the dull world to awaken.
Their God is forgotten, His pathways forsaken.
Raise the wild cry!
Cease not till Earth's strongest holds we have shaken,
Till man's mighty schemes,
His hopes and his dreams,
That mount, like the Babel of old, to the sky,
And each worldly trust
And each stubborn spirit be laid in the dust!

Hark! from yon vessel that breasts the fierce billow
Hundreds are wailing the hour of their birth.
He who has torn them from home and from hearth,
From love and from life, rests secure on his pillow.
Rend the slight timbers and snap the thin mast!
Mourners, the hour of your anguish is past!
Slaves, ye are free!
Murd'rer, to Mammon, thy god, thou art cast!
See what a noble paymaster is he!
As we cross'd the western isles
Where the tropic summer smiles,
We caught up each groan and sigh
From the slave, as we went by;
And each oath the planter swore
On our viewless wing we bore.
What the zephyr heard, think not
That the tempest hath forgot.

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Ev'ry oath and ev'ry blow
We remember as we go,
And on guilty heads the store,
Ere the morn, our blast shall pour.

Onward! Flee onward! No ruth is within us.
Their words cannot soothe us; their tears cannot charm.
Onward! Flee onward! Their wealth cannot win us;
Their pride cannot daunt us; their pow'r cannot harm.

On! No voice can bid us rest,
Till the sinless one which rose
Gentle and calm, in heav'nly majesty,
From the tempestuous waves of Galilee
Bids us repose.
Then, o'er the breast
Of the sad earth and troubled sea
Soft we shall breathe, and silently,
And listen to the wail
That of our vengeful tyranny
Tells the dark tale!

ALBA.

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# SOME CONVERSIONS.

## I.

IT is interesting to hear of the strange channels through which some people, born of Protestant parents and educated under thoroughly Protestant influences, are led into the Catholic Church. Sometimes it is after years of doubt and mental anguish; of wandering from church to church, and finding each one in turn less satisfying than the last, until some accident, apparently, leads them to study the source of all religion, and to their surprise they find the long-sought rest for heart and soul in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

Strange as it may seem, it rarely occurs to a Protestant to study the Catholic religion first, but some are led by a special and marvellous grace direct to this haven of peace. A lady recently related the circumstances of her own conversion. Her father was a clergyman of severe Calvinistic views, and all her friends and associates were of the same faith. In the small New England village where she lived no Catholic church has ever been built, and the first Catholic known there was an Irish laborer; a quiet, peaceable man enough, but he became an object of terror to all the children; probably because he never appeared at the meeting-house—neither on Sundays nor at the weekly prayer-meetings. Although the minister had reasoned with him and tried to convince him of the error of his ways, he still preferred to go to "Mass."

In order to do so he was obliged to walk nearly nine miles, to the nearest town, every Sunday and back again. Never was the summer sun so hot, and seldom was the winter frost and storm so severe, as to keep "Jim" at home from Mass on Sundays; and it was this fact that impressed the young girl, and made her wonder what the attraction could be that drew him to S—— in all kinds of weather; for in other things Jim was considered somewhat lazy. So it was said in the village; but in after years she had reason to doubt some of the stories told about poor Jim, for she could then see that to be Catholic and Irish meant to the villagers everything that was vile. In spite

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of the many discouragements, however, he continued to live in that place for several years. It was before the days of high wages, and he earned but a poor living; and yet he seemed content with his little, but would allow nothing to interfere with his right to go to Mass whenever he pleased.

After one long, severe winter and late spring there followed an unusually hot, dry summer, and one day Jim was missing from his work in the hay-field, to the great annoyance of the minister by whom he was just then employed. Something seemed to tell the minister's daughter that he had gone to Mass, although it was not Sunday; and as there were errands to be done in town that morning she volunteered to take the hot drive, fully determined to gratify a desire that had long been in her heart without the least prospect of its ever being fulfilled. She received her mother's last orders and her father's parting injunction to be "merciful to the beast" with what patience she could command, and started off down the road at a trot; but it seemed to her the slowest horse-walk, so furiously did her heart beat with her desire to overtake Jim, to offer him a "lift" as far as the church, and to get just one peep inside and see what kind of a place it could be.

She had almost reached the town when she finally caught sight of the familiar figure trudging along, with his coat thrown over his shoulder. She drew up beside him and asked timidly: "Have you much further to walk in this heat, Jim?"

"Only to the church, ma'am; but it's powerful hot," he answered, as he mopped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Let me take you to the door. You must be very tired; is there to be a meeting this morning?"

"No meeting at all, but just *Mass*. It's a holyday, ma'am," said Jim. Simple enough was the answer, but what a holyday was she could not imagine. She has since learned that it was the fifteenth of August, the feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady.

Arrived at the little wooden church, with its cross-crowned steeple, she allowed Jim to go in alone while she drove her "beast" under the shade of a tree and tied him there; then she too entered alone, her heart thumping so noisily that she felt sure it must attract the attention of some one near her as she stole quietly into an empty pew and sat down. When she became more composed, she looked curiously about her. The people were all kneeling and deeply absorbed in their devotions;

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no one paid any attention to her. She wondered at the lighted candles on the altar, the white-robed priest and the one altar boy who waited upon him. How still it was, and how solemn! The boy rang a little bell and the priest seemed to raise his hands; the people bowed in adoration as he raised a white disc above his head. What could it all mean? A strange thrill passed through her whole being; she dropped upon her knees and covered her face with her hands. She saw nothing more of the ceremony nor of the people about her; her lips framed not one word; but from her heart went up a prayer for light that she might understand; for whatever it was, whatever it could mean, from this moment it was life to her.

What need to follow her further? In her soul she was a Catholic from that moment. It seemed to her that she had always been in quest of *something*, and here she had found it.

While visiting a friend in the city the following winter she sought an interview with a priest and told him her story—her struggles and her difficulties—and asked for help and instruction. It was given, and the strangest part of all to her was that, from that moment of the Elevation in the little country church, she never felt the slightest doubt or uncertainty, and many things that are apt to be obscure at first to the student of Catholicity were to her mind as clear as day from the very beginning.

Another remarkable conversion was that of a young woman, a seamstress in a family where all the domestics were Catholics.

One afternoon she was out with the cook doing some errands, and before going home they went to the cathedral because the cook wished to go to confession, and she waited for her in a pew near the confessional. For some time afterwards the poor cook had to bear an amount of chaffing about "hiding in a little box, behind a green curtain, and telling her sins to a priest." "Indeed, and it's yourself that ought to be telling your sins to the priest," was ever the good-natured answer to her nonsense. This must have made some impression, for one day the seamstress came to me and said, with a laugh:

"Where do you think I have been to-day?"

I had seen but little of the girl before this, and was not a little surprised at the question. She had seemed to me very frivolous, and I had taken no interest in her; so I answered indifferently:

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"I cannot imagine, Mary. Perhaps you have been having your picture taken?"

"Oh, no! I have been to confession."

"I did not know that you were a Catholic, Mary," I said.

"And I never was until now. Father B—— is teaching me my catechism, and Lizzie, the cook, is to be my godmother."

Thoroughly interested now, I asked her to tell me the whole story.

Lizzie's oft-repeated assertion that she ought "to be telling her sins to a priest" brought forth the answer on one occasion: "I suppose you think I wouldn't dare?"—at which they all laughed together.

Some time later she was again passing the cathedral, and, the doors being open, she went in "just to look into that box and see what it was like inside." She felt around the sides of the box, and as she put her hand on the grating a voice said: "Kneel down, my child. How long since your last confession?"

"I never went to confession before, sir," she said with an embarrassed laugh: "I am not a Catholic."

"Then what brought you here, child?" asked the priest kindly.

"I only came to see what a confession-box was like, sir," she answered, "and to be able to tell the girls I had been to confession; but I don't know anything about it."

"Well, now that you are here, I will tell you all about it, and then you will not make such a foolish mistake again."

And so he told her all about it, and Mary is a good, practical Catholic now—and so are her husband and children.

Very interesting, too, was the conversion of a lady whose home was also in New England, who had tried all denominations and found them wanting, until she reached the Episcopal Church. Here she hoped to find rest and peace; but between Low-Church views and High-Church ritual she lost herself in greater confusion even than before. Many points of doctrine were still obscure to her understanding; but above all the great doctrine of Transubstantiation. If the Ritualists did not believe in the real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, why all the pomp and ceremony? There were High celebrations and Low celebrations; there were "fathers" and acolytes; there were lighted candles and even incense used at these masses. It seemed to her so like a mockery of "Romanism" that she questioned several clergymen of High-Church and of Low-Church preferences; but,

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while they talked a great deal about *mystic symbols*, no two agreed perfectly as to what was really the teaching of the Anglican Church on this most important point. At length she thought of a way to solve all doubts. She sat down one day and wrote twelve letters to the twelve most distinguished clergymen of the Episcopal Church in Europe and America. To each she propounded the same simple question: What is the teaching of the church upon the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The replies came in one by one until she had the whole twelve, but there were no two alike. Each gave his views and opinions on the subject, but confusion reigned in the mind of the questioner. Again she wrote twelve letters and addressed them to twelve prelates of the Church of Rome, and again came the answers to the same question; but the twelve answers were as one. Here was no man's private opinion—no one man's *latest thought*. The Catholic Church spoke through her ministers, and so clearly, so convincingly, that doubts and anxieties were laid at rest for ever.

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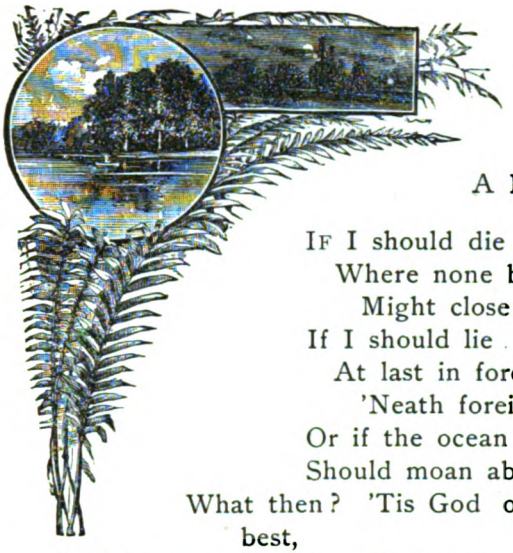

## A MOOD.

If I should die
Where none but strangers' hands
Might close my eyes!
If I should lie
At last in foreign lands,
'Neath foreign skies!
Or if the ocean wave
Should moan above my grave!
What then? 'Tis God ordains; and God knows best,
And heaven is not far off, and heaven is rest.

'Tis sweet—so sweet—
When one has wandered far,
Through friendless years,
Old friends to greet!
Though death's gate stood ajar,
And hopes and fears
Were passing to the past,
To the great deep and vast—
Even *Death* is sweet near the friends of long ago,
In the home which knew each childhood joy and woe.

The old church nestles in its sheltering trees,
Bent, lichened slabs deck many a churchyard mound,
And through the long, rank grasses croons the breeze,
The river rolls hard by with soughing sound:
There could I sleep in peace, in death's long rest—
There do I hope to sleep. But God knows best.

The years are dim,
And dimmer are the eyes
Would pierce their gloom:
And Death is grim
When never a loved one sighs
By the lone tomb.

J. McDONALD.

*San Francisco.*

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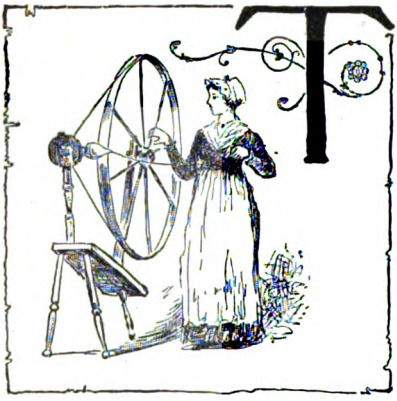
# THE BOLAND TRADE-SCHOOL IN NEW YORK.



THAT charity which feeds and dries the tear of the orphan is blessed. That charity which not only gives the orphan bread, but teaches the bereaved one how to earn bread and be independent, is thrice blessed. And that charity which not only makes of the orphan a skilled and self-reliant worker, but places his moral welfare on a basis so sound that the snares and temptations of the world are powerless to undermine it, is most blessed and most holy of all.

This truth was known long ago. *Laborare est orare* said one of the practical saints of old, who knew how potent an ally of the eternal enemy is idleness. The manual toil which invokes the benison of Heaven on its fruits is in itself a form of perpetual prayer. If labor alone be a kind of sanctification, how much more noble and elevating must it be when it goes hand-in-hand with the fervent aspiration of the heart towards the great Laborer, he whose handiwork are the heavens and the earth, and the race of men and women whom he has made in his own image and likeness? *Laborare et orare* is the better formula, for it embraces the whole blessing of a Christian life.

How faithfully did the great toilers of the church, in the ages past, observe this noble maxim! What hives of art and industry were many of the old-time monasteries and convents! If there were now and then some drones in them, they did not vitiate the great multitude of the busy. They sowed, they spun, they built, they painted, they made those priceless books many of which are the marvels of an imitative age—the work of angels, not of mere mortals, as some enthusiastic critics have said of the Irish *magnum opus*, the inimitable Book of Kells.

"What connection is there between religion and rope-making?" the Wall-street capitalist, puckering his brows over the fluctuations in cordage, say, will exclaim. "If I am compelled

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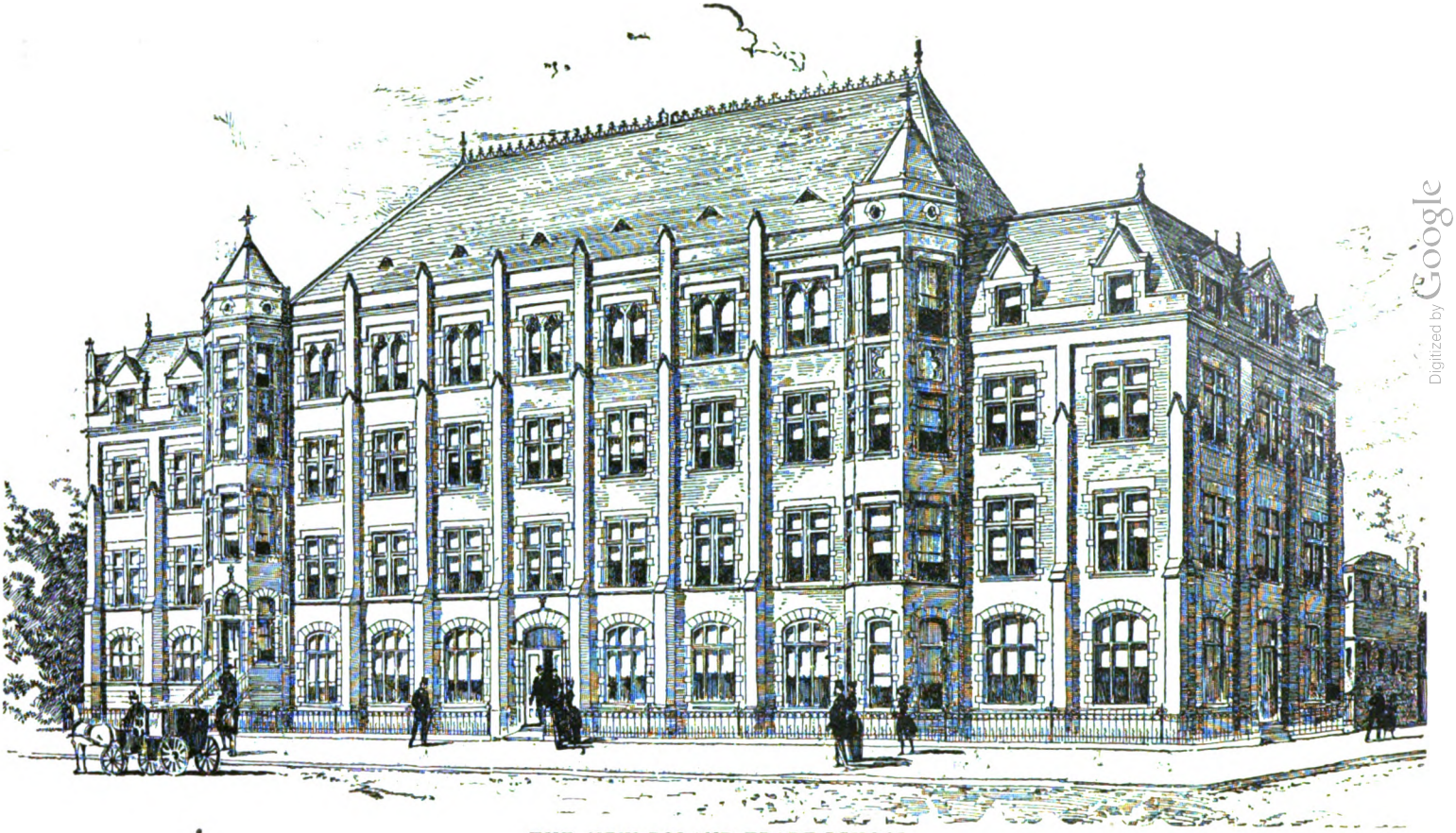

THE NEW BOLAND TRADE-SCHOOL,
CORNER MADISON AVENUE AND FIFTY-FIRST STREET.

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by a trades-union to pay ropewalk hands three dollars a day, and I pay it, what more is there to say? Have I not fulfilled my whole moral duty and acted as an estimable member of human society?"

Gently, friend capitalist. Not altogether. If the world were left to you, and such as you altogether, who go on hoarding up millions year after year, until the day when you must leave them all behind, it would soon see chaos again. Were it not for that religion which you scóff at as a thing not quotable on 'Change, you and the Anarchists would soon be left to settle matters between you, and there would be nothing left for the "bears" and the "bulls" to dispute over. The criminal classes, as it is, are a sufficiently formidable army in every country. Think what they might be, even here in this city of New York, were it not for the incessant labors of the Catholic Church, and the bounty of the wiser ones of your class, which enables it to pursue its mission of temporal succor conjointly with and as a means to the higher one of eternal salvation.

What percentage of the gay crowd lounging about Broadway and Fifth Avenue ever dream of the great work going on in such institutions as that founded by the late Father Drumgoole, for instance? Not five in the hundred, probably. If they knew that hundreds of boys are being annually saved from the streets and the ranks of the ignorant and the idle, and therefore the *dangerous*, they would hardly display so sublime an indifference as they do over the matter. Father Drumgoole's work is only an isolated instance. All over the States, all over the world, there are other forces of a similar kind at work aiding the state in making good citizens out of possible elements of danger, and making them besides what the state alone never could make them—virtuous, God-fearing members of society.

A great deal of good is being done, no doubt, by the reformatory system. This system is a thing of modern growth. It is what may be called a state system, although in many places much of its essential work is carried out by members of religious bodies. But for how long the Catholic Church had anticipated this system by one far better—by the system, that is to say, of prevention of that which the state is called upon to reform—it is not easy to say. But as long as history and tradition reach, the church took care, so far as her means would permit, of orphaned children, and taught them and trained them for the battle of life. Until the so-called Refor-

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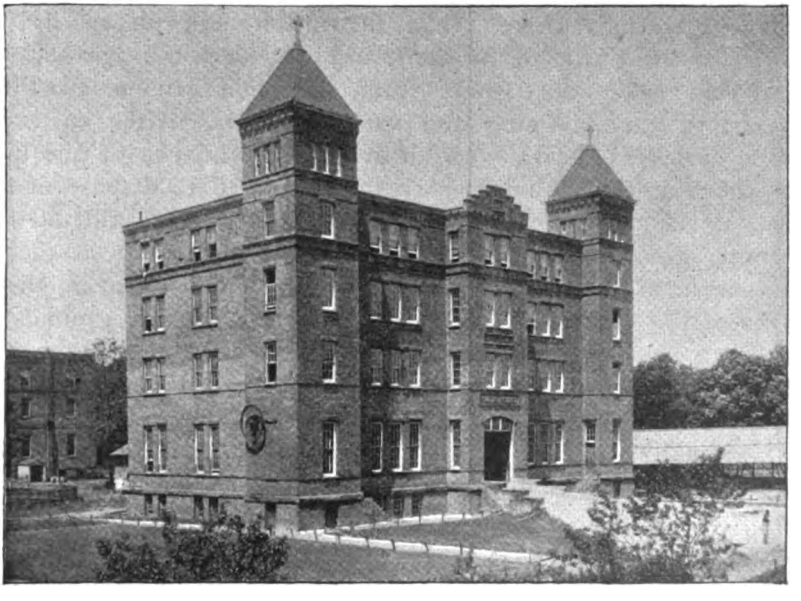
mation interfered with her work, the system was co-extensive with the church itself. When that disruption came, the confiscation of the church lands and monasteries swept away this as well as many another safeguard of civilization. Time has partly undone the evil wrought then; private beneficence is in many places enabling the church to take up the *rôle* of man-moulder, and the state, too, is glad enough to have her help in that inevitable responsibility.

New York, we are glad to say, will possess very soon a valuable addition to its machinery of social improvement in this respect. The Boland Trade School is now hastening so fast towards completion that the opening ceremony will shortly be the pleasing task of the archbishop. This institution will form the complement of the work which has been long going on in the vicinity of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the orphan heritage of the church is clustered.

A charitable and wealthy citizen of New York, Mr. William Boland, who died a few years ago, bethought him that the



THE TRADE-SCHOOL AT MOUNT LORETTO, STATEN ISLAND.

best use he could make of some of his riches was to bestow it in this way. Accordingly he devised a part of his estate for the erection of a Trade-School, to be administered in connection with the existing orphan asylums. In their desire to carry out



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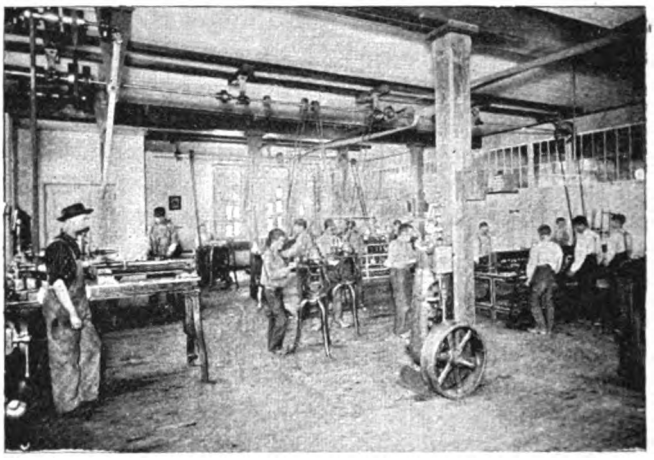
this laudable object, the trustees soon decided on the purchase of a plot known as "The Sherwood Farm," near Peekskill, in this State, and, under its altered name of "The Boland Farm,"



"THE MOST SKILFUL INSTRUCTORS ARE ENGAGED."

began operations there. The institution was placed in the charge of the Christian Brothers, and boys over the age of fourteen years were sent there from the male asylum on Fifth Avenue to learn farming and various trades. After an experience of several years, with an average attendance of one hundred boys at the school, the trustees decided to dispose of the farm, as the cost of material and supplies at Peekskill did not warrant them in continuing to work the institution at such a distance from the city. They deemed it better to avail themselves of the valuable land at their disposal in the grounds of the Fifth Avenue asylum, and have now erected thereon the handsome and spacious structure to be hereafter known as the Boland Trade-School.

Externally the building will be in keeping with the architectural dignity of its surroundings, and in close harmony with the style of the orphan-school opposite. The material used is red brick with white stone facings, and the style is Tudor Gothic. Inside it will be found laid out with a view entirely to the fulfilment of the purposes for which it is intended. The main wing of the structure consists of three stories and a basement. The upper floor will be used for recitation rooms, the first floor for lecture and class rooms, and the basement for trade-schools. The Sisters of Charity will have charge of the institution, and will occupy the south-eastern part of the building.

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The whole site has a frontage of two hundred feet on the avenue and a depth of fifty-five feet on each street, with a mansard roof, dormer windows, buttresses, and pointed towers.

The profound interest which his Grace the Archbishop takes in this excellent movement is well known. It is not long since he sent out a circular making a forcible appeal for funds to enable the trustees to carry out their commission unhampered by financial obstacles, and it was not ineffectual. It drew forth from one of our wealthy Catholic citizens a response so characteristic that it deserves to go on record. It was as follows:

"40 EAST 68TH STREET, Jan. 1, 1893.

"THE MOST REV. M. A. CORRIGAN, D.D.,

*President Board of Managers R. C. Orphan Asylum.*

"MONSEIGNEUR: With this I make respectful application to the Board of Managers for the privilege of endowing one of the departments in the Boland Trade-School.

Appreciating the need of funds to meet the cost of erection of the new building, the sum which I have enclosed on account of the endowment ($5,000) I shall be pleased to have the treasurer use. When the value of the endowment is determined I will pay the balance.

"Wishing still greater prosperity for our asylums, and wishing your Grace and each member of the Board of Managers a happy New Year, I am

"Your most humble and devoted servant,

(*Signed*) JOHN D. CRIMMINS.

In all probability the system employed in the great Trade-Schools attached to St. Joseph's Protectory will be in time copied in the new institution. There the most skilful instructors are engaged in the work of technical instruction, while the adaptability of the boy to the trade and the trade to the boy enters as a principal factor into the solution of the problem. There is no endeavor to make profit out of the fruits of his labor; everything is meant only for the promotion of his own well-being. Neither is there any underlying idea such as that found in the Auchmuty schools; questions of nationality will not be taken into consideration, but questions only of charity and philanthropy.

The system pursued in the great Trade-School of Mount Loretto (whose operations will furnish materials for a paper in

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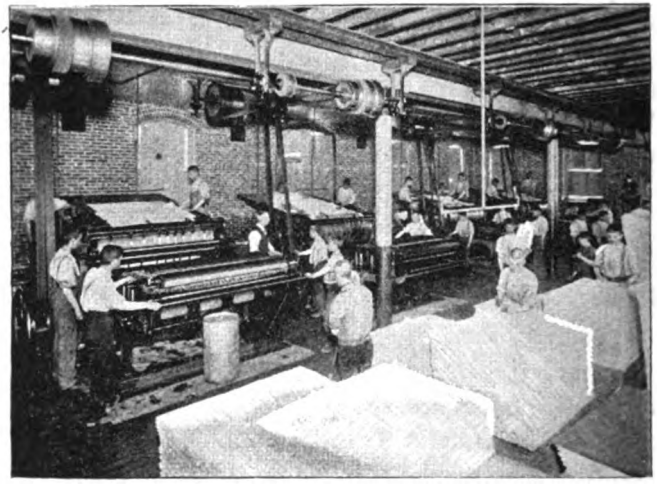
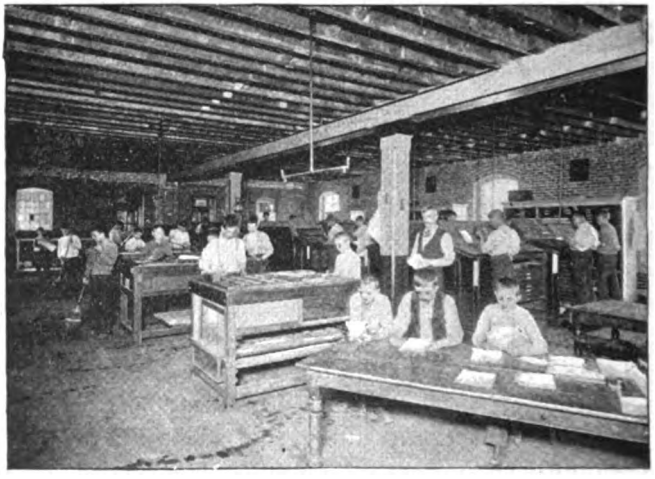
this magazine in the near future) is to allow the young aspirant for tradesman dignity to begin work only when he has passed the age of twelve, and then to give him employment for his



THERE IS NO ENDEAVOR TO MAKE PROFIT OUT OF THE LABOR.

hands only for about four and a half hours in the day every alternate week. The other portions of his time are devoted to his moral, mental, and physical training. This system is found



"THE ADAPTABILITY OF THE TRADE TO THE BOY IS SOUGHT FOR."

to be productive of the most gratifying results. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the highest authorities differ on the question of allowing technical instruction to run

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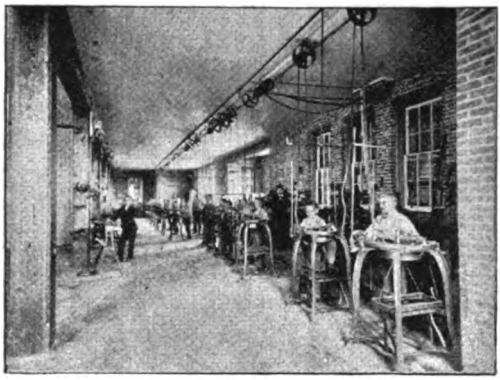
*pari passu* with mental training. It was the subject of prolonged discussion at the Educational Congress in Paris in 1889, and was at length decided in the negative by a regular vote of the delegates. On the other hand, it is to be noted that Professor Felix Adler, an eminent authority on the subject, in his report at the Educational Congress said:



CHILDREN SLOW IN STUDIES ARE OFTEN QUICK IN THE WORK-SHOP.

"During an experience of twelve years in the application of manual training in the teaching of children between six and fourteen years of age, I have observed that manual training in the ordinary school is the means of saving those children who are plainly and obviously deficient in what may be called literary quality. There are many children who are very slow in reading, in arithmetic, and in history, and it has been my observation that these children, especially numerous among the poorer classes, are at once stimulated intellectually by the opportunities of the school-workshop. It has been my invariable experience that children who are slow in their progress in reading and history and mathematics are very quick in natural history and in drawing and in the workshop. Especially has the conjunction of a talent for natural history and for manual training frequently impressed itself upon me. The effect has been to stimulate these children, not only in manual training and in natural history, but, awakening their self-confidence and self-respect, to stimulate them generally. Those boys who, in an ordinary

"MANUAL TRAINING IS THE MEANS OF SAVING THE CHILDREN."

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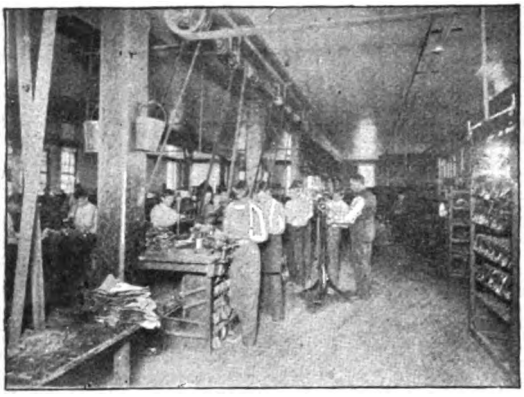
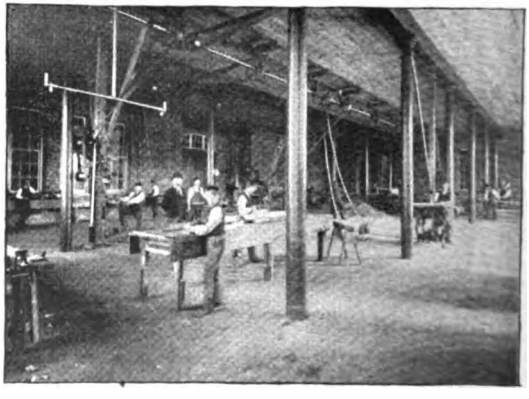
public-school, would be set down as dunces because they make no progress, and who would begin to consider themselves dunces after a while, find themselves *facile princeps* in the shop and in natural history, and gain the respect of others and take a new start. The best work in modeling and manual training in the school of which I have charge has been done by such pupils. Another result of my observation has been that the school-workshop is a means of strengthening the mathematics, the drawing, and the elementary physics teaching."



THE SCHOOL-SHOP IS THE MEANS OF STRENGTHENING OTHER TEACHING.

It would be a waste of time to compare the methods and results of the various technical schools, or even the reformatory schools, with those under notice. These are intended for different classes of the youthful population; orphan-schools stand on another footing altogether. Neither is there any profit in weighing and comparing what is being done in the various Trade-Schools in New York and Brooklyn; these were established for a practical trade object merely.

A look over the manual department of the great Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair will satisfy most minds that here is a field of human energy which commends itself with especial force to the practical American mind. In every thing relating to the mechanical arts Young America shows out well; but it must be acknowledged that when that sphere is quitted for the orna-



A FIELD OF HUMAN ENERGY COMMENDING ITSELF TO THE PRACTICAL AMERICAN MIND.

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mental, the genius of Young France shows itself most conspicuously. Hence it may be useful, as it must certainly be interesting, to learn something of the methods employed by the French Christian Brothers in their famous industrial schools.

It would seem to us that the most practical plan that could be tried for the attainment of the object in view is that which is being tried in England. A couple of weeks ago Cardinal Vaughan presided at the fifth annual meeting of the Guild and School of Handicraft. The Guild and School is an institution that has set itself definitely to train artisan instructors and send them forth to teach—men, that is, who have passed through some system which combines the *technique* of the craftsman and the educational functions of the teacher. A staff of these men has in the course of five years been established. About sixty different centres in England have been supplied with instructors, and the number of pupils, men and boys, who have in the last year been through the training is about nine hundred.

The grand fact established, however, is the setting up of the Trade-school. It must prove an incalculable blessing in time to thousands of children, as well as to society at large. If there were never such a principle as heavenly charity in existence, the wise man would still help such institutions on by every means in his power. But a far higher motive will animate those opulent members of the Catholic Church in New York to whom his Grace the Archbishop appeals for sustentation for these schools. They will do it because the Master, like the Archbishop, loved the little children, and because they know the honest laborer is blest of God.

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# THE LAND OF THE SUN.

## THE HEART OF MEXICO.

"NOW," said Don Rodolfo, "you have done enough sight-seeing for one day. Let me arrange the programme for this afternoon. We will drive out to Chapultepec, where I will have pleasure in obtaining admittance for you to the castle; we will return at the hour when all the fashionable world is displaying itself on the Paseo; we will go to the theatre to-night, where a very good Spanish company is playing light opera, and we will then—"

"Go to bed," said the general promptly and briefly.

The programme thus arranged met with general approval, and was fulfilled to the letter. In the middle of the golden afternoon two carriages drove away from the Hotel del Jardin, the first containing Mrs. Langdon and Miss Gresham, Don Rodolfo and Travers; the second, Dorothea, her father, and Russell. The latter young lady beamed with satisfaction over this arrangement.

"I am always glad when you and I have Mr. Russell to ourselves," she said to her father, "when there are no frivolous people to divert attention from the questions one wants to ask him. Don Rodolfo? Oh, yes! he serves very well as a source of information; but he is not half as satisfactory as Mr. Russell, and is so very easily distracted by Violet's inanities."

"They are evidently very far from inanities in his eyes," said Russell smiling. "Do you know that I should not be surprised if, notwithstanding her lack of liking for the country, Miss Gresham were to consent to unite her fate with a Mexican?"

"Provided the Mexican lived in Paris and moved in the diplomatic circle," said Dorothea. "But Violet is an uncertain quantity to reckon upon. She smiles sweetly on Don Rodolfo, and no doubt all the environments of his life please her, but she will be very sure of certain substantial things before she decides to go to Paris with him."

"She has impressed me on this journey as a very frivolous young woman," remarked the general, "and I am glad that Phil seems to have outgrown his infatuation for her."

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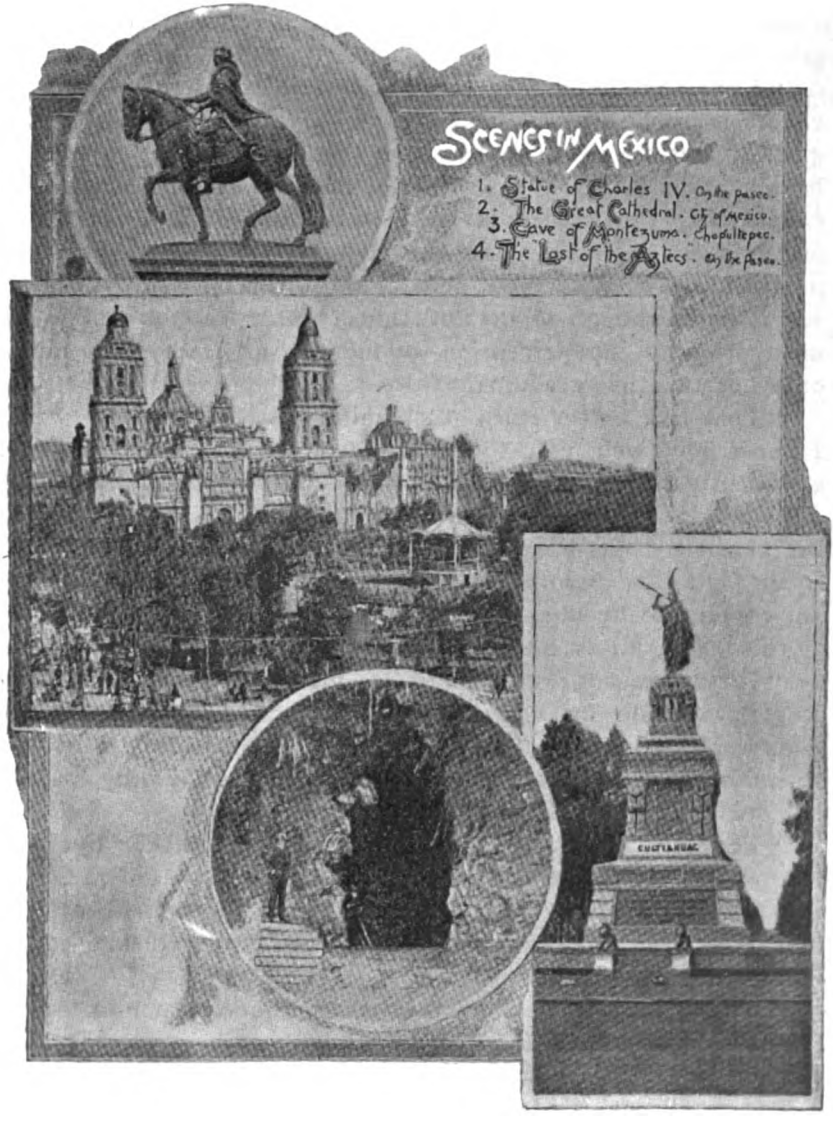
"I think we are all glad of that," said Dorothea a little hastily, for the subject of Phil's infatuation was one that she preferred to avoid. "Ah, what a charming view of the Alameda!" she added, making a sudden diversion as they rolled


SCENES IN MEXICO
1. Statue of Charles IV. On the paseo.
2. The Great Cathedral. City of Mexico.
3. Cave of Montezuma. Chapultepec.
4. The Last of the Aztecs. On the Paseo.

by that lovely pleasance. "Margaret and I are anxious to finish seeing all the great things, so as to be able to wander about looking after the smaller and more delightful ones which we can feel as if we discovered ourselves. One could loiter for

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hours here, for example, exploring the quaint old churches one sees all around, and returning in the intervals to these fascinating shades where Romance seems waiting one at every turn. Don't forget, Mr. Russell, that you have promised to be our companion and guide on some such excursions. For my part, I detest being commonplace and going where every tourist goes."

"I shall not forget," answered Russell, "and there are many excursions on which it will give me great pleasure to be your guide. But meanwhile remember that it is the penalty of beauty and interest to become in a measure commonplace. We cannot keep the multitude away from places famous for either of the two, but why suffer the thought of them to mar your own pleasure? What you behold, the ordinary visitor does not see at all—although I do not think that I should grudge the most ordinary any perception or memory of beauty that he can enjoy or take away with him."

"That is a better spirit than mine," said Dorothea. "Yet I know how well you, too, like untrodden ways, and so I am confidently relying upon you to show us some of them."

"Well, for my part," said the general, as they swept around the plazuela containing the equestrian statue of Charles IV. of Spain and saw before them the noble vista of the Paseo, "I am content to be one of the multitude in enjoying such a way as this. It is fit to be the setting of a Roman triumph."

"It was meant for the setting of an imperial one," said Russell. "You know it was planned and begun under the Emperor Maximilian. Can you not fancy him riding down this splendid avenue from the palace yonder, attended by his retinue with jingling spurs and tossing plumes?"

"Perfectly," said Dorothea, her memory quickly flying to the portrait of the unhappy emperor which hangs on the walls of the National Palace, where in his stately Austrian beauty he looks from the canvas as Russell's words painted him to the imagination.

There is not, indeed, in Europe or America a more beautiful drive than this which leads, straight as an arrow, from its starting point in the city to the gates of historic Chapultepec. The magnificent roadway, shaded by double rows of spreading trees, beneath which are broad footways and carved stone benches, extends for two miles, its level straightness broken at intervals by spacious *glorietas*, or circles, adorned by imposing groups of statuary, while its leafy vista frames in remote per-

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spective the famous castle on its craggy height. Here at a late hour of the afternoon fashion makes a display as brilliant as that of the Champs Elysées, and far more picturesque; but as yet the avenue in all its wide stateliness lay still and deserted as a country road, with no flashing equipages or prancing horses to distract attention from the beauty of its unequalled adornments, or the glorious scene spreading beyond, where the gray arches of an aqueduct dating from the days of Aztec kings crosses the loveliness of the green valley, where tiled domes shine in the afternoon sunlight, and graceful minarets spring into golden air above massed foliage, and where far away, yet looking wonderfully near in the radiant clearness of the atmosphere, the great volcanoes lift their solemn forms and dazzling summits against the eastern sky.

"There is nothing in the world to equal it—nothing!" Dorothea declared. "Not a capital in Europe has a promenade so beautiful, with surroundings so picturesque and majestic."

"What a fine conception these statue-adorned circles are!" said the general, as they drove around the wide arc of the *glorieta* containing the noble Columbus group. "But it seems a trifle inconsistent," he added, looking at the cowled figures surrounding the great discoverer, "that a country which has banished monks in the flesh should glorify them in bronze."

"Such inconsistencies are difficult to avoid," said Russell, "since no one can tell the story of the discovery of North America and omit those figures, which stand on every page of the history of Mexico. Besides, this monument is erected by private munificence. It is doubtful if those who represent Mexico at present would be likely under any circumstances to remember the debt they owe to these monks, or to place any memorial of them before the eyes of the people."

Meanwhile before their own eyes, as they drove rapidly onward, the castle of Chapultepec loomed more and more grandly, seated on its rocky throne. Sweeping presently through the wide gates of the park, they found themselves in the dim shade of those giant cypresses which were old before the Spaniard set foot on the soil of the New World. There is no more impressive sight in Mexico than the grove of these immense, moss-draped trees surrounding the base of this hill that from earliest times was the fortress and burial-place of Aztec kings. Under the twilight of their mighty boughs fancy seems still to see the forms of those ancient chiefs with their feather-adorned warriors, the gleaming mail-clad forms of the Conquistadores,

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the richly apparelled attendants of the viceroys who made here their summer palace, and—last and most pathetic—the mournful presences of Maximilian and Carlotta, as they played their brief and tragic drama of imperial state. It was no wonder that Dorothea was strangely silent as they drove under the great shadow-haunted boughs, up the winding road that leads to the summit of the hill. She looked at the hoary trees as if longing to wring from them those stories of the past of which their whisperings seem full; while every turn of the road conjured dramatic scenes and pictures before the imagination. She paid no heed while Russell and her father talked of the storming of the hill by the American forces, in that war which the battle monument at its base describes as the "North American Invasion." Her manner seemed to say that such an event had no interest for her, save indeed to waken a sorrowful sympathy for the brave cadets of the Military Academy whose gallant death in resisting the assault this monument commemorates, and who lie upon their native soil "as does a hero on the shield he would not quit."

The carriage presently drew up on the broad platform of the summit, where the comrades of these youthful heroes still mount guard, and here they found the rest of the party already assembled, waiting for them. Together they entered the palace, which in its graceful beauty is one of the most charming habitations ever erected for the use and delight of man. Surely the architect was inspired who placed upon this precipitous rock those light and elegant arches that rise into the air with such exquisite effect, supporting the broad, marble-paved galleries upon which open rooms with delicately frescoed ceilings, and walls hung with softly-tinted satin. The whole creation is airy and graceful as a dream, with hanging gardens that lift the perfume of flowers and music of fountains high into the pure, clear air, and loggias frescoed in Pompeiian and Greek designs, from which one looks upon a view absolutely unsurpassed amid the loveliness of earth.

Directly below the craggy height, which drops from the castle terraces sheer and steep two hundred feet, are the shadowy aisles of the park where the great cypresses stand draped in their moss of centuries, while beyond the green valley spreads far and fair into apparently illimitable distance, dotted with remnants of ancient forests and scores of towns, each clustered around a picturesque church tower and embosomed in leafage, its great lakes gleaming in the sunlight, and its remote

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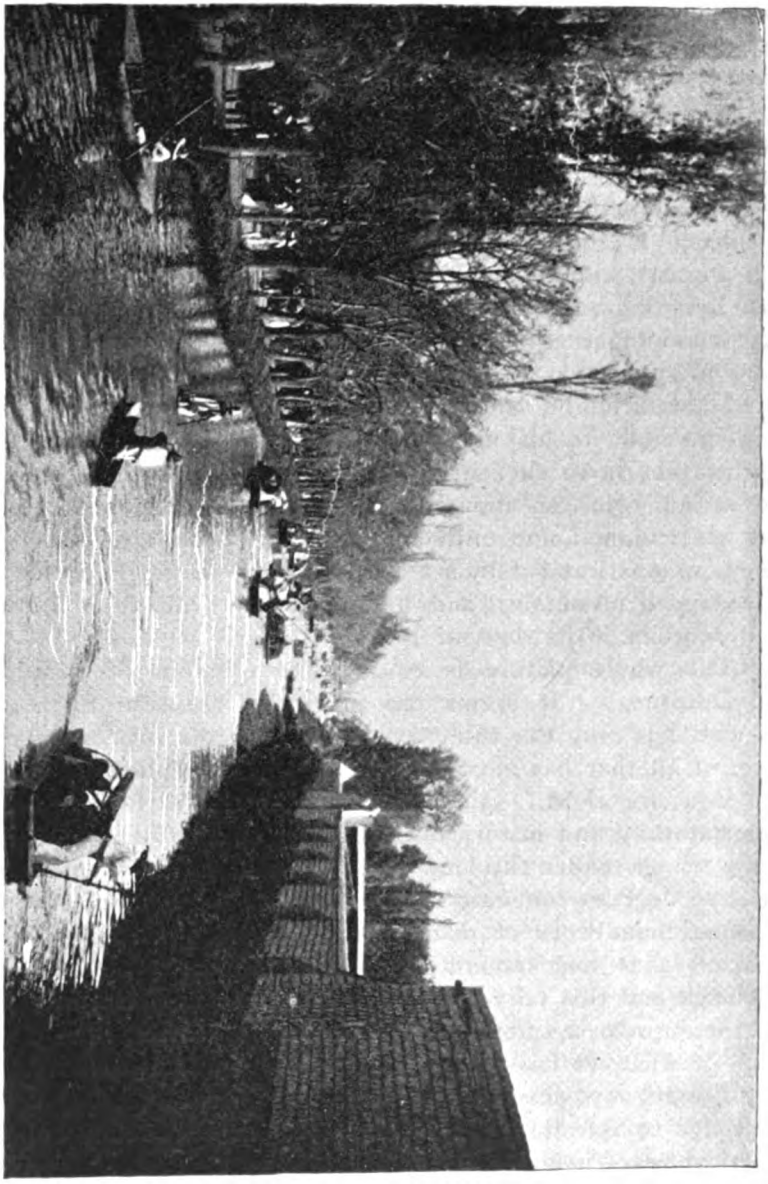
azure distance bounded by heights of dream-like beauty. Tree-lined avenues and aqueducts, picturesque as those of the Ro-



THE BEAUTIFUL VISTA OF LA VIGA CANAL OPENED BEFORE THEM.

man Campagna, stretch across the rich plain toward the city that lies upon its emerald surface, like a brilliant jewel in the multitude of its iridescent domes, its noble towers and graceful

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minarets. Northward stands the rugged mass of the holy hill of Tepeyac, with the basilica of Guadalupe at its base, while farther away the waters of Lake Texcoco—those waters on which Cortés launched his *bergantines* against the Aztec city that had cast out himself and his followers with such dire slaughter on the Noche Triste—spread shining to the misty horizon. Eastward the great plain extends in leagues upon leagues of green loveliness until the marvellous expanse ends at the foot of those great mountains above which rise the snow-clad majesty of Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl.

Silence is the only tribute which it is possible to pay to such a scene, and silent and enraptured a group, consisting of Mrs. Langdon and Dorothea, Russell and Travers, remained as they stood together on the eastern terrace. It was Travers at last who spoke.

"I am sure," he said in the quiet voice which always seemed to give weight to his utterances, "that the world cannot show another picture so enchanting as this, so full of rich, glowing, and varied color, so abounding in all the elements of beauty that are seldom found united. For where else can one find a valley so vast and fair, set with shining lakes, encircled by snow-capped mountains, and holding a city brilliant as a dream of Byzantium in its days of glory!"

"The whole picture is to me like a dream of Paradise," said Dorothea. "It seems too magically beautiful for reality, and yet it is only the culmination, the supreme expression, as it were, of all that has most delighted us in the country."

"You are right," said Russell. "As this is in every sense both naturally and historically the heart of Mexico, so all those things which render the land most fascinating are here in a superlative degree—romantic interest, natural beauty, and the picturesque handiwork of man. The marvellous valley below us, with its lakes and mountains, the glittering city of Aztec and Spaniard, and this fairy-like palace on its immemorial height, is but the supreme expression—your term is correct, Miss Dorothea—of what we have found in varying degree elsewhere."

"Russell, my dear fellow," said the general coming up, "I don't like to question Don Rodolfo about the details of the American war—it is not, I imagine, a very agreeable subject to a Mexican—and besides he seems rather absorbed with Miss Gresham, so I wish you would come and point out to me the position of Molino del Rey."

"O papa!" said his youngest daughter reproachfully, "how

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can you take an interest in anything so modern, so unjustifiable and so—so unpicturesque as that war?"

"Molino del Rey lies to the westward," said Russell. "The castle roof is the best place from which to see it, and indeed the whole view from there is more extensive."

"Then let us go there," said Margaret Langdon, turning to join her father and himself.

They walked away, leaving Dorothea and Travers alone. The former scarcely heeded this fact as she leaned against the marble balustrade watching with enthralled interest the picture spread before them. Over the crests of the great volcanoes floating masses of cloud were now beginning to catch the sunset glory and burn with gold and crimson tints, while the conical peak of Popocatapetl and the long, shrouded form of the White Lady glowed with a roseate radiance brief as beautiful. In the midst of the wide, green valley the waters of Lake Chalco shone as if on fire, while the great city seemed flashing light from a thousand points, in the last rays of the sinking sun. The two people alone in the high golden air on the marble terrace above the frowning escarpment of the great rock, looked at each other with a glance that seemed to say that words were inadequate to express the sense of surpassing beauty thrilling through them like a divine intoxication.

"It is enchantment, nothing less," said Dorothea at length with a soft sigh.

And Travers answered, "It is an enchantment which I, for one, shall never forget."

Perhaps it was only what was to have been expected that, after a few days in the capital, the differing tastes of the several members of the party should have led them into widely divergent ways. Heretofore necessity had been the bond which during their journey had held them together; but now this necessity being relaxed, the natural variation of taste at once displayed itself. Needless to say that Violet Gresham, finding some acquaintances in the diplomatic circle—especially a friend who had married a foreign *diplomate* now representing his government in Mexico—and delighted with the cosmopolitan Mexicans whom Don Rodolfo introduced, plunged eagerly into the social life which was the only form of existence for which she cared, and affirmed with emphasis that the compensation for a tour in Mexico was the pleasure of reaching at last a city which offered so many attractions.

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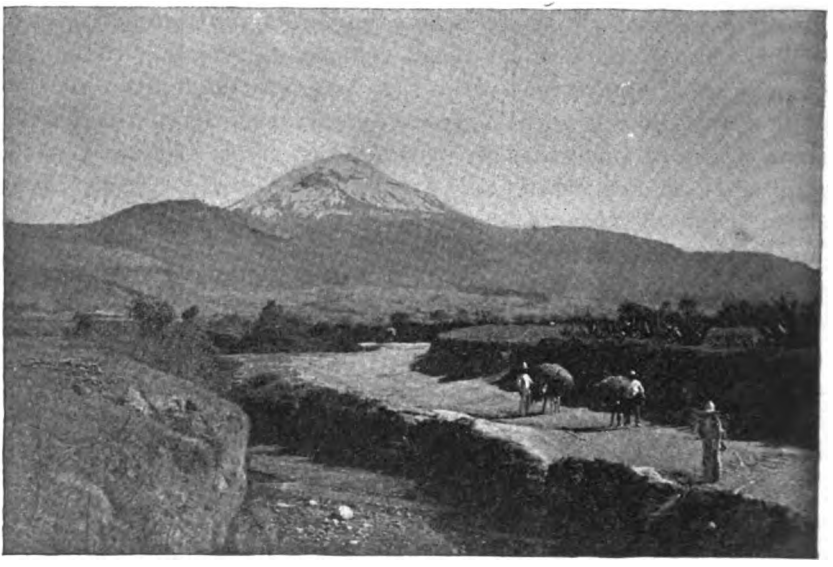
"For it is more like a capital of Europe than of America," she remarked to the amused Margaret and the somewhat disgusted Dorothea. "I can almost fancy myself in Paris, especially when I am in those beautiful rooms of Antoinette de Brissac. Her apartments are charming, and sitting on her balcony overlooking the Avenida at five o'clock in the afternoon, one might fancy one's self on the Champs Elysées. After all, there are worse places in the world than this in which to live—provided, of course, one had abundance of money."

"You are taking into consideration living here, then," said



ENVIRONS OF AMECA-MECA.—POPOCATAPETL IN THE DISTANCE.

Dorothea, unable to repress a slight sarcastic accent in her voice.

"Why not?" replied Miss Gresham calmly. "It is a very delightful and brilliant city, near home yet with the foreign atmosphere I like above all things. And if one were not obliged to live here all the time—if one belonged to diplomatic circles abroad—"

"In short, Don Rodolfo's star is just now in the ascendant," said Miss Meynell. "It is perhaps fortunate for him that he does not know how many other stars have been in the ascendant in *their* time."

"More apparently than really," returned the other, with undiminished amiability of air and manner. "It has not been my

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fault that a great many men have been foolish about me. Every one who really knew me *must* have known always how totally impossible it would have been for me, with my tastes and ideas of life, to think of marrying an ordinary professional man with a limited professional income. I have always been quite decided in my mind that when I marry I must have two things—great wealth and a certain brilliancy of social position."

"You are very moderate," said Mrs. Langdon smiling, for Dorothea was speechless after the calmly crushing statement with regard to professional men.

Miss Gresham glanced at a mirror, with an expression which said as distinctly as words that she had a right to put her requirements high. "Why should one be moderate unless it is a matter of necessity?" she asked. "I grant that with most women it *is* a matter of necessity; but with me—well, I have never doubted that it was in my power to obtain what I wanted. It is a little singular, however, that I should have to come to Mexico to find it. How little I dreamed of such a thing when I accepted your invitation to join your party!"

"And so you have decided to marry Don Rodolfo!" said Dorothea, recovering herself. "But are you quite sure he unites the things you desire? For instance, wealth. Don Rafael de Vargas is a very rich man—but he has a large family."

"Don Rodolfo has inherited from an uncle, and is a rich man independently of his father," replied Miss Gresham. "I have no intention of taking anything for granted, and Antoinette has kindly made inquiries for me. There is a very brilliant future before Don Rodolfo—and personly I find him very charming."

"We are to offer our congratulations, then?" asked Mrs. Langdon.

"If you like. Although, of course, nothing is settled or to be declared until Don Rodolfo goes to New Orleans and offers himself formally to papa. How astonished *he* will be!" the young lady added with a laugh. "He does not know any more about Mexicans than we did when we started from home, and the idea of a Mexican son-in-law will at first prove rather startling."

"Poor Don Rodolfo!" said Dorothea presently, when she was alone with her sister. "I feel as if we had served him a very bad turn by bringing this heartless creature into his life. I say 'we,' and yet it is all my fault—solely. I do not know how I am to forgive myself."

"That is rather an exaggerated view of the matter," said



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Mrs. Langdon. "Life would be a much worse affair even than it is, if we were accountable for all the unforeseen results that may arise from our simplest actions. You certainly could not foresee, when you invited Violet to join our party, that she would meet and marry a man of whose existence you were not aware."

"No, I could not foresee that," said Dorothea. "But I have been sorry ever since we started that I did ask her. She has, in great measure, spoiled the journey for us, and now she is going to spoil his whole life for Don Rodolfo. Of course I am not absolutely accountable for the last, yet I feel a culprit and a wretch all the same, sincé but for my folly he would never have seen her."

"I do not think that she will spoil Don Rodolfo's life," said Mrs. Langdon. "On the contrary, I believe that she is exactly the woman who will suit him best. They like the same kind of existence, hold the same things of highest value, and have the same ambitions. Instead of reproaching yourself, you might feel that you have been the unconscious instrument of bringing together two people whose tastes and desires are in perfect harmony, and who will, therefore, have a fairer chance of being happy together than falls to the lot of most persons."

"You are only saying these things to console me, Margaret. You know that Violet Gresham can never make any one happy."

"I do not know anything of the kind. As I have said, I think she will prove precisely the wife for a man of the world who wants a beautiful and fashionable woman to do him credit. For such a man rest assured she has heart enough."

"She has impertinence enough for anything," said Dorothea indignantly. "Of course you understood that she was alluding to Phil when she spoke of the impossibility of her marrying 'an ordinary professional man with a limited professional income.' What a pity that Don Rodolfo made his appearance, else she would have been forced to recognize the unflattering fact that she had not the choice of doing so!"

Mrs. Langdon laughed softly. "Your face was a study just at that moment," she said. "Why are you so foolish as to suffer her to exasperate you, when things have arranged themselves so much better than might have been the case had Phil's old infatuation revived on renewed association with her? Then, indeed, you might have felt that you could hardly forgive yourself for bringing her."

"It is true," Dorothea assented with unwonted humility. "I

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have fared in the matter better than my folly deserved. I could not ask anything better for Phil than that he shall marry Doña Mercédes if her parents will consent. I don't think there is much doubt of *her* consent."

"Let us hope for the best," said Mrs. Langdon cheerfully. "If Phil and Doña Mercédes are both of one mind, no doubt the matter will arrange itself. Meanwhile I am thankful to say that we are to be relieved of Violet's society for a time at least. She is going to stay with the Baroness de Brissac, and revel in toilettes and society to her heart's content."

"Ah, what good news!" cried Dorothea, softly clapping her hands. "How charmed Mr. Travers will be! He and I have felt the infliction most; although indeed, poor Margaret, you have had a hard time lately playing chaperon so incessantly. But now we shall be free, and can charter a tram-car and go everywhere, without dragging a dead-weight of uninterested inanity along with us."

Mr. Travers was as charmed as Dorothea anticipated that he would be at the news she made haste to communicate to him, and with praiseworthy magnanimity refrained from uttering a word calculated to recall to her recollection the obstinacy with which she had insisted upon bringing along the person over whose departure she now rejoiced so sincerely. Indeed the hatchet appeared to have been finally buried by these two whose belligerency had so long furnished amusement to their friends. The spell of Mexico, which they both felt so deeply, possessed a peace-making quality. While they wandered together through the fascinating by-ways of the capital, through the rich dimness of wonderful old churches, the pathetic desertion of lovely cloisters, into sunny plazas, and under shadowy *portales*, they forgot to quarrel as of old and gradually fell into a *camaraderie* based on sympathetic liking for the same things.

Among the memories stored in these days of delightful wandering none was impressed upon their minds with a more absolutely picturesque charm than the day spent upon the canal of La Viga. It was a day to which Dorothea had looked forward with a peculiar sense of interest and anticipation, for had not Russell told her that although the floating gardens no longer floated, the life lived among and upon them was still identically the same as in the days before the Conquest, and that she might dream that Tenochtitlan still lay like Venice upon its shining waters, as her boat glided through these flowery *chinampas*. She was, therefore, in buoyant spirits and ready to be charmed when

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in the crisp freshness of a glorious Mexican morning they stood upon the banks of the canal, which is in reality not a canal at all, but a navigable sluice through which the waters of the lakes Xochimilco and Chalco discharge into the lower level of Lake Texcoco. Half a dozen boats—a species of primitive gondola these flat-bottomed affairs, roofed except at bow and stern, with cotton curtains at the sides, and benches covered with bright calico running fore and aft—lay awaiting customers, their white-clad, red-cinctured boatmen with dark, delicate faces under the broad sombreros, looking an artistically worthy substitute for the Venetian gondolier. Here, as usual, Russell's knowledge of the country stood them in good stead. A clamorous bargain was soon concluded, terms agreed upon at a reduction of two-thirds from those asked, and the party embarked in the clean, well-scrubbed boat which the boatman propels by a pole in the bow.

Passing under the low stone arches of the Garita de la Viga, the beautiful vista of the canal opened before them—glassy water below, green in the shadow of the trees that line each side and almost join their boughs across, old stone walls rising like fortifications from the edges here and there, wonderful turquoise sky above, and boats laden to their edges with vegetables and flowers, moving over the mirroring surface toward the city. Along the side of the canal runs a *paseo*, once the resort of fashion but now deserted by that fickle power, yet none the less charmingly beautiful. The wide, smooth drive is bordered by noble shade-trees, on one side is the picturesque canal with all the morning animated life upon its surface, on the other far-stretching fields of richest green that seem but yesterday to have been reclaimed from the waters that once covered them while bounding the fair prospect the great mountains stand in the clear light like masses of hewn sapphire.

"This," said Dorothea, watching with delighted eyes the canoes that passed them laden from stem to stern with bright-tinted blossoms, "is like a scene of enchantment—the most absolutely and uniquely picturesque we have beheld in all Mexico —but still, one is constrained to ask, where are the floating gardens?"

"In a little while we shall come to them," Russell replied. "But, as I have already told you, you must not expect to find them still floating. Do you remember Lake Chapala, and how we saw there the creation of land from the aquatic plant to the formation of solid soil?"

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"How would it be possible to forget anything so peculiar and so interesting?" said Mrs. Langdon. "I remember also that you remarked at the time that what we saw at one period were veritable *chinampas*, or floating gardens."

"Exactly," said Russell, "and through just such a process of gradual growth and accumulation these *chinampas* of Lake Xochimilco have passed. A little while ago the accumulated soil still floated on the water like that which we saw in Lake Chapala, but it is now anchored, although still so much a part of the lake on which it lies that one is inclined to believe a touch would float it still."

There was no difficulty, indeed, in believing that the wonderful green masses of vegetation which they presently reached had very recently floated on the water that hardly yet relinquished its sovereignty over them. To see the *chinampas* well, and comprehend how little exaggeration there was in this part at least of the descriptions of ancient Mexico, it is necessary to disembark at Santa Anita—a pretty place made up of straw-thatched houses gathered about a quaint old church with a fine tower—and there take a canoe narrow enough to be propelled along the almost invisible water-ways that divide the gardens which spread in green beauty far as the eye can reach. Here are grown the flowers and vegetables for the city market; and as the soil is of an incredible fertility and produces in abundance everything planted upon it, the result is such a marvellous growth and bloom as might well distract with envy the less favored market-gardeners of the world.

"Market gardens!" said Dorothea indignantly, in response to a remark of the kind. "How can one think of anything so prosaic in connection with this poetical spot? It is a paradise of flowers—"

"Not to speak of lettuce and peas and radishes," murmured Travers.

"And how could anything be more pastoral and charming than these tiny dwellings, built of cane and covered with roses!" the enthusiast continued. "Talk of ancient Mexico—here it is before our eyes! Except for the fact that they no longer float, I am sure the picture which these *chinampas* present, and the existence of the people upon them, has not changed since the Spaniards first looked upon Tenochtitlan."

So talking they drifted farther and farther through this enchanted region, where it seemed difficult to determine what was land and what water, as their canoe pushed its way through the

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broad green leaves of water-lilies, past hedges formed of roses, all in bloom and filling the air with their rich fragrance, and by the straw-thatched, verdure-embowered, flower-draped huts of which Dorothea had spoken, and which form not the least interesting part of this wonderful semi-aqueous world of greenness and bloom and beauty.

Returning at length to the canal, they resumed their journey upon it, and space fails in which to describe the charm of the long hours of this dreamlike day, in which they floated on the emerald-shadowed water, enraptured by the lovely vista of bending trees and shining current opening continually before their eyes, by the views across the wide valley, of mountains in whose deep gorges amethyst and lilac shadows rested while their great shoulders and crests were palely blue in the excess of dazzling light which clothed them, and by the quaint old towns and picturesque bridges which they passed. Had Dorothea been in charge of the expedition, there would have been no pause until they had reached and crossed Lake Xochimilco; but when the general learned that to do so would necessitate spending the night at the town of the same name upon the lake, where it was to be supposed that only the most doubtful and primitive accommodation could be found, he decided that Russell's recommendation of returning from Mexicalcingo should be followed. It was at this place, where they stopped for lunch, that Dorothea confided to Travers her opinion that large parties were always a mistake. "Always," she said, with a rankling remembrance of Lake Xochimilco, "there is some one who wants to turn back, who never wishes to see all that is to be seen, who is afraid of fatigue, of difficulties, of lack of eating and drinking forsooth!"

"Peace, unquiet spirit!" said Mrs. Langdon, who overheard her, turning round with a smile. "When have you ever wished to turn back, what point so far that you had no desire to go farther, has ever been reached? If we went to Xochimilco with you, would you be satisfied? No, there would be some yet farther goal to which you would turn your regard as wistfully as you turn it to the lake now. You are impossible to satisfy, and it is necessary to suppress you promptly and severely; so be still!"

"All the same I am going to Xochimilco another day," said Dorothea, rebellious and unappeased.

They were at this time walking through the melancholy streets of Mexicalcingo—a town of importance, we are told, at

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the time of the Conquest, but dwindled now to a place of two or three hundred inhabitants only. Even these two or three hundred seemed to have abandoned the little hamlet on this particular day, since the wandering strangers only saw a dozen or so, counting children and dogs, who evinced but an indifferent curiosity regarding them. Presently they found themselves in a sad and lonely spot. A large old church, tightly closed as if deserted, seemed to stand as a relic of more prosperous times, with a forsaken air inexpressibly mournful. Beside it were the crumbling ruins of an ancient monastery and scattered over the large, open space before it were several trees so vast of girth and broad of crown, so rugged, gnarled, and mighty, that it was evident to the merest glance that they were survivors of a primitive world—that strange, wild, half-mythical Aztec world which this day's journeying amid green and flowery water-ways seemed to bring so close.

It was not their first expedition to Guadalupe that the party started one day to make, but it was the first on which Russell had been able to accompany them; and since they relied on him for all those details of the story which their own knowledge had not supplied, they regarded this expedition as their official visit, so to speak, to the great shrine.

Northward of the city, and two and a half miles from its gates, rises the abrupt and rocky height of Tepeyácac, the scene of the beautiful and touching miracle which during three centuries and a half has held so profound, pre-eminent a place in Mexican hearts, so resistless an influence over Mexican lives. In palace and in hut alike throughout the wide land one finds the lovely virginal yet queenly form, clothed in its sunlike garment, with gentle bending head, and face wearing the tint of those for whose conversion the gracious miracle was wrought; but it is to Guadalupe that one must journey to find the original of this picture, impressed upon the *tilma* (blanket) of a poor Indian, by what process or vehicle the most sceptical have never been able to declare.

In times past the approach from the capital to this great shrine was worthy of its rank and dignity. The viceroy and Archbishop Don Fray Payo de Rivera caused to be constructed a magnificent causeway adorned by fifteen beautiful altar-like structures of stone, richly sculptured, disposed at regular intervals, and dedicated to the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, so that the pilgrims to Guadalupe telling their beads along the

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way could pause before each to say the prayer of the mystery. This noble work has been suffered to fall into shameful decay. Several of the beautiful altars have totally disappeared, the *glorieta* which adorned the middle of the way is in ruins, the arches of the picturesque bridges broken down, and—crowning vandalism!—the railway to Vera Cruz has been allowed to utilize the magnificent causeway for its track.

"Another striking example of the care a Liberal government bestows on works of historical antiquity and artistic value!" said Russell, as they drove by the once superb but now dishonored way.

Meanwhile around them spread that fair green valley with which they had grown so familiar, its seemingly boundless emerald fields and white, dusty roads stretching to the distant line of blue mountains wrapped in the softest mauve-tinted haze, while immediately before them rose the rugged and barren hill, evidently, like Chapultepec, of volcanic origin, with the town of Guadalupe at its base. Into this town they soon drove, and paused in the plaza before the collegiate * church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe.

Noble and imposing in the extreme is the stately mass of this magnificent sanctuary, on which Mexico has lavished wealth almost beyond calculation in the past, and the entire interior of which is now in process of being remodelled and rebuilt in the most costly and splendid manner. When finally completed there will be no church in the world to surpass it in beauty and magnificence. Though closed to ordinary visitors, the party were admitted through the courtesy of a gentleman in charge of the work, and were simply overwhelmed by the grandeur of design and execution which they found within. What massive pillars of carven stone were springing into wonderful arches high overhead, supporting the vast and lofty roof! In its character of strength and durability the work was like that of Titans—such work as the nineteenth century will nowhere else leave to tell later ages what it has been. This great basilica of Guadalupe alone seems constructed to defy time, and to bear to other eras the message that so, in the last days of an age when faith seemed perishing from the face of the earth, Mexico gave her free and generous offerings to testify *her* unfading, unquenchable faith and ardent love.

"It will be a superb edifice when it is finished," said the

* A collegiate church is one which, though not the seat of a bishop, possesses a chapter of canons and all the organization of a cathedral.

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general, looking with wonder at the great blocks of granite, apparently fit only for giants to handle, which strewed the floor, and on which the sculptors were busily engaged—their ringing chisels filling the air with a fine white dust; "but years will be required for its completion."

"Undoubtedly," replied Russell. "They expect nothing else. The object of those who are building this church is not to finish it quickly, but to erect a temple worthy of the object for which it is built—a temple to serve in the fullest sense as a great national shrine."

"One would think they might have been satisfied with one that had cost the modest sum of more than a million dollars," Travers observed.

"No," Russell said, "they were not satisfied as long as anything was lacking to honor with the utmost splendor possible the Queen of Heaven, who, they believe with an unfaltering faith, appeared here to one of the poorest and humblest of their race, and left an enduring memorial of herself to console and animate their devotion."

"Let us go and see the picture," said Dorothea. "It has for me a charm which I cannot express."

It is in truth difficult to express the charm which this remarkable picture is endowed with, and which comes as a surprise to those who, knowing its history, expect to find it rude in design and crude in color. So far from being either one or the other, it is in design, if a little formal, still, full of grace, tenderness, and dignity, while in coloring it is more harmonious than any copy represents it. Says a very competent art-critic:* "The picture, somewhat conventional in type, is good in drawing and still retains much strength of coloring. The material upon which it is painted is a coarse cloth woven of *ixtli* fibre. The medium cannot be determined. It does not seem to be distemper, water-color, or oil-color, though more suggestive of oil-color than either of the others; and this fact of its lack of resemblance to the effects of the ordinary methods of painting is one of the strong practical points urged in favor of its miraculous origin. The picture has been examined twice, the glass covering being removed on these occasions, by Mexican painters of high standing, and on each occasion the method by which the picture was made has remained undetermined." So says a man of the world. But there is nothing undetermined in the method by which it was made to those who look up at

* T. A. Janvier.

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it with adoring reverence, as it hangs above the votive offerings, and the ever-burning tapers that shed their soft light on the majestic yet benignant form, and the delicate face bending forward as if to hear and answer supplication.

"Was there ever a more poetical story than that of its origin?" said Margaret Langdon when they came out of the chapel where the picture finds a temporary shrine, and where the voice of prayer never ceases. "Even the story of Lourdes seems to me less beautiful and touching."

"And how delightfully picturesque all the details are," said Dorothea. "How one can fancy the pious Indian coming over that rugged hill yonder early in the morning—no doubt it was *very* early, for the people of this country have a passion for rising betimes—and in the exquisite freshness of the dawn hearing the music of angels, and then beholding 'amid splendors' the Lady who bade him go to the bishop and tell him it was her will that on this spot a temple should be built. And then the roses—"

"But he did not gather the roses the first time that he saw the Lady," Mrs. Langdon suggested.

"No, but imagine his amazement when he was told to gather them on that barren spot, and when, looking around, he found them—such roses, be sure, as not even the *chinampas* could furnish!—and when, gathering them and carrying them to the bishop as commanded, he opened his *tilma* to find, instead of roses, the picture impressed upon it! I am certain there was never a lovelier miracle wrought. One which seems as full of the sweetness of infinite tenderness and condescension as the miraculous flowers were of fragrance."

They all smiled at her manner of expression, but there was not one so dull of soul or fancy as not to be conscious of the lasting fragrance of those miraculous roses in this spot which Mary's feet once hallowed. Through the lovely little garden in front of the now deserted convent of the Capuchinas, they went to the Capilla del Pocito (the Chapel of the Holy Well), where gushes the spring said by tradition to mark the spot where those feet touched. This elegant little building, with its exquisite dome of enamelled tiles, is altogether charming within and without. The well is in an ante-room of the chapel proper, and fills a large basin surrounded and covered with a grating of wrought-iron. Through this grating the water can be dipped up, and, filling a cup, Russell held it out to his friends.

"Drink!" he said. "Whoever drinks of this water must re-

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turn to Mexico, no matter how far he may wander, to drink again. If you have learned to love the bright land as well as I have, you will gladly take this means to insure yourself against a final farewell."

"It is like what the Romans tell one of the Fountain of Trevi," said Mrs. Langdon. "I, for one, drink gladly, for I have never seen a country I would be more grieved to think that I should never see again."

"We all drink with enthusiasm," said the general, "to Mexico, to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and to our return!"

Enthusiastically indeed this sentiment was drunk in the clear, sparkling water of the holy spring; and then, after inspecting the tiny but lovely chapel, they set out to mount the stone stairway which leads to the summit of the hill, on whose barren, rocky crest Juan Diego met the gracious apparition and gathered the marvellous roses. On the line of this stairway, near the top of the hill, Russell pointed out a singular monument—the resemblance of a ship's mast and sails built in stone.

"The story told of this is curious," he said, "but there is no reason to doubt its truth. At some date unknown, for there is no inscription on the monument to tell, certain mariners 'being in dire straits at sea, their ship tempest-tossed and rudderless, vowed that should Our Lady of Guadalupe save them, they would bring their ship's mast to her shrine and set it up there as a perpetual memorial of her protecting power; that immediately their ship came safe to Vera Cruz, and that the mariners loyally fulfilled their vow, carrying the mast with its yards upon their shoulders from Vera Cruz to the capital, and thence to this place, where they set it up and built around it, for protection from the weather, the covering of stone. And there,' concludes the chronicle, 'the mast is, even until this day.'"

"Could ever faith have been more practical and touching!" said Dorothea, as they all paused to look at this unique monument, and thinking of the weather-stained timbers which had so often heard the howl of the tempest and felt the fierce shock of the waves, but that had now such safe anchorage on this sacred hill—type, let us hope, of the pious hearts that so loyally fulfilled their vow.

The stairway ends upon the summit on a platform before a small chapel. This platform, guarded by a stone parapet which bounds the steep descent of the precipitous hill, commands a view second only in extent and beauty to that of Chapultepec,

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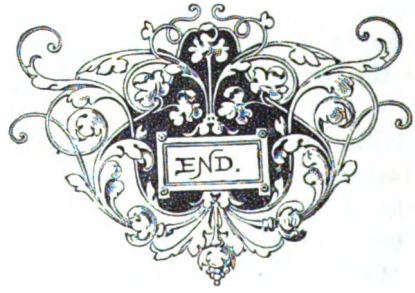
and very like it in character. As the immense plain burst upon the vision of the breathless climbers, in all its glory of boundless extent and opalescent color, they paused involuntarily to take in with a sense of rapture its exceeding loveliness. Immediately in front, but much below them, rose the vast roof, dome, and cross-crowned towers of the great church—the town of Guadalupe nestling around it, and the delicate cupola of the Holy Well glittering in the sunlight—while stretching on and on, far as the gaze could sweep, the emerald valley was bounded on the horizon verge by heaven-tinted azure heights, and gemmed in the middle distance by silver-gleaming lakes and the resplendent domes and towers of the Oriental-like city that lay basking beneath the deep, deep blue dazzling sky.

It was Margaret Langdon who, after they had looked long in silence, turned to Russell.

"You said the other day that Chapultepec is the heart of Mexico," she observed in her clear, sweet voice. "But it seems to me that the spot where the past and the present life of Mexico most truly meet, where all the forces that go to make the country most truly find a centre, is here on this hill of Tepeyácac. And so *here* is the true Heart of Mexico."

CHRISTIAN REID.

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# THE CATHOLIC CHAMPLAIN.

TO each and every one of the crowd who looked forward to the sojourn by Lake Champlain while the Summer-School pitched its tents there, there was hardly a feeling save that of pleasurable anticipation. And each and every one of those who went there to realize it found that the anticipation fell far short of the reality. There is not a scintilla of exaggeration about this statement. It has dawned upon the minds of many that in this experiment there has been found the solution of an extremely difficult problem—how to make the rational pursuit of knowledge coincide with the rational pursuit of physical pleasure and needed relaxation for the wearied human frame in the holiday season. The solution, when found, seemed simple and natural enough.

## ITS WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

In truth, nothing could be farther removed from the notion of "the dust of the schools" than this meeting of truth-seekers in the historic little lake-side town. All the gaiety of a summer excursion marked the event. If Atra Cura had had a place in any part of the pilgrimage, the grim shadow had missed the train or the steamboat which bore the throng away into the recesses of the land of romance. If the gaiety was not boisterous or demonstrative, it was none the less hearty. Nor was there any mistaking the cordiality of the welcome extended to the pleasant visitors by the whole community of Plattsburgh. The town turned out in its full state, with its mayor and its chief public men, to tender the citadel and its keys to the invaders, and testify in every way it could devise the sincerity of its gratification that henceforth it is to have the distinction of being the permanent home of the Catholic Summer-School on this side of the American continent.

And, indeed, it must be owned that there was in every aspect of the event a cause for high felicitation. Man—and by this term is comprehended the gentler moiety of mankind—is a two-fold entity. He can no more with safety ignore the earthly and the physical portion of human existence than he can ignore the four elements. Here was everything that could

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possibly minister, not only to the intellectual and spiritual necessities of mortals, but their physical delight and comfort in a degree that left nothing to be desiderated even by the most fastidious and exacting—that is to say, if any such spirits were to be found amongst the light-hearted throng which found their way to the Summer-School. Justice will compel the historians of the excursion to say, that if any such were there, they gave no outward indication of their idiosyncrasies.

REV. J. A. ZAHM, C.S.C.

In the immediate success of last year's experiment at New London, or of this year's at Plattsburgh, the promoters of the Catholic Summer-School have no adequate gauge of its ultimate beneficent influence. Each successive step must tell upon the next, and this upon the next again; like the growth of compound interest. Last year's successful initiation has had its complement in the much better attended gathering this year; and those whose privilege it shall be to witness the reassembling in the same place in 1894 will witness, it may confidently be predicted, a greater roll-call still. By that time, there is reason to hope, the Summer-School will have its own home in the midst of a noble stretch of park and woodland, close to the lake shore, not far from the hamlet called Bluff Point, and within easy distance of the pleasant town of Plattsburgh. A line of electric cars, it is hoped, will soon be running between the two places, so that visitors to the Summer-School need have no apprehensions on the score of transport or the procuring of the conveniences of life during their sojourn. Nor is there any great temerity in venturing the proposition that the environment may have a good deal to do with the mental dispositions for the

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process of study and the reception of lessons of wisdom. Nature in her solitudes has ever been sought by studious minds. It is

A SECOND EDUCATIONAL PROCESS,

going on simultaneously with the other, "to sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell." Few localities could be found more inviting than the region amid which the Summer-School is established. The great extent of the lake, with its endless girdle of mountains standing away off, on either side, as far as the eye can follow, impresses the mind at once with the spirit of repose. Everywhere you turn the effect of the landscape is that of calm beauty; while if an Alpine solitude be desired a couple of hours will take the traveller into the heart of the glorious Adirondacks. These mountains have a distinctive beauty, to many as alluring as those toward which the footsteps of fashion have long tended in the Old World, and it may be observed parenthetically that it is not a little paradoxical to find travellers from this continent crossing the ocean and taking long overland journeys in search of the picturesque, while a land of such varied charms lies here at their very doors, within the limits of New York State. And, to make it all the more enjoyable, nearly the whole of the journey can be made by as delightful a waterway as can be found all over the world. The Rhine may boast of its castled Drachenfels and its Ehrenbreitstein, but the noble Hudson, though destitute of ruined strongholds of mediæval freebooters, is rich in splendid views along its entire course from New York to Albany, and even beyond that point.

REV. JAMES A. DOONAN, S.J.

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A VIA FORMOSA.

To those whose time is not limited this is by far the most picturesque route to take to the Summer-School. Little of the journey need be performed by railway—only the distance between Albany and Lake George, and a few miles more between Baldwin, a station at the head of the same sheet of water, and Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. The thirty-five miles of sail up Lake George is one of the most beautiful that could well be imagined. All the way the steamer moves between high, sloping hills, crowned to their summits with masses of waving foliage, and in and out amidst little gems of islands clad with verdure to the water's edge. When this loveliest of inland waterways is got over, the more expansive beauties of Lake Champlain unfold themselves before the traveller's vision, some fresh charm revealing itself with the rounding of every succeeding headland. The voyage up Lake Champlain occupies about six hours; that over Lake George about three; but the difference in time between this mode of travelling and that of the railway will be amply compensated for by the richness of the scenery, to say nothing of the comfort in travel afforded by the handsome and commodious steamboats plying on the lakes. There is not only a rich field for the eye and the fancy all along the way, but a rich preparation of the mind for the seeds of culture which re-

VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D., C.S.P.

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main to be sown in it when the goal of the journey shall have been reached.

### THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS OF THE PLACE.

There is another element in this particular line of pilgrimage, and however familiar the mind was with its history, the actual contact with the locality could not fail to conjure it up most vividly. The soil is, so to speak, sacred and classic. It was here that the last momentous struggle for American freedom was begun. Traces of that struggle show themselves all along the route. The ruined walls of Fort Ticonderoga are symbolic of an effete tyranny; old residents point out the tracks which Burgoyne and Prevost cut through the forests in the old-time wars; and the people of Plattsburgh, while they point with pride to Cumberland Head and the wide stretch of water where the question of naval supremacy was decided by Commodore Macdonough, show the rotting timbers of a British ship. It was one of the fleet designed to crush the life out of the young Republic, but destined instead for the holocaust at its altar. The air of such a place is soul-inspiring. It is a scene as sacred to the spirit of Liberty as Marathon or Bannockburn. None of those who visit these scenes can avoid feeling how different must have been the course of the world to-day had it fared otherwise than it did with the infant States in those crucial times; for it was the cause of freedom all the world over which was then in the balance—not merely the freedom of the American Union. We have only to look at Catholicism in Ireland under British rule, and the many years and superhuman struggles it took to effect its liberation, to realize what might have been its condition here to-day had

THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS.



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Great Britain succeeded in keeping her sinister grip upon the American continent. Therefore, it is well for us to go to Plattsburgh and ponder on its lessons in the intervals of study of the philosophies.

## NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

As yet our Summer-School is too young to have much more than large ambitions. It does not claim to be a full-panoplied goddess springing all at once into life and energy, with a perfect programme and a perfect system. But its ideas are definite and practical enough, and no unnecessary time should be lost in formulating a regular *schema* for its operations. The charge of novelty has been levelled against it. Well, it can afford to let the sneer pass. Everything good has been novel; everything bad is as old as the primeval enemy. "It is only a copy of Chautauqua." Be it so: Chautauqua is only a copy of Oxford and Cambridge. The old Catholic Church, it is observed, is wakening from the sleep of ages and putting on the latest educational modes, and in donning this Summer-School fad she is only displaying the feminine desire to be "up to date." But the Summer-School is nothing more than an attempt to extend the university system beyond the walls of the university—just as the university was the machinery for extending lore beyond the cell of the monk; and it is to the old Catholic Church that the world owes the first university, and all the really great universities that moulded the genius of the world. Those wonderful Irish monks who, in the very beginning of the "dark ages," sent their contingents to the court of Charlemagne and established centres of learning over the European continent, gave the world an idea of the Summer-School. They did not desire to hide their light under any bushel. Since all the world could not come to Bangor or Clonmacnoise to learn of them, they felt it their duty to go out upon the world and scatter the seeds of truth and light upon its expectant but neglected fields.

University extension, as a principle, is an outgrowth of a very ancient idea which had its origin in the bosom of the Catholic Church. The Summer-School is but an adaptation of that principle to the necessities of our own times. It is only in recent years that it has been developed—a fact which speaks trumpet-tongued for the soundness of the somnolence of that system which the Reformation superimposed upon the far-reaching educational organization of the much-maligned church. The

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Reformation swept away her public-school system, impropriated her universities, and fell asleep in them for more than three hundred years. After enjoying for that period all the revenues and buildings of the dispossessed and maltreated teacher, it wakens up to taunt her with the flattery of imitation. Dignity never suffers by such taunts; they only illustrate the temper of the mocker.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

### PRACTICAL WORK FOR THE FUTURE.

Practical work henceforward demands the attention of the promoters and participators in the Summer-School. This year's attendance at Plattsburgh has demonstrated the increasing acceptability of the idea, and warrants the conviction, moreover, that the success of it will be an ever-increasing quantity. With the erection of a permanent building for the school at Cliff Haven, the mapping out of a system by which the best results may be obtained from the materials and the machinery now to hand is a self-evident duty. There is no paucity of profound and brilliant teachers, as the lectures of the past sessions have clearly shown; neither is there a lack of appreciative and discriminating hearers. The problem is, how to order these respective forces that each lecture will tell in a practical way for the students who attend as well as afford the delight of philosophic enjoyment to those who are mere auditors and to the thinking world outside.

### THE RAISON D'ÊTRE.

What is the object of these Summer-Schools? They are a means to an end. They are designed to enable those whose

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occupations do not allow them to attend the university courses regularly to derive as much benefit from the lectures delivered thereat as they would by attending at an established university, as well as to arouse in thinking minds generally an abiding interest in those profound questions, mundane and metaphysical, which bear upon man's past, his present and his future. And what is their primary object? This is a question of incalculable moment, and one which, as regards other systems, has been sought to be answered in diverse ways. In a very able paper in *Scribner's Magazine* two years ago Professor Josiah Royce declares that "the modern university has as its highest business, to which all else is subordinate, the organization and the advance of learning." A report of the trustees of Columbia College in 1853 (a document which, by the way, contains the germ of the outside-course idea, so far as this country is concerned) seems to strike the more correct key-note. "The mission of the college," it is herein postulated, "is to direct and superintend the mental and moral culture. The mere acquisition of learning, however valuable and desirable in itself, is subordinate to this great work."

MAJOR JOHN BYRNE.

So too the Summer-School: it places before its students an ideal no less elevated than that of any college or university. It urges the acquisition of learning for learning's sake. Its lecturers are the leaders of thought who go ahead in unexplored ways and blaze the paths for others with the keen eye and investigating turn of mind to follow. It would be perhaps still more descriptive of its intention and character to say that it aims at a combination of these objects, and that it believes the idea can be

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carried out simultaneously with the necessary relaxation of a summer holiday.

The spirit in which the work has been taken up is a most hopeful augury for the future of the Catholic Champlain. It was enough to glance around the audience, seated in the theatre listening to morning or afternoon lecture, to be instantaneously convinced of the fact that all the energies of their minds were bent upon the task immediately in hand. The summer holiday dress could not detract from the seriousness of those countenances, mostly youthful, whose regards were riveted on the lecturer; the frequent use of pencil and note-book by many of the auditory showed that it was not merely for amusement they had travelled up to Plattsburgh. The entire audience, young and old, drank in every word of those addresses, and after each was over the different groups, as they severally dispersed, might be heard discussing the matter of each learned discourse in tones of sober earnestness. To many the exceedingly high character of the lectures was the subject of delighted remark; to a few this was a matter of surprise. Indeed objection was taken lest, peradventure, some of the themes might be "caviare to the general"; but those who indulged such apprehensions showed that they had not gauged the intellectual level of the company with even approximate accuracy, much less the lecturers' powers of lucid deliverance. The great diversity of subject in the lectures was a marked feature in the programme, and the judgment of the Board of Studies in the choice of speakers and topics—a matter of no small delicacy and difficulty—found warm commendation from the vast majority of the students. To the chairman of the board, the Rev. Father McMillan, the success of this portion of the programme was in no small degree due. Although it involved an infinity of labor and anxious thought, his large literary experience and his indefatigable spirit of industry triumphed over all obstacles, and the success which crowned his efforts was eminently deserved.

It is now seen that the advantages of this system are beginning to be recognized widely. The growth of the movement since its initiation last year has been as that of a tropical plant. A more definite programme for the future will be possible, as a result of the past session, and a still stronger marshalling of the intellectual forces of the Catholic renaissance. The courses of lectures in each branch may be systematized so that the students, when they disperse to their several localities, may still be able to have them continued throughout the year in convenient

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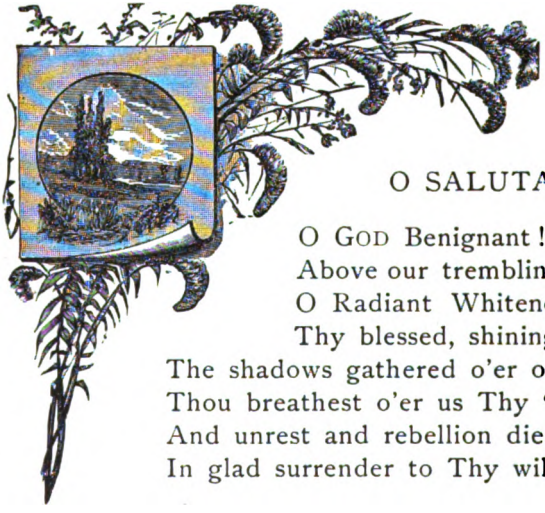
localities, as Cambridge University students can, by means of a staff of itinerant lecturers; and the affiliation system, found to work so well in connection with Cambridge, may also be rendered possible. We may trust to the Board of Directors to give this subject its due consideration. They know what the mind of the movement is; they are beginning now to obtain an idea of its great beneficial possibilities; the world of Catholic thought looks to them to realize these to the full.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.



## O SALUTARIS HOSTIA!

O GOD Benignant! smiling high
Above our trembling, troubled hearts:
O Radiant Whiteness! Jesus Fair!
Thy blessed, shining Presence parts
The shadows gathered o'er our way;
Thou breathest o'er us Thy "Peace, be still!"
And unrest and rebellion die
In glad surrender to Thy will.

MARY KAVANAGH.

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## A PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY IN GERMANY.

BY a singular coincidence, and, as far as we can learn, independently of any knowledge of the work of the Catholic Summer-School of America, the Catholics of Germany inaugurated last autumn an educational movement of the same general character as that of our school, but destined apparently to exert a more profound and practical influence, socially and intellectually. This movement in Germany is known as "The People's University," or the "School of Social Science of München-Gladbach." The latter name was the modest title bestowed on the new experiment by its projectors; the former, by which now it is more generally known, was the seemingly contradictory misnomer given by its opponents in the hope of rendering the enterprise ridiculous. In serious-minded Germany the idea of a university, embracing as it does that of the highest teaching, seemed naturally to exclude the popular element. Although intended to work injury, the name became an augury of success.

The "People's University" is an innovation introduced for the benefit of the German Catholics by the Catholic *Volksverein*, or People's Association—one of the truly marvellous organizations formed by the redoubtable Catholic party of Germany.* The plan of the *Volksverein* was to organize in different parts of the German Empire periodical courses in social and economic science. Ignorance and false views of social questions are evils that are not peculiar to Germany. Warned by the terrible mistakes made by sciolists in social science in their endeavors, without sufficient knowledge of correct principles, to find practical answers to social difficulties, the German Catholics with prudent forethought have long been instructing the people in sound principles of social and political economy. The labor question, the land question, the question of syndicates and trades-unions, the social question in relation to Christianity, the struggle of socialism and the church, have all been dealt with in the clearest, most practical and learned manner in a series of popular treatises prepared by some of the most celebrated students of political economy and sociology of the age, under the able direction and with the enthusiastic encouragement of the

* See *Les Catholiques Allemands*, par Abbé A. Kannengieser. Paris: P. Lethielleur.

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noble Bishop Ketteler. The titles and authors of a few of these will serve to show the ability of the men interested, and the character of the work done. Abbé Hitze, known to American Catholics principally by his labors in connection with the Mayence Catholic Congress, has written monographs on *The Social Question, Capital and Labor, The Duties of Employers, Protection for the Workman, Protection for Trade;* Father Weiss has contributed *The Social Question and Social Order*, the fourth volume of his *Apology for Christianity;* Albertus (the Baron de Gruben, recently dead) wrote *The Social Policy of the Church;* Abbé Ratzinger, *On National Economy, The History of Charity;* Dr. Jaeger, *The Land Question, The Labor Question, The History of Socialism;* Professor Hœckl, *Christianity and the Great Questions of the Day;* Father Hammerstein, S.J., *The Social Action of the Catholic Church;* Father Audelfinger, *Socialism and Employers;* Abbé Heinrich, *The Social Action of the Church according to Protestants;* Father Mehler, *The Social Works of Dom Bosco.* In addition to this list, already long but far from exhaustive, must be cited the volumes published by the Jesuit editors of the able *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, Cathrein, Mayer, Pachtler, Lehmkuhl.

To those unacquainted with the untiring energy and immense resources of the German Catholics, both in men and learning, this partial enumeration of the practical work done by what must be regarded as the most wonderful Catholic body in the world to-day will undoubtedly be a surprise.

From men so able, so high-minded, animated by the single purpose of advancing the cause of Catholic Truth, utterly unselfish, looking for and claiming no reward save that of seeing fellow-Catholics improved by their exertions, and the condition of Catholic laborers bettered and safeguarded, some organized movement was to be expected tending to systematized instruction of the people in those questions that are most prominent in Germany, and about which the battle rages furiously and strong. They realized that the press, powerful though it be, could not be as effective as "the human voice divine." The printed page would of necessity be useless to many. Circumstances of time, ability, application would, in a large number of cases, render nugatory the efforts of able pens. Even people of some education would find difficulty in grasping abstract principles. Admitting that many would buy the books, would they have the courage or time necessary to read them?

The course of München-Gladbach was designed to obviate

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all these difficulties, and to furnish the inspiration to labor springing from close communion with others engaged in common work, the support and encouragement found in fellowship, the enthusiasm awakened by the sympathetic sound of the human voice unravelling mysteries, clearing away difficulties, elucidating and applying principles, revealing by inflection or by tone reaches of thought hitherto as obscure as the entrancing vistas of Como or Maggiore to the traveller enveloped in the thin mist that floats up from their waters. The circular of the *Volksverein* committee appointed to manage the affair announced that "the conferences will embrace the essential questions of the vast social domain. We shall insist particularly on principles, while at the same time striving to indicate the close connection between theory and practice." The aims of the course were:

1. To show the importance of social questions, and the part that should be taken in the solution of these problems by the leading classes, particularly by the clergy. To awaken a taste and love for sociological studies.

2. To indicate the connection between these different questions, and to render clear the principles that should guide the law-maker in the making of labor laws.

3. To treat thoroughly, as far as time allows, questions of theory and of practice; to open up new points of view to students, and above all to furnish them with bibliographical information by the aid of which they may easily complete their education.

This prospectus was evidently the work of no tyros. Deep, serious study was intended, not in the ornamental departments of knowledge, nor for the purpose of increasing the polished veneer that passes for intellectual culture among those who do not care to or who cannot penetrate the thin surface. But the study was to be a preparation for the serious concerns of life that force themselves now upon every one in countries where the people govern and make laws. A vote is a matter of tremendous importance, and he who casts it lightly or corruptly sins against the commonwealth. The German Catholics need not commit themselves body and soul to a "machine," simply casting their votes with their "party." They could study the questions of the hour, not by the light of partisan newspapers or at the dictation of political "bosses," but under the guidance of able scholars in social science, of practical politicians in the honorable sense, and of enthusiastic, unselfish defenders of

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Faith and Fatherland. Their study of the great questions in the solution of which they were to help was not to be limited to the short time they spent at München-Gladbach. Experienced scholars and legislators would indicate the best books for them to read upon the special questions treated of. In these they would find elaborations of the principles they had heard explained, defended, and discussed. A trustworthy bibliography is the student's *open sesame.* Hence the importance of such treatment of books as that indicated in paragraph three of the prospectus.

A place suitable for carrying out the programme mapped out was soon found. In the choice of location we find a decided contrast with our American summer-schools, which are all located at places selected with a view to natural beauty and distance from large centres of population. The German Catholics, however, chose München-Gladbach, a town in Rhenish Prussia, situated on the vast plain between Aix-la-Chapelle and Düsseldorf, about sixteen miles west of the latter place. Its population in 1888 was 44,230. München-Gladbach—Gladbach of the monks—owes its origin and its name to a Benedictine abbey founded in 972. Its present population is largely Catholic. About the end of the eighteenth century the cotton industry was introduced, and at the present day the spinning-mills of München-Gladbach contain 350,000 shuttles, with a yearly output of 24,000 tons. The weaving-mills contain about 11,000 looms. The town has also a considerable metal trade.

To Americans, who are in the habit of regarding summer-schools as places more or less of amusement where *dilettantes* woo sweet Mistress Wisdom in a *dolce far niente* manner, redolent of white flannel and russets, the choice of such a place will appear wondrous strange indeed. But the German Catholics have serious work to do; and they sought the place where that work could be done under the most favorable conditions.

München-Gladbach is famous in Catholic Germany for the number, variety, and completeness of its institutions for the laboring classes, and its social works of every kind. Here, in 1880, Abbé Hitze founded the powerful organization known as *Arbeiterwohl*—"The Commonweal of Workmen," the name indicating its object. It busies itself with the formation, organization, direction of working-men's associations; working-men's institutions, such as savings-banks of all kinds; the internal arrangement of factories; their ventilation and heating; the

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separation of the sexes in mills; the question of the housing of laborers; the question of drunkenness; schools for housekeepers; legislation looking to the protection of workmen. Such questions as these are thoroughly ventilated in the organ of the union, appearing monthly under the same name. The *Arbeiterwohl* has instituted also a literary commission for the publication of popular works upon the household and life of the working-man. The authors of these practical treatises are priests. More than 500,000 copies of one of these books—*The Happiness of the Hearth*, intended for married women—have been sold.

München-Gladbach is also the seat of the Catholic *Volksverein*, or "People's Association," a powerful factor in the Catholic life of Germany. It contains, moreover, a specimen of almost all the institutions whose object is the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. The Catholics of this town have in advance demonstrated in reality all the reforms and improvements contemplated by recent labor legislation in Germany. Every family, for the most part, has a separate dwelling, kept with the greatest care. In most of the factories women are not allowed to work after marriage, in order that they may devote themselves to the care of their homes. The result has been that labor troubles are unknown at München-Gladbach.

Since the students of the People's University would thus have before their eyes the practical applications of the principles they were studying, we must admit that the choice of München-Gladbach was a happy one.*

The next difficulty was the selection of a convenient time for the trial of the experiment. In order that the university would not interfere with any other assembly of Catholics it was finally decided to begin on September 20th and finish on the 30th.

Then came the most anxious part of the undertaking—to secure a number of students sufficient to warrant the trial. At the great Catholic Congress of Mayence the Abbé Wassermann had proposed the following resolution: "The thirty-ninth general assembly of Catholics of Germany hails with joy the organization of the practical course in social science, and expresses the desire that many Catholics will attend it at München-Glad-

* For detailed information regarding the remarkable institutions of München-Gladbach the inquirer is referred to *Specimens of the personal care of Employers for their Workmen*, by Doctor Post.

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bach." In speaking to the resolution the Abbé Hitze dwelt upon the importance of the work, and spoke of the form and nature of the proposed instruction. The lectures would be given by most competent specialists in each branch of social science.

A workman interrupted the learned abbé to inquire what part the artisan would play in this university. The good abbé was nonplussed. He could not explain to the simple peasant that a university was not exactly a deliberative assembly, and the workman would be satisfied with nothing else. This incident determined a portion of the methods of work, as we shall see later.

The project of the People's University was enthusiastically received. The committee had counted upon two hundred or two hundred and fifty students; but from the beginning of the course there were fully six hundred.*

The students came from Eastern Prussia, Silesia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Denmark, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, France, and even from the United States. Among them there were no less than 200 priests; of the remainder were 83 professors and teachers, 53 merchants and business men, 33 lawyers and magistrates, 22 editors and publicists, some politicians, doctors, engineers, etc.

To this audience, distinguished for intellectual culture, acquaintance with life, many of them people of high station, all of them filled with the desire to be instructed, spoke a faculty of seventeen distinguished lecturers, whose names are well known throughout Germany and some throughout the world. First there was the Abbé Hitze, a man whose labors for the working-men have been simply stupendous, and whose writings on the social question are classics in Germany. Then came Deputy Brandts, president, and Doctor Trimborn, vice-president of the *Volksverein;* Landrath Brandts, of Düsseldorf; Doctor Jaeger, of Spire; Monsignor Schaeffer, president of the *Gesellenvereine*, or "Journeymen's Association," one of the admirable Catholic institutions of Germany; Father Schmitz, dean and pastor of Crefeld;† the great Lehmkuhl, Baumgartner,

* The Catholic Summer-School began its first session with precisely the same prospects, and practically had the same number of students during the session.

† A town of Rhenish Prussia, twelve miles north-west of Düsseldorf, noted for its manufactures of silks, velvets, ribbons, and taffetas, and having a population of 90,236. Father Schmitz maintains an *école ménagère*, what we would call a "model cooking and industrial school," for four hundred young girls of the working classes. There are forty of such Catholic schools in Germany.

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Pesch, and Cathrein, of the Society of Jesus; the Abbé Oberdoerfer, of Cologne, formerly editor of *Fremonia;* Dr. Brull, of München-Gladbach; Professor Schaeffer, of the Academy of Münster; Strauven, a lawyer and until lately secretary of the Rhenish *Bauernverein*, or "Farmers' Association"; and the Archpriest Braun, of Würzburg. Those who are familiar with the scholarship of Germany can imagine what such a faculty could accomplish.

On the evening of the 19th of September, 1892, more than three hundred students attended the first official reunion of the university, an inaugural reception marked by the cordial hospitality for which the Germans are noted. Standing upon the platform, Curator Brandts opened this remarkable educational experiment with the words *Gelobt sei Jesus Christus*—"Praised be Jesus Christ." In a fervent speech he dwelt upon the social question, its importance and difficulties, and the necessity of narrowing the chasm that separates the different classes of society. Other speakers applauded the undertaking, and finally Abbé Hitze expressed thanks to the students for their presence.

On the morrow, at eight o'clock, all assisted at a solemn Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, after which they repaired to the large hall of the *Gesellenhaus* and work was begun.

Those who attended the sessions of our own Summer-School last year will marvel at the severity of that work. The lectures began promptly each day at nine o'clock, and lasted without interruption until noon and more frequently until one o'clock. There were three lectures each morning by three different professors. A syllabus of each lecture was furnished the students, and the majority occupied themselves busily with taking notes. The utmost *bonhomie* prevailed, and frequently the professor would leave his chair to become an attentive listener to his successor.

In the afternoon the instruction was resumed immediately after luncheon, but it assumed a different aspect. For it consisted of showing by means of the social institutions of München-Gladbach the practical applications of the theories expounded. So under the guidance of the rector and curator of the university the students visited the institutions for young boys and young girls, model factories, workmen's homes, economic kitchens, industrial and cooking schools, barracks, hospices, *Vereine*, etc. We can imagine with what interest and wonder these works filled such visitors. Priests and lawyers, merchants and workmen saw here in reality ideals of which they had read or dreamed. With

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the practical knowledge thus gained, and this theoretical learning to guide them, they would go back to their cities, towns, and hamlets filled with new ideas and enthusiastic to carry them out for the benefit of their fellow-creatures.

At eight o'clock in the evening the formal session was resumed. One of the professors selected from the programme some mooted point, and, after indicating the scope of the question and its general outlines, he opened a discussion in which all were free to join. Thus, for example, one of the questions discussed was "the duty on imports of grain." At ten o'clock the discussion ended, and the Abbé Hitze or some other of the faculty would sum up the arguments, setting forth the proper conclusions to be deduced. So ended the day's labor.

The students then enjoyed the *Gemüthlich* of which Germans are so justly fond, and over the delicious and wholesome *bock* they exchanged notes on the day's work or gave free rein to their gaiety. Professors and students intermingled freely; and the humblest among these latter found a companion, friend, and counsellor among the greatest, most learned, and most important of the former. The bonds of union among Catholics were drawn more tightly in these intimate reunions after a hard day's work; and the interchange of ideas tended to unify those minds and hearts who love so earnestly and so well their Faith and Fatherland.

München-Gladbach exerted itself to show hospitality to its studious guests. *Fêtes* were organized in their honor, and everywhere reigned the same cordiality, the same earnest spirit, the same desire to know better those who were engaged in the work so dear to the hearts of all, the spread of the kingdom of God by the practical love of his children. *Omnia pro populo.*

Joseph H. McMahon.

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## THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

**Workmen's Leaders.**—The advocates of the claims of the working classes, instead of insisting upon the justice of those claims, too often indulge in attacks upon those who are in the possession of riches or of rank on account of their real or supposed personal misdoings. The argument is a bad one, or at all events is pushed much too far, but unfortunately bad arguments are quite often very effective. Recently, however, circumstances have placed in the hands of the opponents of the claims of working-men a powerful argument of the same class, and when it is turned against themselves they may perhaps be better able to appreciate its real value, and be less willing to avail themselves of such a weapon. The London County Council at the recent election was reinforced by a considerable contingent, not merely of working-men's representatives, but of actual working-men. Of these, within the space of eighteen months, two in number, forming twenty-five per cent. of the whole, have been convicted in criminal courts of disgraceful deeds—one of such a mean, filthy character that it is impossible for us to describe it here; the other of an attempt to defraud a railway company of a paltry sum. In the ranks of the labor movement the two occupied a not unimportant place, one being its poet and inspired bard, the other the secretary of the Metropolitan Radical Association. We are sorry to notice, moreover, that instead of a frank acknowledgment of the fault of his comrade, Mr. James Burns attempts to offer an apology for the fraudulent County Councillor by alleging, altogether in the face of the plain facts of the case, that the attempt was made in "a moment of forgetfulness"; Mr. Burns proceeds also to base upon the case an argument for the payment of members of Parliament, county councillors, and so on; but, as the *Spectator* pertinently asks, "What income would he suggest to keep Mr. Jabez Balfour, for instance, in the paths of virtue."

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Mr. Jabez Balfour, we should mention, was a Radical member of Parliament who has recently been guilty of vast frauds upon thousands of poor men and women. These occurrences are of no little importance. The working-men ought to look well into the character of their leaders, for these leaders often determine the course of action of large numbers of men. The workman's cause is a good one, and it is a betrayal of it to entrust it to the hands of men who are self-seekers in the meanest and basest of ways. Are we justified in hoping that as the church is becoming, under the guidance of the Holy Father, more and more the true friend of the working classes, that they too will recognize that in her they will find their truest and best guide?

**The Paris Labor Exchange.**—The misdeeds to which we have been referring directly affect only individuals, and the working classes as a body cannot be held responsible for them except so far as they may be unwise enough not to get rid of the evil-doers. In France, however, mistakes more serious in their consequences have been made, being such as to subject large numbers of working-men to the condemnation not merely of the government for the time being—for French governments are so ephemeral that the condemnation of one of those fleeting entities is of no great importance—but of the general opinion of sober-minded men. The law requires trades-unions to be registered, and compliance with it involves no great hardship. For a reason which does not appear a certain number of the unions had not complied with this requirement, and on the government calling for such compliance, not only did the defaulting unions refuse but the unions which had hitherto registered announced their intention no longer to do so. Upon this the government announced that if within a month's time the law was not obeyed by all the unions the Labor Exchange would be closed. The connection between the non-observance of the law and the punishment is not clear. The Labor Exchange was founded by the Paris municipality for the purpose of establishing a statistical bureau and of forming a kind of labor mart, at which employers might find workmen and workmen employers. It has, however, been used throughout its existence not so much for its legitimate purposes as for a centre of sedition, and when the policemen, in execution of the sentence of the government, closed the Exchange, they found chalked on the blackboard the brief exposition of the uses to which it had been turned in the words "*L'Anarchie c'est le salut. Vive la Révolution.*" In conse-

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quence, therefore, of what seems wilful and gratuitous perversity, and of the abuse, for political purposes, of an institution founded for a different object, what might have proved a great benefit to the working classes has been destroyed, and this through no fault of the capitalist or *bourgeois* classes, but of the workmen themselves.

**Disastrous Results.**—For the Labor Exchange might have been the means of accomplishing a work which from the trade-unionist's point of view is considered of the utmost importance, even absolutely essential to his permanent success. It is not enough that men should federate in unions, if the unions are left isolated by themselves. The unions themselves should be federated, and for effecting this the Labor Exchange afforded the best facilities. That the workmen might be able to meet together and confer, the municipality of Paris had provided a building in which every trade was supplied with permanent accommodation for the executives of its unions. Moreover, it contributed ten thousand dollars annually towards the payment of expenses, and paid all the ordinary expenses. Instead, however, of availing themselves of this means of securing union, the direction was suffered to fall into the hands of firebrands and agitators, and as a consequence, so far as Paris is concerned, the opportunity has been lost and great discouragement has been given to future efforts.

**The Social Democratic Movement in Germany.**—The general election in Germany has revealed both the great power of the Social Democrats and the fact that that power is growing. They are now proved to be more numerous than the adherents of any other party. Owing to the distribution of seats, their representatives in the Reichstag are not proportional to their numbers, and therefore their power is not felt in legislation to the extent to which it is entitled. However, politicians are beginning to see that it is now the part of wisdom to try to guide into more moderate paths a movement which they can no longer hope to stop; and as the Social Democrats are abandoning some of their more extreme and obnoxious doctrines, there is the prospect that in the immediate future all parties will unite in taking steps for what the Social Democrats declare to be the only rational object of political action—the amelioration of the condition of the German working-man.



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**The Social Democratic Movement in Austria.**—In Austria the same movement is growing, and while in Germany, under Prince Bismarck, every effort was made to crush it out by violence, a different method, more befitting a Catholic country, has been adopted by the Austrian statesmen. Consequently the Socialists of the dual monarchy are more moderate than the German Socialists have been hitherto. Their right to be looked upon as a political party has always been conceded, and no interference has ever taken place with them except in the event of the law being broken. It has, in fact, been recently proposed by the government to establish labor chambers, and thus secure to the working-men a certain number of representatives in the Chamber of Deputies. For the representative system adopted in Austria is based on principles different from those adopted in this country, and consists in securing the representation, not of mere numbers but of the various interests in the state. The existing Chamber of Deputies is formed of four groups, representing respectively the great landed proprietors, the towns, the rural districts, and the chambers of commerce and industry. To these four classes the proposal was to add a fifth composed of the representatives of the labor chambers. This plan did not satisfy the working-men, as it would not have accorded to them real power, and the carrying of it out has been postponed. It indicates, however, the conciliatory spirit of the government.

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## TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE Saracinesca legend is still perpetuated in a secondary way in F. Marion Crawford's *Pietro Ghisleri.** A few of the old names run through the work; one or two of the old characters now and again walk across the background. By some this may be regarded as one of the ablest of the author's creations. As a study of the evolution of character it is analytical, keen, and careful; no one will say that it is untrue to nature, for there are many men out of every hundred who, like Pietro Ghisleri, have, when their wild oats were sown, developed a nobility of character such as few would have deemed possible from their passionate and stormy spring-time. To cast the slough of evil associations and shake one's self free from the meshes of unhallowed loves requires no ordinary strength of will; and this is what Pietro Ghisleri finds himself called upon to do, and, resolving to do, does. There have been cases of the kind, there is no doubt; and, after all, there is nothing very wonderful in such a transformation when the unlawful love, as in Ghisleri's case, has burnt itself out, and the latent sense of honor has been awakened by the advent of a better influence in the shape of a pure-minded woman. This beneficent picture is set off by that of a woman of a horribly repulsive type. Hatred of her step-sister drives Adela Savelli to the commission of murder of a singularly revolting character. Her victim is her step-sister Laura's husband, and the means by which she gets rid of him is by having him infected with scarlet fever. Afterwards she repents, and, urged by remorse, writes a confession to a priest, and entrusts it to a servant to post. It never reaches its destination; and she, discovering the misadventure, plots a series of diabolical schemes to get rid of Ghisleri, into whose hands she thinks the incriminating document has fallen. These miscarry in the end, and the daughter of Belial dies a lingering death brought about by a tripartite alliance of remorse, insomnia, and lunacy. No doubt, in the hands of another author this gruesome tragedy would hardly commend itself to the ordinary reader. The style in which it is treated by Mr. Crawford shows great skill. Nothing could be more passionless or neutral than the tone of the nar-

* *Pietro Ghisleri.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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rative up to the exciting point; and it is here that the dramatic force is shown. Still, it is, taken altogether, a sombre story, and in nowise lightened by brilliant dialogue or animated and breezy description, as many of his previous works are. It makes the reader begin to tire a little of Roman society, and long for a glimpse of something more cheerful than Roman wit, as displayed in this novel.

Julien Gordon, who has written *Marionettes*,* one of Cassell Co.'s yellow-bound series, is an author of considerable power. The work has a large dash of the erotic about it; and this is a pity, for the writer ought to be able to catch the reading public without resorting to this means. There is much brilliancy and fancy in the filling in of the incomplete story; and if the same qualities were brought to the creation of a worthier work, the result ought to be gratifying. A cardinal mistake with writers of this school is in the presentation of characters with which heroes or heroines are made to fall in love. The average reader cannot always comprehend why highly-strung people should be infatuated with persons of such mediocre attributes as are often portrayed. Young men or women who do nothing but loll about and do eccentric things, and cast ravishing glances at other people, are generally put upon the stage as principal persons in these erotic dramas. There must be a demand for these silly lay figures, we suppose, or else they would not be so much on the literary market. It is a pity to have bright intellects wasted in the construction of such pitiful supernumeraries as the Mr. Odenreid in this novel.

Maurice F. Egan has solved a problem which seemed likely to have been given up. It was becoming painfully evident that either there was nobody daring enough to attempt to write a book for a religious Catholic family, legitimately desirous of something to read for amusement, or that sufficient materials could not be found in the ordinary life of a Catholic man or woman to make, in the novelist's opinion, a story that would be readable and salable. Mr. Egan has, we say, solved this difficulty. He has given us in *A Marriage of Reason*† a novel which is at once good and wholesome and bright and melodramatic. His heroine, a young Catholic girl named Katharine O'Conor, who has been reared in a convent, is called upon in the course of the narrative to play many important parts, and the manner in which she acquits herself shows the excellence of her training.

* *Marionettes.* By Julien Gordon. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *A Marriage of Reason.* By Maurice F. Egan. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

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In this the author gives no exaggerated picture; he ably illustrates it in a number of test situations; and it may be accepted as perfectly certain that the type and the imaginary incidents might easily be outrivalled in the world of real life if the truth could only be put on paper. Some really excellent pictures of modern "society," and its sometimes absurd conventionalities, run throughout the work, as well as some very interesting minor plots. If any fault can be found with its secondary characters, it is that there is too much of a general resemblance between two of the would-be society women who figure in the book. The dialogue is exceedingly bright and nimble, and the absence of "padding" is a conspicuous characteristic of the work throughout.

*One Never Knows*, by the author of *As in a Looking-glass*, F. C. Philips, seems to be founded on some recent marriages of scions of the English nobility with ladies of the *corps de ballet*. It is largely concerned with life behind the footlights and in the *coulisses*, and gives us a picture of the modern aristocratic youth which seems to be a true reflection enough. Why any sensible women should fall in love with inane dudes is a mystery not cleared up by the author. There is a good deal of life and incident in this story, and while it describes vice and vulgarity, it does so in a manner which in itself is not exactly vicious, and has as much literary merit as the average society-novel. Therefore it is, perhaps, good enough for the "America" of the author's imagination—land of a people who, he says, are "æsthetic but not intellectual." If this be the ordinary literary food of the disciples of æstheticism, we should not wonder if their intellects were stunted. But is there really such an America? Perhaps there is a subterranean population.

The present is an opportune time for the appearance of an exposition of the system adopted by that famous teaching order, the Christian Brothers, throughout the wide ramifications of their organism. It is an order which has made its mark deep upon the character of the world, and sent its pupils out to life's battle as well furnished as any knights could be. The method of teaching employed was founded by the famous Jean Baptiste De la Salle, and has remained much as he laid it down in 1682, although others, such as Lancaster, Pestalozzi, and Jacotot, have claimed to be its originators. It is called the mutual-simultaneous system. This may be best described as a graduated devolution of the functions of teaching from the

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master to the heads of the respective classes. Such a division of labor is found to be immeasurably the best way to attain the widest possible diffusion of knowledge. A complete exposition of the system is given in a volume just published by the heads of the order* here; and an attentive perusal of the work will show how luminous a perception was that of De la Salle, and how wise the foundations upon which he laid his structure. Although a good many changes in matters of minor detail have been made in the system of elementary instruction since his day, the main features of the edifice have not undergone any substantial modification. Modern civilization is very prone to plume itself on originality of idea in the invention of systems best calculated to achieve the most satisfactory results—especially in methods of education; but it ought to be a sobering reflection to think that more than two hundred years ago a complete system of technical schools and schools of design was laid down by De la Salle, and carried out according to his suggestions in Paris. He was also the originator of the plan of object-lessons as an auxiliary in teaching. In fact, there is very little of what has been found best in all the methods of imparting primary instruction and manual training which was not anticipated by this great master of the art of pedagogy; whilst others who have been merely elaborating his ideas have carried off most of the laurels which are justly his.

Irish hagiology is a record at once rich and prolific. The saints of Ireland's calendar are, in fact, multitudinous, and furnish a biographical literature great enough to absorb a reader's whole lifetime. There are, for instance, no fewer than a hundred and ten saints of the one name—Colman—in the list, and it is with the name of one of these that the ancient diocese of Kilmacduagh, in the west of Ireland, is indissolubly connected. This old see is now fused in the adjoining ones of Kilfenora and Galway, but its former importance, either territorially or as a place renowned for shrines of sanctity as well as strongholds rich in mediæval romance, must not be measured by any means by that circumstance. It stretches half-way across the island, from Killaloe on the Shannon to the southern shore of Galway Bay, and is in part bounded by that remarkable ridge of land called the Esker, which formed the prehistoric boundary between the northern and southern kingdoms. The saint from whom it derives its episcopal name was one of those early

* *Management of Christian Schools.* By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York: P. O'Shea.

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Irish anchorites whose sanctity and learning filled the whole of the then known world. He was a contemporary of St. Columba, "the dove of the cell," and, like that ardent and impetuous ascetic, was of royal descent, but abandoned his earthly honors —in those times no less perilous than exalted—for a hermit's life. It was in the solitary fastnesses of Burren that he founded his retreat and his monastery, after having spent several years in probationary retirement on the lone rocks of Aranmore, and it was not long before the place became renowned for the miracles which attested the sincerity and profundity of his piety. The history of the diocese has long lain neglected. We are indebted to the zealous industry of the Rev. J. Fahey, D.D., V.G., of St. Colman's, Gort, for a work which removes this reproach.* Dr. Fahey writes from the very heart of the district which was the scene of St. Colman's labors, and all around him lie the vestiges of the ancient piety, as well as the memorials of the warlike proclivities of the Western Celt. Not far from St. Colman's stand the still imposing ruins of a famous abbey—that of Corcomroe, where the tombs of the O'Loghlens, princes of Burren, are scattered thickly, and one of them especially, dating as far back as the twelfth century, was up to a few years ago, when we visited the spot, in a state of wonderfully good preservation. The oratory of St. Colman is not far from here; the cathedral of Kilmacduagh, with its round tower, and the group of ecclesiastical buildings which perpetuate the saint's name in and around Gort, give more of a personality to the whole of a diocese than perhaps any other see in the country can claim. The work which now rescues its fame from obscurity is a valuable addition to our historical literature. It presents us with many a rich chapter in Irish history which, because of the isolation of the wild western district in which the events transpired, had been covered with the dust of ages. The settlement of Galway and Iar Connaught by the Anglo-Normans has, no doubt, been well presented by the learned O'Flaherty; but his history did not cover the ground over which Dr. Fahey has found it necessary to travel; hence many a family in the West, as well as many a seeker after genealogical problems intertwined with Irish history, will find a deep interest in this record. For the elegance of its style no less than the evident care bestowed on its archæological points, Dr. Fahey deserves the thanks of the general world of literature.

* *The History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Kilmacduagh.* With illustrations. By J. Fahey, D.D., V.G. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Upper O'Connell Street.

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### 1.—A VISITANDINE VADE MECUM IN ENGLISH.*

The literature for retreats of religious is one of such peculiar needs as to require minds of singular quality to compose it. Most literature is of the world; this is of the spirit alone, and, being addressed to those whose minds have already undergone the fierce ordeal of spiritual training, it must resemble, if such resemblance were possible, the essence of an essence, the refinement of refined gold. The multitudinous graces of the church's literature make it a delicate, if not an impossible, task to select in this field; it is enough to say that every shade of thought in the devout mind can find a solace and affinity in the pages of the ancient or the modern fathers, notwithstanding the practical identity of idea and purpose which marks the entire body of that literature. The thoughts most favored of the Visitandines are those of that sublime religious model, St. Francis de Sales, and it is not difficult to understand why this is so. Meekness and humility most profound were the characteristics of that true follower of our Divine Master, and this rare spirit, which breathes through all the life of the Visitandines, they naturally endeavor to strengthen by deep draughts from the fountain of meekness. There is added to the Retreats a selection from the Conferences of St. Jane de Chantal. The religious of the Visitation will find the book one of inestimable value, for it brings to them the almost living thoughts and words of their holy founder, and the religious of other communities will not be disappointed when they look in this manual for something of that sweet spirit of kindness and meekness which has given a tone to modern asceticism. The work is obtainable at the Monastery of the Visitation, Brooklyn.

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### 2.—THE ASCETICISM OF RITUALISTS.†

The author of these meditations was at one time the superior, and we believe the founder, of the society of St. John the Evangelist at Cowley, near Oxford. Of the attempts which have been made among Anglicans in recent years to revive the religious life this society affords the most noteworthy example and has met with the largest measure of success, houses having been opened not only in this country but also in India. This

* *Meditations and Conferences for a Retreat of Ten Days*, according to the spirit of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal. From the French of Abbé Duquesne. Translated by the Sisters of the Visitation, Brooklyn, N. Y.: Monastery of the Visitation, Clinton Avenue.

† *The Final Passover:* A series of Meditations upon the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Divine Exodus. By the Rev. R. M. Benson, M.A. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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is due to the great abilities, the eloquence especially, of a large number of men who have associated themselves with its work, and to the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice by which they have been animated: we trust also to their sincerity and good faith, although it is somewhat hard for us to see how they have convinced themselves that they are acting as true sons of the Anglican Establishment. However, it is not for us to pass judgment upon them on this point, but to rejoice that so much truth is being taught, that so many are being brought to a knowledge of it, and that the chasm which for many generations has separated the great mass of the English people from the church is being filled up by the efforts of men who are able to reach hearers who would be turned away from the legitimate ministers of the church.

The volumes mentioned at the head of this notice form part of a series of Meditations on the Passion of our Lord. There are seventy-six in all, each with three points, including appropriate colloquies, and are upon that part of our Lord's Passion from the going forth to Gethsemani to the Sepulchre. How far they are original we are unable to say. Every one who is acquainted with the ways of Ritualists knows that the sustenance of their minds is found to a very large extent in the devotional literature of the Catholic Church. If honestly held, the theory of continuity entitles them to draw in this way upon Catholic resources, and we cannot complain, seeing that a large measure of truth is thus propagated. No one will question Mr. Benson's devotedness, nor his ability, nor the rightness of his faith in the Incarnation: and therefore much spiritual profit may be derived from these volumes. The unction and fervor of St. Alphonsus may be wanting, but profound and deep thoughts abound.

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3.—GENERALS GRANT, BUTLER, AND "BALDY" SMITH.*

On the 7th of July, 1864, the United States armies being before Petersburg, the War Department, by General Orders No. 225, relieved General Benjamin F. Butler from active command in the field and ordered him to his department headquarters at Fortress Monroe. This order had been issued at General Grant's solicitation, and owing to his conviction that Butler was entirely incompetent to handle troops. The same order assigned the

* *From Chattanooga to Petersburg under Generals Grant and Butler.* A contribution to the history of the war, and a personal vindication. By William Farrar Smith, Brevet Major-General U.S. Army, and late Major-General of Volunteers. With maps and plans. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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writer of this book to the command of all of Butler's troops actively engaged; and General Smith being unwell, General Grant gave him a short leave of absence. He returned to the army on the 19th, after an absence of nine days, and was then informed by General Grant that Order No. 225 had been suspended by him, that he was relieved from all active duty and ordered to New York, and that Butler had been restored to the command of his department troops serving in the field, and that an additional corps had been added to them. The purpose of General Smith in writing his book is to vindicate himself from the charges implied by this action of his commanding officer, as well as from those made explicit by General Grant and his friends to justify it.

The book is composed almost wholly of official documents and comments on them, and has a painful interest, discussing as it does the right and wrong of public conduct during a very critical period of the war. General Smith easily proves his own merits as a military commander, and just as easily shows the acknowledged lack of merit in General Butler. The case here stated against General Grant we must leave to the reader after an impartial hearing of both sides.

General Grant never posed as a hero—indeed the Union general who best deserves that title is Thomas, of whom he thought and spoke slightingly. But Grant was a great general, clear in his perceptions of military opportunities, planning simply and executing skilfully, decided and courageous in initiative, and in the event successful to a higher degree than any other of the Union leaders. That the bloody and futile campaign of 1864 was not enough his fault to injure his fame is shown by the light thrown upon it by the military history since written, especially General A. A. Humphrey's *Campaign of 1864–5*, and not a little by this very book of General Smith's.

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## 4.—WOMAN AND HIGHER EDUCATION.*

The mass of discussion about the higher education of women continues to pile up, and we are as yet apparently far from having heard "the last word" on the subject. The discussion presents us with some seemingly paradoxical suggestions. We have, for instance, in a compilation of papers by representative women, just published in a neat little volume by the Messrs. Harper, a record of work done by women in the State of New

* *Woman and the Higher Education.* Edited by Anna C. Brackett. New York: Harper & Brother.

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York alone since the middle of the last century such as must inevitably set us thinking. If such things could be done in the green wood, what may be done in the dry? There is in existence an "Exhibit of Women's Work in Literature in the State of New York," and this little volume is intended to give an idea of the extent and character of this surprisingly large harvest of industry. It includes a list of no less than two thousand five hundred books, three hundred papers read before literary societies in New York, a summary of the work of all the women writers on the press, and great folios filled with unpublished works of women. If this be merely the monument of woman's literary industry in a single State in the days when the "sweet girl-graduates" were as yet undreamed of, it is not easy to imagine what its bulk must be when the full programme of the education reformers shall have been realized.

The fact which is here paraded suggests the important query: Will the full attainment of the higher education produce for us anything greater than a big addition to the quantity of literary work? All through this discussion the fallacy seemingly runs that literary work is the summit of human perfection. If we were to admit this absurdity as a truth, are we to be satisfied with the mere wider diffusion of literary mediocrity, or may we look for the higher education to give us more of that pre-eminent excellence which in an age when the word "higher education" was as yet unspoken, gave us literary work whose fame is imperishable? Without its help we have enjoyed the brilliancy of a Madame De Staël, the tenderness of a Joanna Baillie and an Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the pleasing cynicism of a George Eliot.

Genius does not wait for education, high or low, to come to it; it forces its own way to all the education it wants. Education can never implant it; it can only help it on when the seeds are there. Women, especially in the United States, have gained very much of the privileges in education which they claim. It has been the means of opening to them many avenues of employment previously accessible only to men, and society and civilization have benefited incalculably by the change, for woman is no longer a dependent but an agent with an untrammelled will. Literature, amongst other fields, knows her footsteps more frequently, thanks to the higher education; but as yet the higher education has not called down genius from the clouds.

The collection of authorities cited in the work of the Messrs. Harper is peculiarly interesting reading, as showing the evolu-

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tion of the idea of superior education from the beginning of this century down to the present. We have first an essay on the subject, issued in the shape of an address to the New York Legislature so long ago as the year 1819, by Mrs. Anna Willard, of Middlehurst. This essay seems to have been included for the purpose of showing how far was the female mind of that day from the ideal of true emancipation. An education suitable to her sex, calculated to fit woman to perform her duty in life and to adorn the household circle, and not unmindful of the obligations of religion, morality, and old-fashioned propriety, would fill Mrs. Willard's bill. We have advanced from that idea to co-education, with common college courses for both sexes, with residence in the vicinity. This even does not satisfy; the hard and severe impartiality of training, examination, and college life is felt to operate injuriously to the girl in not furnishing her with the graces and refinement of home life, which, it is now claimed, she wants more than man; and a college or university where the advantages of home and society may be had simultaneously with those of the higher education is demanded by some. To our mind this is carrying the idea of public education just a trifle too far; if it were proposed to do as much for men, the cry would be that they were asking the state to cuddle them besides teaching them. The chief concern which the public has in this important matter is that in the race for the prizes of education women shall not forget that education is not the whole business of human life, but only part of its equipment. There are thousands upon thousands of instances of the failure of the very best of education to liberalize the mind; and we need not wonder at it when we find teachers like Professor Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, putting on record this extraordinary piece of advice and the reason for it:

"Do not attempt to put the daughters of the *very* poor through a college. It is barely possible that a rare genius may be found even among the unworthy poor, but the chance is so small that we shall waste time in looking for it."

This is so utterly at variance with the history of genius in all times, and so unworthy a country where distinctions of class are ignored in the race for merit, that one feels ashamed to find an attempt to revive them.

We recommend a careful perusal of this little work, as it will give a new gloss to the old formula—*Quot homines tot sententiæ.* Man can no longer claim a monopoly in difference of view; and it seems his education in this respect is only beginning.

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# EDITORIAL NOTES.

AN event which, though of high moment in itself, gained vast historical importance from certain accompanying circumstances, took place in the Metropolitan Cathedral on Lady Day. Under the eyes of a mighty multitude of worshippers the Papal Delegate celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the sacred edifice, and in his presence the Archbishop delivered a discourse which ought for ever to silence the voice of mischievous zealots or interested meddlers.

The celebration was planned with consummate tact, and its outcome will bring great rejoicing to all who love and pray for the "liberty and exaltation of Holy Mother Church." If there is any work that belongs peculiarly to the world of outer darkness it is to sow discords, and to do this through vile innuendo and anonymous attack and evil suggestion is particularly Satan-like.

The Archbishop's straightforward and timely statement will put an end to secret plottings and crafty rebellions, for his emphatic words, breathing a spirit of Christian charity and full of dutiful devotion to the Holy See and its Delegate, leave no manner of doubt as to what have been his sentiments: "I thank God loyalty and fealty to the Holy See have been shining and characteristic traits of this country at large, as well as of this diocese in particular." "Whatever has been said in public or private against the undoubted rights or sacred character of our honored guest we reject and put aside as something not to be countenanced for an instant." "All that has been said in favor of his sacred office and privileges we accept and endorse."

Congress, in obedience to a summons by the President, has assembled for a special session. The immediate object for which it was convened is to deliberate upon the financial position of the nation, and the mere fact of its doing so has had a soothing effect upon an unusually perturbed and apprehensive state of the commercial ganglion. Something like a panic had arisen, and some soothing treatment was necessary to allay the

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symptoms. But as the immediately exciting cause was the depreciation in the value of silver, and the party interested in the maintenance of that metal as a medium of currency is a powerful and obstinate one, it would be inexcusable optimism to hope that Congress by its action will be able entirely to overcome the difficulty. The fact is, the silver advocates are to be found in either political camp, and if the question be allowed to come up for decision party ties will dissolve in the voting. Democrats and Republicans are combining to resist the demand for a repeal of the Sherman law, and they have an apparent justification for this course in the plea that the depreciation in the value of silver is the result of a combination or conspiracy, as they term it, on the part of the holders of gold.

Now, this may be a true bill, or it may be merely sophistical. The fact which we have to face is that silver has been depreciated, and to such an enormous extent as to threaten ruin to those who have invested money in its production. Under those circumstances, to continue to buy silver for the national Treasury, as provided by the Sherman law, would be suicidal folly. Many millions of gold dollars have been paid out for silver bullion which is now not worth more than half the amount, and to ask the nation, through its representatives, to continue flinging away its good money is to insult its common-sense.

The position which has been brought about is somewhat akin to that which had arisen in the world of chronology when Pope Gregory XIII. set about the reformation of the calendar. Our measurement of money has got as hopelessly mixed up as the measurement of time was in the sixteenth century, and we have got to put back the hands of the monetary clock. If silver is to be continued as a circulating medium for the convenience of the country, it will have to be levelled up to a gold value. As for the outside world, if silver-men were to legislate until they were black in the face they could never make it accept a coin for a dollar which at home was worth only half a one. And this is substantially the trouble which Congress has now to face.

Still there are many aspects of this trouble which demand the most earnest consideration. Our banking system is largely

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responsible for the *impassé* which has been brought about. Rings of financiers, owing to the present imperfect state of our monetary laws, have it in their power to make or mar the prosperity of vast communities. They can "bull" or "bear" the money market at their own sweet will. How far it is the province of a central government to interfere with private financial undertakings is a very weighty problem. If economic laws were left to work out in a natural way, there is no doubt that a full equivalent could always be had for the products of the soil, if not for human industry. But as the case at present stands that equivalent does not exist, at least in the gold currency; and the operations of the financiers can at any time still further restrict this insufficient supply. We want, in short, a great financier at the head of the Treasury—one who would not hold his office on the sufferance of the bankers, but one to whom those speculators should be secondary.

The Summer-School is over, but it has not gone down to the past with no record beyond that of a bright memory. It is an abiding influence. The knowledge that it is now a permanent, if not a perennial, institution enhances the pleasure derived from the great moral and philosophical symposia at Plattsburgh. Every one there looks forward, God willing, to a renewal of the intellectual feast when the next year's harvest has ripened. Every one, too, is charmed with the beauty of the site chosen for the school, and is persuaded of its accessibility. The Catholic Champlain has, in short, already laid the foundation of fame.

There are silly people who ask, What is the use of this Summer-School, and what good can come out of it? When the electric light was introduced there were not wanting those who were content with the illumination they had; but this is an age which, like the dying poet, cries out for more light. Man is, likewise, a gregarious and sociable animal, and curious withal. The American in especial wants to find out all he can about everything; and the Summer-School is just the place where his inquisitiveness finds satisfaction.

We take a patriotic pride, too, in our Summer-School, for it is an evidence of that religious freedom which is enjoyed under

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the American Constitution. It was a symbol of it, moreover; for those of other creeds were free to come and share in its benefits—as many did so come and share. There is, happily, a deep religious spirit underlying the government of this great Republic, no matter what party holds the helm of state for the nonce. To this liberality and this religious spirit the Rev. Father Halpin eloquently referred in the opening of his lectures on ethics, touching more especially on the appeal of Mr. Cleveland to the religious fervor of the people in his inaugural address. We do not pride ourselves, as Napoleon did, upon the arm of flesh. We do not ask if God will take the muskets from the hands of our embattled legions; but we humbly yet hopefully place our destinies in his omnipotent hands.

The Home-Rule Bill has had a stormy passage all through, but the close was amid a Parliamentary hurricane. The closure was applied with remorseless force—for there was no other possible way of dealing with the equally remorseless and determined obstruction of the Unionists, led by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. So ingenious did that gentleman prove in raising points of objection on every proposal of the bill that Mr. Gladstone in a passionate speech at last compared his conduct to that of a "devil's advocate" in a beatification process. This was the shot which brought down the water-spout.

Mr. Chamberlain commenced his speech in reply by comparing Mr. Gladstone to Herod. This maladroit reference to Scripture gave Mr. T. P. O'Connor an opening to refer to Mr. Chamberlain by a nickname by which he has long been dubbed in Ireland. He instantly arose and called out "Judas." Then ensued a scene without parallel in the British House of Commons. The Tories howled like pandemonium, and one of them, Mr. Hayes Fisher, struck an English Radical member, Mr. Logan. Several other blows were struck by the friends on either side, and Colonel Saunderson, who was in the thick of the *mêlée*, emerged from it, as a popular ballad puts it, with "two lovely black eyes." The disgraceful scrimmage lasted for several minutes, owing to the incompetency of Mr. Chairman Mellor to carry out the duties of his office.

It seems incredible, after all that has been said and written, that the nine members who, under the name of Parnellites, re-

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present faction in Ireland should take on themselves the responsibility of opposing the bill which has been carried after such a protracted struggle. But such was the determination arrived at by a convention of Parnellites held in Dublin early in the month. It is difficult to understand the reasoning which underlies such perversity as this. For a knot of men deliberately to set themselves in opposition to the declared will of the overwhelming majority, seems little short of lunacy. Wiser counsels seem likely to prevail in the end, however, according to latest advices.

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## NEW BOOKS.

BURNS & OATES, London:

*Memorials of Mr. Sergeant Bellasis.* By Edward Bellasis.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin:

*Brendaniana: St. Brendan, the Voyager, in Story and Legend.* By Rev. Denis O'Donoghue, D.D., Ardfert.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

*Stories of the Sea.*

EVERYBODY'S IDEAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Albany:

*The Guardian Angel.* By "Lillian."

BUREAU OF EDUCATION, Washington:

*Benjamin Franklin and the University of Pennsylvania.* Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1889–90, vols. i. and ii.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

*Religious Problems of the Nineteenth Century.* Essays by Aubrey De Vere, LL.D.

*A Book of Novenas in Honor of God and His Blessed Saints.* By Jean Baptist Pagani.

*The Flight into Egypt.* By Sister Anna Catherine Emmerich. Translated by George Richardson.

A. WALDTEUFEL, San Francisco, Cal.:

*The Life of the Ven. Joseph Benedict Cottolengo,* Founder of the Little House of Providence in Turin. Compiled from the Italian Life of Don P. Gastalda. By a Priest of the Society of Jesus. Quarterly Series.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., Chicago:

*The Science of Mechanics:* A Critical and Historical Exposition of its Principles. By Ernst Mack, Professor of Physics in the University of Prague. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack.

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*Jamaica at Chicago:* An account descriptive of the Colony of Jamaica, with historical and other appendices, compiled under the direction of Lt.-Col. the Hon. C. J. Ward, C.M.G., Honorary Commissioner for Jamaica.



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## THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

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THERE has been brought to our notice a little volume published in 1837 by Fielding Lucas, Jr., Baltimore, Md. It is entitled *The Felicity of the Saints*, and was written by Cardinal Robert Bellarmine. The excellent translation into English was made by the Right Rev. John B. David, coadjutor of Bardstown, Ky. The book is now very rare, and is certainly worthy of being reprinted.

Cardinal Bellarmine is well known as a famous theologian and controversial writer, who in his day bore the brunt of all quarrels touching religion, which had the Papacy for a client and kings (as James I. of England) for adversaries. He took up the cudgels in defence of the orthodoxy of Dante, seriously attacked in his day (1542-1621). Bishop David's work for Catholic literature was not limited to this one translation. He died in the year 1819.

The cardinal's preface begins thus: "In the foregoing year I wrote, for my own spiritual profit, a small book under the title of *The Ascent of the Soul to God by the ladder of created things*. Now, since God is pleased to protract my old age a little longer, it comes into my mind to turn my meditations on that heavenly country to which we, the banished children of Adam, who dwell mourning and weeping in this valley of tears and mortality, all aspire; and to commit them to writing lest they should be lost. Looking, therefore, in the holy Scriptures, which seem to be, as it were, consolatory epistles transmitted by our Father from our heavenly country, to us in this our exile, I find four names by which the goods of that place may be, in some measure, made known to us. These names are *Paradise, House, City, and Kingdom.*" The preface thus concludes: "I will add, towards the end of this work, six other names, not of places, but of things, from the parables of our Lord, to wit: the *Treasure* hidden in a field; the *precious Pearl;* the *daily Penny* of the laborer; the *Talents* and the *joy of the Lord;* the *great Supper;* the *Marriage-feast*, with *the wise and the foolish virgins;* and two others from the Apostle: viz., the *Prize* and the *Crown.* Thus there shall be in all twelve considerations on the twelve names, under which the eternal felicity of the saints is described in the holy Scriptures."

What first strikes one in reading the book is the ingenuity displayed by the author, his endless invention, and the wonderful knowledge and memory of apposite Scripture texts. As we read on the spiritual scale rises, and we seem to be really "ascending to God by the ladder of created things." Creatures are more often thought to be a hindrance than a help to the soul in its ascent towards God, but that they may in certain cases be indeed rungs in such a ladder is clearly shown by St. John of the Cross. Among his maxims occur the following: "I. When our will can profit by all sensible delights to lift itself to God, to rejoice in him and to pray to him, it ought not to reject this means, but rather to make use of it to advance in holy exercises; because then truly do sensible things fulfil the end for which God created them, which is, to make him better known and loved. II. When indeed the love we bear to the creature is a spiritual affection, founded in God alone, the love of God in our souls grows with its growth; in such a case, the more our heart expands toward our fellow-creature the more does it expand towards God, the closer do its desires cling to him, and thus do these two loves mutually augment one another."

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In Book I. the cardinal observes that our heavenly Master began his preaching by these words: "Do penance, for the *kingdom of heaven* is at hand" (Matt. iii. 2). He gave forth the larger number of his parables in relation to the kingdom of heaven, and we read that "during the last forty days preceding his ascension, 'Appearing to his disciples, he spoke to them of the kingdom of God.' Therefore the beginning, the progress, and the end of the teaching of Jesus Christ was the *kingdom of heaven*."

The various paths leading to the kingdom of God are duly set forth, and then in Book II. heaven is viewed under the aspect of a *City:* "Glorious things are said of thee, O City of God!" (Psalms lxxxvi. 3). "Now, the first thing that occurs to my consideration is to know why the felicity of the saints, which is called in the holy Scripture the kingdom of heaven, is also called the City of God. And this seems to me to be the reason that, as it is called a kingdom by reason of its vast extent, so it is called a city by reason of its great beauty. For any one who hears the mention of a vast and extensive kingdom might imagine that many places are to be found in it that are uninhabited, filthy, impassable to all but beasts, desert mountains, lonely vales, inaccessible rocks—in fine, thickets, precipices, and other things of that kind." Then follows a description of a bright and beautiful city. And then occurs a passage which we quote to show the great change which has come over the minds of cultivated men when considering the beauty of this earth: "What would not be the beauty of Italy if, taking away the sterile Apennines, the whole country should shine as Rome, not as it is now, but as it formerly was, under Augustus Cæsar, who, from a city of bricks, changed it into a city of marble?"

Think of it! Italy without the Apennines! Truly has the Primal Artist known how best to build his own world!

But the above difference of taste does not lessen the cardinal's eloquence when dilating upon the peace, concord, and liberty enjoyed in the City of God, the excellence of its foundations, the splendor of its living stones, its walls and gates. Finally comes the contrast between the supernal glories and the meanness of the City of this World.

Book III. begins: "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: we shall go into the *House of the Lord*" (Ps. cxxi. 1). Thus, not only shall the blessed be faithful members of the kingdom, citizens of the celestial city, but also sons of the house, "children of God, joint heirs with Christ, and, consequently, brethren among themselves."

Our Lord tells us that wide is the gate that leadeth to destruction, and narrow is the entrance-way into the House of God. "Let us explain the reason why the door of that most spacious house is narrow. A door has four parts, the threshold, the lintel, and the two sides; that is, four stones, one below, another above, and one on each side, which in this our door are four virtues, namely, faith, hope, charity, and humility, which are absolutely necessary for any one who would enter into the celestial house. Faith and Hope are the side stones; Charity is the transom, and Humility is the threshold, which is trampled under foot."

The *straitness* as well as the super-excellence of faith, hope, charity, and humility are then separately considered.

Book IV. treats of the eternal felicity of the saints under the name of *Paradise*, the Garden of Pleasure. *There* are to be found the true joys of the understanding, of the will, of the memory, and of all the supernal senses that may be ours when we shall be in possession of our glorified bodies.

Lastly, Book V. develops the meaning of the parables which refer to the

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felicity of the saints in their heavenly home: The *Treasure* hidden in a field, which Treasure is the Divinity itself, which is hidden in the field of the Humanity of Christ; the *precious Pearl*, diligently sought after, the symbol of Jesus Christ both as Son of God and as Son of the Virgin; the *daily Penny*, the reward of diligent labor; the *Talents* and the *joy of the Lord*, the faithful serving of God and the entrance into the joy of the Lord; "for our Lord does not say, 'let the joy of thy Lord enter into thee,' but, on the contrary, 'enter thou into the joy of thy Lord'; a proof that this joy is too great to be contained within ourselves. Therefore we ourselves shall enter, as it were, into an immense ocean of eternal and divine joy, which shall fill us entirely both within and without, and every way overflow our being." "We shall enter, not into the joy which is possessed by any men or angels whatsoever; but into that joy with which God himself rejoices, in whom all things are infinite."

The fifth parable adduced is that of "the *great Supper*, of which we find mention made in the Apocalypse (xix. 9): 'Blessed are they who are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb!'" And the sixth and last is the *marriage-feast*, with *the wise and the foolish virgins*. The maidens all believed that the bridegroom was to come, but only the wise ones kept their lamps fed with the "oil of charity." Their deeds corresponded with their faith, and love to God and man kept all bright and warm within and without, and endued them with that vigilance which kept them "watching."

"Having explained the parabolical names by which the felicity of the saints is represented in the Gospel, it only remains that we should explain two symbolical names by which the same is designated by the Apostle in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, which are a *Prize* and a *Crown*. Of the prize he speaks thus: 'They who run in the race, all run indeed, but one receiveth the prize. So run that you may obtain.' We learn in the Epistle to the Philippians that by the *prize* is signified eternal happiness, and elsewhere that 'to run for the prize is no other thing than to observe entirely the commandments of the Lord our God.'"

"The last name under which eternal felicity is represented to us is that of a 'crown of justice.' Of this crown the Apostle speaks in the same place in which he spoke of the prize, in these words (I. Cor. ix. 25): 'Every one that striveth for the mastery refraineth himself from all things; and they indeed, that they may receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one.'" The cardinal concludes from a comparison of texts that while the *prize* is decreed to the winner in the race the crown is given to him who has valiantly "fought the good fight"; also, "that it is a great misery that the fight must be carried on simultaneously with the running of the race." Have we not, then, reason "to heed the Apostle who cries out unto us: take unto you the armor of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and to stand in all things perfect. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth; and having on the breast-plate of justice—in all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one: and take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit (which is the word of God), by all prayer and supplication praying at all times in the spirit: and in the same watching with all instance and supplication for all the saints."

The little book, of which the above is a very inadequate notice, thus closes: "Therefore, what way soever you turn yourself, and under what name soever you consider heavenly felicity, you shall find that you cannot obtain it unless you strive with all your might and with all the efforts both of soul and body. Therefore those who wish to be happy, which no one can help wishing, unless deprived of his senses, must shake off sluggishness, and, animated by so great a reward as is proposed to them, prepare themselves to labor seriously to do all sorts of good, to suffer all sorts of evil; and to prefer no temporal affair whatever to this their great and truly their only affair, and always bear in mind these words, with which St. Paul and Barnaby exhorted the faithful: 'Through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God (Acts xiv. 21).'" * * *

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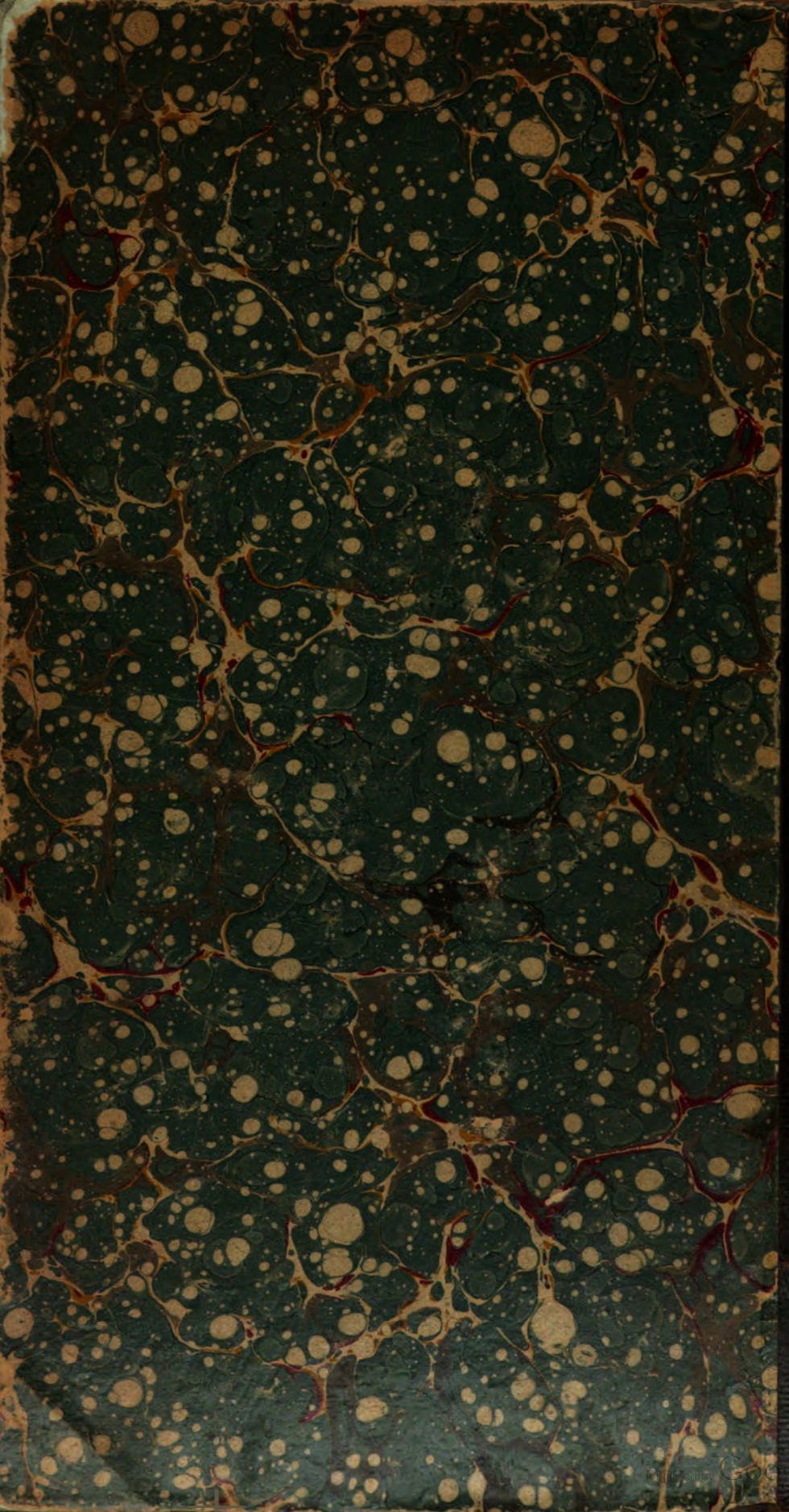
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